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# [***Columnist Kramer takes us along on her bumpy ride***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MNH0-0094-50S1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

In another time, ''The Perils of Pauline'' would've been an apt title for the adventures of free-lance writer Kathy Jo Kramer.

Like the silent film heroines who regularly found themselves tied to the tracks of outrageous misfortune, Kramer has experienced her share of melodrama while dangling from one precipice or another, much of it self-induced, according to her critics.

''Anything anyone wants to say about me will be true to some extent,'' the 34-year-old Mount Oliver resident said during a recent stroll across the campus of her alma mater, Carnegie Mellon University.

''I'm a welfare mother. I was a criminal. I did a lot of drugs. I was also an honors graduate. People take the low road when they assess me.''

These days, Kramer's self-esteem is very much intact, though she believes ''a degree of self-doubt is necessary for self-examination.''

Navigating the uncertain waters between welfare dependency and her burgeoning literary stardom hasn't been easy for the In Pittsburgh columnist and Internet sensation.

And if it weren't for her writerly discipline, her life wouldn't be such entertaining, though often bittersweet, fodder for her columns.

Background backlash

Kramer grew up in ***working-class*** Brentwood, ''a real liberal, always has been,'' said salesman Ed Kramer, Kathy Jo's father. ''She and her mother were always radical feminists.''

After dropping out of Keystone Oaks High School because of an incorrigible desire to mess up her life, Kramer quickly earned her GED and briefly ran a landscaping business.

A cherubic bottle redhead whose face is a fascinating mix of intensity and mirth, Kramer claims not to have cracked another book until the late '80s, when she enrolled at Community College of Allegheny County's North Side campus.

Subsequently attending Chatham College, she left unceremoniously after the messier details of her life came to light in a glowing Thanksgiving 1990 profile by Post-Gazette feature writer Barbara Vancheri.

In a story headlined ''To Hell's Angels and Back,'' Kramer's life in a notorious motorcycle gang in the early '80s, her arrest for passing phony prescriptions, her six months in a Kansas prison 15 years ago (''I had more charges against me than Manuel Noriega'') and her triumphant emergence from civic humiliation on to CCAC's honor rolls, read like the ultimate prodigal daughter narrative it was meant to be.

''After the article appeared, a dean of student affairs told me that the school of education wouldn't feel comfortable recommending me for anything because of the wildness of my background,'' Kramer said of her three semesters at Chatham.

''Everyone agreed I was talented, but no one was going to stick their neck out for me. Finally someone suggested that I would probably be more comfortable in CMU's creative writing program.''

At CMU, Kramer's faculty adviser was the poet Jim Daniels, a writer she'd admired and emulated.

As Kramer's senior-thesis adviser, Daniels met with her every week to sharpen her unpublished poem ''Sadly Enough,'' a work about a stripper who takes over the bar she once danced at.

These days, Kramer is more concerned about the state of her dwindling checking account, though she's careful to channel her growing insecurity into literary inspiration when she isn't biting her nails in terror. But of course, things keep coming up.

Filling the void

Last year she struggled with completing her honors thesis while balancing the demands of her academic life with her proclivities as a social extrovert.

One of the casualties of the balancing act was her 12-year-old son, Leo, who was arrested after he burglarized a neighbor's house and stole a gun last November.

''He really needed his dad, and the situation was getting out of hand,'' Kramer said, explaining why she agreed to send her son to live with his father, Leo Czarnecki, and his wife in Hickory, Washington County, last December after the boy was sentenced to 40 hours of community service and put on probation.

Though Kramer still sees Leo on the weekends, she firmly believes he's better off experiencing the stability of the rural family life the elder Czarnecki provides.

In her In Pittsburgh column after Leo left, Kramer wrote with typical irony:

''After (juvenile) court when Leo was in the basement packing to move, I told his dad that I was gonna go find me a man. He said, ''Why would you want to ruin your life again?'' Yeah, and it's not like I have any liquor at home. Or tons of friends to invite over. The social life of a welfare mother just ain't what it used to be. I'm spending my evening alone on a bus, which, come to think of it, ain't so bad either. Unlike most bars, I get to listen to my favorite music and the scenes outside the window pass like a movie.''

Ironically, Kramer's concern for upgrading her son's environmental influences led directly to a cutoff of cash benefits she once received as a single parent, causing a precipitous drop in her standard of living.

Again, writing in In Pittsburgh, Kramer parodied the perception of welfare mothers as fraud queens in a column called ''Confessions of a Welfare Recipient'':

''Hi, everybody (her head hangs in shame), my name is Kathy Jo and yes (sudden sobbing), I'm a welfare-aholic. (Applause is heard from the other group members.) I've been on welfare for 12 years and I just can't get off it. When I started, I thought I could control it, that I was collecting benefits socially. I mean, when I'm on welfare, I can flirt with men, talk to strangers. I feel pretty … ''

Because of her ability to blunt her pain with well-timed quips, Kramer even manages to joke about the shut-off notices that accumulate every month in the mailbox of the comfortable Suncrest Street apartment she shares with writer Megan ''Madge'' Dietz.

''I'm $ 25,000 in debt,'' she said bluntly.

''I like working (at In Pittsburgh), but I have to get in a better position to pay my bills. I can't afford to regard money as if it were only the concern of the un-evolved.''

When Kramer began her ''On the Bus with Kathy Jo'' column in the alternative weekly, she brought a much-needed infusion of proletarian style to a paper that has become increasingly au courant in its fashion and alternative music coverage at the expense of a once enviable lineup of muckrakers and pop culture generalists.

The part-time receptionist job she wrangled out of the paper is now her primary income and the only thing standing between her and a decidedly Hobbesian fate.

The periodic windfalls that roll her way after selling a feature or two to music papers and magazines like Red Herring and Voodoo Highway merely keep her name in circulation, but they barely cover her share of room and board.

In an era typified by the election of Rick Santorum to the Senate, Kramer isn't as comfortable hanging by her fingernails as she once was.

''Pittsburgh media regards me as sensational, but untouchable,'' she said when asked if she's had any luck tracking down a patron who appreciates her style enough to pay her a livable wage.

But Kramer has a few schemes and several high hopes that get her through the day. Her latest ambition is to share a morning drive disc jockey slot with Dietz on Pittsburgh's latest alternative radio station, WNRQ 104.7, the Revolution.

''Me and Madge would be so cool on the Revolution,'' Kramer said.

''Between her radio experience and my offbeat humor and points of reference, we'd be unbeatable. Who else could play Counting Crows and Pearl Jam without losing indie credibility?''

''It's intense being friends with Kathy Jo,'' Dietz, 22, said.

''The thing about 'Jo is that she knows how humor can diffuse things. We start laughing about how messed up everything is.''

Cradled in the Net

Recently Kramer has become a sensation on the Internet, racking up two news groups -- alt.fan.dirty-whore and alt.fan.Kathy-Jo -- at a time when Beat poet Allen Ginsberg has been unsuccessful in starting one.

In cyberspace, charisma doesn't translate easily, but Kramer, known by her provocative tag ''KathyJo666'' has charisma to burn and claims to receive as many as 60 pieces of e-mail a day, mostly from ''needy people who find some comfort in my voice.''

''Who is Kathy Jo and how did she get her own newsgroup?'' a Net surfer named Libby asked in a recent posting.

Despite her reputation, Kramer insists she's never romanticized her time on the dole, calling it ''a nightmare'' where the aggravation is ''no different than being on a job with an authority figure to report to.''

''People say I perpetuate the victim syndrome when I'm actually confronting the victim-blaming syndrome,'' she said.

Truth be told, Kramer's daily life can be as uneventful as those of her readers. She spends most of her days at the paper answering phones and most of her evenings surfing the Net and composing manifestos about the inequities of The System.

Meanwhile, the more interesting details of her saga continue to appear in the pages of In Pittsburgh and in news groups in cyberspace. Though Kramer doesn't know where her next big paycheck is coming from, she knows there will be enough drama in the situation to squeeze a column or two out of it.

Kathy Jo goes up in 'flames'

I've been brought to tears by some absolutely brutal, brutal exchanges on the Internet. Boy, do I get flamed. The flame wars online are unbelievable.''

Flaming is the online equivalent of a drive-by shooting and includes being bombarded with tons of hostile e-mail or unflattering postings on message boards.

Kramer's legendary flame wars with Karma Tucker illustrate what she calls the darkest side of the Internet's anonymous forum of ideas. Their communications began last fall and ended in the winter. This exchange is from Dec. '94.

Karma Tucker: I had a daughter, a tattoo and no place to go. I got a … JOB, to earn money to support my kid and respect to support myself. I wasn't an executive at IBM, but I earned enough to live. I put MYSELF through college and I didn't gain the honors you did (hard to do when you're working full time), but I think I learned a lot more than you.

Kathy Jo: Oh, IBM didn't pay your tuition, eh? Do you know how much money big corporations get out of the government? But why should you care? That would require you to think beyond what you are convinced is already true -- basically that having a job gives you a right to put other people down.

Karma Tucker: I think the welfare system is a necessary thing. But with people like you abusing it, it's no wonder it carries such a stigma.

Kathy Jo: No, you miserable bitch, it carries a stigma because of (people) like you putting us down. I stayed on welfare 'cause I didn't (care) what anyone thought because I had already seen what the ''good'' people thought, and I'd rather be a penniless whore than a cold brutal bitch. WHERE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER WHEN YOU WERE DOING THIS? IF YOU WERE WORKING FULL-TIME AND GOING TO SCHOOL, HOW DID YOU RAISE HER? OR DID GRANDMA? AGAIN, I REFUSED TO CARE MORE ABOUT WHAT (PEOPLE) THOUGHT THAN MY OWN CHILD.

Karma Tucker: I think your bloated self-image will do you a lot more harm than good in the long run. It's not the tattoos that turn the employers off, I assure you, it's your attitude.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette: Kathy Jo Kramer, at work in her Mount Oliver apartment, has created a cyperspace sensation.

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**Body**

The Post-Gazette's history of rock 'n' roll in Pittsburgh concludes on Tuesday with a look at the eras spanning 1975 to the present.

It could be argued that, for sheer pop artistry, no Pittsburgh group has ever topped the very first rock 'n' roll/R&B hit to break out of the city. The Del-Vikings' "Come Go with Me," which hit No. 4 on the charts in February 1957, was the essence of ' 50s teen pop: brimming with youthful energy and a perfect set of doo-wop harmonies.

It was two years after Bill Haley had rocked around the clock, and there was a whole lotta shakin' on the pop charts. Suddenly, big band culture was out and teens were rockin' to the likes of Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard. But the charts were as diverse as they are now, with the rockers and shouters sharing radio time with street-corner doo-wop groups like the Platters and Cadillacs and the vanilla sounds of Perry Como, Andy Williams and wannabe rocker Pat Boone.

When it came to color, though, things were divided. White musicians were taking their cue from black artists, and, because so few stations played black artists, were often recutting their records. Certainly, it was a rare sight to see them performing together in one group.

That's why the very nature of the Del-Vikings, the first racially integrated group ever to score a Top 10 hit, was as powerful as the song. Technically, the Del-Vikings were only marginally a Pittsburgh act, as they were formed by enlisted men at the 101st Airborne in Moon with members from Brooklyn, Philadelphia and beyond. They won the All Air Force talent show in New York in 1956, singing "Come Go with Me," written by bass singer Clarence Quick. Shortly after, local disc jockey Barry Kaye and producer Joe Averbach signed them to the Pittsburgh label Fee Bee.

The song, which lives on in films like "American Graffiti" and "Diner," was recorded in Averbach's tiny basement with some of the members actually singing in a closet.

"We threw it together the night before," recalls singer Norman Wright. "The A side was 'How Can I Find True Love,' and 'Come Go with Me' was the B side. The A side was played in Pittsburgh for a couple of months, then got flipped over and it took off."

Keeping the Del-Vikings intact would be a tall order, with servicemen being shipped around the world and record companies knocking on the door. By the summer of ' 57, there would be considerable confusion at record stores and radio stations as two different Del-Vikings surfaced, both with hits. Kripp Johnson's Dell-Vikings (with an added L) hit with "Whispering Bells" on Fee Bee, and another Del-Vikings, with the rest of the original members, charted with "Cool Shake" on Mercury.

As that flipping of "Come Go with Me" attests, what separates the ' 50s from later decades is the cult of the DJ. Back then, no consultants were telling them what to play. They could break whatever records they wanted, which is why the top jocks --Porky Chedwick and Mary Dee at WAMO, Sir Walter (John Christian), Three-D Lee D (Lee Doris) and Bill Powell at WILY, Jay Michael at WCAE and Kaye at WJAS/WAMP -- were hit makers.

Chedwick took to the airwaves in 1948 at WHOD (later WAMO), a 250-watt black-oriented station housed in the back of a Homestead candy store, and soon made his reputation spinning "race" records -- R&B songs by black artists that mainstream radio wouldn't touch.

"We had a tremendous impact nationally," says Travis Klein of the label Itzy Records, home of the "Pittsburgh's Greatest Hits" collections. "We were a breakout market 'cause they understood that if you could sell it in Pittsburgh, you could sell it anywhere. In New York, you could sell 25,000 copies of anything. But in Pittsburgh if you sold 5,000 copies, it would be a monster everywhere."

In addition to flipping records and breaking the B-side, the Daddio of the Raddio also pioneered the oldies-but-goodies format by playing R&B records that were a few years old.

"I more or less blew the dust off them and put them on the turntables," Chedwick says. "I called it the Porky sound."

"It's been said a zillion times -- Porky was instrumental in what the taste was here," Klein says. "Not only did he start trends and become wildly popular, he started alternative radio here. WAMO had such a big cult following, it almost became mainstream. He played Bo Diddley, Little Richard and uptempo stuff. He also played a lot of group harmony stuff."

It's no wonder that Porky, who on one exciting day closed down the streets with a live broadcast at the Stanley Theatre, Downtown, would be an inspiration for young groups to form and get their records onto the radio.

"That era was groups singing in the halls at school, forming groups to sing on corners, in front of drugstores," recalls Jimmy Beaumont of the Skyliners. "That's pretty much how I started. I sang in the choir. Whenever the teacher would leave the room, we'd practice the hits on the radio."

In late 1958, he'd be hearing his own group on the dial. The song: "Since I Don't Have You." The Skyliners' manager, South Side native Joe Rock, was 21 and recently heartbroken when he wrote the words, at a stoplight, on the way to rehearsal. Beaumont, then just 17, wrote the melody the next day and original top tenor Janet Vogel added the vocal finale. After being rejected by 13 major labels, the group, then known as the Crescents, were signed to the local Calico Records. The song was recorded Dec. 3, 1958, at Capital Studios in New York, where, according to the Billboard Book of Singing Groups, it was the "first time a full orchestra had been used with a rock group."

Breaking the No. 12 hit on "American Bandstand" in February 1959, Dick Clark obviously thought it was a winner because he mistakenly introduced it as a standard. The appearance also landed the Skyliners a spot on the first tour of Dick Clark's Cavalcade of Stars, which stopped home at the Syria Mosque in the fall with the Drifters, Paul Anka, Lloyd Price and Duane Eddy, among others. The Skyliners followed with two other charted hits: "This I Swear" in 1959 and a cover of "Pennies from Heaven" in 1960.

Rock, who died last April, told the Post-Gazette that the Skyliners' early success was based on Beaumont's ability to capture the black sound. "Phil Spector calls 'Since I Don't Have You' the record that fused them, the record that proved that black could meet white." In fact, the Skyliners were one of the first white groups ever to play the Apollo Theater in Harlem -- and that's because bookers thought they were black.

"When the Skyliners walked on stage there, the crowd did everything from laugh to wolf-call to hoot, until the song began," Rock said. "Then it was the power of the song. We were invited back eight times."

They disbanded for a few years in the early ' 60s, but a version of the Skyliners lives on thanks to the oldies circuit, and "Since I Don't Have You" -- since covered by the likes of Don McLean, Guns N' Roses, the Brian Setzer Orchestra, Johnny Mathis, Art Garfunkel, Barbra Streisand -- has actually become that standard.

Putting the Skyliners in context of what was happening in local radio back then, Klein says, "Most every city in the country had white songs for white people and black songs for black people. But because of Mary Dee and Porky, the white kids listened to black music in Pittsburgh, so to have a Skyliners wasn't that amazing."

What they didn't have much of back then were nightclubs to perform in. Instead, the groups would turn up to sing or lip-synch their songs at record hops hosted by local DJs.

"You have to remember that rock 'n' roll wasn't really accepted. Jazz was accepted at clubs," says local music historian Dave Goodrich. "So they had these hops at school gymnasiums, at fire halls, at the Linden Grove."

"It was a lot of fun, a lot of hard work for no pay," says Leon Daniels, who in 1955 formed the El Venos, the first Pittsburgh rock-era group signed to a national label (RCA Victor). "We sang at all the record hops. The recordings that the local groups made were just as good as the [national ones]. None of us had the right exposure and, unless you were a big star, you didn't have anybody writing for you."

That didn't stop Pittsburgh's next great success, who would knock Elvis Presley out of the No. 1 spot on the Pop and R&B charts in March 1961. In an era when writing a gimmicky doo-wop vocal riff was half the battle, Marcels bass singer Fred Johnson came up with a doozy: "Bomp baba bomp, ba bomp ba bomp bomp, baba bomp baba bomp, da dang da dang dang, da ding a dong ding … ." Johnson applied that mouthful to the Rodgers and Hart classic "Blue Moon," and the North Side's magnificent Marcels were heard round the world.

The day he heard it, New York's legendary DJ Murray the K played "Blue Moon" 26 times in a four-hour show. The Marcels, yet another interracial group from Pittsburgh, were rewarded with an appearance in the summer movie "Twist Around the Clock" with Chubby Checker and Dion.

Such as it was in the day, most of the Marcels' chart success occurred within the span of a year. The follow-up, which found Walt Maddox in the group, was a similarly rocking version of Guy Lombardo's 1931 hit, "Heartaches," taking the Marcels to No. 7 in October 1961. By the end of the year, though, three of its founding members were gone, and the Marcels were destined for the oldies circuit.

"Their whole life was a split-up. It was a joke around here," says Paul Mawhinney, owner of Record Rama. "Half the people in Pittsburgh claim to be a Marcel."

The Del-Vikings, Skyliners and Marcels are just the big success stories out of dozens of local doo-wop groups. You can't forget the Tempos, one-hit wonders with the dreamy "See You in September" in 1959. Some of the other names: the Cameos, the Smoothtones, the El Capris, the Three Dots and the Altiers, featuring none other than Hill District native George Benson, who released his first single in 1954.

What seems to be missing from Pittsburgh in the late ' 50s was a response to what was happening with country rock 'n' rollers in the South. It's not as though Pittsburghers weren't exposed to it. In fact, on one amazing night in March 1957, Kaye raised the roof of Carnegie Music Hall with a Rockabilly Spectacular featuring no less than Roy Orbison, Carl Perkins, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran.

Folks like Klein and Goodrich chalk it up to Pittsburgh just having more of an R&B vibe. Says Klein, "This was not a hillbilly redneck town."

Goodrich adds that while the city was a trendsetter when it came to doo-wop, "Pittsburgh became so locked into record hops and doo-wop and R&B, there was very little growth potential for self-contained units [who played their own music], and Pittsburgh would virtually commit suicide by its own hand when the British Invasion came."

Says Wright of the Del-Vikings, "Most of the groups that we were associated with -- Cadillacs, Moonglows -- just faded off into the background."

A few years after doo-wop lost its footing on the pop charts, the British Invasion arrived to fire the opening shot of a cultural revolution, introducing legends as enduring as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

And Pittsburgh?

Pittsburgh gave the world Lou Christie and the Vogues.

And even then, it seemed a little odd, Chuck Blasko of the Vogues recalls, "because we appeared in the midst of the so-called British Invasion led by the Beatles, the Who and the Rolling Stones, who dominated the music world."

And yet, the Vogues -- who did their best to cop a British image -- found a home alongside Herman's Hermits and the Kinks on "American Bandstand."

As did Christie.

Born Lugee Sacco in Glenwillard, Christie hit the U.S. charts a year before the British, breaking through here in Pittsburgh with "The Gypsy Cried" on Co & Ce, a local label run by Herbie Cohen and Nick Cenci. After being introduced to local teens by Porky and topping the charts at KQV and WYRE, the first of Christie's doo-wop-flavored hits was picked up by Roulette and rose as high as No. 24 on the national charts.

Fueled by a soaring falsetto fit to fill his press kit with comparisons to Frankie Valli, Christie scored a second hit in 1963 with another original tune he'd written with his partner Twyla Herbert, "Two Faces Have I." A better song, it peaked at No. 6.

In 1964, fresh off the road from a Dick Clark package tour that featured Christie, the Supremes, the Crystals, Brian Hyland and more, the singer was drafted and went off to serve in the Army Reserves, then came back with a song he felt would be his biggest hit. But Christie's label didn't see it that way.

"They said, 'Ugh, what is this?' " Christie says of MGM's reaction. "The president of the company, he threw it in the wastebasket."

The label was wrong.

On Feb. 19, 1966, that single, "Lightnin' Strikes," became the No. 1 song in America, Pittsburgh's second. It's Christie's finest hour -- classic hook, intense performance, sexy lyrics.

That same year, he followed it up with a sexier set of lyrics and came under fire for corrupting teens from here to the back of a ' 64 Chevy with the makeout anthem "Rhapsody in the Rain."

The PTA was not amused. As Christie recalls a controversy that saw the single banned in many markets, "Time magazine wrote about it and said that I was corrupting the youth of the day."

And this was 1966.

Despite -- or because of -- the controversy, "Rhapsody" peaked at No. 16. Christie's final hit, "I'm Gonna Make You Mine," went all the way to No. 10 in 1969.

In assessing the man's career in the Rolling Stone Album Guide, Dave Marsh praised Christie's "striking voice, which would build from a soft, almost drab tenor to an orgasmic explosion of falsetto shrieks" and wrote, in closing, "Looking back, one can say this about Lou Christie: He kept it lively."

Formed in Turtle Creek at the height of the doo-wop era, the Vogues broke through in 1965, after drifting from label to label, with "You're the One," a Tokens-esque folk-pop song on Co & Ce. Recorded at Gateway Recording above a record store in downtown Pittsburgh, the song and its ***working-class*** gem of a follow-up, "Five O'Clock World," went all the way to No. 4 on the national charts while hitting No. 1 in Pittsburgh. As the group crossed over (without really having to tone it down a whole lot) to the easy listening market, the national hits kept coming -- eight Top 40 trips in all, including two more Top 10 stays in 1968, the stalker's anthem "Turn Around, Look at Me" and a cover of Bobby Helms' "My Special Angel."

Blasko recalls the excitement of finally finding an audience beyond the city limits.

"People started telling us we had a hit, but we couldn't believe it," he says. "As the excitement grew, we stayed up late into the night so we could hear what was being played on distant radio stations. … It was great hearing our song played on stations far from home."

In addition to touring the world, the group would appear on "American Bandstand," "The Tonight Show," "The Ed Sullivan Show" and here in town, the Clark Race "Bandstand" show on KDKA-TV.

"Our goal was to have some fun and maybe get a hit record," says Blasko. "None of us, including me, planned to make performing a career."

It was easier then, he says, to get a deal. "Because the money needed to make a record was comparatively small, recording companies could afford more easily to risk investing in new groups. Also, radio disc jockeys had more freedom to choose the music they liked to play on the air, so unknown groups had a greater chance of having their music on the radio."

Like Beaver County's Jaggerz, a well-regarded blue-eyed soul group who, despite the name, were not exactly Jagger-esque in their delivery on the No. 2 national hit from early 1970, "The Rapper."

"I remember waking up in the middle of the night with the idea," says Donnie Iris, the Jaggerz lead singer. "We were working clubs and watching the guys, how they were trying to pick up chicks, so we wrote about it."

Most who knew them at the time would agree that the Jaggerz were actually better than the hit would indicate. The Joe Rock-managed group, which later featured Frankie Czuri (who went on to front the Silencers), was known in Pittsburgh as "The White Knights with the Brown Sound."

Joe Grushecky recalls of the Jaggerz heyday, "It was hep to play soul music. If you could play it and sing it, more power to you. The Jaggerz were the purveyors. I saw them sing Temptations songs and was like, holy s--, they can sing."

There was a more direct response to the British Invasion here. You had to look beyond the acts who charted major pop hits, though. That's where you would have found a garage-rock community rocking this town with a ***working-class*** answer to what the Brits were throwing down.

In 1965, the Arondies, teens from Clairton, sold 10,000 copies -- which today would still be pretty major numbers -- of an instrumental classic, "69," a record that Get Hip archivist Baran likes to call our town's "Bolero."

"Everybody learned to play guitar to '69,' " he says. "If you wanted to play it simply, you didn't have to even have a tuned guitar. You could keep it on one string."

Although the original three-man lineup, as captured on "69," would go its separate ways before the year was out, the song remains a local cult hit on the underground, as resurrected in the ' 80s by the Cynics, whose Gregg Kostelich in 1999 released the first Arondies CD on Get Hip. At times, the music -- cut in sessions dating from November 1964 to a radio appearance on McKeesport's WMCK in ' 65 -- takes on the primal feel of something the Arondies might have played in Hamburg while sharing a bill with the Beatles. But they never made it to the Reeperbahn. Instead, they worked the local circuit from the Juliot Hotel in Clairton to the Sigma Nu fraternity -immortalized (for those who knew the band) in "Sigma Nu" -- to the Clairton VFW, where they packed the joint, especially during football season.

As drummer Bill Scully recalls, with a grin, "We were big celebrities -- in Clairton."

After cutting "69," the Arondies started working with a local DJ/show promoter/all-around Svengali Terry Lee, who'd already discovered the Larks, whose name he changed, in honor of his own profession, to the Dee-Jays.

While Terry and Porky were spinning the record, other stations balked at the idea of a song called "69."

"My uncle Al McDowell was at KDKA at the time," says Scully, "so my aunt and uncle took the record to Clark Race and asked if he would play it. So Clark is listenin' , and it's got this nice sound, and we say '69,' and he says, 'I can't play this.' My aunt didn't know."

A month after making a splash with "69," they split with Lee in a royalty dispute. Then, Scully quit and the other Arondies formed the Soul Congress, featuring Uniontown soul artist Billy Sha-Rae. Eventually, the Congress moved to Detroit, where it played on sessions by such artists as the O'Jays, and in ' 71, scored a minor R&B hit with "Do It."

As big a hit as "69" was, the kings of the local garage were indisputably the Dee-Jays. "Everybody said, 'Those Dee-Jays, boy, they're just fantastic," Baran says. And so, the name was changed to the Fantastic Dee-Jays. With a sound that ranged from instrumental covers to the gorgeous low-key balladry of "Shy Girl" to the heavier British Invasion-inspired garage-rock of "Get Away Girl," the Dee-Jays, of McKeesport, got a lot of play on WMCK, where their manager, Lee, was working at the time. A self-styled Brian Epstein, the DJ attended the Dee-Jays' rehearsals to make sure they weren't goofing off and recorded them after midnight at the station doing material he'd selected.

They released their debut single, a lo-fi cover of "Apache," in March 1965. In 1966, the very year the Dee-Jays opened for the Stones at the Civic Arena, the band became the Swamp Rats, a grittier punk act whose enduring reputation was built on a series of primitive singles that found them going absolutely wild on everything from a jaw-dropping cover of "Louie Louie" to the Kinks' "Til the End of the Day."

The garage act most likely to make it beyond the garage, the Fenways, from Apollo in Armstrong County, got their start in 1964 on Ricky "C," a local label, with "Nothing to Offer You." Before they'd even backed the Vogues on "You're the One," the group, more polished and less rocking than your typical garage-rock act, signed briefly to the Imperial label, home of Ricky Nelson and Fats Domino, for "Walk." As Pittsburgh's first successful self-contained rock 'n' roll unit, the Fenways (led by vocalist Sunny DeNunzio, Lee's cousin) were tapped, in the summer of 1964, to open for the Rolling Stones and Dave Clark Five. With "Walk," in 1965, they topped the charts on both of Pittsburgh's major pop radio outlets -- KQV and KDKA -- in addition to WMCK.

As Goodrich says, "The Fenways had local hits like you can't imagine."

But none of the group's singles, not even "The Number One Song in the Country," ever hit the U.S. charts.

There were other garage-rock acts making noise at the time. McKees Rocks' Peter's Pipers, fronted by a young Pete Hewlett (who went on to sing with Billy Joel and Carly Simon), briefly signed to the Philips label, but its records never charted, either. Then you had Napoleonic Wars (from Greensburg), the Oncomers, Marshmallow Steamshovel, the Time Stoppers, the Hides, the Igniters (featuring Czuri) and Grains of Sand, a band that included up-and-coming rock promoter Rich Engler.

But no group in Pittsburgh was able to follow the Troggs or ? and the Mysterians from the garage to the top of the charts.

It wasn't for lack of support on local airwaves.

As Baran recalls, "Mad Mike and Terry Lee would help these bands go out and play at different places. … Then, they tied it in with their radio shows. 'Hey, come out and see the so-and-so band on Friday night.' So they had all the local support they needed. And it wasn't a one-hour show on a Sunday night that highlights local music. It was brought into the mix. And it was big."

One problem may have been that the local garage bands didn't have a following as huge as, say, the Jaggerz, who, says Goodrich, "Anyone will tell you were the best group around. And they may not have liked it much, but they'd have to give the devil his due. Even before 'Rapper,' it was known that the Jaggerz were it. If you were in the Jaggerz, man, then you were probably considered the best."

If Pittsburgh couldn't break its own garage-rock bands on a national level, it did break Tommy James, a native of Dayton, Ohio, whose band was based, for then, in Michigan, when a DJ at KDKA made a regional hit of a two-year-old James single, "Hanky Panky." In 1966, the song went all the way to No. 1 on the national charts, by which point James had already recruited members of the Raconteurs to be the new Shondells (his backing group) right here in Pittsburgh. James went on to be among the most successful artists ever linked to Pittsburgh, with 17 Top 40 singles, including the chart-topping "Crimson and Clover" and the classics "I Think We're Alone Now," "Mirage," "Sweet Cherry Wine" and "Crystal Blue Persuasion."

Pittsburgh also had its share of soul and R&B acts at the time, from Clairton's Johnny Wilson and the Debonaires to a group whose name would have to rank among the greatest ever, the Soulvation Army.

Chuck Edwards of Canonsburg scored a local instrumental hit with "Bullfight," had the single picked up by Roulette but, like the Fenways, never took it national.

The Splendors, led by guitarist Herb Marshall of Clairton -- who later went on to record with the Isley Brothers -- also had a local hit or two.

In 1961, Chuck Jackson, a Del-Viking latecomer, struck out on his own and scored a Top 5 R&B hit, "I Don't Want to Cry." He landed 23 more singles on the R&B charts, the biggest of which was "Any Day Now," a No. 2 R&B single that peaked at No. 23 in 1962 on the national pop charts.

Johnny Daye, a white soul singer, was discovered here by Otis Redding, who took him to Stax, the legendary label, where Steve Cropper produced and co-wrote "What'll I Do for Satisfaction," one of two Daye singles for the label (the other was "Stay Baby Stay"). A 1967 single, "What'll I Do," was revived in 1993 by Janet Jackson on the "Janet" album.

In the Stax/Volt "Singles" box-set liner notes, Cropper is quoted as saying, "Otis really wanted to do a lot with him. The kid was dynamite. Had Otis lived, he probably would have."

Though brilliant examples of vintage soul, neither of his Stax releases charted. But he did enjoy at least a minor hit a few years earlier with "Marry Me," (over)produced by Johnny Nash, on Jomada.

PART ONE Scott Mervis is the Post-Gazette Weekend Magazine editor. Ed Masley is the PG pop music critic.

**Graphic**

PHOTO 4, Photo: Post-Gazette: DJs decided what they would play back when rock; 'n roll was young, which made Porky Chedwick one of the influential spinners; in Pittsburgh.; Photo: (for two photos) The Marcels, like the Dell-Vikings (bottom far left),; were among the first rock-era groups with both black and white members.; Photo: The Vogues - the pride of Turtle Creek - defied the British Invasion; with a string of successes. " Our goal was to have some fun and maybe get a; hit record," says Chuck Blasko, center.

**Load-Date:** February 14, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Forever changed by Ivan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DHN-M2J0-010F-K05S-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

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**Byline:** Charisse Jones

**Dateline:** PENSACOLA, Fla.

**Body**

PENSACOLA, Fla. -- As Martin Brown was driving here to see what Hurricane Ivan had left of his childhood home, he struggled to get his bearings.

"You have these mental guideposts -- 'I turn at this house' -- and the house is not there," said Brown, 36, who came from Tampa to check on his parents here in the community of Grande Lagoon. As he surveyed the old neighborhood, he says, he couldn't help thinking: "The houses are gone, like they never existed."

Grande Lagoon, a coastal community in southwestern Pensacola, is among the neighborhoods most devastated by Hurricane Ivan. Seventy percent of the homes on the hard-hit north side of the neighborhood were rendered uninhabitable and probably will be demolished. Of the others in the 400-home community, no house was unscathed.

Several houses were flattened, their lots laid bare. Others appeared intact from the front, but a peek inside showed walls separated from buckled floors. Sunshine poured in through broken roofs.

USA TODAY visited Grande Lagoon a week after Ivan struck Sept. 16, and will return periodically to see how one group of Floridians recovers from the storm. Hurricane Ivan was responsible for 12 deaths in Escambia County, and at least six came from the southwestern part of Pensacola. But Ivan was hardly Florida's only disaster.

In the last nine weeks, Florida was lashed by four hurricanes, including Ivan, leaving 107 dead, and close to $20 billion in insured damage. Uninsured damage will probably equal that figure, state officials say.

Grande Lagoon was mostly spared by the storms that came before and after Ivan. Residents here know other Floridians also are struggling. The people of West Palm Beach had barely caught their breath after Hurricane Frances struck in early September, when Hurricane Jeanne brought her wrath Sept. 25. Others still reel from Hurricane Charley, the first of the storms, which crashed into the southern Gulf Coast on Aug. 13.

But it was Ivan, which barreled into the Florida Panhandle, that swept away houses around Pensacola and badly battered those that remained.

Grande Lagoon is a neighborhood of affluence and aspirations. Before Ivan, private boats bobbed near the pier. Many residents are retired from the military or professionals who enjoyed views of the Intercoastal Waterway from their million-dollar homes. Others are ***working-class*** folks who dreamed and saved so they could raise their children on bucolic streets a spray away from the Gulf of Mexico.

The people of Grande Lagoon experienced the spectrum of emotions known to other Floridians. For those who evacuated before the hurricane, there was the initial fear of what they would find when they returned. Then there was shock, at seeing splintered wood and mud where houses once stood. Then, grief.

Now, three weeks after Hurricane Ivan, people here seem to have accepted that their neighborhood is forever changed. Some have said they will move away, but others plan to rebuild. Some remain uncertain about whether they will have the money or the courage to start all over again in Grande Lagoon.

In the first days after the storm, residents still had to show identification to sheriff's deputies so they could walk through their own neighborhood. And they learned, sometimes for the first time, that different insurance companies held the various disaster policies on their homes. They tried to unravel the red tape, weighed whether to stay or move, and worried that their children were missing school, missing routine, missing home.

'Where do you begin?'

Amid the debris, Martin Brown finds a porcelain egg with a painted owl and brings it to his mother, Patty Brown, like an eager-to-please schoolboy. It's like that after a calamity, the Browns say. Even those cocktail glasses he couldn't stand hold significance simply because they survived.

"You want to pick every single thing up and make it perfect, and you can't," says his brother, Kevin Brown, 44, of Clearwater, Fla. "Where do you begin?"

Three generations of Browns came together where the family had lived for 30 years, their memories largely scattered in the storm. Insurance agents told them that on a scale of 1 to 6 -- six being a total loss -- their home is a 5. Though several residents say they will rebuild, Patty Brown is not so sure.

"I'd been through several hurricanes, even as a child," says Patty Brown, 69, who grew up in Florida, "But this one, I had a strong feeling about. I said, 'I don't think we'll be too lucky this time.' . . . Sometimes I think I want to build back again, and then I think, what's going to happen next time?"

She and her husband, William "Bud" Brown, 72, bought the house in 1975, when he retired from a 25-year career in the Navy. When Hurricane Frederick struck here in 1979, water rose to the front door, but no higher. "Mom swears because she put holy water on the doorstep, it wouldn't rise above it," Kevin Brown says. "And who was I to argue with her?"

Ivan was different. It flooded the first floor of the two-story house. The refrigerator floated through the living room to the back porch. Plaques commemorating Bud Brown's military career were swept off the walls.

A week after the storm, a motley collection of possessions sat on a wooden table on the front lawn. The Disney snow globe belonged to the Browns. But the statue of St. Anthony was someone else's.

"I broke down a couple times, and I still get a little teary," says Patty Brown. "Other people have worse problems than I have. . . . With a sense of humor and a few prayers, you get courage from someplace."

Bud Brown, unlike his wife, is determined to come back home. In the meantime, he may get an RV "because we're going to have to live some place," he says. "I could stay in the driveway -- and travel."

Home was realization of dream

Tommy and Janet Lord were high school sweethearts who married, raised three daughters and loved the water. Their house on Ponte Verde Road was a fantasy come true. They could see the ripples of the Intercoastal Waterway from their upper deck.

"We've been trying to get here our whole life," says Tommy Lord, 45, sweeping debris from the driveway. "We never thought we could afford a house like this. . . . We moved here in June last year, and it didn't last long. But we're going to rebuild."

Janet Lord, 44, remembers the day the hurricane hit. "I could hear the Gulf roaring," she says. "The night before, we lay on the pier. We said, 'Let's lie down here one more time, because we know it won't be here tomorrow.' "

When the family saw their shattered home, the first floor flooded out, a single pole left to support the garage, "I collapsed," Janet Lord recalls. "I was in shock. I was just screaming. . . . What's so devastating, we've lost neighbors. People have died in here. We're still not sure who they are. These memories will always be here now."

The family has since learned that the house has been condemned and will have to be bulldozed. Right now, the family is living with Tommy's mother a mile away. And like many residents, the Lords are waiting for insurers to determine what caused the damage to their house -- rising water or winds that opened up the house to the rain.

Flood insurance is provided by the National Flood Insurance Program, while coverage for wind-related damage is separate, says Nina Banister, spokesperson for Florida's Department of Financial Services. Many Floridians may not have either type of disaster coverage, Banister says. And after initially securing coverage through an agent, some policyholders do not pay attention to which company actually holds their policy, she says.

Though the Lords got a $2,500 check from one insurance company, they worry it won't go very far as they pay their mortgage and other bills. Or they might have to give the money back if the damage was caused by flood and not wind.

In the meantime, Lord and his wife come to Grande Lagoon every morning and stay until dark. "The place is wrecked, but it's still your home," he says.

Janet Lord says of her husband: "Last night he said, 'I think I worshiped it too much. I think that's why God took it away from us.' He's out there, raking and cleaning. I told him, 'It's gone.' And he says, 'It's still our lot.' "

Body discovered in backyard

Linda Landers, 53, a real estate investor, spent a lifetime in Pensacola. "I was raised on this water," she says. "I'm not afraid of it. I respect it."

When the hurricane hit, she chose to stay at home with a cousin and her mother, Elishia, 75. The $1.2 million house, which has concrete walls and a storm shelter, was built to withstand a hurricane. Still, the house swayed as it was struck by 25-foot tidal surges and wind gusts clocked at 168 mph.

A week later, the house smells of fish from the Gulf. A neighbor's Blazer and a red truck float in the waterway behind Landers' house. And a passerby would never know she had a pool, now buried under a pile of plywood and dirt.

Landers says that after the hurricane, she felt that someone was dead in her backyard. An initial search-and-rescue crew came and left. She found another rescue team to look again. "They weren't there three minutes and they found a body," she says, becoming emotional. "And that's just a little hard."

Landers had been planning to sell her waterfront house before the storm. She still is. Now, she is waiting for an insurance adjuster, who three weeks after Ivan hit had yet to visit, to determine whether the house must be razed or can be rebuilt. The structure survived the storm, but floors separated from walls, doors and skylights were shattered, and every piece of furniture was destroyed. Landers does not have flood insurance, only a wind policy worth about $500,000.

She rents other houses that she owns to abused women and their children, as well as to those who were once homeless. She says she is not bothered that there won't be any rent coming in for a while. "I have people who can't pay because there's no jobs, because there's no power," she says. "I won't be evicting them."

Landers, who slept on her porch before moving into a camper, has cooked up to three meals a day on her grill for friends and strangers.

"You have neighbors you lived next to for 10, 12 years, and you didn't even know their last names," says Landers, who has fed up to 25 people. "This disaster," she says, "it's bringing people together."

'How bad is our house broke?'

If you want to know how high the water rose on Grande Lagoon Boulevard, look at the muddy line running through the stuffed animals stacked high in a child's room.

The pecan wood furniture is swollen. Insulation litters the lawn like confetti. Still, Alan and Vicki Woolford decided it was time to bring their two children home to let them see what had been lost.

"We can't keep it from them," says Vicki Woolford, 44, of her daughter, Hannah, 10, and son, Wade, 6. The children and the family's two dogs had been staying with an aunt in Atlanta since the day after Hurricane Ivan. "My little boy just keeps asking, 'How bad is our house broke?' "

Before the family fled to a Red Roof Inn the day before the storm, the Woolfords put their couch on cinder blocks and many of their photographs in the bathtub, doubting the water would rise that high.

But it did, nearly submerging the entire first floor. Alan Woolford, 46, an artist, lost every piece of his $20,000 inventory of paintings and prints, except for three originals he carried with him along with his children's medicine, computer hard drives and insurance papers.

A week after the storm, he was simply trying to figure out who held his flood insurance policy. The Federal Emergency Management Agency deposited $477 into the family's bank account the Monday after the storm, which helped pay for their motel room.

Vicki Woolford, who draws construction documents for architects, has been unable to return to work, like her husband. For extra income, she had been doing housekeeping at the motel. Recently she began working at the front desk.

The couple spends every day cleaning up the house and calling insurance companies, taking a break only to eat dinner at the Perdido Bay United Methodist Church.

Beneath the debris, they have found treasures. "I found some quarters last night that were in my son's bank," Alan Woolford says, "and it was like finding pirate's gold, because it was important that I find that for him."

Losing material possessions yet still having the family safe has made Alan Woolford rethink how he'll raise his kids. "Hannah spilled a little Kool-Aid on the carpet, and I got mad at her," he recalls of a day before Ivan. "It's pointless."

Only for a moment did the Woolfords consider not rebuilding. "I used to fish in Perdido Bay, and I'd drive through here," he says. The houses were at least $200,000 then and beyond his reach. But seven years ago, the family found a fixer-upper and moved in.

They plan to rent a doublewide trailer and live down the street, so their children can go to the same school while their house is rebuilt -- this time on stilts, Alan Woolford says. "That's how much we love this neighborhood," he says, "because we're willing to go through this and stay in it."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY (5); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY (MAP); One week after: Tom and Kay Matsan's 2004 Ford Ranger truck, with 1,000 miles on it, was pushed into the swimming pool behind their home in the Grande Lagoon subdivision in Pensacola.<> The place is wrecked": Four photos stitched together provide a panoramic view of the destruction wrought by Hurricane Ivan to homes in the Grande Lagoon subdivision. Even some that look intact are uninhabitable.<>The Woolfords: A week after Ivan, Vicki Woolford, 44, finds a skim board belonging to her husband, Alan, in her storm-wrecked backyard at 5535 Grande Lagoon Blvd. in Grande Lagoon. She and her husband plan to rent a trailer and park it down the street so their two children can go to the same school while the family rebuilds.<>The Browns: William Brown in his garage at 5644 Ponte Verde Road. After Ivan, he found his Lincoln Town Car full of debris and turned sideways in his garage. "Don't think it's going to make it to 2005," he says.<>The Lords: Janet Lord in her living room at 5635 Ponte Verde Road. When she first saw her home, "I was a shock." It's been condemned.<>The Landers home: Linda Landers, 53, holds a birdhouse that Ivan deposited on her doorstep at 11743 Chanticleer Drive. She's thinking of selling the house.

**Load-Date:** October 11, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Labor of love;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MR70-0094-537F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***With The Boss' blessing, Grushecky's riding out to case the promised land***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MR70-0094-537F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

He's known to most of the free world as The Boss. At the moment, though, Joe Grushecky is the boss, and that guy Bruce Springsteen bears the title of ''Houserocker for the week.''

And after the first night on the job, Bruce was one tired Houserocker. There he was on Joe's tour bus outside the legendary Stone Pony in Asbury Park, luxuriating in that post-rock 'n' roll afterglow, his hair all messed up and his eyes at half-mast.

Two hours of brutal, Iron City-style bar rock can be tough when you're not in game shape.

''It's hard keeping up with those boys,'' he said, barely able to summon that husky laugh.

Bruce has jumped on Joe's bus, literally and figuratively, as Grushecky's producer, guitarist and publicity machine, but most of all his friend.

So far they've spread the word to Jersey, New York and Philadelphia about Joe's new record, ''American Babylon,'' another impassioned set of songs chronicling the hard life along the Rust Belt. Tonight and tomorrow they bring it to the source, with Springsteen making another ''surprise'' appearance at Nick's Fat City.

Though this six-pack of shows started Tuesday in Jersey (and ends a week later in Chicago), the journey began two very long years ago when Grushecky made a call for help.

To make a long story short, Bruce invited Joe, 47, out to his LA home studio, and little by little, ended up with producer, co-writer and sideman credits on ''American Babylon.'' It's the first time Springsteen has produced a record for another artist.

While they started the trip as just acquaintances -- Bruce had jammed with Grushecky's Iron City Houserockers in the early '80s -- they've grown to be tight friends.

Obviously, Springsteen is on stage and on record with Joe more as an act of friendship than a mid-life career move. After all, at age 46, there are less rigorous options for The Boss.

''I don't know about you but I'm (bleepin') pooped,'' he said the other night in the middle of a knockout ''Light of Day.'' ''And I'm not even gettin' paid!''

And Joe, ''a one-time local legend in his hometown of Pittsburgh,'' according to Kurt Loder this week on MTV, turned to Bruce and laughingly blessed him for his deeds.

In the minds of rock fans, Springsteen and the Stone Pony go together like the pope and the Vatican.

The obvious difference would be that, while tourism is still thriving at the Vatican, God seems to have given up on Asbury Park. It's not what it was 20 years ago when Bruce was hanging out on the covers of Time and Newsweek. Main Street died when the mall was built, and now the once bustling resort hotel across from the club looks like something in Sarajevo.

''It's sad. This place isn't what it used to be,'' Springsteen says. ''And there really isn't even any scene down here anymore.''

In the darkness on the edge of town is the luminous orange awning of the Pony. But even that's not the same. The Pony was once the center of a roots rock and rhythm 'n' blues community known for its collegial late-night jams, where Springsteen could be found rocking with the house band, Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes.

Now, third-year owner Steve Nasor shrugs off questions about the club's past, and has a policy of booking whatever sells. ''It could be Joe Grushecky, Nine Inch Nails, Mary Poppins, who cares,'' he tells me.

As it were, Tuesday night's Houserockers' show sold out in four minutes flat. Judging by one despondent looking group of scalpers, this was an overly brokered event.

Just ask ''Stephan Kingman,'' aka ''Sky King.'' The Peter Lorre of scalpers fits right into this Hopperesque setting. He expected to make a few thousand on this gig; now he might lose three hundred because of the low walk-up.

The Asbury Park native doesn't like The Boss because of his crackdowns on scalping, and he's telling me the ''guy's washed up.''

''He doesn't know what the hell he's doin'. He fires his band and goes on tour with a buncha Rastafarians,'' he says out of the side of his mouth. ''Now, he's goin' out on a solo tour. That's the way he belongs, all alone.''

Sky King isn't as cold-hearted about Grushecky. ''He's a street guy, he deserves a break. He's a hard-working guy, been at it 20 years. The Boss got a break; he didn't. That's the only difference.

''Look,'' he says, making a modest $ 45 on the $ 12.50 ticket, ''this is Bruce's hometown. If it ain't rockin' here, daddy, when's it gonna be rockin'?''

Inside it was definitely rockin'.

And it was plenty packed with fans, who, through the first couple of tunes, kept one eye on Grushecky and the other on the stage door to the right of the stage. Five songs in, Joe said, ''OK, it's star time at the Stone Pony,'' and on cue the door opened and in he walked with his I'm-just-sitting-in look of baseball cap, jean jacket and jeans, all black, carrying a Rolling Rock and that blonde Telecaster.

The crowd reacted with the bassy mantra of ''Brooooce!''

You have to go back to the Castiles in the mid-'60s to find Springsteen in the role of lead guitarist. ''That's what he wanted to do,'' Grushecky says. ''He wanted to play lead, and he wanted to be turned up loud.''

He made his presence known quickly with one of those piercing, ''Darkness''-style solos in ''What Did You Do in the War Daddy?''

If you have tickets for Nick's, prepare for one mean guitar attack from Springsteen, Grushecky and Bill Thoms. One Springsteen associate said this is more guitar than he played on his last tour. With due respect to Joe and Bill, there isn't a sound in the world like Bruce revving up that Tele.

Fronting the E Street Band in a stadium or an arena, Bruce looks like an immortal. Standing 10 feet away, he looks like one of the boys. And that's how he wants to be treated. (In fact, when greeted with ''Brooce!'' at Tramps in New York, he said only half-joking, ''All right, cut that shit out.'')

Up close, you can see him watching Grushecky's hands for chord changes, shouting encouragement to drummer Joffo Simmons and keyboardist Joe Pelesky, and giving the I'm-not-worthy sign to longtime Houserocker bassist Art Nardini.

Despite the presence of rock's most charismatic performer as Houserocker in training, this is still Grushecky's show and he's in full command as a frontman. He's playing towering versions of ''American Babylon'' centerpieces, ''Dark and Bloody Ground'' and ''Homestead,'' and is going stride for stride with The Boss on what has to be the most electrifying version ever of ''Light of Day.'' The only other E Street song on the set list for now is ''Murder Incorporated,'' which I'm told by a guy who saw it being played eight times during a video shoot loses nothing here.

Even rowdier is ''Talking to the King.'' Though it's an Elvis tribute, it hits closer to home for these guys when they step up to the mike together for that gleeful chant of ''Sometimes I think/I sold my soul/to become the king/of rock and roll!''

''Pumpin' Iron,'' which New Yorkers think is about lifting weights, is taking on the feel of one of those old frat-rock songs that Bruce loves. When he throws head back and lurches forward, you know he's into it, and he seems positively giddy belting out the 'burgh-thing chorus, ''Pumpin' iron, sweatin' steel/hearts of stone/dressed to kill.''

''Man, that's always been one of my faves,'' Springsteen said on the bus.

The set also features a playful ''Brown-Eyed Girl'' and a show-stopping ''Down the Road with Me.''

''When I play with him,'' Grushecky says of the set list, ''I usually pick out the songs, and the band prepares them. When we rehearse, I sing Bruce's part. It's kind of like playing pretend.''

Grushecky says Bruce threw him a curveball at the end of the Pony set. ''He said let's play 'Rebel Music.' I forgot to sing the first verse. My mind just wandered. It's one of those songs where if you miss a chord, you can throw off the whole thing.''

By the end of the Pony show the crowd didn't want to leave. ''I was willing to go back for another,'' Grushecky said. ''But Bruce said he'd had enough. I wasn't about to go back out there without him.''

Back in the bus, the folks from record company Razor & Tie crowded around Joe. You must be exhausted, they said, not realizing that 20 songs, one set, is a light night for a one-time local legend.

In true Grushecky style, he seems unfazed not only by Springsteen (''Why should I be nervous?''), but by the sudden presence of record company people briefing him on interview schedules, promotion plans and good news about radio play.

After they all clear out, Grushecky grabs his bag, shrugs and says, ''It's nice to get a little attention, huh?''

While the set lists were virtually identical, New York had more of the elements of a spectacle, like scalpers actually getting $ 100 a ticket, an appearance by Dion on a ragged version of ''The Wanderer'' (you'd think he'd have that song down by now) and media types like Rolling Stone's David Fricke, the New York Times' Jon Pareles and former Columbia Records president Walter Yetnikoff.

Bruce and Joe took time out from their soundcheck to sit down with MTV, VH1, AP and ''ET.'' So he wouldn't upstage Joe and ''American Babylon,'' Bruce said he wouldn't answer any questions about the hot topic of his upcoming release, ''The Ghost of Tom Joad'' and solo, acoustic tour.

Even on stage, Bruce has had the job of pitchman for the record. ''It's in the store now, kids,'' he told the Tramps crowd. ''Fun and important for the whole family.''

As the record's real pitchman, Craig Balsam, co-owner of Razor & Tie, has a unique -- perhaps twisted -- angle on how ''American Babylon'' is actually an alternative record in an alternative-happy pop market.

''I definitely think there's a place for it,'' he says. ''Things are changing. Alternative music is becoming generic, and I think there is a yearning in the marketplace for stuff that is not alternative. It's becoming completely corporate.''

In fact, hopes for ''American Babylon'' are high enough that those two jobs back in Pittsburgh that we reporters love to evoke in framing Grushecky as ***working class*** hero -- you know, teaching troubled kids by day and tutoring adults by night -- well, he up and quit them.

''I just decided to resign from my jobs and take my chances in the world of music,'' Grushecky says. ''I thought this record deserved my full attention. I didn't want to keep asking for time off. I did this before (back in the late '70s). The last time I got 10 years out of it. If I get 10 more I'll be happy.''

And hey, there's always the chance that Bruce will quit his jobs, become a Houserocker and make Joe the Boss.

As Grushecky says, ''When Bruce Springsteen's in your band, you really can't go wrong.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: (No Caption)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1995

**End of Document**



[***ISRAEL: WORK IN PROGRESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SK7-P500-0094-53MD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***DURING A HALF-CENTURY, JEWISH STATE HAS EVOLVED INTO A DIVERSE SOCIETY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SK7-P500-0094-53MD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

They are the faces of Israel Past and Israel Present, and they could hardly be more different.

When the Jewish state proclaimed its independence 50 years ago, its leader and first prime minister was Polish-born David Ben-Gurion, a white-haired, secular patriarch who intended to create a distinctively Israeli Jew. His vision: a thoroughly Westernized democrat who speaks Hebrew, embraces socialism and respects religion, while accepting without question the supremacy of a secular state.

Now the liberal, European-descended elites who founded the nation have been displaced by a right-wing prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, a slick, native-born politician who speaks American-accented English and presides over an assertive coalition of Russian immigrants, religious Zionists, ultra-Orthodox rabbis and ***working-class*** Sephardic Jews of Middle Eastern origin.

The fractious Israeli Parliament now consists of 13 political parties, most of them representing narrow religious or ethnic constituencies. Instead of Ben-Gurion's melting pot, Israel has become a mosaic whose pieces don't fit.

The astonishing diversity of Israel's 5 million Jews is a source of both strength and weakness for the nation. Populated by waves of immigrants who helped wrest the land from the Arabs, Israel is the only fully functioning democracy in the Middle East, with the only successful economy that doesn't depend on sucking oil out of the sand.

''I think Israel is the most spectacular achievement of the 20th century,'' Netanyahu boasted last week.

Secular and religious Israelis have always had differences, but now they are more potent than ever. As religion seeps deeper and deeper into politics, the consensus that shaped Israel's early years has been replaced by bitter tribal clashes. Israelis cannot even agree on what constitutes Jewishness, a determination now divisively entrusted, for the purposes of conversion, to Orthodox rabbis.

Other social contrasts are deepening: Sephardic Jews vs. the Ashkenazi of European origin, a growing middle class vs. thousands of immigrants still trapped in poverty, thriving capitalists vs. poor but zealous settlers in the occupied territories, the hedonism of Tel Aviv vs. the rigorous piety of Jerusalem.

''The founding fathers' illusion of creating a monolithic type of Israeli has failed,'' says historian Shlomo Ben-Ami.''

The nation no longer faces an overwhelming military threat from neighboring Arab countries. But individual Israelis are still haunted by the haphazard risk of terrorist attack.

Most recently, Hamas, the Islamic resistance movement, promised to ''bring sadness and horror into the heart and home of every Zionist'' in retaliation for the mysterious murder of one of its bomb makers.

Hard-line Israelis prepared provocations of their own. Thousands of Jews attended a ''feast of freedom'' in the divided West Bank city of Hebron. The occasion - which coincided with Orthodox Easter Sunday - was the 30th anniversary of a settlement that re-established a Jewish presence in the city of Abraham for the first time since 1936.

In the swaggering spirit of the Netanyahu era, organizers provided a full day of festivities sure to arouse the resentment of the Palestinians. Some dovish Israelis held counterdemonstrations.

The fragmenting of Israeli society achieved its ultimate expression in the 1995 assassination of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. His murderer was a fellow Israeli, a right-wing religious student of Yemenite descent who opposed Rabin's efforts to reach a settlement with the Palestinians under the Oslo accords.

The next year, with Israeli nerves badly frayed by a Hamas suicide-bombing campaign, Netanyahu was elected prime minister. Parties representing religious minorities increased their presence in the Knesset by nearly 50 percent.

As one result, the peace process turned into a gnawing stalemate. There is strong public support for a settlement with Yasser Arafat - more than might have been thought possible a generation ago.

But Netanyahu and the religious parties that provide his margin in Parliament have dug in their heels over the terms, leaving most Israelis with a case of battle fatigue. Despite the remarkable achievements of the past half century, they are nagged by a sense of drift and uncertainty.

Perhaps Ben-Gurion's dream of a cohesive secular society was unattainable from the beginning. Israel has always lived up to the fundamental ideal expressed in its Law of Return: that any Jew can come to live in Israel.

In its first 50 years, the nation received huge waves of immigrants from Jewish communities in the Arab world and the former Soviet Union, who brought their own particular cultures with them. Israel's cohesiveness is further strained by the presence of 1 million Arab citizens, who still feel relegated to second-class status.

No group has deviated more sharply from Ben-Gurion's model than the ultra-Orthodox. They account for no more than 15 percent of the country's Jewish population, and they are only junior partners in Netanyahu's coalition. But with their high birth rate and their high voter turnout, they are virtually guaranteed an important role in any conceivable coalition government.

''We are taking over,'' says Baruch Gurfein, a 23-year-old ultra-Orthodox resident of Betar, a West Bank settlement outside Jerusalem that averages three births a day among its 2,500 families. ''Religious people are moving to Israel (while) nonreligious people are leaving. If they have a problem with that,'' he says, ''they can bring their people here and vote for their beliefs.''

The ultra-Orthodox generally do not pay taxes or serve in the Army; they believe the Jewish state has no right to exist until the Messiah comes to proclaim it. Secular Israelis often denounce them as parasites living off the taxes and valor of their countrymen.

Rabbi Yehoshua Mann disagrees. He and his wife, Sima, came to Israel from the United States in the late 1970s and now live, with their nine children, far out on the West Bank in a settlement called Metzad (from the Hebrew word for stronghold).

It is 15 minutes by car to the next Jewish community, and the buses that carry the settlement's children to school in Jerusalem each morning are equipped with armor plate and bulletproof glass.

''By living here, we are making a statement that we are willing to put our families on the line,'' says the rabbi.

Some other minority groups do not have the same sense of hope or purpose. Many Sephardic Jews, whose families lived in the Arab world for centuries, suffer from both ethnic and class discrimination. Now their enduring sense of grievance has changed Israeli politics. It is the driving force behind the rise of Shas, a party founded in 1983 by ultra-Orthodox Sephardic Jews.

Two years ago, Shas won the third largest number of seats in Parliament, behind Netanyahu's Likud and the opposition Laborites. Some Israeli pundits think Shas could eventually overtake Likud as the leading voice of the right.

Many recent Russian immigrants also feel alienated. Olga Yusupov, 36, a widow with three children, moved to Israel in 1993, at the tag end of the massive immigration from the former Soviet Union. Her husband, an electrician, soon died of a heart attack.

Olga has learned adequate Hebrew, but she is unemployed and trapped on welfare, which makes her feel depressed and alienated. Her children, a teen-age son and two younger daughters, are rapidly becoming assimilated.

''I'm real happy for them,'' she says. ''But I still don't think I'm Israeli.''

Other immigrants and their children have adjusted to the customs and needs of a modernizing society. A young man who calls himself Patrick - from a religious family of Moroccan origin - has a job that was unheard of in Israel only a few years ago: male stripper.

Tall and muscular, his body beefed up through exercise and steroids, he performs every week at The Bourse, a glitzy club in Tel Aviv

''Women here want to have fun,'' he says. ''I'm here to give it to them.''

His parents don't know exactly what he does for a living - and wouldn't approve if they did know. But hedonism has become a growth industry in a once conservative country.

''It shows our society is becoming more normal,'' a 26-year-old named Sarah says after watching Patrick strip to a G-string. ''We have McDonald's now; why not strippers as well?''

In the secular realm, Israel is becoming a prosperous country. An economic boom in the 1990s - the gross domestic product grew from $ 17 billion in 1979 to $ 90.6 billion in 1996 - has reduced its dependence on financial help from abroad. The $ 4 billion a year Israel receives in U.S. foreign aid and donations from world Jewry now amounts to less than 7 percent of the national budget, compared to an estimated 17 percent in 1985.

''I'm proud to be part of the change that is happening in the economy,'' says Benny Levin, 47, a former military intelligence officer who became a millionaire by founding a company called NICE Systems Ltd., which makes voice-recording systems.

''The image of the Israeli used to be a guy who lived on a kibbutz and rode around on a camel,'' he says. ''Now it's the second Silicon Valley.''

Although they still constitute a majority of the population, secular Jews increasingly find themselves on the defensive. Their rear-guard battles are fought on fields as mundane as Neve Rotem, which looks like an American suburb plunked down on Israel's coastal plain.

Shimrit Orr, 52, and her husband bought a home there two years ago. Then, last year, the neighborhood began to change. An ultra-Orthodox rabbi signed leases on 15 houses, and observant families moved in. One house was turned into a synagogue overnight, and billboards went up proclaiming Neve Rotem a community of religious Jews. A silent invasion was under way by men in black.

''We don't want them here,'' says Orr. ''They hate us. They don't think we're Jews.''

The counterattack was swift and sometimes ugly. Signs were posted identifying Neve Rotem as a ''secular neighborhood.'' Residents blared rock music out of their windows on Saturday afternoons to disturb the Sabbath. They went to court to close down the synagogue and an unauthorized elementary school for children of observant families. Vandals threw Molotov cocktails into the school's makeshift classrooms one night.

Now the tide seems to be turning in Neve Rotem; some of the observant families have moved out. But Shimrit Orr expects more assaults in the years ahead from one hard-line group or another.

''I don't know which tribe will rule,'' she says. ''But we're losing. Israel is going to become a religious country.''

By the time of its next major anniversary - say, at 75 - Israel may be as different from the country of today as it is now from the fragile Jewish homeland founded, amid so many hopes and fears, a half century ago.

Landmarks in Israeli history

1897 First World Zionist Congress, led by journalist Theodor Herzl, endorses proposals for a 'national home' for Jews

May 14, 1948 Jewish Agency chairman David Ben-Gurion declares Israeli independence and become the new nation's first prime minister. Arab countries declare war, and tens of thousands of Palestinians flee.

June 1967 Israel strikes against Egypt. Syria and Jordan enter the conflict. The Six Day War ends with Israeli occupation of Sinai, Golan Heights, Gaza Strip, West Bank.

October 1973 Egypt and Syria launch a surprise attack against Israeli forces in Sinai and the Golan Heights. The Yom Kippur War is won by Israel.

1977 Egypt's Anwar Sadat offers full peace in exchange for Israeli withdrawal from Sinai. He is assassinated in 1981.

June 1982 Israel invades Lebanon to stop Palestinian terrorist attacks staged from Lebanese territory

1985 Israel unilaterally withdraws from most of Lebanon but later establishes a buffer zone along its northern border to deter attacks against northern Israeli communities

December 1987 Riots erupt in Gaza as stone-throwing Palestinian protesters clash with Israeli soldiers. The intifada quickly spreads.

1993 In Washington, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin signs the Oslo peace plan with Palestinian leader Yasir Arafat

November 1995 Yeshiva student Yigal Amir assassinates Rabin as he leaves a peace rally in Tel Aviv

April-May 1998 Israel observes its 50th anniversary as Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu prepares to meet Yassar Arafat in London to salvage the faltering Oslo peace process.

Mark Dennis of Newsweek also contributed to this story.

Coming in the PG

-- Tomorrow: As Israel observes its 50th anniversary this week,

Palestinians mark the ''catastrophe,'' when tens of thousands fled

their homes, never to return, during Israel's war for independence.

-- The Daily Magazine interviews Theodore Bikel, who is in town to

perform a concert for Israel with the Pittsburgh Symphony. The

magazine also lists local activities related to Israel's birthday.

-- Later this week: Post-Gazette Staff Writer Steve Levin and Block

News Alliance Photographer Larry Roberts provide coverage from

Israel of anniversary observances and reflections.

Israel uses the Jewish calendar and observes its anniversary this

Thursday and Friday, April 30 and May 1. These dates correspond to

May 14 and 15 on the standard Western calendar this year.

**Graphic**

INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, PHOTO (5), PHOTO: Victorious soldiers during Israel's war for independence.; PHOTO: Moshe Dayan and military leaders walk through captured Old City of; Jerusalem during the Six Day War.; PHOTO: The signing of the Israel-Egypt peace agreement.; PHOTO: Israeli commander weeps about army abuses during Lebanon operation.; PHOTO: Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and his wife Sarah during a visit to; Poland this week.; INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Post-Gazette: (Landmarks in Israeli history)

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[***CLOSING THE GAP: A HOW-TO GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SM8-2R50-0094-54W1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** JANE BLOTZER

**Body**

In three previous Forum essays, I have made the argument that a funny thing happened on the way to prosperity.

Some of us got there and a lot didn't.

For at least the past two decades, income in the United States has been increasingly concentrated at the top of the economic ladder. While seven years of economic expansion is finally benefiting even average wage-earners, the enormous gap that opened up between the rich and everyone else remains.

The evidence is so overwhelming that acknowledgment of the trend is nearly universal. Some (largely those who do well in the current system) contend that the best response to the changing tide is to accept and adapt.

While that is sound evolutionary advice, human beings have another alternative. Rather than accept the unacceptable, they can change it.

So how can we change the current economic reality?

\* Develop a corporate conscience. This cannot be imposed from the outside, but it is not outside the realm of possibility. A quarter century ago, many corporations did not believe their only obligation was to Wall Street and shareholders.

This is what former Westinghouse CEO Donald Burnham said of his tenure, which ended in 1975. ''The thing I liked best is I provided good jobs for many thousands of people, and I did that while, most of the time, also making money.'' How quaint that sounds. Compare it with Xerox's decision last month, despite strong profits and a dominant market position, to lay off 9,000 employees, a tenth of its work force, to further enhance its market standing.

No one is arguing that companies should not strive to be efficient, profitable and competitive. They just need to remember that employees are assets who deserve a share of the bounty .

And on soaring executive-level pay packages, which catapulted another 38 percent last year: Enough already.

\* Revitalize unions. Union wages average about 20 percent higher than nonunion wages. And while 85 percent of the union work force has health-insurance coverage, only 57 percent of the nonunion work force is covered.

A New York Times story last year concluded, ''Economists across the political spectrum agree: Turning a nonunion job into a union job very likely will have a bigger effect on lifetime finances than all the advice employees will ever read about investing their 401(k) plans, buying a home or otherwise making more of what they earn.'' And research has shown that unionized companies are no more likely to go out of business or move overseas than nonunionized enterprises.

The wage gap opened up when union membership plummeted (from 22 percent of the work force in 1974 to 15 percent currently), largely because of the decline of the heavily unionized industrial sector. Unions are paying for having long ignored service workers while flexing their industrial muscle. But that shortsightedness is gone and the AFL-CIO is now pumping enormous resources into organizing.

The task is hardly easy. Some Americans are hostile towards collective action on principle. But those who do believe that their only power comes from banding together find it is not as simple as signing up. Intimidation, threats and outright dismissal are not uncommon on the way to a certification vote. And even if the union wins, that is no guarantee that the company will actually bargain in good faith and reach an initial contract.

Workers should not have to run an obstacle course to achieve union representation. Enforcement should be strict and punishment swift for companies that break the rules or refuse to bargain.

Unions, for their part, must work with companies to improve wages and benefits while remaining competitive. A fight to the death leaves a victory for no one.

\* Keep unemployment low. Even in the current skewed income distribution system, seven years of economic expansion is creating a tighter labor market, raising wages and reducing poverty. When walking the line between inflation and economic growth, the Federal Reserve needs to keep in mind the value of high employment and resist the urge to raise interest rates at the merest whisper of inflationary pressures.

\* Raise the minimum wage. Some 12 million people earn between $ 5.15 an hour, the current minimum wage, and $ 6.15, the increase proposed by President Clinton. That 20 percent raise would still not bring it to the value it had two decades ago. At some level the minimum wage can become so generous that it will price unskilled workers out of the job market, but it is unlikely that we are there yet. A boost would still do considerably more good than harm.

\* Enact living wage legislation. More than a dozen cities, including Baltimore, Milwaukee, Los Angeles and Minneapolis, have already established higher minimum wages for companies that do business with the local government or that receive taxpayer subsidies for expansion or development. Pittsburgh has its own active living wage campaign that is being supported by unions, churches and others.

This approach is considerably more controversial than raising the minimum wage because local officials fear it can have a damaging local impact in the never-ending, cut-throat competition for jobs and development. Mayor Murphy is vehemently opposed.

It would be preferable to take care of this problem on a national level. But as long as the U.S. Congress fails to take needed action, it makes sense for local residents to insist that their tax dollars are not used to enrich companies that don't pay their employees enough to support themselves and their families.

\* Create and enhance programs to help low-income people. The Earned Income Tax Credit income subsidy could be expanded, and transportation, child care and health care assistance improved.

Claire Morrison, head of the regional office of the state Department of Public Welfare, has been working overtime to see that the local community responds to the needs of those who are making the transition from the world of welfare to the world of the working poor. That is the career path the majority of current welfare recipients are on, and they will find a lot of company when they reach their low-wage destination.

State, federal and local officials should pool their efforts, particularly in this time of flush government coffers, to make sure that men and women who make the effort to work are able to make ends meet.

\* Include protections of labor rights in trade pacts. We cannot and should not close our borders, but, just as we safeguard intellectual property and capital, we must do more in negotiating trade agreements to insure basic labor standards and rights. That is not just for the benefit of American workers, now so accustomed to losing jobs to low-wage countries, but to help limit the exploitation and raise the standard of living of workers in the Third World.

\* Implement a fairer tax code. Pre-tax income is the real culprit in the current rich-get-richer world. But tax changes over the last two decades have exacerbated the problem. The top 1 percent of earners realized huge tax cuts in the early 1980s, while the bottom 80 percent saw their taxes rise.

In 1989 and again in 1993, some of that shifting was reversed and the poorest taxpayers actually realized a significant tax cut, thanks to the Earned Income Tax Credit. But if you look at the whole period, the richest 1 percent paid an average of $ 46,792 less (18.5 percent) in 1996 than they would have paid under the 1977 federal tax code, while the bottom 80 percent experienced an average $ 115 (2.5 percent) drop.

Last year's tax cut also disproportionately benefited richer Americans. The skewed distribution of wealth cannot be fixed through the tax code. But it can be ameliorated.

\* Improve the equity and quality of public education. Improving education has been oversold as a cure for everything but the common cold. The fact is, you should not be closed out of a fair share of the nation's economic growth simply because you don't have a master's degree.

But neither should academic success be out of reach for a whole class of citizens. Yet the link between poverty and school failure is profound and crippling. A fairer distribution of resources and the commitment of parents, teachers and communities are needed to help break down that connection.

That's an ambitious list of alternatives to accepting the current unfair, and ultimately dangerous, rift in society. And none is perfect. But almost any sincere and legitimate response to the structural changes of the last two decades is preferable to the alternative: doing nothing and rationalizing that the transformation doesn't matter.

That has become a favorite parlor game of conservatives who are ideologically uncomfortable with the trend because in their worldview, unfettered capitalism is supposed to benefit the broad majority.

So they say the growing income gap doesn't matter because Americans are socially mobile and move up and down the income ladder. The rich today may not be rich tomorrow and the poor today may some day be sipping champagne and picking out luxury cars.

Americans are economically mobile. There's nothing new about that. Economists have shown that movement between classes is no greater today than it was in previous years when income and wealth were shared more equally. And now young workers start out poorer than they did a generation ago, they move up more slowly and they reach a lower peak.

Another favorite argument posits that the rate of inflation has been exaggerated and so poor and ***working-class*** Americans are really better off than government figures suggest they are.

Top economists disagree, making this a jump ball for us laymen. I am more convinced by the government economists who spend their lives refining the cost of living numbers to adjust for changing reality. If they are wrong, and real wages for most Americans inched up rather than stagnated or fell in the '80s and early '90s, it would slightly alter the debate, but it wouldn't change the reality that the rich got a whole lot richer in the meantime - whatever the rate of inflation.

Some suggest that most Americans have been cushioned from the effect of falling or stagnant wages by a very boisterous stock market - after all, aren't we all shareholders?

Well, no. In 1995, according to Edward Wolff, professor of economics at New York University, only 33 percent of households owned stock valued at $ 2,000 or more, including stock owned through mutual funds, savings plans - 401(k)s and IRAs included - and defined contribution pension plans.

And even that 33 percent figure doesn't tell the whole story - half of all stock is owned by the richest 5 percent of Americans. So when Wall Street demands that corporations do whatever it takes to squeeze out the last ounce of profit, it is the rich who benefit.

A final popular parry to the thrust of growing inequality is that it was caused by irresponsibility at the bottom, not greed on the top. If only single women would stop having babies you wouldn't have so much poverty and the gap would close as the bottom moved up.

It is undeniably true that some people make choices that enhance their economic vulnerability and make it harder to cope with their diminished lot. But having babies out of wedlock did not make wages fall. And having babies out of wedlock did not push up income for CEOs and others in the top tier.

\*

The bottom line is this: For most of two decades, the rich have gotten very much richer and everyone else has stood still or lost ground. No sugar coating alters that reality. Whether you think it is a significant or disturbing trend depends entirely on your ideology and/or where you fit into the income curve.

Many who are concerned about the gap feel overwhelmed and powerless to change it. That is understandable. Corporate America seems to hold all the cards. Capital is mobile, and in the Information Age, so are the most important resources - ideas. Increasingly few businesses are tied to a raw material or a transportation system or even a market. And so businesses can take their jobs and go elsewhere. And they do.

But the changes we are experiencing are not forces of nature, they are not handed down by God. They are the result of choices made and paths taken. As the suggestions above make clear, we can make different choices and take an alternate route. We can do a much better job of sharing the wealth. It's a matter of simple justice and will ultimately lead to a better, stronger and healthier America.

Jane Blotzer is a Post-Gazette associate editor. This is the last in her series on income inequality.

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[***Puzzles in the earth;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHG-Y0P0-009B-P4GC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Some of the continent's most impressive ancient monuments are right around us - you may even live near one. They are all known as mounds, though they come in many shapes: from ridges and domes to elaborate animal effigies. Catherine Watson reports from Ohio on America's prehistoric past.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHG-Y0P0-009B-P4GC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Catherine Watson; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Circleville, Ohio

**Body**

Mounds are subtle monuments. They don't stand out like the pyramids of Egypt or the temples of ancient Greece. But they're a lot easier to get to, and if you give them time, they become breathtaking.

Hundreds dot the landscape along rivers and streams from Minnesota far into the East and South, ancient mounds ranging from simple domes and ridges to complicated designs - bears and snakes and gigantic outlines of circles, symmetrical octagons and perfect squares.

Some of the constructions are so large that they rival the buildings of Mexico's prehistoric empires.

The problem is that most mounds don't look like the burial monuments or religious centers they were. They look like the land they rise from - gently rolling, grassy green. Unless you can see them from above - and few of us can afford a helicopter - it takes a while to be impressed.

Walk among them, though, as I did in southwestern Ohio for several days last fall, and they grow on you, until - all of a sudden - they provoke an explosion of astonishment.

An archaeologist wannabe, I based myself in Circleville, a small, classically Midwestern town half an hour's drive south of Columbus. It was easy to get from there to mound groups at Newark, east of Columbus, and to mounds that stretched to the southeast like a dotted line: Mound City, Seip Mound, Serpent Mound.

History underfoot

A day into the search, while strolling within what's called the Great Circle in Newark, I was suddenly staggered by the immensity of the effort involved, the human toil, the months, years even, that it took to build. And, an anthropologist might add, the social organization.

The Great Circle was a strange place for a revelation: It looked peaceful and felt remote, but it's in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the edge of a city of 45,000.

On one side, across a busy highway, I could hear the loudspeaker at a Ford dealership blaring out requests for salesmen. On the other side, I could hear the voices of children - lots of them - visiting the monument on a field trip.

Closer up, the flock turned into individual kids in bright jackets, chipping flints into arrowheads, pumping hand drills to pierce shells for necklaces and competing to see how far they could fling a wooden spear using one of humankind's earliest inventions - the throwing stick.

Called an atlatl, it increases your leverage, so you throw as if your arm were about 3 feet longer. At least, some kids were throwing that way.

Such activities would have been familiar to the Hopewell people, who built the giant earthen ring around us more than 2,000 years earlier. Giant is right: The ring is nearly a quarter-mile across, with embankments 15 feet high, and it was part of a complex that included an even larger circle connected to an enormous octagon, both still standing.

Structures like these were too vast to roof. They look like open-air sanctuaries, and they might have been exactly that.

Beginning about 2,200 years ago, different groups of native peoples built mounds in many places in the eastern United States - for burials, for ceremonies, for astronomical calculations, sometimes for all those reasons. They stopped by about 800 years ago.

Later arrivals - Native Americans and immigrants alike - regarded the mounds as mysteries.

A lot is still mysterious: No one knows how many people it took - or how many years - to build the huge, simple shapes, let alone the colossal Monk's Mound at Cahokia, Ill., across the Mississippi from St. Louis, Mo., the largest man-made earthen structure in ancient North America.

What is known: It takes an advanced society to marshal enough people to build big mounds. It also takes a food surplus, so the society can spare the workers to dig and pile the earth.

Living the past

The Hopewell were the people I heard the most about; they flourished in this part of Ohio from about 200 B.C. to about 500 A.D., but they influenced - and traded with - nearly half the continent.

Judging by their artifacts, they had sophisticated taste and a sense of beauty. And much of what they cherished came from far away: They imported obsidian from Yellowstone, copper from Michigan, conch shells from the Carolina coast, alligator teeth from the Gulf of Mexico.

That's just like people today, a Great Circle staff member explained, smiling: "We're always reaching a little beyond our borders."

As I approached, camera in hand, the school kids crowded up, willing to teach me what they'd just been learning. They sounded excited - exactly what their teachers and the Great Circle staff intended.

"The effect I'm looking for is 'Gee, whiz!' or 'Oh, wow!' " said the staff member, so the students begin to see the Hopewell as "real people with the same emotions, needs, desires we have."

"It opens their minds," said one of the teachers. "It feeds their imaginations."

And sometimes their stomachs.

On their own, a few kids discovered the Great Circle's demonstration garden and nibbled the heads of goosefoot, a 6-foot-tall grass that most of us would call a weed. But early Native Americans domesticated goosefoot, turning it into a grain crop.

That didn't change one kid's opinion. "Tastes like broccoli to me," he muttered to a classmate.

Mound City

About 200,000 mounds once could be found throughout eastern North America, an exhibit at Mound City noted. Roughly 80 percent of them, it said, have been destroyed by farming, looting or the expansion of highways and factories. Mound City itself was nearly a case in point.

I drove about 20 miles south of Circleville, toward Chillicothe, then briefly turned west. At first I thought I'd taken the wrong road. I was driving into a state prison complex: barracks-like buildings and fields fenced with barbed wire.

Tucked in its midst, so close to prison land that the loudest sound in the park was rock music from a prison workman's radio, lay the Mound City branch of Hopewell Culture National Historical Park.

Mound City covers 13 acres, a round-cornered square bounded by a low rim of earth. Within it stand 23 mounds of varying heights, most of them used for burials.

Handsome objects had been found inside them, and some were on display in the small museum: stone smoking pipes with bowls shaped like otters and ravens; a clever copper bear with movable ears; a headdress with copper antlers.

But the strangest Hopewell things were silhouettes of hands and bird claws cut from sheets of shiny, silvery mica - like prehistoric paper dolls. They just missed being mirrors; any reflection would have been ghostly.

Octagon State Memorial

The larger the earthworks, the more familiar they seemed. After Mound City and Great Circle, I realized why: They were all preserved landscapes, like the battlefield parks of the Civil War.

Quiet, adorned with shade trees, wrapped in mystery and time, they echoed an earlier time - but gently. Their original meaning was softened, obscured, even healed. Except at this one.

Octagon State Memorial - a 20-acre circle linked to a 50-acre octagon - is the most complete of these earthworks in Ohio. I'd seen many pictures of it, always taken from the air, late in the day, when long shadows made the geometry of the outlines clear.

It stands in a different part of Newark; I sought directions from the Great Circle's staff. Look for the signs to the golf course at Moundbuilders Country Club, they said, pointing me down the highway.

So it's by the golf course?

They glanced at each other, seeming embarrassed. One woman smiled grimly and gave the kind of answer that must stick in an archaeologist's throat: "It IS the golf course."

At least it's preserved. Part or all of 10 fairways, in fact, lie inside the earthworks, as if the structure were a giant double noose.

No wonder it's always photographed from above, I thought 15 minutes later, as a stray golf ball overshot the 18th hole, zinged through the air and plonked hard near my feet. It's safer up there.

Serpent Mound

This mound was my favorite, simply because it was the most beautiful. It was also much newer than the Hopewell constructions I'd seen - it dates from about 1070 A.D. - and it's a different style.

Serpent Mound is not a burial mound, but an effigy, meaning it looks like something - in this case a great stylized snake 1,360 feet long and 20 feet thick. The grassy coils loop back and forth along a narrow blufftop as evenly and elegantly as if they'd been designed by a computer. It's lovely.

More than the other places I saw, Serpent Mound felt spiritual and - OK, mysterious; I wasn't surprised that New Agers consider it a power center.

Arguments about it are still going on. Take that oval shape at its head, for example. Is the snake about to eat an egg? Is it coughing up a frog? Is that even its head? Maybe it's a comet.

My favorite interpretation, put forth in the 19th century, held that this was the biblical serpent and the forbidden fruit - proof that the Garden of Eden was in Ohio.

The time of day enhanced the mood - late afternoon, of course, when all mounds look their best. Most visitors had gone, and the snake appeared to be undulating out of the shadows. I climbed up a slightly unsteady viewing tower and thought about who built the snake and why and how.

Remember how satisfying it feels to build a sand castle on the beach, when the sand is slightly damp and you can pack it solidly? And how cool it feels when you run your palms over it, smoothing off the lumps and crumbs?

Building Serpent Mound must have felt something like that. Now add a religious element, and forget the sand castle. This would have been like building a sand cathedral.

A sad disregard

What makes mound-hunting difficult is that because they're dirt, they're easy to alter or - worse - erase.

I saw that most clearly on my last day in southwestern Ohio, when I went into the Circleville Library to ask some questions. While I waited for a local historian, a yellowed poster on a nearby wall caught my eye - and held it.

There, labeled "Bird's Eye View of Circleville," was the town as it had looked in 1836 - and it was like no town I'd ever seen or read about on this continent. It looked more like Avebury, a village in England that stands inside a Neolithic henge monument.

Circleville's founders had built their town inside a perfectly circular earthen ring. There was a courthouse in a central plaza, with streets radiating out like the spokes of a wagon wheel.

Understanding hit me, and I gasped. It had never occurred to me to wonder about the name of the town that I'd made my home base. Of course this was why they'd named it Circleville! It was so obvious!

What the picture showed was the now-familiar outline of a Hopewell earthworks: an immense circle of raised dirt with small ponds gleaming around its edge - the water-filled borrow pits, from which the earth had been taken. It made the central courthouse look like a medieval fortress, complete with moat.

"Is there any of it left?" I asked the historian, hoping so hard that my heart beat faster.

No, he said. Thirty years after Circleville was founded - about the time that map was made - local entrepreneurs "decided they could get more real estate out of it" if they switched from a town of pie-shaped blocks to a standard American grid. So they leveled the original town - along with its embracing earthworks - and started over.

"It's all gone," the historian said, with a regret I shared. All gone - except for that picture on the wall.

I walked out of the library into a crisp afternoon, feeling amazed and amused. I had spent days exploring the area around Circleville for earthworks, and reading about them during the evenings. And all the while, every night of that time, I'd unwittingly been sleeping in one.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** April 21, 1998

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[***WARHOL DIRECTOR EXHORTS CITY TO STRUT ITS STUFF***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44MX-J9G0-0094-51MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

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**Byline:** CAROLINE ABELS, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

LIKE A STREET PREACHER on a soap box -- this one in Prada shoes -- Tom Sokolowski exhorts everyone he meets in Pittsburgh to take an unflinching look at themselves and their changing city.

Are you willing to look? Sokolowski, who moved here from New York City four years ago, believes that some self-reflection -- and maybe a visit to The Andy Warhol Museum -- will open your mind to new ways of thinking.

And, like a street preacher, he'd like to share some thoughts with you -- about art, about lifestyles and certainly about Pittsburgh.

He's been doing just that with civic leaders, arts managers, museum donors and reporters since becoming director of the Warhol four years ago. In that short time, he's become Pittsburgh's self-appointed agitator, its consummate contrarian, a political aesthete eager to open minds through art and rhetoric.

On Pittsburgh's quality of life: "The city needs stores that don't close at 4 in the afternoon. It needs good restaurants that deliver. A good bookstore. A good record store. I mean, where do you buy records here? So I buy my books on Amazon.com, and I buy my records in New York."

On Pittsburgh's leaders: "They don't necessarily want the city to change because they remember the old times and for them the times haven't really changed. But for people who weren't privileged or weren't here or were too young, something needs to happen. It's the 'Oh, that's the way we've always done things' roadblock. I just find that so grizzly and boring, so annoying."

On Pittsburgh's negative self-image: "I've come to accept that this is not New York, and there are good things here. But what makes me angry -- and I do get angry sometimes -- is that there are quality people here and quality institutions but not enough people know about them. Strutting is something we need more of here. I mean, this is not a repressed town. It's a constipated town, but it's not a repressed town. So speak out!"

Sokolowski has been doing that for most of his life. As a gay man and AIDS activist, he advanced AIDS awareness in New York City in the 1980s through exhibitions he curated at the gallery he ran. He also was a founding member of the grass-roots organization that launched "Day Without Art" and the commemorative red ribbon.

Now he is using the Warhol as a platform for social change in Pittsburgh, having turned the North Side museum into a hub of contemporary arts activity, a place known for taking artistic risks -- a salon, of sorts, for the city.

But is he expecting too much, too soon, from a place that is slow to change and bristles at the slightest criticism?

Whatever the verdict, numerous people -- from the few who know him well to the ones who read his fiery comments in the newspaper about the Pittsburgh Pirates' planned "pirate ship" -- say the same thing about the witty 50-year-old with the sparkling eyes and the slight, permanent grin: "He doesn't mince words, does he?"

\*

Sokolowski is leaning back in his chair at the Warhol, obscured by a pile of books stacked precariously on his desk. Books and papers are strewn across his office floor, and dusty art catalogs and novels clamor for space on his book shelf. Empty boxes from Amazon.com lay kicked off to the side.

Sokolowski is on the phone, scolding his insurance company for not covering his allergy medication. As usual, his door is open, allowing staff members to hear his conversation. On another morning, they might have heard their boss singing opera. Another morning, he might have been hollering a sudden idea at them from behind his desk.

"He makes things lively here," says Melissa McSwigan, the Warhol's development director. "I'm usually smiling or laughing throughout the day. He also sings in the galleries sometimes. You'll hear him give it a good wail, and with the acoustics of the warehouse space, you'll really hear it." Soon Margery King, the Warhol's associate curator, walks in with Mary Catherine Johnson, manager of the International Sculpture Conference. As they chat about the conference, which will be held here next summer, Sokolowski tells Johnson -- in a typical tangent -- about the time he was at a Riverlife Task Force meeting and responded to someone who wondered why Pittsburgh has no "Central Park." "I said, 'Because our leaders are brainless!' "

"You really speak your mind, don't you?" Johnson replies.

But coming from Tom, that was nothing, according to King.

"People can't believe our meetings are so free and open," she says. "They say, 'God, that's incredible.' They think we're putting on a show for them. But we say, 'No, it's worse when we're alone.' "

Indeed, staff members report a freewheeling give-and-take that supports the exchange of even the most outrageous ideas. It's an environment fostered not only by the edgy nature of the museum but by Sokolowski's energy, his willingness to consider any possibility and his penchant for saying what he means.

"I appreciate it when he tells me what he thinks because then I know where he stands," King says. "And he doesn't just say, 'Oh, that's stupid.' He says, 'I don't like that idea because ...' "

If the staff have a complaint about their director, it's that he tends to shun details in favor of the big picture. And they struggle to keep up with all of his plans. Sokolowski acknowledges that he runs his museum "like a bat out of hell," but he loathes the word "process."

"I think it's totally repellent -- not because I don't listen to people, but process for most people is, 'Let's have a meeting and talk you to death until you finally agree.' I mean, we'll be at a meeting about something and my staff will say, 'We should have a meeting about this.' And I'll say, 'Well, what is this, a quilting bee?' "

Yet many meetings over the past four years have put the museum on a path toward being more than just a tourist attraction. Faced with the prospect that locals would no longer visit the 5-year-old museum after surveying it once or twice, the Warhol recently adopted a new mission: to be "a vital center" where people in the region are brought together through the arts; to be a place that is "constantly redefining itself in relationship to contemporary life."

Hence the Friday evening happy hours ("Good Fridays"), the museum-hosted debate between county executive candidates Jim Roddey and Cyril Wecht, the numerous arts performances hosted there and the use of the museum for corporate gatherings. All this while the museum has continued to build its vast collection, ship home-curated shows to cities worldwide and draw an average of 60,000 visitors a year, 58 percent of whom come from outside the region.

"Tom knows the traditional way to run a museum, but he doesn't let that stop him," says Kathy Halbreich, director of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, which the Warhol considers a model.

The board knew before Sokolowski arrived that it had to offer more than Warhol's art to the public. But it was Sokolowski -- an opera lover and a singer himself -- who embraced the performing arts as a complement to the visual. In a daring move, he partnered with the avant-garde presenting organization P.S. 122 in Manhattan to import edgy performance artists for a series of shows this year. The first two shows focused on gay issues and a critique of the Catholic church.

"Tom is pushing the envelope wherever he is," says Patrick O'Connell, a friend from New York. "But he's not just an agent provocateur. There's a follow-through. He understands the role that an active cultural policy can play in a community."

In displaying -- and not apologizing for -- sensational work, Sokolowski hopes to quash people's preconceived notions about art. If someone gets offended along the way, he believes, so be it.

"We're not going to take risks in terms of doing a project that will lose $50,000," he says, "but if the risk is to offend a few people, even the mayor, then that's good. … Provocation, however, means taking an intellectual and artistic risk and getting a rise out of someone. It's not just, 'Tee hee hee, see my breasts.' It's about anger, politics, emotion. Art in and of itself agitates. So I'm clearing the way to allow art to do what it wants.

"The saddest thing," he continues, "is when people never have an art experience where they say, 'Oh, wow! Whew!' When that doesn't happen is when you have some bigoted or closed-minded lout, and I'm sorry to say, I don't like those people. I don't want those people in my life. … If you go away not liking Warhol, that's fine, but at least give me and him the respect of listening and saying, 'OK, now I understand what he did -- I don't like it, but I understand.' But you do not have the right to make some ad hominem, bullshit comment when you don't know what you're talking about -- you do not have that right."

\*

Sokolowski's fierce intolerance of closed-mindedness inspires him to do what he loves best: give lectures on Warhol to the Pittsburgh community. He knows that the ethnic, religious and elderly groups he speaks to might bristle at the sight of a penis painting by Warhol or an artwork mocking Jesus. But he is glad that people are often happy to be challenged.

"If you allow your community to be curmudgeonly and conservative, it will be," he says.

On a recent evening, speaking to an older, predominantly Jewish dinner crowd at the Concordia Club in Oakland, Sokolowski foreshadowed the possibility that his audience might squirm at the sexual and political artwork he was about to show.

"Some of you may boo or hiss or throw something at me," he said after taking the podium. "And that's fine, because in some sense, that's what Warhol would have liked."

But Sokolowski was saved by his self-deprecating wit, wide-ranging intellect and engrossing speaking style. When he lectures, his eyebrows rise, his eyes widen, and he looks into the distance, as if he's discovering his thoughts for the first time. He seems to know something about everything, and employs such a broad vocabulary that he often leaves people with a host of words to look up in the dictionary.

Observers say he is good at walking the line between going too far and not going far enough in discussing provocative art. But he'll rip others for not being challenging, as he did when arts leaders gathered to discuss the local advertisements that were created to interest people in the arts.

One television ad showed a woman at the opera wistfully recalling how she sang when she was young. It was meant to attract people to arts events by reminding them of their personal arts experiences.

"I sat there watching this, and then I said afterwards, 'I have a problem!' " Sokolowski recalls. "'Some of these ads are cutesy,' I said, 'but if you only define the arts as little bunnies and 'Anne of Green Gables' and that, what happens when Marc Masterson [at City Theatre] puts on a play like 'Compleat Female Stage Beauty' with drag queens and simulated male sex on stage, or when we have a film called 'Blow Job' at the Warhol? That's all art, but when people only see these ads, no wonder we have problems."

John Dymun, the advertising executive who created the ad, says he understands Sokolowski's point but takes issue with the alternative. "You don't want to promise people the emotional or intellectual equivalent of a root canal to get them in," he says. "There is a scaling and a ramping that you have to engage in."

But when it comes to art, Sokolowski doesn't acknowledge the word "scaling." Since he got hooked after taking an art history class at the University of Chicago "from a wonderful old fuddy-duddy man with an ashen complexion and an expertise in Baroque art," he has wanted people to know that art can move them -- sometimes in directions they don't like.

"If you cry during a play, that's a good thing, we've touched something in your soul," he says. "And if you get angry, that's good, because it's been made to be real. And it's not just anger at whatever's on stage, it's anger at your mother or anger at your school teacher or anger at your first twerpy boyfriend. That's what's wonderful, when art can bring out that emotion that is so real …

"In Pittsburgh, you have to, sort of, not coddle people, but be the missionary. But there's something very, for me, gratifying that, with someone on the women's committee [at the Carnegie Museum of Art], traditional or what have you, you show them some piss painting or whatever and at the end they buy into it. I really like that."

Sokolowski even traveled to the Brooklyn Museum of Art last fall to speak up for art. At a rally against New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's decision to sanction the museum because of a painting it displayed that featured elephant dung on an image of the Virgin Mary, he reminded the crowd that Andy Warhol moved to New York from Pittsburgh to be accepted as an artist.

"What would he think of New York today?" he said.

Sokolowski is respected in the art world for spreading the word about contemporary art in Pittsburgh, given that it's a city which hasn't had much access to cutting-edge work, and people here tend to be suspicious of it.

"I have it relatively easy here because I'm talking to people in a busy, cosmopolitan city," says Mark Russell, who runs P.S. 122. "So I cheer people like Tom who are ready to take on that challenge. He has to engage in a constant education of people and deal with forces that I can't even imagine."

Some in the Pittsburgh arts community say privately that Sokolowski can leave people feeling negative about the local arts scene. He jumps on groups for their conservative programming and expresses frustration with the lack of galleries willing to show daring emerging artists.

Still, the majority say his comments challenge the arts community to take risks. Charlie Humphrey, head of Pittsburgh Filmmakers and a member of the Warhol board, says no one was angered when Sokolowski criticized the opera ad.

"It's because he's charming and he's funny," Humphrey says. "You're allowed a lot of latitude when you have a sense of humor. And he laughs at himself as much as anyone else."

But the Pirates aren't laughing much at Sokolowski, who has been a vocal opponent of the 50-foot-high pirate ship the team is planning to build outside PNC Park. He called the ship "a cheesy, fiberglass, Good Ship Lollipop" in the Post-Gazette in July, and at a city planning commission meeting this fall, at which the ship was discussed, he said, "Are we going to be Las Vegas? Will there be exploding volcanoes along the North Shore?"

Asked to comment, Steve Greenberg, the Pirates' vice president of new ballpark development, said, "I just wish he'd come to me directly rather than publicly."

After the meeting, Sokolowski chastised his like-minded colleagues in the arts who were there but didn't speak out against the ship.

"One of those people said later in the day, 'Oh, Tom, are you still talking to us?' And I said, 'Of course I'm still talking to you! But if you saw something negative, why didn't you stand up and say it? Did you feel like this is the Third Reich, that you were going to be shot?' And they said, 'Oh, it's this town.' And I said, 'This town? This town isn't you!' "

Says Andy Newman, editor of City Paper and a friend of Sokolowski's: "There's a cult of consensus in the city right now, and Tom just doesn't drink the Kool-Aid on that."

\*

Sokolowski doesn't say surprising things just to make points. He also hopes to encourage honest conversations, believing that politeness prevents open dialogue and that people in Pittsburgh are just too polite.

So he brought condoms from the Warhol gift shop to an arts symposium when the directive was to present something revealing of you. At a meeting where a top University of Pittsburgh official was present, he called the international rooms at the Cathedral of Learning old-fashioned.

And he insinuated at a meeting of his board's executive committee that some of them -- and maybe some members of the Carnegie Museum of Art women's committee, a traditionally conservative fund-raising group -- might have body piercings. Sokolowski reports that "some of them looked at me speculatively, others laughed.

"Somehow, I think people like me and respect me enough that I can get away with saying things like that," he says. "It was like saying, 'Well, I may not know you, but how do I know? You may have your hot moments and you may lift up your skirt and have a tattooed bumblebee on your side.' Maybe they like that sort of titillating challenge, the challenge of hearing 'Come on, join in with me, it's fun.' "

Sokolowski says he's never been muffled by his board or by the Carnegie Institute, which oversees the Warhol along with the Carnegie Museum of Art, Carnegie Museum of Natural History and Carnegie Science Center. He suffered no professional consequences when he talked openly to the Post-Gazette about the importance of offering domestic partnership benefits to Institute employees.

"The board teased him about the Pirate ship -- not criticized him, teased him," says Warhol board member Jim Wilkinson.

Though the ship is his most well-known target, Sokolowski also lashes out at Pittsburgh Opera for its lack of innovative productions, WQED for its newsmagazine "On Q," which he believes is "jingoistic" in its enthusiasm for Pittsburgh, and PUMP, the Pittsburgh Urban Magnet Project, which he believes is too apolitical in its advancement of young people's issues.

"Where is their ballsiness?" he says. "PUMP is basically the guys and girls who want to, instead of create a new order, want to find out how they can sit next to Henry Hillman at dinner or get a membership earlier than they would in the Duquesne Club. But when you're worrying about urban issues, don't worry about the Duquesne Club. Let's get a great Indian restaurant in town where all the new electronic technology people will all sit down and eat wearing Birkenstocks and discuss business and make deals and not say, 'Oh, let's bring Birkenstocks into the Duquesne Club.' "

Then there's his feeling that young and single people who want to eat dinner late, want public transportation that doesn't just serve commuters and crave cutting-edge culture are being ignored by city planners and scoffed at by those who have long defined Pittsburgh culture.

Despite the criticisms, observers say Sokolowski cares about Pittsburgh, which they note is similar to the ***working-class***, ethnic neighborhood on the South Side of Chicago where he grew up. The catch is, Newman says, Sokolowski doesn't want Pittsburgh to pander only to "yuppies who just want more cigar bars and more places to buy Palm Pilots."

Sokolowski's friends sense he is lonely in Pittsburgh. He visits New York, where most of his close friends are, once or twice a month. And though he lives in a spacious apartment in Downtown's Gateway Towers that is filled with art and books and would be impossible for him to afford in New York, he lives alone, and his social engagements are mostly business-related. He says the few people in Pittsburgh he hangs out with are not from here.

"I think it's incredibly hard to come into this community from the outside -- almost impossible," says Humphrey. "The traditions and family histories and all that stuff make it hard. And sometimes I think there's a tendency among people in Pittsburgh's social circles to want to be seen with Tom, but they don't bring him in in a meaningful way."

Some wonder if his big persona intimidates. But it doesn't fully define him -- sometimes he appears distant and aloof. Colleen Criste, the Warhol's marketing director, says that when her boss was photographed for an eyeglasses advertisement, the photographer noted that Sokolowski was more demure than she thought he'd be.

"Although he's naturally fun and playful, there's a point where he doesn't want to make himself seem overly that way," Criste says. But then someone will ask for his opinion -- and trying to absorb all he has to say will be, as Humphrey says, "like trying to take a drink of water from an open fire hydrant."

"When I make some comment in a meeting or say something that's quoted in the newspaper, people call me and applaud me for speaking out," Sokolowski says. "And that makes me feel good."

\*

Perhaps his mother takes the credit -- or the blame -- for Thomas W. Sokolowski's outspokenness. There was a day long ago when he was driving with her in Chicago, and mother and son came across some boys who were fighting.

"She stopped the car and got out and went up to these kids and said, 'Stop that fighting!' " he recalls. "And I was sort of terrorized, I thought they'd beat us up. But the kids put their tails between their legs and slinked away. It was sort of like, 'Damn the torpedoes!' So maybe she's where I got my chutzpah."

His ***working-class*** parents, both of Polish descent, sent him to a Catholic high school where, he says, he was not openly gay. He wasn't until he attended the University of Chicago, where he almost majored in voice but got a degree in art history instead. He doesn't regret the change of majors, although he acknowledges that "part of my personality is that I like to perform very much. I'm a ham."

Then he went to New York University for his master's degree, writing a thesis on a Medici villa in Italy. It was then that he met Andy Warhol, at a gallery party "uptown."

"I remember going there and feeling terribly sophisticated because it was the first time I'd done that sort of thing. I remember having a glass of wine -- I had just turned 21. And I was standing against the wall watching this dance performance, and I turned to my side and there was Andy Warhol. And I was like, 'Andy Warhol! Andy Warhol!' And he said, 'Oh, well who are you?' And I told him, and he said, 'Are you new to New York?' I guess it was so obvious. And then he said, 'What do you do?' And I said 'I go to school at NYU.' And he said, 'Gee … you must be smart.'

"I tell that story not for self-aggrandizement but because it says something about Warhol. For him, who was a genius but not an intellectual, he couldn't fathom how other people could know German and French and Italian and study all these books. He wasn't being coy or insulting." After a three-year stint in Rome working on a dissertation that he never finished, he became director of the Chrysler Museum in Norfolk, Va. -- a city he praises for being less polite than Pittsburgh. Then he returned to New York City to be director of the Grey Art Gallery at New York University, where he championed emerging artists and hosted a number of exhibitions that addressed the AIDS crisis.

He doesn't talk about it much -- many acquaintances in Pittsburgh say they didn't know about it -- but Sokolowski was one of the four founders of Visual AIDS, a grass-roots organization that started "Day Without Art" in 1990. On Dec. 1 of that year, arts groups in New York commemorated AIDS deaths in their own way, many by draping their artwork in black cloth. The event was repeated the following year and continues today, in cities worldwide. Ten years later, Sokolowski, who knows at least 75 people who have died from the disease, becomes emotional about the red ribbon, which Visual AIDS also pioneered. "It was something artists did that people saw as nonthreatening and wore with respect, and I think that's miraculous, I think that's absolutely miraculous," he says. "If I'm ever going to be a part of history, that was it. It was a remarkable moment. I don't think I've ever felt more alive." After a few years, though, the momentum of the ribbon and "Day Without Art" slowed, and by the time Sokolowski got the call from a headhunter asking if he'd be interested in the Warhol directorship, his life in New York had become "another opening, another show." In addition, there had been no significant art positions open in the city at the time.

His initial visit to Pittsburgh foreshadowed some of his bewilderment with the city. He asked the concierge at the Doubletree Hotel for directions to Sushi Kim, a Korean restaurant where he wanted to have lunch.

"This concierge said, 'We can get you a taxi.' And I said, 'It's two blocks!' He said, 'Oh, but you don't have to walk.' I said, 'I live in New York, I can walk two blocks.' "

\*

Staff members at the Warhol, and many others, expected Sokolowski to be long gone by now.

"He listens to opera in his car, he's really urban, he has great taste, a refined aesthetic, a dry wit, he's gay, and he's single," Newman says. "So I just wonder: For someone who came here from New York, which is all about that, sometimes I think he must feel like he landed on another planet."

Sokolowski could have returned to New York when he was asked two years ago to be director of the New Museum, a contemporary art museum in SoHo. He told the Warhol board about the offer but eventually declined it.

"There were still some things I wanted to do here, and I thought, well, I love New York, but I don't want to go from the frying pan into the fire, so I told them no."

So the man who starts nearly every sentence with "I probably shouldn't say this, but ..." and follows that up with "Oh, what the hell, I'll say it anyway," continues to court change in Pittsburgh and at his museum.

When will his work be over here?

"Oh, I don't think it'll ever be over in Pittsburgh," he says. "And I don't mean that in a mean way or a pessimistic way. But I think it'll be over for me when I get tired of it or when I don't want to beat my head against the wall anymore. Or maybe I'll be cute and say, 'It'll be over when I get tired of the missionary position.' "

**Notes**

Caroline Abels is the Post-Gazette's cultural arts writer. Annie O'Neill is a staff photographer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Staff members at The Andy Warhol Museum surprise Tom Sokolowski, left, with a singing telegram on his 50th birthday in April.

PHOTO: The Marilyns or the flowers? Sokolowski and Warhol associate curator Margery King meet in Sokolowski's office to discuss which artworks by Andy Warhol they should lend the Bellagio Gallery of Fine Art in Las Vegas.

PHOTO: At an opening reception for the Warhol's exhibition on French artist Jean Cocteau, Sokolowski shares a moment with Lazare Paupert, left, cultural attache of the Embassy of France, and Jean-Pierre Collet, Pittsburgh's honorary consul of France. PHOTO: Above: "Somehow, I think people like me and respect me enough that I can get away with saying things ..." says Tom Sokolowski.

PHOTO: Right: In his bedroom, under a painting by artist Ida Applebroog, Sokolowski brushes up on his knowledge of Russia before heading to St. Petersburg for the opening of an exhibition last month that was curated by the Warhol.

**Load-Date:** December 11, 2001

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[***A Portrait of Hunger; The anguish of families: "It makes me feel like less of a mom not to have food."***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:516N-B6R1-JC3R-91NP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Alfred Lubrano

Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

First in an occasional series

There's not enough food in Imani Sullivan's life.

At home, Sullivan, 31, often doesn't set a fork for herself at the table so that her sons, ages 3 and 10, can eat.

Naturally diminutive, Sullivan looks frail these days. She has dropped 15 pounds since losing her part-time janitor job during the summer.

Each family meal feels like an obligation she cannot meet, a daily burden multiplied by three.

"It makes me feel like less of a mom not to have food," she says in her mother's North Philadelphia apartment, suddenly overcome by the hardship. Tears form in her eyes. "Every day, I walk into a brick wall. No bricks fall - there's no dust, no crumbling. Just the wall. It never moves."

The hunger in Sullivan's house is distressingly commonplace throughout the area of Philadelphia where she lives: Pennsylvania's First Congressional District.

At a time when more people in America are suffering from hunger, the First Congressional District is one of the hungriest, second only to the Bronx, N.Y., according to the Gallup-Healthways Well-Being Index, an ongoing national poll done in conjunction with the Food Research and Action Center in Washington.

Meanwhile, U.S. Census data released in late September show that the district, with a poverty rate of nearly 29 percent in 2009, is among the 10 poorest in the United States, and poorer than any other district in Pennsylvania.

The district is a bizarrely drawn, serpentine coil along the Delaware River that includes parts of North, West, and South Philadelphia, as well as Chester. Represented by Democrat Bob Brady since 1998, it encompasses the urban opulence of Society Hill and the ground-down, teeming precincts of Kensington. There's also West Oak Lane, Frankford, Fishtown, Northern Liberties, Queen Village, and Overbrook, among others.

Its population is about 650,000, like most House districts. But this one has more troubles than most, helping to make Philadelphia the poorest of America's 10 biggest cities.

The consequences of having such a poor and hungry place in its midst can be catastrophic for a city, whose young people risk being developmentally compromised by a dearth of nutritious food in their first years.

"Too many families here must choose between rent and food," said Renee Turchi, a pediatrician at St. Christopher's Hospital for Children in the First District. "Lack of food hurts brain development in young children. Without enough food for our kids, we are fostering a cycle of failure for the entire city."

The poorest section

St. Christopher's sits just a few blocks north of a tiny rectangle of streets near the intersection of Fifth Street and Lehigh Avenue where 63 percent of the residents live in poverty - the poorest section of the First District, according to research of 2000 census data by David Elesh, a Temple University sociologist.

Here, as well as in much of the district, people live lives of tumultuous hardship, separated from the rest of workaday Philadelphia in a kind of Dickensian quarantine.

In the district, there's no money buffer from bad and crowded housing, poor education, depression, illness, injury, street-corner homicides, the ubiquitous drug trade. And omnipresent hunger.

"Kids here go to school hungry," said Iris Lopez, 54, a 30-year resident of Norris Square, who used to work in a preschool. "But people outside the area don't see, or aren't exposed to it. Even people with jobs have a hard time getting food for their families."

The elderly, too, have been suffering, noticed Patricia Collier, daytime supervisor at a corner store near Cobbs Creek called West Philly Produce. "Old people are really short on food, but don't have enough money," Collier said. "They will be 50 cents, maybe a dollar short. I let it go because they really need the food."

Elderly constituents often besiege City Councilwoman Maria Quinones-Sanchez for help. "Things are just getting worse for them with these economic times," she said.

Her district includes the poorer sections of the First District, and she said she was "amazed" at the amount of hunger she had seen. "It is the stuff we all should be outraged about, and we're not."

The irony, Quinones-Sanchez said, is that even as the poor are attacked for taking advantage of government help, many constituents who are eligible for food stamps and other programs don't apply, often because they don't know about them. "The poor are leaving millions of dollars on the table," she said.

Because of tightened federal eligibility, the number of people on welfare has shrunk since 1996. One in 10 of the nearly 43 million Americans living below the poverty line - $22,050 for a family of four - received welfare cash benefits in 2009, according to federal data.

Just applying for food stamps can be "frustrating as hell," said Brady, something he confirmed when he tried to call posing as someone else. He said he had told Gov. Rendell about his experience. Many "look upon people as wanting to beat the system, but they need help."

Many in the district live in intergenerational poverty, a handed-down legacy of choked-off hope, where, advocates say, there are too many guns and not enough fathers.

Some people believe poverty is the fault of the poor, authors of their own bad luck. Others blame a colossal failure of systems and institutions that victimizes the impoverished, block by block, year after year.

Nearly everyone agrees that lives in the First District would be better if there was work.

In the district and nearby areas, 300,000 jobs disappeared between 1950 and 1980, helping to create a lost world of generations of un- or underemployed people, said Walter Licht, an expert on the city's economic and labor history from the University of Pennsylvania.

The current recession, which has cost the country 8.4 million jobs, has only added to the pain, he said.

That the ghostly, shuttered factories remain in the district long after the jobs have departed is by now an ancient irony, barely remarked on.

"People aren't unemployed because they want to be," said Brady, describing his constituents as proudly "hanging in there." He's focused on bringing in federal dollars to help, he said.

What's obvious is that the recession has ensnared people who thought they would never be counted among the poor.

"The district is becoming an equal-opportunity ghetto, where white, Hispanic, and African Americans are living in nearly identical conditions," said Maria Kefalas, a St. Joseph's University sociologist. "The white poor will become increasingly common in the city as the jobs of the white ***working-class*** continue to disappear."

In the lives of the poor, hunger is the most dramatic manifestation of doing without.

After losing her job, Sullivan has relied on public assistance and food stamps to support her two children. They receive $400 a month in welfare and $430 in food stamps. That comes to $9,960 a year, about half of $18,310, the federal poverty level for a family of three.

"Hunger is ugly," said Mariana Chilton, a professor at the Drexel University School of Public Health, and a colleague of Turchi's who does hunger research at St. Christopher's.

"And it's ugly primarily because of what it can do to children, and the future of the city."

These days, Chilton and Turchi worry together about the brains of young people.

"Nutrition is vital for brain growth in the first three years of life," Turchi said, and lack of food "can stunt the size and wiring of kids' brains."

Poorly nourished children can have delays in development that affect IQ, Turchi said. While experts say most hungry Americans will not starve to death, people who don't have enough food, and enough of the right food, will not thrive - a condition called food insecurity.

By ninth grade, Chilton said, many students who haven't had enough food during their lives become disengaged, with no sense of the future. They begin taking risks - the boys becoming violent, the girls getting pregnant. Then the cycle starts again.

Even if a child younger than 3 is deprived of proper nutrition for just a week here or there, Chilton said, "it has a detrimental, immediate effect on the brain when it's building connections like crazy."

When a city experiences lack of brain development in generation after generation of its citizens, Chilton said, "you get people whose potential is truncated. Don't think the poor are stupid. But their chances are hurt."

Making matters worse: More people slide into poverty each month, and the number of Americans receiving food stamps has increased 50 percent since the recession began in late 2007.

Last month, the U.S. Census reported that poverty throughout America increased from 13.2 percent to 14.3 percent between 2008 and 2009, while child poverty increased from 19.0 percent to 20.7 percent.

In the First District, however, childhood poverty was at 40 percent in 2009, eighth-worst of America's 435 congressional districts.

Breaking the rules

Chilton is unsettled and worried as she sits writing a grant proposal in her 11th-floor Drexel office with an impressive view of City Hall.

She frequently looks up from the numbers glowing on her Mac as she frets about Sullivan, her sons, and the meals that feel like unmet obligations. Sullivan is one of dozens of women Chilton studies to understand the effects of hunger.

Lately, Sullivan has been depressed, and Chilton is eager to meet with her later in the day.

Chilton, 42, is friends with many of her research participants, which she acknowledges breaks the rules of academia. In her office, she keeps emergency supplies of diapers, clothing, and food for the women, who frequently visit.

Chilton doesn't worry about being different. "I'm hands-on, and I combine research, advocacy, friendship, and love. I admit," she says, "it makes my colleagues uncomfortable."

A tall, blond Harvard University graduate, Chilton was born into a life of wealth, the youngest of six children who grew up mostly on Martha's Vineyard. Her father was an investment banker in Boston and a marketing executive with the DuPont Co. in Wilmington. Her mother was a homemaker and a champion bridge player.

Along with a master's degree in epidemiology from the University of Oklahoma, Chilton has a doctorate in anthropology from Penn. She has worked with the Southern Cheyenne of Oklahoma, fighting to keep an American Indian hospital from shutting down.

"I have always been moved by people who are suffering," she says. "It's random and unfair that I was born into wealth and others into poverty."

Considered to be the area's leading expert on hunger, Chilton, who lives in Havertown, says she notices people shake their heads when "the white, suburban lady treks into North Philly."

Chilton says she has been berated by some African American observers: " 'You're a white academic advancing your career on the backs of black people,' I'm sometimes told."

"Some don't trust me because I look like the oppressor. OK, but I can't help that. I've stopped explaining myself."

She says pain comes with the job. "This work has almost destroyed me," Chilton concedes. "I've gotten traumatized by dealing with all the women's on-the-edge life crises."

She turns to Buddhism to find inner peace. It works sometimes, Chilton acknowledges.

A national figure, Chilton has testified at congressional hearings about hunger in the lives of women like Sullivan.

Recently, the producers of *Sesame Street* asked Chilton to help them figure out how Elmo and other characters could talk about hunger in America.

"How sick is this?" she asks. "Hunger is so normal, we're talking about Big Bird going to a food pantry."

It was hunger and its attendant ravages that got Sullivan and Chilton together in 2008. Sullivan, the daughter of an unwed mother who seemed to be at work all the time, is one of several women Chilton met through her Drexel research.

The two women bonded initially through Sullivan's need and Chilton's need to help. When they speak of each other, it's always in loving terms.

Chilton on Sullivan: "Imani is sparkling and truly embraces life, and she's filled with power and magic. And other times, she's very, very down."

Sullivan on Chilton: "Mariana is an angel I can call at midnight to tell my problems to. She helped my self-esteem, made me feel like I was worth something. And nobody ever did that."

After giving cameras to Sullivan and 39 other women, Chilton created Witnesses to Hunger, a research and advocacy program that includes a display of photos of life in poor neighborhoods. The goal was to make hunger less invisible.

One of Sullivan's pictures was snapped at a county assistance office, where Sullivan had gone to iron out a dispute about benefits. Her 3-year-old, Asem, who hadn't eaten breakfast that day, was holding out his hands to the case manager for a graham cracker she had in a box on her desk. For some reason, the woman had refused, and Sullivan, angry and hurt, captured the boy's fingers wriggling in the air, stretching for the food.

That photo and those of the other women were displayed in a U.S. Senate office building, as well as in venues around the country - including last summer in Chilton's old haunts on Martha's Vineyard.

Chilton invited Sullivan to accompany the exhibition, and Sullivan relished her role as a kind of instructor among the well-to-do vacationing crowds. "Talking about my life is easy," she says. "Living it is hard."

The precious days on the Vineyard "were a fairy-tale adventure I never wanted to end," she remembers. "There's no trash on the island, nothing floating in the water. I was barefoot on sand in a whole other world."

Forced to retreat from the salt air and sense of purpose, however, Sullivan had to return to a soul-stifling block of shabby rowhouses in North Philadelphia.

"I'm this new person on Martha's Vineyard, talking, being heard," Sullivan says. "But when I get back home, I'm the same old person. It was torture. Sometimes, I think it would have been better not to go away at all."

Sadly aware that opening Sullivan's world also wounded her, Chilton has tried endlessly to help.

In her Center City office, Chilton's BlackBerry sounds as she completes her grant work. The ringtone plays the Louis Armstrong classic "What a Wonderful World."

It's a text from Sullivan saying she may not make their meeting. This is unlike her, Chilton thinks. Something is wrong.

A bad year overall

A green shamrock mobile hung in a corner of a cramped and crumbling Juniata Park apartment bearing the words, "Luck of the Irish."

The shamrock wasn't working. The Scotts - Melissa, Joe, and their five children - were to be evicted in six weeks, a result of their landlord's losing the two-story rowhouse to foreclosure. They didn't know where they would land.

Joe, 27, is a carpenter idled by the recession. His wife, Melissa, the same age, had been a cashier once, a receptionist at a tax-preparation place another time.

But those jobs evaporated. Currently, the family takes in $22,356 annually from food stamps, welfare, and Supplemental Security Income for Joseph Jr., 8, who suffers from asthma, seizures, and searing eczema.

The money falls well short of the federal poverty level of $33,270 for a family of seven.

Their problems with hunger were detected by Drexel researchers working for Chilton at St. Christopher's.

For the Scotts, it was a bad year overall. Beyond the pending eviction, someone had ripped off the family's two Chihuahuas, along with all their Christmas presents, which Melissa Scott had hidden in the car that no longer ran. The bikes that the children shared also had been stolen, and the gas and electricity had been turned off and just recently restored.

More immediately, it was nearing the end of the month, and Scott was running out of food stamps. By the third week of the month, many families living in poverty are desperate and scrambling, praying for a loaves-and-fishes-type miracle with the two remaining packages of Ramen Noodles that, if they're lucky, are still in the cupboard.

For Scott, the math was simple: On the 21st of the month, the family had $47 in food stamps left. That was for 10 days, 30 meals, for seven people - an impossible 210 servings if they all ate, which the parents did not.

"I go days eating nothing," said Scott, passing a hand over her tiny torso. "My husband eats once a day."

Before cooking, she erected a baby gate between the living room and the kitchen to keep 18-month-old Aiden from crawling into danger.

It was a good night - hamburger had been on sale at the Cousin's market. As Scott made sloppy joes, the kids could hear the endlessly orbiting ice-cream truck outside, its insipid jingle provoking ire in Karen McElroy, Joe's mother, who was helping watch the kids.

"Who's got money for ice cream?" asked McElroy, at 44 already a grandmother of 15. She herself lives in poverty and has been addicted to pain medication since a former lover beat her knees crooked with a baseball bat.

The smell of cooking and the sounds of the truck churned up the kids, now hungry beyond reason, their senses overloaded in a 6 p.m. crescendo of need.

"Hurry up, Mom!" Seamus, 3, ordered as he and his fussing siblings scrambled over the gate like invaders assailing a fort, surrounding their mother in a scuffling clamor.

Earlier, Scott had written the name of each child on a Styrofoam cup, then filled the cups halfway with fruit punch. "Please don't drink before you eat," she admonished. "There's no more."

Scott placed them on the counter where daylight-brave roaches had been crawling earlier.

She ladled the meat onto hamburger rolls, serving dinner on paper plates. No potatoes, no vegetables, no sides. The children devoured the dripping sandwiches in moments, then returned to the television. Scott ate nothing.

"Tonight," McElroy said with dread, "these kids will be screaming for snacks."

Scott nodded somberly, asking, "Where will that food come from?"

'Depressed and angry'

Sherita Parks went shopping in a corner store in Frankford the other day with her too-thin daughter, Joe-anna, 2.

Nearly windowless, the bricked-in place looked even more like a siege-proof bunker within, with thick-Plexiglas partitions separating customer and proprietor.

Not dirty but not clean, the two-aisle store featured canned goods, sugary juices, and a box on the floor of hard, scrawny potatoes and bruised, oozing onions.

The point of the shopping trip was to purchase a single item: "Hey, Papi, could I get a quarter pound of American cheese?" Parks, 33, asked the man behind the partition.

Parks handed the proprietor $1.25 through an opening in the barricade.

"I only wanted to spend a dollar today, so this is a lot," Parks said. "But she'll eat a slice of cheese for a meal."

Parks tries the food pantries, but these days they're strapped themselves and can't offer enough groceries to make a difference during each long, hungry month. Besides, she said, she doesn't like dealing with the "drunks and homeless" who show up in the various places she visits.

On the walk home, Joe-anna, who weighs 20 pounds but should be 26 or more, dawdled on the dirty sidewalks of Torresdale Avenue until Parks pulled her into the tidy, small house owned by Joe-anna's father, Parks' boyfriend.

Parks regarded her daughter with anxiety. "She doesn't have enough food, and it affects her brain. She can only say 'Mommy' and 'Daddy.' She can't even tell me when she's hungry," said Parks, an unemployed nurse's aide and former part-time model who devours Patricia Cornwell mysteries.

"There's just not enough food in the house, and now she has developmental delay.

"It makes me depressed and angry."

Joe-anna has failure to thrive, meaning she has low weight for her age, caused in part by not getting enough food. Drexel University's Grow Clinic tries to treat the condition, which is underdiagnosed and still being studied by doctors. The clinic, at St. Christopher's, was founded by Chilton.

"Failure to thrive has impacted Joe-anna's language development," said Hans Kersten, the quiet, lanky pediatrician who heads the clinic. "And food insecurity is an important factor in her failure to thrive. We feel she's not getting enough calories."

Parks said her boyfriend, who works in a warehouse, made just a few dollars too many to qualify for food stamps. But, she added, he still can afford to give her only $100 a month to buy food.

"When families don't have a lot of money," Kersten said, "they end up buying things that are cheaper, like juice. We feel Joe-anna drinks way too much juice. And kids filled with juice are just not going to be hungry."

Parks, a victim of sexual abuse and poverty so severe that she lived years in North Philadelphia without heat or hot water, said she eats inexpensive food that is high in calories but short on nutrition - prepared noodles, hot dogs, white bread.

The same diet of cheap foods packed with carbohydrates can make a parent overweight while stunting her child's growth with a dearth of nutrients, Chilton said.

Kersten said Parks' state of mind could also spur failure to thrive. "I absolutely worry about the mother's depression," Kersten said. "That impacts her ability to provide structure in the home, which affects regular mealtimes."

Parks frets about Joe-anna all the time. "Will she die?" she asked. The doctors won't let that happen, they've told her.

"Still, without food, I feel despair," Parks said.

Just then, Joe-anna made some sounds that Parks interpreted as hunger. She boiled a hot dog, cut it in half, and served it with Cheerios on the side. Dinner.

"I try to live right," Parks said. "I'm not popping out different babies with different baby daddies. I'm with a good man. Joe-anna is our only child.

"People say our house is nice. So what? We need grains, lean meats, salads.

"We need food."

A dark impulse

Imani Sullivan turns up in Chilton's office for their meeting after all, later in the afternoon. As Chilton expected, there's a problem. Sullivan is quiet for a moment, then confesses to a dark impulse, one that she has been struggling with in recent weeks: She no longer wants to live.

Immediately, Chilton gets Sullivan in touch with Drexel psychologists, who hospitalize her for 10 days.

After she's released, Sullivan returns to North Philadelphia. To help her one day, Chilton looks after Sullivan's boys, bringing them home to feed them and to play with her three kids.

Months later, Chilton arrives midmorning and presents her with blue comforters for the boys. From her days with the Cheyenne, Chilton learned that blankets were sacred gifts. She thinks Sullivan could use a touch of the divine today.

"Thank you," Sullivan says tightly, her pain pushing to the surface.

It isn't a good morning. Asem, 3, has just eaten cereal and is watching a *SpongeBob SquarePants* cartoon. But he turns to Sullivan and says, "Mommy, I'm still hungry."

Sullivan panics. De-Mire, 10, has not awakened yet.

"What do I do for food when he wakes up?" Sullivan wonders, looking at Chilton. "It's hard to talk about because it's hard not to feed my kids, hard to say no."

"When you're unhappy, your kids know it," Chilton says, rubbing Sullivan's back.

"I'm back to not loving myself, and I'm so scared," Sullivan says.

Her tears frighten Asem, who is now staring at his mother. "Mommy? Mommy?" he repeats. That stops Sullivan cold.

"Mommy's OK," Sullivan declares with surprising strength, as though shocked back from the abyss. Suicide, she is realizing after the counseling, won't help her children.

Then she faces Chilton, saying, "I was going to take myself out and force my mother to take care of my kids.

"But my conclusion now is that that would be abandoning them. And I can't do that. I'm just tired of the no food. Tired of the gunfire in the neighborhood. Tired.

"But if it wasn't for the kids, I wouldn't be living. And that's the God's honest truth."

Chilton hugs Sullivan tightly. Sullivan, composed now, walks toward the kitchen to make sure there is enough milk for De-Mire.

Stopping suddenly, she turns and looks directly into Chilton's eyes: "You were proud of me before," Sullivan says to her.

"I'm still proud of you," Chilton says. Sullivan nods.

But she does not smile.

About This Series

The grinding recession

is taking its toll in neighborhoods across America as a record number of people plunge into poverty.

A national poll reveals

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**Body**

Looking for that right video or two for a romantic evening this Valentine's Day? Good luck!

There's a lot of romance out there in videoland, but trying to find the best, the most romantic, the most heart-wrenching tapes can be daunting. I know. I've been watching so many romantic videos lately I'm seeing red. And it's not hearts. Plus, all this love stuff is just too much sometimes.

If you believe the movies, love will make you do strange things. Take the appropriately titled "Love Story." Ryan O'Neal plays a character whose family has millions. So why is he attracted to a ***working-class*** woman who spends most of the movie cursing at him and calling him insulting names such as "preppie"?

Or how about Julian Sands in "Boxing Helena," who shows his love by cutting off the limbs of his beloved? Strange. Still there must be something to all these love films. They've sure made a lot of them.

The list below offers a few suggested videos in various categories of love. The picks are personal favorites and suggestions from others. Some video stores also have Valentine-themed displays of videos and I sampled some their wares.

Be assured of two things. First, all titles are at Twin Cities- area video stores, though you may have to search hard for a couple.

Second, after 15 minutes or so on the couch sitting beside your special someone on Valentine's Day you may not care what video you're watching anyway.

Get out your handkerchiefs

"Casablanca," 1942. They truly don't make 'em like this anymore. Though released in 1942, this film still seems as fresh as when it was first shown on the big screen. Humphrey Bogart stars as Rick, a saloon owner in Casablanca with a troubled past. Ingrid Bergman is Lisa, the wife of a freedom fighter. She is part of Rick's troubled past. She and her husband come to Casablanca during World War II, trying to flee the Nazis. Guess who has the means for the two to escape? This intense love triangle would be enough for most movies, but the specter of World WarII hangs over this film like a dark canopy. It's one of the best ever.

"An Affair to Remember," 1957. Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr have a shipboard romance and agree to meet at the top of the Empire State Building at the end of a year, but an accident intervenes. This movie inspired a recent remake, "Love Affair," with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening, and another film, "Sleepless in Seattle." "An Affair to Remember" was itself a remake of Leo McCarey's own Oscar-nominated "Love Affair." Still, Grant and Kerr make this "Affair" the best.

"The Way We Were," 1973. A heartless, loveless critic once wrote that this movie's extremely popular theme song, sung by star Barbra Streisand, obscures the fact that it is a pretty slow-moving romance between a Jewish activist, played by Streisand, and a Wasp writer, portrayed by Robert Redford. Get a clue, guy. The chemistry between the stars is so good that this movie still will suck tears from even a stone-hearted critic today. Granted, the 1960s' and '70s clothing looks a little weird, but who cares?

"Backstreet," 1961. Susan Hayward is a noble mistress who sacrifices all for her man, John Gavin, even after the jerk ditches her to marry a more socially prominent woman, portrayed by Vera Miles. Hayward suffers beautifully and Miles seems to be having a great time being evil and standing in the way of true love.

Love and adventure

"Romancing the Stone," 1984. I'm usually leery of movies with titles that aren't readily understandable. But the film starred Kathleen Turner - who then was a very hot actress - and Michael Douglas, Kirk's son. So I ventured into the theater. Good decision. Like a fine wine this film has gotten better with age. Turner played against her bad-girl image as a timid novelist who must help her sister against unsavory treasure hunters and Douglas does a pretty good imitation of an Indiana Jones-type adventurer who is less than ethical as he helps Turner in her quest. Danny DeVito is here for comic relief. This was the first - and best - of several pairings of Turner and Douglas.

"North by Northwest," 1959. No matter how many movies I've seen, this Alfred Hitchcock film remains one of my five favorites. A case of mistaken identity lands Cary Grant into espionage and murder. Eva Marie Saint is tantalizingly sensual as a woman who has everything to lose by falling for Grant, but she does anyway. There are many great scenes: Grant pursued by a murderous pilot in a crop-dusting plane; Grant and Saint trying to escape from the James Mason-led bad guys down the faces of Mount Rushmore; a drunken Grant trying to elude bad guys in a car speeding down a winding road. It doesn't get any better than this.

"Time After Time," 1979. A gem of a film. H. G. Wells, played by Malcolm McDowell, pursues Jack the Ripper, evilly played by David Warner, into modern-day San Francisco via a time machine. He finds a future more violent than he could have imagined and love with a bank officer, Mary Steenburgen. Steenburgen and McDowell worked well here. They're totally believable as lovers. They must have thought so too: During the course of the film they became a couple off the set.

"Splash," 1984. Tom Hanks stars as a man who runs a fish-supply business. He falls in love with a mermaid, played by Daryl Hannah. Hey, it works for me but the government wasn't too keen on it and tries to break up the lovers. John Candy and Eugene Levy help provide the laughs.

Jeff Goldblum in Love

Jeff Goldblum has got to be the top quirky romantic leading man of the last decade. Here are a few of his offerings:

"Into the Night," 1985. Goldblum plays a computer programmer stuck in a rut. His wife is having an affair, work isn't too great and he can't sleep. He goes to the airport to clear his head. He rescues a woman, played by Michelle Pfeiffer, from a group of guys and gets involved in a quest for stolen jewels and murder. He almost gets killed several times, but he discovers true love and manages to get out of his rut. Seems like a fair trade.

"The Fly," 1986. I was talking about this article at work and a colleague, whom I thought was a wholesome family-type who was more into Disney movies, excitedly chirped, "You should do 'The Fly.' " "The Fly"? A tale about a brilliant, but shy and nerdy scientist who accidentally splices his genes with that of a fly? Who is given to secreting toxic bile on folks he doesn't like? Who loses body parts throughout the film? OK. If you look past the horror, and there's lots here, there is a very romantic, touching love story involving Goldblum and Geena Davis, who plays a magazine writer. So there. I recommend it. But I'm watching that colleague more closely these days.

"Earth Girls are Easy," 1989. Very wacky. Very funny. Goldblum and Davis are back. She's a Valley Girl. He's the leader of an extraterrestrial patrol that accidentally crash-lands in her swimming pool. Like all good hosts she introduces the visitors to life in her hometown of L.A. This film also features a prestar appearance by Jim Carrey as one of Goldblum's alien buddies.

"The Tall Guy," 1990. If the Monty Python troupe was still around they might have produced this movie. Goldblum portrays an underemployed, wimpy American actor in Britain whose life is a mess. Emma Thompson plays a nurse he meets at a hospital while seeking treatment for allergies. They hit it off. Goldblum's life changes. He's more confident. He starts having affairs. He gets the lead in a musical version of "The Elephant Man." Yes, the film's a little weird.

Young Urban Professionals in love

"When Harry Met Sally," 1989. Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan play acquaintances who drift from animosity to friendship to love. Well written, with some very acute observations about people as they negotiate a relationship. Features hilarious scene of Ryan faking an orgasm in a restaurant. Ryan liked her role so much that she has continued to play versions of the character in most of her subsequent films.

"Sleepless in Seattle," 1992. Ryan returns as a "Sally"-like newspaper writer in Baltimore who is engaged to marry a quiet, solid type but truly longs for romantic love. She and her boss, Rosie O'Donnell, spend a lot of time watching romantic movies such as "An Affair to Remember" and talking about romantic stuff. Mr. Romantic Love is represented by Tom Hanks, a widower with a son in Seattle. Besides the references to romantic movies and the debate between romantic love and practical love, the film is interesting because it features so few scenes of the stars together. This is romance?

"Pretty Woman," 1990. I know what you're thinking. The Julia Roberts character isn't your typical 9 to 5 working woman. The film sugar-coats prostitution beyond recognition. And corporate raiders usually aren't as handsome, suave and compassionate as Richard Gere's character. Still, the film is a well-made fantasy that's nice to look at if you don't think too deeply about it. And how about that scene where Gere takes Roberts shopping in Beverly Hills? It's a keeper.

"Strictly Business," 1991. With a title like that you know it won't be long before there's romance on the screen. Joseph Phillips plays a corporate climber who is smitten by Halle Berry, who works in a nightclub but who has ambitions of being a business woman. Tommy Davidson plays Phillips' friend who works in the mailroom but wants to get ahead. It sounds predictable. It is predictable, but winning performances by the principals make it good viewing.

Animated love

All of these entries are from Disney. Is there anyone who can challenge Disney in making a high-quality animated romantic love story that appeals to children and adults alike? No.

"Lady and the Tramp," 1955. You might have trouble finding this one. Everywhere I went, the video-store owners said that their copies were worn out. This is a delightful tale about a high-bred dog, Lady, and the adventures she has with a mongrel stray, Tramp. The scene in which the pair eat spaghetti in a restaurant has been aped by live-action films such as "Hot Shots! Part Deux."

"The Little Mermaid," 1989. A mermaid, Ariel, falls in love with a human and sacrifices all to win his love. Besides a lovely story the film has a great score with songs that are a big part of the story and not just added willy-nilly.

"Beauty and the Beast," 1991. Yet another winning romance from Disney powered by a good story and excellent songs. A beast tries to win the love of a maiden to break an evil spell.

"Aladdin," 1992. Robin Williams as the voice of a wild and crazy genie? That's just one of the smart things Disney did to update the classic tale of Aladdin's magic lamp. Again the film is full of good memorable songs and the animation has to be seen to be believed.

**Graphic**

Photograph

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[***MCGREEVEY THRIVES ON POLITICS AND WORK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B6R0-01K4-92M7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

This is the second of three profiles on the New Jersey gubernatorial candidates.

Jim McGreevey, on a typically frenetic Jim McGreevey day, was racing from one campaign stop to another when he walked in on about 50 senior citizens playing bingo in Hackensack. Instinctively, the Democratic candidate for governor went straight for the bingo machine and began barking out numbers.

Nothing unusual about that, you might say. Except that McGreevey didn't make the perfunctory visit and hurry on. To the delight of the crowd, the young politician who had interrupted the game sat tight until he could declare a winner, finally making his exit nearly an hour after he had arrived.

"He didn't just come through, do the usual political glad-handing and walk out the door," recalled Victoria Taylor, executive director of the Martin Luther King senior center. "He spent time with the people and showed an interest in them. It was a special touch."

A few days earlier, in the basement of a Baptist church in Trenton, McGreevey was working hard to win the support of a prominent group of African American ministers. They wanted to know why they should trust him to do any more for New Jersey's troubled cities than the Republican incumbent, Gov. Whitman, had done.

Looking over his audience, McGreevey began in a low monotone and then worked up to a crescendo, his voice taking on the cadence of a preacher. He accented his remarks with theatrical gestures and infused his answers with stirring biblical references.

The ministers were not impressed.

Some said his performance was demeaning, and when the clergy leaders issued their endorsements last week, Whitman, who had responded to their questions in a matter-of-fact manner, picked up more support than a Republican could normally expect.

For better or worse, the two episodes provide a window on the often-conflicting views of McGreevey, the Middlesex County state senator and Woodbridge mayor who is trying to deny Whitman a second term. Some applaud him as a friendly, compassionate man who cares deeply about middle-class concerns; others complain that McGreevey, who turned 40 in August, can't climb fast enough.

Campaigning in African American churches, McGreevey belts out gospel hymns while swaying to the thunderous tones. He lapses into

Yiddish when speaking to Jewish audiences and, when need be, the tough earthy language of construction workers. In short, McGreevey has something to fit just about every occasion.

Like the seniors in Hackensack, many appreciate the lengths to which the energetic candidate will go to indulge them. And his impassioned pledge to be "the governor who is on your side" has clearly struck a chord with countless middle-class voters.

"I told his mother once, 'You must have raised him right,' " said Loretta Weinberg, a Democratic assemblywoman from Bergen County. "He's very warm and engaging one-on-one and with groups of people. And he listens and shows compassion."

Weinberg added that McGreevey, unlike most politicians, sent thank-you notes to acknowledge even the smallest of favors.

Not everyone, though, sees the charm or believes the promises.

Some complain that McGreevey is so eager to please that at times he loses sight of what they really want to find out - what he stands for, outside his standard campaign rhetoric about the high costs of car insurance and property taxes and the need to improve state education standards. Some say that his attacks on Whitman sound good, but that he can be unconvincing when discussing what he would do in her shoes.

McGreevey, for his part, is undeterred. He says there is nothing wrong with trying to establish a distinctive link with an audience. In fact, he says, it's a sign of respect.

As for criticism of his proposals, McGreevey says his overriding goal is to serve as a forceful advocate for middle-class residents who, he says, have not benefited from the economic prosperity that Whitman says she has brought the state.

"Middle-class New Jersey has to be able to live in their homes and pay the insurance on their cars," McGreevey said in a recent interview. Referring to Whitman, he added: "Living on a 200-acre estate in Somerset County, you can't understand what the average homeowner pays in property taxes."

Despite the misgivings of some, McGreevey seems to be doing something right. He overcame big odds to win the Democratic primary, defeating U.S. Rep. Robert E. Andrews, the party's presumptive nominee entering 1997. And he is generally believed to stand at least an outside chance to win it all on Nov. 4.

If he does, it will be a testament to McGreevey's tireless efforts and the discipline to stay with a simple message that, up to now, at least has encouraged voters to consider making a change at the top. His battle cry: Whitman has neglected the problems of escalating auto insurance rates and property taxes and has shortchanged the state's public schools.

McGreevey's lust for politics is also kicking in. The product of an ethnic, ***working-class*** upbringing who helped pay his way through some of the nation's best colleges, McGreevey at heart is a politician who thrives on the hustle and bustle of campaigns and the service-oriented demands of running the city of Woodbridge.

While many officeholders accept the political grind as a necessary evil, McGreevey revels in it, though it has cost him his marriage.

A throwback to a simpler era, he delights in the kind of retail campaigning that has become a lost art in the media age. He slaps every back in sight and rarely misses an outstretched hand. Ever on the prowl for votes and approval, McGreevey will go anywhere, at any hour, to advance his political aims.

Friends and foes alike say McGreevey goes at his job in Woodbridge with the same intensity.

"He lives and breathes politics and public service," said Democratic state chairman Tom Giblin. "If they could make 36 hours in a day, Jim McGreevey would try to stretch it."

State Sen. Raymond Lesniak marvels at the candidate's "energy and ability to connect with people." Lesniak, the architect of McGreevey's candidacy and his chief strategist and fund-raiser, says McGreevey reminds him of President Clinton in his tenacity and refusal to get down.

Even his critics concede that no one outworks McGreevey. Said one party leader who worked against McGreevey in the Democratic primary: "The guy doesn't sleep. He's everywhere. Some politicians kiss babies as a means to get to an end. He kisses babies because he loves it."

McGreevey himself says being with people keeps him going. "As mayor I have the opportunity to know individuals, families, and the community. When I go into a Shop-Rite I can get tied up for 45 minutes between aisles seven and eight."

McGreevey has built a successful political career on those habits. He has never lost an election, winning an Assembly seat in 1989 and a state Senate seat in 1993 and twice being elected mayor of Woodbridge.

His drive for the top, however, has exacted a heavy toll on his personal life. After four years of marriage, McGreevey's wife, Kari, returned to her native Canada, taking their daughter with her. In divorce papers, Kari McGreevey said her husband's obsession with politics left him little time for the family.

McGreevey concedes that politics destroyed his marriage. "The glare of the spotlight, the rough-and-tumble of political life is not for everyone, and I respect that," he said.

Meanwhile, McGreevey is plowing ahead, anchoring his drive for the Statehouse with an aggressive appeal to the middle class, an appeal he says has its roots in his own background.

\* "Born in Jersey City, raised in Carteret, my father a Marine Corps drill instructor, my mother a nurse . . ." The refrain by now is well-known. McGreevey recites it, word by word, when speaking to crowds, summing up in the gubernatorial debates or responding to questions from the press. Although the repetition can be jarring, there is nothing to suggest it is not heartfelt.

James Edward McGreevey was born into the ethnic melting pot of Jersey City on Aug. 6, 1957. The son of Irish immigrants, McGreevey's father, Jack, was a trucking company sales executive and his mother, Veronica, a nurse. McGreevey was named in honor of his father's brother, a Marine who was killed on Iwo Jima during World War II.

McGreevey, whose family moved to nearby Carteret when he was a child, said his parents had been a tremendous influence on his life. He said his father instilled in him the values of hard work and discipline. "Plan your work and work your plan" is a McGreevey family credo.

Veronica McGreevey, meanwhile, inspired him to be compassionate, especially to those less well-off than himself. "Mother McGreevey," as she is affectionately known on the campaign trail, has been a tireless surrogate all year, speaking on behalf of her son throughout the state, making phone calls, even licking envelopes.

As a youth, McGreevey impressed others as someone destined for big things. Jim Burns, a lawyer and childhood friend, recalls a precocious companion who "clearly marched to a different drummer than the rest of us. . . . We were interested in getting Mickey Mantle baseball cards. He was more interested in who the secretary of state was going to be."

That focus manifested itself in a sterling education that included Columbia University, Georgetown Law School and Harvard, where he earned a master's degree in education. McGreevey helped pay for college through part-time jobs that included a clerkship at the U.S. Justice Department. To save money, he finished Columbia in three years.

When he returned to New Jersey, McGreevey had a string of offers from top law firms but held out for the job he really wanted: assistant prosecutor in Middlesex County. McGreevey left after two years to join the legislative staff of Assembly Speaker Alan Karcher. Karcher, now the Democratic chairman in Mercer County, said he was impressed by McGreevey's academic credentials and work ethic.

"He was indefatigable then and he's that way now," Karcher said. "He's persistent. He doesn't wear out. He seems to be everywhere."

McGreevey also served as executive director of the state Parole Board under former Gov. Tom Kean, and he was an attorney for Merck & Co., where his responsibilities included some government lobbying.

But McGreevey had his eye on Middlesex County politics. His first opportunity to run came in 1989, when Karcher relinquished his 19th District seat to run for governor. Then only 32, McGreevey won with the support of the county Democratic organization and his political mentor, then-Woodbridge Mayor Joseph "Jo-Jo" DeMarino.

McGreevey was not in Trenton long before he joined his Democratic colleagues in voting for then-Gov. Jim Florio's record $2.8 billion in tax increases. Rather than face the voter backlash that would sweep Democrats from control in Trenton, McGreevey did not seek reelection.

Instead, he mounted a bid for mayor in Woodbridge. That, however, meant running against DeMarino, who had been indicted on bribery charges. McGreevey won but earned a lasting enemy in DeMarino, who was exonerated of the bribery charges a short time before the election.

"It was like a student stabbing his teacher in the back," DeMarino said. "I started him off and made him an assemblyman. What hurt was that he did it at a time I was fighting for my reputation. I saw him as a person who would take advantage of anyone."

McGreevey sees it differently. "The former mayor," he said, "was a friend, but friendship is based on trust and responsibility." McGreevey said he decided to run "when the evidence became overwhelming as to illegal and unethical actions" in DeMarino's administration.

By all accounts, McGreevey, who was reelected in 1995 with 70 percent of the vote, succeeded in cleaning up Woodbridge - both its image and its downtown business district. He spruced up things with new street lights, park benches and, eventually, a new Town Hall. He also provided tax incentives to lure private investment in the city.

In running for governor, McGreevey points to his executive abilities rather than to legislative accomplishments or any grand vision for the state.

"It's ultimately about getting the job done," he said. "The public's ultimate frustration is the partisan battles between Democrats and Republicans. It's all about making government work, making sure the garbage gets picked up, the snow gets removed, children's inoculation programs are carried out. It's about delivering practical bread-and-butter services."

PHILADELPHIA ONLINE \* For more information on the campaign, including ad analysis and video clips, go to Philadelphia Online. The Inquirer's site on the Internet:

[*http://www.phillynews.com/cv/*](http://www.phillynews.com/cv/)

**Notes**

Campaign '97

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Jim McGreevey answers a student's question at Cranford High School. He made a campaign stop at the school yesterday. (Associated Press, MIKE DERER)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***More sides to the hate at recent Schaumburg library speech***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43YX-CCS0-007M-429D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 10, 2001, Monday C5,C10

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**Section:** NEIGHBOR;; Neighbor Fencepost;

**Length:** 2336 words

**Body**

To the editor: There is more to the mayhem that occurred when Matt Hale spoke at Schaumburg library than the Daily Herald has reported.

Violence follows Hale because so-called "anti-racist" groups, such as Anti Racist Action and the Jewish Defense League, who are themselves both violent and racist, confront Hale's followers. These two groups instigated violence during Hale's speech in Schaumburg.

Meir Kahane's JDL has a long history of murder and domestic terrorism while ARA advocates violence against both whites and police. The ARA Web site actually sells badges that say "Kill Whitey" and "I kill cops."

My complaint stems from the fact that despite the presence of 250 policemen and 7 FBI agents, these opposing factions were not kept apart.

In fact, the police escorted the audience directly into the hostile mob of protesters, which was clearly armed and violent. As I told the Schaumburg village board, that is inexcusable.

The police knew the violent nature of the protesters and had the wherewithal to keep the groups apart. Lt. Dennis Carroll, spokesman for the Schaumburg police department, told me that the objective of the police was to "avoid confrontation."

When I asked, "Why then did the police allow the two groups to come into contact?" Lt. Carroll stopped the interview and has refused to answer any further questions.

This incident is being used to usher in a new policy at the library, which will have a chilling effect on free speech.

If the new policy is passed during the September library board meeting, speakers will have to pay in advance for police "peace- keeping." If the police determine their presence is required, the speaker will have to pay a "user fee."

The Schaumburg police will then become the arbiters of "free speech" and set the price of that speech at the library.

Christopher Lee Bollyn

Hoffman Estates

Response to letter writer case of overkill

To the editor: As an avid reader and regular contributor to the Fencepost, I feel I need to take the Fencepost out behind the woodshed. I refer to the Labor Day edition of your readers' responses to Nikki Davis.

I don't know Nikki Davis, never met her but I sure feel for her. For the Fencepost to print four responses berating her for her previous letter is overkill. One letter would have been more than enough to get the point across. On top of that to have her trustees say she "shows her ignorance" and suggest she "invest some time learning about civics" is totally uncalled for.

Ms. Davis let her emotions get the best of her and fired off her letter to the best of her knowledge. As for my trustees, paranoia must run very deep in village hall feeling the need to defend yourself in those terms against one of your constituents in a matter you weren't even a party to.

Also, in defense of Ms. Davis I know in many instances of the mayor controlling the library (Chicago is one for example) so Ms. Davis's error is understandable.

As for my trustees, I hope you read Ms. Konneman's response for a tactful and polite way to respond. As to the Fencepost, Ms. Konneman's letter was well versed enough to get the point across, and in my opinion this was the only one the Fencepost needed to print.

Richard Purmann

Schaumburg

Mayor's visit shows dedication to people

To the editor: I would like to take the opportunity to thank Mayor Al Larson of Schaumburg for taking the time out of his busy schedule to attend our recent inline roller hockey clinic which was held on Aug. 3. His personal appearance shows that despite that the fact that Schaumburg continues to grow, our leadership still takes the time to remain in personal contact with the residents of Schaumburg. This to me, is a true measure of the dedication of a leader to his position.

Tom Wadsworth

Sheffield Towne

Homeowners Association

Treasurer

Schaumburg

New road chief acts quickly to fix hazard

To the editor: I think we have all heard the saying, "If at first you don't Succeed - try, try, again!" I also like the other one that goes "When all is said and done, more is said than done."

Well, to address the first saying, I have been trying for approximately 10 years to have a potential hazard adverted. That hazard being a four-foot ditch located across the street from 1531 Roslyn Road, Schaumburg. This ditch would fill with water and was only about 15 feet from a school bus stop. (Need I say more)

In regards to the past administration, the second saying would seem to apply in light of the fact that more was always said than done regarding this hazardous ditch.

Wow! After the first board meeting, action was taken, and thanks to our new road commissioner, Bob Fecarotta, the problem has been eliminated.

Maybe the squeaky hinge does get the oil!

John L Ellis

Schaumburg

Poor drivers make crossing dangerous

To the editor: For those drivers who need a refresher course on pavement markings, the large white lines in front of crosswalks are where you are supposed to stop. For those who need a refresher on the rules of the road, pedestrians have the right of way, especially near schools.

We live near the intersection of Weathersfield Way and Springinsguth and in the two days since school has started, have already had to deal with inconsiderate and inattentive drivers. I feel like we are running the gauntlet in order to get my son to school.

I would like to say thanks to the bus drivers, as they are the only drivers who consistently stop where they should and always wait for us to cross the street.

Michelle Hill

Schaumburg

Racism in suburbs not easily identified

To the editor: You know what's interesting about life today? We hear phrases like "we're a melting pot," "celebrate diversity," "we embrace diversity," "multiculturalism is at the root of who we are," and "cultural diversity."

Blah, blah, blah.

After leaving my house to sign a contract on a new townhouse, I went to the gas station. While looking for fingernail clippers, a young, excited high schooler enters. In his conversation with the attendant, I hear him say, "Did you hear about the library?" The Indian clerk responds with a blatant "no." "Well," the excited kid continues, "I guess there's a KKK guy over there talking. They're only letting people 18 and over go in there."

The Indian and I, a cappuccino-toned Dominican, exchange crushed glances. "Aren't I in Schaumburg, Ill.?" I wonder. What is going on here? I suppose citizens always learn more and more about their community everyday. It's just that I never imagined I'd find a gathering like this at our local library-a place I spent three hours grading papers only 10 hours earlier.

So, letting my curiosity and need to find fingernail clippers that may actually work lead me, I head over to Dominick's, which just happens to be right next to the library. As I enter, I find barricades, police, mounted police, reporters, curious onlookers, and a group of people who actually are intently listening to these ramblings. Unfortunately, I can't actually see the speaker.

Slightly nervous about going any closer, I back up and do a U- turn. Then, I head into the store to get them. The store, less than 100-yards away is dominated by immigrants. Hispanics are busy cleaning, and baggers with thick foreign accents fill shoppers bags.

A woman who has obviously been drinking says to me, "I didn't know they were having a school fire drill tonight. Are the riot police doing some sort of training or something?" How these two concepts formed in this woman's mind may forever be a mystery to me.

As I tell her what is really going on, she looks at me like I'm letting her know that today is Saturday. Empathy? No. Surprise? No. Concern? No. Indifference? Yes.

The cashier's sentiments resemble hers as the teen says, "I haven't had a chance to go over there yet." Giving him the benefit of the doubt, I let his comment slide. "He's just curious like I am," I conclude. He, like most of the people who are actually drawn to this mantra, don't actually follow nor believe the KKK ideology, right?

So, I wander, fingernail clippers in hand, to my Accord.

In the lot I notice a harmonious visual yet a disturbing audio. An older man, maybe about 65, and a younger boy, maybe about seven, walk hand in hand.

In a voice that didn't repeat, in a voice that didn't sound angry or threatening, in a voice that simply expressed a statement of fact, in a baritone that didn't make me feel good.

"White power."

An upper-middle-class woman puts her groceries in her Lexus.

Surely it wasn't her who said it.

No...the old man holding the child's hand.

I wait, wondering what I'll do when I hear it again but I don't. And believe me, I waited. I wanted to make sure I heard it correctly.

Then, I start my car and leave looking at the people manning the gates, and I realize what "they" look like - curious, normal teenagers. Very much like the ones I teach.

"They must not be 18," I rationalize, "otherwise they'd be in there listening."

They'd be in there listening?

Is this real?

So I head home, making sure I drive by as close as possible … and slowly too. I'm curious.

Here I find the numbers have increased since I came by on the way in to the store.

I look at the cops. They at me. I continue, this time brave enough to travel through the area.

I look. Who are these people? What do people who go to these gatherings look like? Well, they look pretty normal. They look like ***working-class*** people. They look like people who swear a lot. They look like people who might drink a bit on weekends. They look like some of my relatives. They look like people who yell at each other to resolve arguments. They look like people who might even resolve their differences physically. They look like people who drive "American" made cars. Like people who shop at Sears. They look like people who punch in and punch out. Like people who wouldn't say a racist joke in front of me. They look like people who would be my friend. Like people who would say "racism is stupid" to me. They look like people who follow car racing. Like people I see at the auto-parts store. They look like people I see at Maxfield's, the corner Greek-run breakfast joint. Like people who work hard and help their friends. They look like people who take it easy. Like people who kind of let their house go. They look like people who live in duplexes.

Then, I see a guy heading towards me. He's wearing a black hanky that is tight around his nose and flaps loosely below his chin. "No," I think to myself, this isn't the Kansas Dust Bowl. "He really doesn't want to be seen. This guy went here intentionally and is more than just a bit curious. He's a racist - an outright racist. He actually thinks the darker you are, the less valuable you are.

Is this really happening? Do me a favor. Make me believe it's 1850, and I'm in Mississippi. I'll have a lot less of a hard time then.

I want to do something. I support freedom of speech, and I relate to what Ben Franklin said when he declared that freedom of speech should occur unless it infringes on the rights of others. Still, however, I want to get out of my car. I want to hear what this guy is saying. I want to figure out how many people are here because they are curious like me or because they're actually racist. Realizing that this curiosity could cost me my life, I figure I can just read about it in the paper the next day.

I want to ask these people, "Do I look like I'm less valuable than you?" I want to say, "Do you really think minorities are here to ruin your life?" "Do you really think we're taking your jobs?" But I'm pretty sure they don't think the same way I do so I don't. I drive on, wondering.

Just like Christians who spread the Good News, this guy spreads news. He pulls in more people, and his numbers increase because he is able to speak publicly.

And I think about my rights. I have the right to pursue happiness. I have the right to life and liberty. If these rights become violated, is the speaker stopped?

So, if I were actually brave enough to get out of my car and one of the crowd accosted me, he might then be stopped. But, I'm not so sure he would have been.

So, I'm lured towards apathy, acceptance, and frustration. Somehow this just doesn't seem right. At the bare minimum, it doesn't make me happy. There's really nothing I can do except be affected.

And I am.

At the personal level, the question is not "Will this influence me?" The question is "How will this influence me?" I'm not actually going to have to trouble myself with second-guessing everyone I meet am I? I'm not going to look at normal people and wonder, "Is this person racist?" will I? I'll still trust people until I have a reason not to, won't I?

I guess time will tell.

Tony Bradburn

Schaumburg

Ex- Dist. 220 officials suppressed mold issue

To the editor: To the Countryside parents and District 220 … The way to solve your mold problem is simple. Recall Clyde Slocum as superintendent who will tell you, as he did me, "mold is not harmful." Get a maintenance supervisor who will "doctor" the results of the mold tests you insisted on, and tell you there is none. Have a principal who looks the other way as water drips down your walls. Have children taken directly from the library to the emergency room and have school officials tell you "they were sick from something else."

Do not apologize for refusing to let your children go to school in a building where there is reason to believe there is mold. Do not allow criticism of staff who refuse to work in such an environment. If the building has tested as "OK" insist on regular testing to catch growth if it does occur.

I have been retired from District 220 for nine years; I have continuing medical conditions related to working in an unhealthy environment.

Be glad your superintendent and your school board care more than mine did. I regret the upset to your children's year of school, but it is better than exposure to mold.

Anna M. Osborn

Kerrville, Texas

**Load-Date:** September 12, 2001

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[***FOUR DECADES AFTER LITTLE ROCK, A PHILA. LESSON IN INTEGRATION / CENTRAL HIGH LURES BRIGHT STUDENTS OF ALL RACES. IT SHOWS THE PROGRESS MADE AND THE CHALLENGES AHEAD.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B650-01K4-94WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Dale Mezzacappa, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

On Thursday, when President Clinton was commemorating the day 40 years ago that nine black students first entered the all-white confines of Central High School in Little Rock, another Central High was bustling with activity.

As the pioneers reentered Central through a door opened by the President, at Ogontz and Olney Avenues, senior Jamil Gordon, an outgoing African American who is into photography, was in his English class, taking a citywide exam. Then he went to an advanced social-studies course on modern world conflicts.

Noam Szwergold, an engaging, thoughtful white youth, was tackling the book Grendel in English class. Akil Baker, who likes to wear a black-power fist around his neck, was in advanced music theory. Stephanie Peteraf, white, diminutive, and socially aware, was also taking the citywide exam.

After that, those seniors and others joined for lunch and Frisbee on the lawn, black kids and white kids, from the Northeast, Mount Airy, East Oak Lane, South Philly - you name it.

As far as integrated schooling in the United States today goes, Central High in Philadelphia is about as good as it gets. African American and white students - not to mention those with families native to Korea, India, Pakistan, Cambodia, Laos, China, Brazil, Kenya, Russia and Australia, to name a few - sit side by side in class, socialize on the lawn, and often eat lunch together. The ethnic stew makes for a provocative, stimulating and, predictably, often contentious place.

Schooling and race in this country are inextricably linked, and Central holds lessons from the past and provides a glimpse of the future. It exemplifies what progress there has been and also lays bare the distance that still must be traveled, even there.

In taking up the challenge, Central, a magnet school, is a rarity. In this area and around the country, schools are becoming more segregated, not less, according to the Harvard Project on School Desegregation.

In the region encompassed by the five Southeast Pennsylvania counties and Camden, Burlington and Gloucester Counties in New Jersey, there are 165 school districts. But 76 percent of the black students go to school in just four - Philadelphia, Camden, Chester-Upland and Willingboro.

Gary Orfield, director of the Harvard Project, which studies race relations and school desegregation, has said that schools are resegregating largely as a result of unabated white flight, court decisions barring forced desegregation between city and suburbs, and a growing distaste among black as well as white people for busing. Black people chafe at the notion that they need to sit next to whites to be well-educated, and whites cling tenaciously to neighborhood schools. Many wonder whether the goal of achieving both academic equality and racial diversity in public schools is naive and hopeless.

Even the NAACP, which brought the historic lawsuit that led to desegregation in Little Rock, is split today on the issue. Instead of racial mixing, some black leaders are demanding more resources for underfunded inner-city schools that have no apparent hope of ever attracting white students. Cities and states are petitioning to end longstanding, expensive desegregation plans, and courts are agreeing.

What's more, Orfield found that the nation's fastest-growing ethnic group, Hispanics, is even more segregated than black people in primarily urban schools.

\* Central, the nation's second-oldest public high school, has its own history. In 1957, when Little Rock's Central High so traumatically desegregated, six young black men were in the June graduating class of nearly 400 at Philadelphia's Central. By 1968, the year the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was murdered, the number had barely risen, to 13. In 1979, near the end of a decade when white flight was at full throttle in Philadelphia, about 30 percent of the June graduating class was African American.

The story old-time teachers tell is that Central's academic rigor plummeted at that time - not due to the influx of black people, but because the administration was so desperate to keep a majority of whites that it admitted many less qualified students.

It wasn't until the admission of girls in 1983 that the academic rigor ratcheted up again and top students of all backgrounds sought admission.

Today, African Americans and non-Latino whites together make up only three-fourths of the school's population. The school is already coping with a new set of challenges that will face the nation as the total of non-Latino white students drops below 50 percent within the next several decades.

One student sitting in an Advanced Placement English class speaks Laotian and Thai at home; the school has black Muslims from West Philadelphia and Muslims from the Middle East. There are students from more than 70 countries.

For the students who get in, Central is an ideal, if not idyllic, source of opportunity. "I can't say enough good about Central," said Peteraf, who came from a Catholic school in the Northeast and now works on a project to bring together younger students of different races for social experiences. "I saw prejudice in kids growing up on my block . . . against kids they never met. Here, we're forced to make new friends. It's a lesson in life."

Some scholars, like Harvard's Orfield, argue that students who go to school only with students like themselves, be it in the inner city or in a leafy suburb, get a deficient education. No matter how high their test scores, the argument goes, they won't learn to function in such a rapidly diversifying society.

Jamil Gordon agrees with that.

"Yes, you can have 30 intelligent individuals in a class, but if you don't have diversity, you get only one [cultural] viewpoint," he said. "That's not what education is about. Nobody has the answer to what Shakespeare was saying, and I want to hear how other cultures experience his plays."

In an ideal world, all students would get the kind of education available at Central, both demanding and diverse. But the road from here to there, if attainable at all, is fraught with pitfalls.

The level of academic engagement at Central is high, but accessible only to a relative few. It is a special-admission or magnet school. To get in, most students must score in the 85th percentile or above on a nationally normed test, and have no more than one C in any major subject.

And here is where the issues get more complex. Magnet schools are meant to promote desegregation by keeping more white and middle-class students in the public system, and in the city. Central certainly does that, but some educators say it's at the expense of neighborhood high schools who see their best students lured away.

Today, Central is 43 percent white, 32 percent African American, 19.5 percent Asian and 5.5. percent Latino. Those numbers represent both a good-news, bad-news scenario. While it is wonderfully diverse, white and Asian students are overrepresented while black and Latino students are underrepresented, compared to their numbers in the public school population. That is true in most other urban magnet schools that choose students based on standardized tests and grades. About a third of the students come to Central from private schools, and most would stay in private schools or move to the suburbs without Central.

Unlike Boston Latin, the only public high school in the nation older than Central, the school never instituted racial quotas or changed admissions criteria to get a more representative ethnic mix. In Philadelphia, only 19 percent of public school students are white, while 63 percent are black, 12 percent Latino and 6 percent Asian.

Boston Latin's policy was modified after white students sued, saying they were kept out to make room for "less qualified" African Americans - students with lower test scores. Persistently, black people as a group score lower than white people as a group on such tests.

While Central hasn't been asked to alter admission criteria, other special-admission schools in the city have - causing consternation and opposition. And School Superintendent David Hornbeck has made clear that he has no intention of creating more magnet schools, which has alienated many of his former supporters, especially in the white community.

Central president Sheldon Pavel, who is relentless in maintaining Central's academic cachet, is well aware of the issues. Asked about admissions criteria, he gives a careful response.

"How can we account for a total meritocracy in some people's minds, but hold true to a vision that is inclusive, if the two don't coincide?" he said.

Ironically, the citywide exam that Gordon and his classmates were taking at the very moment the Little Rock Nine were reentering Central High was pilot-testing reading, math and science questions designed to be more "culturally inclusive." The attempt, said district assessment director Rich Maraschiello, is to create citywide standardized tests "in which kids from all diverse cultures can see themselves" - and, hopefully, reduce racial gaps in the results.

The issues relating to academics and merit don't end with admission. They continue through tracking.

In Little Rock's Central, for instance, today the school is desegregated, but most of the classrooms are less so. The school is 61 percent black, but the honors and gifted classes are only 13 percent black. In Central in Philadelphia, the numbers aren't so stark, but the trend is the same: proportionally more white and Asian students are in "star" and Advanced Placement courses than black and Latino students.

Why that is, Pavel said, is "complicated."

"Some black students don't stretch themselves," said one black staff member, who didn't want to be identified. She also indicated that teachers need to be made more sensitive and push African American students harder, and that parents must be made more aware of the advantages of taking the toughest courses available. The low numbers of black students taking the courses also reflects the poor preparation many of them got in their previous schools.

There are a few teachers at Central who would prefer to end the three-tiered tracked classes - regular, "star," and AP. Pavel can see the arguments, but he's firm: Tracking will stay. He knows that getting rid of it would cause an outcry among parents - mostly white and Asian - who are used to it. There also would be a perception that quality was being compromised.

Instead, Pavel and the teachers work hard to get black students into AP. "In social studies, we went out of our way trying to get as many black kids as we could," said John Lafferty, who teaches AP social science and government and politics. One day this year, he went around his room and counted - eight black students out of 32. "I don't think many of the kids even know about AP if they're from a ***working-class*** background."

Others just opt not to take it. Nailah Rogers, a black student who is president of the student government, is in all "star" classes. "You don't have to take AP to achieve excellence," said Rogers, who aspires to go to Emory University or Florida A&M.

On the other hand, senior class president Zachary Pelta-Heller, a white student from the Northeast who is targeting Princeton, has mostly AP courses. "My parents stressed achievement. That's why I take AP," he said.

Jamil Gordon, who takes several AP courses, said he's tried to recruit other black students. "They don't feel it's in their realm of possibility," he said. "There's this cloud around it that it's too tough and elite."

Twenty-five years ago, when he entered Central, black physician Cato Laurencin - who went on to Princeton and Harvard Medical School - was steered into typing and art classes he didn't want. Things are a little better now, he said, and most of the causes of low achievement among African American students in Philadelphia certainly lie outside Central's walls. "We lose students and parents early on to drugs and violence," he said. "Racism is still here, but this place has been one of the havens."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

The Little Rock Nine, the first black people to attend Little Rock's Central High School, 40 years ago. They are (in front from left) Thelma Mothershed, Elizabeth Eckford, Melba Pattilo, (in back from left) Jefferson Thomas, Ernest Green, Minnijean Brown, Carlotta Walls, Terrence Roberts and Gloria Ray. (United Press International)

Above, three who made history in Little Rock, Ernie Green (from left), Gloria Ray Karlmark and Carlotta Walls Lanier, are joined by President Clinton and current student president Fatima McKinra. (Agence France-Presse, JOYCE NALTCHAYAN) At right, at Philadelphia's Central High, Jamil Gordon (left) and Matt Ward in an advanced Spanish class. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, JOHN COSTELLO)

President Clinton greets one of the Little Rock Nine, Minnijean Brown Trickey, as Mayor Jim Daley hugs another, Thelma Mothershed Wair, at ceremonies in Arkansas. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***TLA SETTING UP SHOP IN GREENWICH VILLAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B5F0-01K4-911Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1831 words

**Byline:** Steven Rea, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Body**

Thirty minutes to go before TLA Video opens its inaugural store in Manhattan -

a big, streamlined place in a former movie theater on busy, post-boho Eighth Street in Greenwich Village - and TLA's six partners were to-ing and fro-ing frantically, making adjustments.

Ray Murray, TLA's president, was vacuuming the Oriental rugs in the video-sales department. And Richard Wolff, who oversees the company's marketing and mail-order operation, was nervously trying to remove smudges from the mirrors on one wall.

"We're all just running around for our 5 p.m. opening," recalls Wolff, back at TLA Video's headquarters on Locust Street the other day, describing their Aug. 1 debut. "And I'm trying to buff the mirrors when Ray says, 'What are you doing?'

"I said, 'It's marked up. I'm trying to clean them.'

"Ray says, 'We paid $6,000 for those. They're distressed mirrors.'

"And I thought,'Oh, great. . . . I'm trying to clean the things!' "

Distressed mirrors. Oriental rugs. These are the things you have to do when you venture into the scary maw of the New York retail world.

TLA Video's seventh store, and its first beyond the boundaries of Greater Philadelphia, is located at 52-54 W. Eighth St., in the building that, from the 1930s to the early '90s, stood proudly, and Deco-y, as the Eighth Street Playhouse - a cathedral of cinema where New Yorkers genuflected in the flickering presence of Bergman, Fellini and Fritz Lang.

There's a historical symmetry to the fact that the TLA Video Group's first outpost beyond Philadelphia is housed in an old movie theater. After all, the company known in the industry for its expansive, eclectic catalog and stores stocked with art-house, anime, B-movie, foreign and vintage Hollywood fare (not to mention current video biggies, kid-vid and porn), took its acronym from the Theatre of the Living Arts.

Back in 1981 when the company was formed, Murray and the gang - which now includes partners Wolff, Claire Brown Kohler, Roman Czenstuch, Eric Moore and Patrick Murray, Ray's brother - ran the Theatre of the Living Arts as a repertory house. They unspooled The Rocky Horror Picture Show and Harold and Maude, and toughed it out until the repertory biz went kaput. (In 1987, they sold the building to Electric Factory Concerts for $1.2 million.)

In 1985 the first TLA Video store opened. Ten years later there were two in Center City, one at 18th and Spring Garden, a Chestnut Hill outlet, another in Bryn Mawr, and one (opened in 1996) in Marlton, N.J. Last year, the TLA Video Group - which employs 90 people - had revenues of $5 million. Brown Kohler predicts $6.5 million for 1997.

And now, the Big Apple.

"About a year and a half ago, we thought about going in there," says Murray, TLA's implacably calm 42-year-old chief. "But we were afraid to get out of this market. It's nice here - we know how everything works - so we opened the New Jersey store as a way to kind of get our feet wet again."

That store, however, has proved a disappointment. Customers were less interested in old Bogie and Bacall titles and past Wim Wenders work than getting their hands on Jerry Maguire - for less than the Blockbuster down the road.

"We realized that the TLA concept really can't travel too much into the suburbs," Murray says. "We're not a good video store. We're a good niche-market video store." (Somehow, the concept plays on the Main Line: TLA is getting ready to redo and expand the Bryn Mawr store and open another outlet farther to the west.)

So Murray and company started thinking about other urban markets that lacked their kind of store - one staffed by film buffs (and often filmmakers, film students, film writers and film actors), with a huge inventory of titles, organized by star, director, genre and country, catering to the ardent videophile.

They thought about San Francisco and Chicago, "but were afraid to go too far away," says Murray. "For instance, today seven people will get in our van and drive up to New York. You can't do that if you want to go to San Francisco."

That left Washington and New York.

"I was leaning toward Washington, because New York prices are obscene, but Washington is kind of suffering these days like Philadelphia did in the early '80s - an image problem; businesses are leaving. So eight, nine months ago we seriously set our sights on New York."

Armed with a line of credit from PNC Bank, the group scouted sites all over Manhattan and even Brooklyn before settling on the Eighth Street property, which, in addition to the dormant theater, included the facade of the adjacent Electric Lady Studios, opened by Jimi Hendrix in 1970. (That facade used to include a sculpted bulge that abstractly represented a guitar, but the buildings' owner removed it when he unified his properties' street frontage. The demolition angered Hendrix fans and preservationists, and the subsequent hearings with the city's Landmarks Commission were some of the things that delayed TLA Video's planned June 1 opening.)

Eight months and more than $500,000 in construction costs later, TLA #7 is open. The basic layout of the store - with its long expanse of shelves stocked with empty boxes (whatever you do, don't take them to the counter!) and separate areas for video sales and adult tapes - is the same as TLA's Philly-area locations. But for the first time, Murray and company brought in a designer to give the place a conceptualized look.

Their choice: Phil Otto, whose Otto Design Group works with the Philadelphia-headquartered Urban Outfitters and Anthropologie chains (as well as Betsey Johnson and Todd Oldham boutiques around the country). Hence the "distressed" mirrors, though Otto, who relocated his company from San Francisco to Philadelphia last year to work more closely with the Urban Outfitters folks, says that mostly he was going for a simple, clean look in the Manhattan TLA store.

"I started as a shopper at the TLA when I moved here, and I was really impressed," says the designer. "It's the thinking person's video store; there's really nothing like it in California. So it was a wonderful surprise . . . when they called and said would we help them with their New York debut."

Says Murray: "Our other stores have a kind of ***working-class***, pragmatic, just-put-the-videos-up-and-paint-the-walls-white look. . . . Phil forced us to make a lot of changes, which is good."

Those changes include a decoupage of film posters and star portraits in the sales area, where gel lights cast a red hue on the Oriental carpeting. The rental counter has metal facing, the shelves are covered in light wood veneer. But the look remains uncluttered, and Otto has made the most of the space's previous incarnation - notably the high, sleekly arching ceiling that runs the length of the store, and which Otto has painted a beautiful "twilight sky" blue.

The room still has the windows where the projection booth was, and an old box-office booth will become a light box with a display of archival photographs documenting the Eighth Street Playhouse's history. "On one side are the old projection booth windows, and then on the other side are the video monitors," says Otto. "It kind of describes a continuum, from what was there as a theater to what is now there as a video store."

That video store is being managed by Katie Shaifer, who managed the TLA on Locust Street. And it is being staffed, says Brown Kohler - who handles the employment and financial side of the TLA business - by as many non-New Yorkers as she could recruit.

"Our motto is 'We're bigger. We're cleaner. We're nicer,' " she jokes. "I've hired a couple of Midwesterners, and one from Delaware, one guy who worked at a Piggly Wiggly. I want people that aren't hardened. . . . I do have some New Yorkers, but I wanted to get a mix. I don't want to get a reputation of being snooty and put-offish. They don't have to wear smiley buttons to work, but eye-to-eye contact, polite, cheerful - that's the goal. And to keep the store clean."

If the employees (who, despite their Piggly Wiggly lineage, are extremely knowledgable about all things movies and video) succeed, they'll be one up on the TLA Video's main New York competition. Kim's Video, an institution with five stores in Lower Manhattan, has its faithful fans, but it also has its critics. In a recent New York Times survey of city video emporiums (which, coincidentally, ran on the day TLA Video opened its doors), Kim's staff was described as "taciturn, sleepy, snobbish to the extreme, up to scratch on film history but usually unwilling to talk."

"If the two stores were equidistant, there'd be no choice - I'd go to the TLA," says Andy Wickstrom, executive editor of Video Business, the industry trade weekly. "But Kim's is also an institution. The TLA will have to butt their heads against that."

Wickstrom thinks that the Philadelphians' move into the New York market is a good one, and that the company should succeed. "It's quite a little success story, the TLA. They've established an identity and people know what they can find at the store. It is, what we say in the retail trade, a destination store . . . . They have a great selection and the staff is so knowledgable. I'm sure they'll do well."

And so - in their own laid-back, uncocky way - do the TLA folks. They've taken a 10-year lease on the Eighth Street property, and Murray hopes to open three or four more stores in the city by the end of next year. "Our whole business plan is to do kind of what we've done here, but in a more rapid fashion," he says.

In addition, the company continues to expand its mail-order business. TLA is one of the biggest distributors of gay and lesbian-themed videos in the country. It sponsors the annual Philadelphia Gay & Lesbian Film Festival, and has been talking to New York University - its new neighbor in the Village - about presenting a similar program in New York. And the TLA name is on two successful film books: Images in the Dark: An Encyclopedia of Gay and Lesbian Film and Video, published by Penguin, and The TLA Film and Video Guide. St. Martin's Press will ship 15,000 copies of the 1998-99 edition of the guide next month.

And, so far, things are going briskly in New York. Although the crowd gathered outside the store on a recent weekend evening was huddled around a guy playing three-card monte, the foot traffic has been good, and TLA has just started advertising in the local press. One thing that has thrown them, though: New Yorkers seem keener on buying videos than simply renting them. In the two weeks TLA Video has been open, nearly 47 percent of the business in the Manhattan store has been in video sales. In the Philadelphia locations, only 15 percent represents sell-through, and the big slice of the pie is rental.

"We weren't prepared for that," admits Wolff. "But hey, we can deal with it. The most satisfying thing for us is to be able to export what we do in Philadelphia to New York, which is always considered to be on the cutting edge. . . . We're taking the show on the road."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

TLA president Ray Murray is framed by multicolored glass decorating the TLA store in New York. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

Four TLA Video partners (from left) Ray Murray, Claire Brown Kohler, Richard Wolff, and Eric Moore gather in the front window of their 1520 Locust St. store.

Ray Murray, president of TLA Video, in front of the New York store on West Eighth Street. Over Murray's right shoulder is Electric Lady Studios, where Jimi Hendrix recorded. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

The interior of TLA Video's New York store. Monitors above the checkout area play new video releases.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***USE YOUR BLUES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J110-0094-520P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PITTSBURGH BLUES FESTIVAL FEEDS THE LOCAL SCENE AND THE NEEDY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J110-0094-520P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 11, 1997, Friday,

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; REVOLUTIONS

**Length:** 1840 words

**Byline:** J. MIKEL ELCESSOR

**Body**

The blues is a music that is as big and complex as the world in which we live. The music is all about the heart of our experiences: the joy and sorrow, the thrill and sadness. The blues picks you up while you acknowledge just how damn tough things can be sometimes.

The 1997 Pittsburgh Blues Festival roosts at the I.C. Light Amphitheatre at Station Square this weekend. The festival is the third annual fund-raising event for the Greater Pittsburgh Community Food Bank. Together, the first two years raised about $ 40,000 for the agency and festival organizers are looking to the strength of the lineup when they say they want to raise $ 40,000 at the gate this year.

Two of the festival headliners, Buddy Guy and Luther Allison, are undisputed legends and their work forms the building blocks of the blues. The festival's reach is wide and national attractions include the rowdy Roomful of Blues, the zydeco shuffle of Li'l Brian & the Zydeco Travelers, Chris Smither's acoustic blues and a man that Bonnie Raitt has identified as a major influence, Charles Brown. Consistent with past years, the festival is also presenting a healthy cross-section of the region's best blues bands. This year the Billy Price Band makes its festival debut as part of the regional contingent.

So we have a major collection of top-quality blues talent collected on the side of the Mon this weekend and the proceeds from their performances will benefit The Greater Pittsburgh Community Food Bank, a quiet giant in the region's social service community. It sounds reasonable enough, but how was the connection made between the blues and the Food Bank?

Cheryl Kremer, a spokesperson for the Food Bank, explains that ''We knew there was already a jazz festival that was very successful here in Pittsburgh. But (we knew) that the blues audience was a little bit different. They tend to be regular, ***working-class*** Pittsburgh families. When we look at the people that support the Food Bank year after year, we thought that would be the perfect connection.''

Founded in 1980 and based in East McKeesport, the Food Bank reaches more than 100,000 people a month and makes huge waves in the city with an annual operating budget of just over $ 2 million. The Food Bank distributes more than 13 million pounds of food a year and acts like a hub for all the food collected in southwestern Pennsylvania. Dozens of programs and about 350 non-profit member agencies throughout the region benefit from the work of the Food Bank.

Back in 1994, when the Food Bank decided they wanted to pursue a blues festival as a new type of event as fund-raiser, they assembled a volunteer body of blues-lovers that remains largely intact three years later.

''Music wasn't something that we knew a lot about here at the Food Bank,'' Kremer continues. ''The blues community was really supportive. Everybody was really helpful and just jumped right in and helped to pull things together.''

Ron Esser, the owner of Moondog's, one of the two clubs in Pittsburgh that regularly book national blues talent, is a central figure in the assembly of the weekend's lineup. Esser sees the festival as an important asset to the city.

''If we want to be major-league city,'' Esser explains, ''we have to have major-league events. We want to keep the Pirates here. Most other big cities have (a blues festival). It's very cultural music. There's a lot of history in the blues. It's the roots of all popular music nowadays. The Rolling Stones' main influence was Muddy Waters.'' The Rolling Stones, by the way, was also the name of Luther Allison's 1959 high school band.

Recognition remains a nagging issue in the blues. While the festival is bringing in artists who are, for the most part, receiving fair reward for their work, the larger story of the blues is a seemingly endless parade of profiteers that either appropriated the work of the original masters or manipulated the financial accounting so royalties were rarely, if ever, paid. It's in this light that Esser sees a special relevance between the blues and the opportunity blues performers create when working for the benefit of a hunger organization.

''The thing about the blues that can tie it in with the Food Bank is this: People made, literally, millions off their work and they got nothing. Those guys went hungry.''

Buddy Guy, Charles Brown and Luther Allison have all experienced careers that left them either unnoticed or unsigned in America for long periods of time. Each of these artists are now well past retirement age and are all producing work that stands among the best of their recording careers. The festival's merging of such outstanding national artists with a large roster of local bands is also a testament to the depth of talent around the Three Rivers.

The blues base in Pittsburgh didn't just jump up in time for the festival. Bumblebee Slim, WYEP's long-standing host of the ''Blues and Rhythm Show'' and one of the most ardent supporters of the regional talent blues base, reports that ''there's probably 20 or 30 venues that are booking blues on a Friday or Saturday. There aren't many places in the country you could go that have that going on.''

Bumblebee Slim is characteristically bullish about Pittsburgh's blues bands. ''The local bands, truthfully, are up there with the nationals, they just don't get the exposure. Look at Billy Price. He's one step away from going national. (Glenn) Pavone is as good as any guitar player out there. Gary Belloma and the Blue Bombers have one of the best live shows you're going to see.''

Ernie Hawkins is a cornerstone of the Pittsburgh blues community for longer than he'll admit. A guitarist who developed his haunting acoustic style under Rev. Gary Davis' watchful eye, Hawkins has been Gary Belloma's foil on electric guitar in the Blue Bombers for the last nine years. Marc Reisman is a Houserocker from way back. With Lucy Van Sickle, Reisman is one of the few essential harmonica players in Pittsburgh and he partners with Hawkins for a weekly acoustic session at Carl Arter's Stolen Moments lounge. Reisman has said he was ''burnt out'' with his role as a harp player in electric blues bands and has found a new lease on music in his partnership with Hawkins. The duo performed as part of the festival's week of preview events this week and Hawkins will perform with Belloma and the Blue Bombers as Buddy Guy's opening act tonight.

Reisman and Hawkins have a style off-stage that mimics the musical conversation they conduct every week. When describing the growth of blues in Pittsburgh and the strength of the scene, the two launched into this burst:

Reisman: ''It's not a town with a lot of pretensions and the blues is that kind of music. There's a group of us that have been kickin' around for 25 years or more. It's the kind of music that you can keep playin' it until you die.''

Hawkins: '' . . . and sometimes after.'' (both laugh)

Hawkins: ''It's got really, really deep roots. It's crossover music. When I'm playing acoustic blues, you get the folk people, the blues people. Anybody that loves country music can get into this. It's something more than a bar scene in Pittsburgh.''

Reisman: ''It's different. You don't get assaulted by what we do. It's not a volume thing. It's another kind of experience. It's an old thing, but it's not the same old thing. It took me to a different level. I have to relate just to my instrument now. I can't play my amplifier. It got me reacquainted to the purity of my instrument again. It inspired me to play again.''

Hawkins: ''This is the most popular music in the world.''

Whether or not Ernie Hawkins' statement can be statistically verified, there is little doubt that the blues is very popular in Pittsburgh and the blues festival has the potential to make a huge difference in the lives of many in the community.

The Food Bank's Cheryl Kremer is very clear about the work of the Food Bank and how the Festival fits into the organization's mission. In America, ''people aren't starving and it's a testament to what food banks and other non-profits are doing in this country and the good work that we're doing in order to insure that that doesn't happen. That kind of work needs to go on and continue . . . ''

''I think sometimes what happens is that people think that it's only at Christmas time or at Thanksgiving is the only time that someone needs to donate a canned good. People that are going through crisis are going through crisis throughout the year. There's a lot of work that goes on 12 months out of the year.

''If you live in an enclave of wealth, you don't often see what's going on in Braddock or the Hill District or somewhere else. There are a lot of people in need that turn to food pantries or soup kitchens each month, there's a lot going on and we're doing a really good job. We like to focus on the good we are doing, not just how terrible it is out there. There's a lot we can do and there are a lot of people who come together every month volunteering at the Food Bank and the Blues Festival is a good example of how people can come together, have a good time and raise a lot of money to make sure there is no starvation in our area.''

Kremer's words aren't hopeful proselytizing from a committed individual. Over the course of the preparations and the weekend's events, more than 250 people will volunteer to make the festival possible. All of the local bands are volunteering their performances. Pittsburgh's corporations are buying tickets for this year's festival in blocks of 50 and 100 tickets. The festival is poised to become an event that transcends the quality of the attractions and become an event unto itself.

Esser almost bubbles when he talks about why he continues to volunteer every year.

''The people from the Food Bank are the kindest, most sincere people I've ever met. They really believe in what they're doing and they take it to heart. The people at the food bank are just awesome. I do it because it's the right thing to do. The cause alone is worth it and the benefits of the show . . . well, you just can't beat it. Let's face it, the music's great.''

PITTSBURGH BLUES FESTIVAL

Tonight: Tent: Out of Order 7 p.m., Glenn Pavone & the Cyclones 8:30 p.m., Gary Beloma & the Blue Bombers 10 p.m.; Amphitheater: Jill West & Blues Attack 7:45 p.m., Pittsburgh's Women of the Blues 9:15 p.m., Buddy Guy 10:45 p.m.

Tomorrow: Tent: McKeg Lawson Band 3 p.m., Eugene & the Night Crawlers 4:30 p.m., Catfish Mary 6 p.m., Pawnbrokers 7:30 p.m., Mon Gumbo 9:45 p.m.; Amphitheater: Steel City Blues 3:45 p.m., Gregg Krupa & Dirty Pool 5:15 p.m., James King & the Usual Suspects 6:45 p.m., Lil' Brian & the Zydeco Travelers 8:15 p.m., Roomful of Blues 10:30 p.m.

Sunday: Tent: Gospel Lights 2:30 p.m., Black Cat Otis 3 p.m., Chris Smither 4:30 p.m., Swing Fever 5:45 p.m., Billy Price Band 8 p.m.; Amphitheater: Mystic Knights of the Sea 3:45 p.m., Charles Brown 6:30 p.m., Luther Allison 8:45 p.m.

Admission is $ 10 a day. Call 673-BLUE.

WEEKEND MAGAZINE J. Mikel Elcessor is a free-lance music writer in Pittsburgh.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), PHOTO: Charles Brown is on the bill with Luther Allison Sunday.; PHOTO: Luther Allison headlines the Pittsburgh Blues Festival Sunday.; PHOTO: Chris Smither plays Sunday.; PHOTO: Buddy Guy plays tonight.

**Load-Date:** July 11, 1997

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[***IN SIMPSON CASE, SIFTING FOR CLUES - ON A JURY FROM JUROR SELECTION ON, CONSULTANTS WILL BE THERE WITH ADVICE. SOME SAY THE HELP IS ESSENTIAL. OTHERS DISAGREE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P3F0-01K4-93DX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

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**Byline:** Robin Clark, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

You're O.J. Simpson's lawyer and it's time to pick the jury. Whom do you want?

The guy who spends football season in front of the TV or someone who doesn't know a touchdown from a tamale?

Someone who reads True Romance or Popular Mechanics? A shoe salesman or a certified accountant?

"There are probably a dozen different theories about who would help and who would hurt," said Mark Phillips of Litigation Sciences, a Los Angeles- based consulting firm that assists lawyers in high-profile cases.

But one thing is certain, Phillips and other experts agree: On Sept. 19, when the time comes to pick a jury for the trial of the century, Simpson's lawyers will not be merely playing their hunches.

They will be weighing advice from specialized trial consultants who, from the opening gavel to the closing arguments, are expected to play a key role in shaping Simpson's defense against murder charges - and possibly the prosecution case as well.

Such experts are best known for assisting with jury selection, where, sitting at the elbow of attorneys, they use psychology, intuition, polling data and lengthy questionnaires to identify jurors thought likely to be sympathetic or hostile to their side.

But they often do much more.

In many cases - and Simpson's case will almost certainly be one - consultants assemble "focus groups" of ordinary people on whom lawyers can test their trial strategy and presentation or gauge the impact of key evidence or testimony.

In other cases, they stage "mock trials," sometimes with actors playing the roles of witnesses and "jurors" paid to deliberate just as they would in a real trial.

In rare instances, consultants even hire "shadow juries" that mirror the composition of the actual jury and attend the trial as spectators, giving lawyers daily feedback.

"It's like rehearsing a play," said Robert Hirschhorn, a trial consultant

from Texas, who has worked for such well-known defendants as Christian Brando and William Kennedy Smith. "You can bet that the O.J. Simpson case is going to be tried many times before those lawyers ever step foot in that courtroom."

Another prominent trial consultant, Howard Varinsky of Oakland, said the job had more in common with Madison Avenue than Broadway. It's market research, he said, "just like Procter & Gamble asking consumers what kind of underarm deodorant they'd buy."

Some lawyers question whether consultants are worth the cost - which can range from several thousand dollars to several hundred thousand for a long and complex trial.

"I don't think they do any good at all," said Stuart Rappaport, chief public defender in Santa Clara County, Calif., who has tried more than two dozen murder cases and overseen scores more. "At best, the good consultants just agree with the lawyer. At worst, they're no more credible than the people who used to analyze the bumps on your head, the phrenologists or whatever you call them."

But he acknowledged: "They're becoming the standard. Our society is so driven to use experts and consultants, anything that looks pseudoscientific will sell, and eventually people like me will look like fools."

Other lawyers say the benefits of using consultants have been proven in high-profile cases in which pretrial publicity has complicated the task of

finding an unbiased jury.

"In any case I can afford to use a consultant, I do it," said Nancy Hollander, an Albuquerque lawyer and immediate past president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. "I've heard a lot of lawyers say, 'I've lost cases, but never one with a consultant.' "

A number of prominent defendants have become believers.

When carmaker John DeLorean stood trial on cocaine conspiracy charges in 1984, polling by defense experts suggested that the overwhelming majority of the public thought him guilty. But the surveys also showed that people who read car magazines were more likely to be open-minded about the case.

Thus, reading preferences became a key question the defense posed to prospective jurors. (DeLorean was found not guilty.)

In the New York case of "subway vigilante" Bernhard Goetz, the white commuter accused of shooting four black teens in 1984, defense consultant Howard Varinsky knew instinctively that he wanted "Archie Bunker types" on the jury. "Preferably ones who rode the subway," he said.

But he was surprised when surveys showed that the profile of the "ideal juror" could be white or black.

"Liberals were all saying that if Goetz got off, society would be condoning genocide on black people," said Varinsky, who grew up in South Philadelphia. "But we learned through the surveys that a lot of ***working-class*** African Americans had been victims of crime themselves or shared Goetz's fears." A jury of blacks and whites acquitted Goetz of attempted-murder charges, finding him guilty only of weapons violations.

Whether those cases would have ended differently without trial consultants could be debated endlessly.

Sometimes, however, the work of experts brings about a dramatic shift in trial strategy, as in the 1988 case of former Arizona Gov. Evan Mecham.

Accused of violating campaign-finance laws for not disclosing a campaign loan, Mecham contended he had been set up by a campaign aide. But when defense experts ran that theory by a focus group, "they just wouldn't buy it," said Varinsky, who worked on the case. "They rolled their eyes."

"So we asked, 'What would you buy?' " Varinsky said. "And what they would buy was that the governor didn't have any idea what (documents) he had signed. So we called Mecham's secretary, and she said, 'He never read anything,' and that became the defense."

Mecham was acquitted.

Expert consultation does not, of course, guarantee results.

In one highly publicized case, Green Beret doctor Jeffrey MacDonald was convicted of murdering his wife and two daughters in North Carolina in 1970 despite the defense's extensive use of trial consultants.

And in some cases, the best a consultant can do is help a client avert disaster, as in the case of Marlon Brando's son, Christian, who was accused of murder in the 1990 shooting death of his sister's boyfriend.

"Our original strategy was to perhaps show how drunk he was that night," thinking a jury would consider that a mitigating circumstance, said Duke University psychologist John B. McConahay, a trial consultant in the case. But McConahay said that when he tested the strategy using public-opinion surveys in California, where the trial was to be held, "we found that drunkenness didn't go over well with health-conscious Californians."

In the end, Brando was persuaded to plead guilty to manslaughter rather than stand trial for murder.

Trial consulting traces its roots to the antiwar movement, when social scientists were enlisted to help detect bias among jurors in such politically charged trials as the Harrisburg Seven, who were accused of plotting to blow up tunnels in Washington and kidnap presidential adviser Henry Kissinger in protest over the Vietnam War.

The 1971 case ended in a mistrial after the jury deadlocked with only two of the 12 panelists voting for conviction. And the field of trial consulting was born.

The growth of the profession is reflected by the 350-member American Society of Trial Consultants, a 12-year-old organization that provides continuing education for members and sets professional standards on such matters as research, confidentiality, advertising and conflicts of interest. There are no licensing or certification requirements; most members have backgrounds in sociology, psychology or communications.

While the society encourages members to handle a broad range of cases, including no-fee work for poor defendants, consultants are best known for their efforts on behalf of celebrity clients and deep-pocket corporations that can afford their services.

Consultant Jo-Ellan Dimitrius of Pasadena, widely considered the leading candidate to aid Simpson's defense, previously worked on the McMartin preschool molestation case and the Rodney King and Reginald Denny beating trials.

(Dimitrius declined to be interviewed last week, saying through an associate that her firm, Trial Logistics, was "in contention for the case" and could not comment.)

The Los Angeles District Attorney's Office has hinted that it, too, may use trial consultants in the Simpson case, which would be a first for the office, according to spokeswoman Sandi Gibbons. "In the past, they've been used by the defense and not the prosecution, but that may change," Gibbons said.

Whatever experts are employed, their first challenge will be finding jurors who haven't formed opinions about the case, in which the former football star is accused of the June 12 stabbing deaths of his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend Ronald Goldman. Whole chapters of the Simpson drama have been played out on TV, complete with experts' commentary and spin- doctoring by lawyers on both sides.

Another concern is that some prospective jurors may want to take part in the case for the wrong reasons - including a desire to sell their story to tabloids or syndicated TV shows.

Beyond those basic concerns, whom should Simpson want on his jury?

Ask two experts, get two opinions.

First, Robert Hirschhorn:

"Number one, a football fan. The person who cries when the last game of the season is played.

"Next, older people. They have more life experience. They're capable of grieving for the victims without punishing O.J.

"Also, people who are into precision. The kind of person who when they buy a house they inspect it from basement to roof and if they find a single thing wrong it gives them pause. Why? Because DNA evidence is not absolute proof, and in the law that pause is called reasonable doubt." The Simpson case is expected to rely heavily on the findings of DNA testing of blood found at the crime scene and at Simpson's home.

Finally, Hirschhorn predicted: "African Americans are going to play a very powerful role on the jury. Because of all the racial tensions in California, I believe white jurors are going to give great deference to the views of African American jurors because they aren't going to want to appear racist."

Jury consultant Josef Princiotta offered a different perspective.

A ponytailed lawyer and sculptor who bills himself as "Alaska's jury guru," Princiotta bases his jury picks on such factors as handwriting analysis, astrology and intuition. But his special expertise is "body mapping," which is based on the belief that people's physical characteristics directly reflect their personalities.

("People laugh and sneer, but I've never lost a jury trial with him," said former Alaska Attorney General Edgar Paul Boyko, who has worked with Princiotta for 25 years.)

Princiotta's take on Simpson's ideal jury:

"I would look for heavier jurors, because generally the heavier a person is, the more fear is in their life," he said. "The skinnier the person, the more anger and rejection, which is bad for the defense.

"Also, handwriting that is large and open and has many loops. These are spaces to have feelings for O.J.

"I would look for someone with full earlobes. That tells me there's an intellectual generosity. . . . Then I would look very much for a fleshy upper lip. Think of the loan officer at the bank; he doesn't even have an upper lip."

Finally, Princiotta said, "I would look for people with longer hair."

Why?

"Because I have a saying, 'Never tell a long story to a (person) with short hair.' And it's going to take a very long story to help O.J. out."

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE MIX; UPCOMING FILMS INCLUDE FAMILY FLICKS, BIG RETURNS, REMAKES AND CROSS-DRESSING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J19-SNJ0-TX33-C1RX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** BARBARA VANCHERI, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

Before he puts on the Santa Claus suit for a third time, Tim Allen goes to the dogs ... literally, in a remake of Disney's "The Shaggy Dog." It's one of a handful of family films coming our way in early 2006.

Emma Thompson plays a nanny, Curious George comes to life, and the "Ice Age" critters return. Martin Lawrence and Tyler Perry wriggle into pantyhose, padding and granny pants for sequels to their hits, and Spike Lee directs one handsome cast in "Inside Man" starring Denzel Washington, Clive Owen and Jodie Foster. Of course, "Firewall" stars Harrison Ford, Paul Bettany and Virginia Madsen are not too shabby, either.

As we look ahead to the first four months of the year, some of the big 2005 titles are still trickling into town. Opening tomorrow: "Brokeback Mountain," "Glory Road," "Last Holiday," "Matador," "Hoodwinked" and "Tristan & Isolde."

After that, here's the lineup although dates are subject to change.

Jan. 20

"Match Point" -- Woody has new muses: Scarlett Johansson and London. Both are jolly good. See Hot Picks.

The New World" -- Colin Farrell, Christian Bale and 15-year-old Q'orianka Kilcher star in Terrence Malick's interpretation of the story of Pocahontas, adventurer John Smith and aristocrat John Rolfe.

"Underworld: Evolution" -- Kate Beckinsale, as a vampire warrior, is back in this sequel to the picture that opened at No. 1 in September 2003.

"End of the Spear" -- Director-writer Jim Hanon dramatizes the real-life murders of five American missionaries by an isolated Amazon tribe in 1956 and what happens when brutality is met by faith and forgiveness.

"The Syrian Bride" -- A young woman from a Druze family in Israel's Golan Heights, engaged to a Syrian man, faces the fact her marriage will mean never returning to Israel. When she gets to the border, she finds she's created an international incident.

Jan. 27

"Big Momma's House 2" -- Martin Lawrence goes undercover again as Big Momma, the plus-size gray-haired granny he created in 2000. This time, Big Momma is put to work as a nanny and gets to romp on the beach Bo Derek style, with braids, yellow swimsuit ... and lumpy thighs.

"Nanny McPhee" -- Emma Thompson adapts the "Nurse Matilda" books by Christianna Brand and plays the title role, a woman of unsettling appearance and magical powers who tries to tame the seven ill-behaved children of a widower (Colin Firth).

"Annapolis" -- When he won admission to the Naval Academy, a local (James Franco) thought all his dreams had come true -- but his battles were just beginning.

Feb. 3

"Something New" -- Simon Baker and Blair Underwood play men vying for the attention of Sanaa Lathan, a Los Angeles career gal, in this romantic comedy.

"When a Stranger Calls" -- "Have you checked the children lately?" Camilla Belle stars in this remake of the 1979 horror movie about a baby sitter terrorized by a killer caller ... who's inside the house.

"Ballets Russes" -- This audience favorite from the Three Rivers Film Festival maps the revolutionary dance troupe's rise in turn-of-the-century Paris.

Feb. 10

"Failure to Launch" -- Just in time for V-Day. See Hot Picks.

"Firewall" -- Harrison Ford is a bank security expert who must beat the infallible computer systems he established -- and a ruthless criminal mastermind (Paul Bettany) demanding $100 million -- to save his kidnapped family in this action thriller.

"Pink Panther" -- We can only hope the movie is as funny as those Steve Martin spots about turning off your cell phone in the theater. Martin is Inspector Clouseau, summoned when a famous soccer coach is murdered and a priceless ring stolen.

"Curious George" -- Will Ferrell speaks for the man with the yellow hat in this animated comedy about the good little monkey who is always very curious.

"Final Destination 3"-- The premonition may change -- this time it concerns a roller-coaster accident -- but the ramifications of cheating death never do.

"The White Countess" -- A blind former diplomat (Ralph Fiennes) creates an elegant nightclub, The White Countess, in 1936 Shanghai to escape the chaos and tragedy of his life in this James Ivory film also starring Natasha Richardson.

Feb. 17

"Date Movie" -- Romantic comedies such as "Hitch," "Meet the Parents," "The Wedding Planner" and "My Best Friend's Wedding" are spoofed in this movie from two of the six writers of "Scary Movie." Alas, neither is named Wayans.

"Freedomland" -- When a white woman reports being carjacked by a black man -- who made off with her 4-year-old son -- racial tensions between two New Jersey towns erupt. Julianne Moore and Samuel L. Jackson star in this adaptation of Richard Price's novel.

"Eight Below" -- An accident leaves eight sled dogs stranded in Antarctica, where they must struggle to survive in the frozen wilderness, while a team of adventurers mounts a rescue mission. With Paul Walker, Bruce Greenwood and Jason Biggs.

"The Untold Story of Emmett Louis Till" -- Fifty years after the murder of the Chicago teen, a documentary maker reconstructs the case, interviews eyewitnesses whose stories were never told and presents testimony from Emmett's mother, who has since died.

Feb. 24

"Madea's Family Reunion" -- Tyler Perry returns as Southern matriarch Madea, caring for a rebellious runaway, helping nieces with relationship troubles and organizing a family reunion.

"Running Scared" -- Paul Walker plays a low-level mobster who, to save his family, must recover a gun used in a mob hit before it's found by his bosses or the cops in this crime drama.

"Imagine Me & You" -- Oops. A bride (Piper Perabo) falls in love with someone else on her wedding day.

"After Innocence" -- Filmmaker Jessica Sanders ("Sing!") examines what happens to seven men imprisoned for decades and released after DNA evidence proves their innocence.

"Ultraviolet" -- Milla Jovovich stars in this futuristic vampire film as the protector of a 9-year-old boy, played by Cameron Bright, the child opposite Nicole Kidman in "Birth."

March 3

"16 Blocks" -- A 16-block journey between precinct and courthouse becomes a life-and-death struggle for a broken-down New York detective and a petty criminal in this film starring Bruce Willis, Mos Def and David Morse.

"40 Shades of Blue" -- A young Russian woman living with a legendary Memphis music producer (Rip Torn) has a personal awakening, but it comes after an affair with his estranged son.

"Goal! The Dream Begins" -- The makers of this soccer movie, about a talented Mexican-American given the chance to play for one of England's premier soccer clubs, are already planning two sequels, with the final film culminating at the World Cup.

"Deep Sea 3D" -- Johnny Depp and Kate Winslet, who know a little something about watery adventures, narrate this IMAX 3-D film.

March 10

"The Shaggy Dog" -- In the 1959 black-and-white original, Fred MacMurray was the father of a teen (Tommy Kirk) who turned into a pooch. This time, Tim Allen is a workaholic deputy district attorney who takes a case involving an animal lab and is accidentally turned into a dog.

"Idlewild" -- OutKast members Andre Benjamin and Antwan Andre Patton, better known as Andre 3000 and Big Boi, appear in this musical set against the backdrop of a 1930s Southern speakeasy.

"The Best of Youth" -- This made Newsweek's top 10 list for 2005. David Ansen wrote: "This Italian epic follows two brothers from '66 to now. It's six hours. You don't want it to end."

March 17

"She's the Man" -- Amanda Bynes disguises herself as her twin brother (James Kirk) and enrolls in his place at a boarding school but doesn't count on falling for her roomie, who only has eyes for another.

"El Crimen Perfecto" -- An accidental killing in the women's dressing rooms of a Madrid department store sets off a chain reaction in this black comedy.

"V for Vendetta" -- Natalie Portman and Hugo Weaving star in this movie written by the Wachowski brothers ("The Matrix"), based on the graphic novel. A masked man known as V tries to restore freedom and justice to totalitarian Britain.

March 24

"Inside Man" -- A-list cast and director. See Hot Picks.

"RV" -- Sounds like a Chevy Chase vacation but with Robin Williams, an RV and, in the role of the annoying new friends, Jeff Daniels and Kristin Chenoweth.

"Stay Alive" -- Teens play an ultra-realistic video game and discover they're being murdered in the same way that their characters were.

"Duma" -- This Carroll Ballard ("Fly Away Home," "The Black Stallion") family film is about the bond between a cheetah named Duma and an intrepid young boy.

March 31

"Ice Age 2: The Meltdown" -- Ray Romano, John Leguizamo and Denis Leary once again speak for Manny, Sid and Diego as they realize the Ice Age is ending and they need to warn everyone about an impending flood.

"Basic Instinct 2" -- Sharon Stone returns as Catherine Trammel, but now she's in London and David Morrissey is her leading man.

"ATL" -- Hip-hop and roller skating provide the backdrop for this story about four teens coming of age in a ***working-class*** Atlanta neighborhood.

"Slither" -- James Gunn, who wrote the 2004 remake of "Dawn of the Dead," makes his directing debut with this horror movie about a sleepy town beset by a ravenous organism.

April 7

"Take the Lead" -- Inspired by a true story, Antonio Banderas plays an acclaimed ballroom dancer who volunteers to teach in New York's public schools and blends his traditional steps with his students' hip-hop style.

"The Benchwarmers" -- Rob Schneider, David Spade and Jon Heder are adult friends trying to make up for their lack of athletic agility as children.

April 14

"American Dreamz" -- A dreamy cast, led by Dennis Quaid, Hugh Grant, Mandy Moore and Chris Klein. See Hot Picks.

"Aquamarine" -- Sara Paxton and Emma Roberts, daughter of famous dad Eric and niece of even more famous aunt Julia Roberts, star in this mermaid fantasy.

"The Wild" -- A young lion leads a group of zoo animals, including a giraffe, snake and koala, on an escape into the wild in this movie featuring the voices of Kiefer Sutherland, Eddie Izzard, Janeane Garafalo and William Shatner.

April 21

"The Sentinel" -- Michael Douglas stars in this thriller about a Secret Service agent who is having an affair with the first lady (Kim Basinger) and becomes a suspect in a plot to kill the president. Cast also includes Kiefer Sutherland and Eva Longoria.

"Accepted" -- Rejected by eight legitimate colleges, Bartleby "B" Gaines (Justin Long) and his pals create a fake school, which soon attracts other misfits.

"Silent Hill" -- Radha Mitchell ("Melinda & Melinda") is a woman looking for her lost daughter in this adaptation of the video game of the same name.

"Hoot" -- Three middle-schoolers take on greedy land developers, corrupt politicians and clueless cops in this family film about endangered owls, based on Carl Hiaasen's book.

April 28

"Flight 93" -- Director-writer Paul Greengrass "partially improvises" the events aboard Flight 93 on Sept. 11, 2001, using a cast of unknowns who were given studies of their true-life counterparts.

"Catch & Release" -- "Erin Brockovich" writer Susannah Grant makes her directorial debut with this romantic comedy starring Jennifer Garner as a woman trying to recover from a devastating loss.

"Akeelah and the Bee" -- Another spelling bee movie, this time about a precocious 11-year-old from south Los Angeles, starring Keke Palmer, Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.

Dates to be determined

"Transamerica" -- Felicity Huffman is a man on the way to becoming a woman in a performance that has earned the "Desperate Housewives" actress much acclaim. (January)

"Mrs. Henderson Presents" -- Judi Dench is a London widow who buys a theater, installs a manager (Bob Hoskins) and decides to use nude women on stage in tasteful tableaux. (January)

"New York Doll" -- Arthur "Killer" Kane of the rock band The New York Dolls, a recovering alcoholic and recently converted Mormon, is given a chance at reuniting with his band after 30 years. (February)

"One: The Movie" -- Documentary made by a Michigan trial lawyer in the wake of 9/11 to demonstrate our interconnectedness. (February)

"Emmanuel's Gift" -- Oprah Winfrey narrates the inspiring tale of a young man from Ghana determined to ride a bicycle, with one healthy leg and one prosthetic leg, across his country. (February)

"Tristram Shandy: A Cock and Bull Story" -- Michael Winterbottom tells two stories: that of an 18th century Englishman named Tristram Shandy (Steve Coogan) and the hapless 21st century filmmakers adapting the notoriously unfilmable work with Steve Coogan in the title role. (March)

"Tsotsi" -- Based on the book by Athol Fugard, this South African film traces six days in the life of a young gang leader who steals a woman's car, unaware that her baby is in the back seat. (March)

"The Libertine" --The meteoric rise and fall of John Wilmot, the second Earl of Rochester (Johnny Depp), is charted in this movie also featuring John Malkovich as King Charles II. (March)

"Lucky Number Slevin" -- Bruce Willis, Josh Hartnett, Lucy Liu, Morgan Freeman and Ben Kingsley star in this New York gangster thriller about mistaken identity. (March)

"At Last" -- Back from the Three Rivers Film Festival, this love story doubles as a time capsule for New Orleans as it looked before the hurricane. (March)

"Dave Chappelle's Block Party" -- Chappelle threw a party in Brooklyn, did a little standup and invited some performers, such as Kanye West and Erykah Badu, to sing, and it was all captured on film. (March or April)

"Kinky Boots" -- Joel Edgerton is a young Englishman who inherits his father's failing shoe factory and Chiwetel Ejiofor the female impersonator who saves the day. (April)

"Brick" -- Writer-director Rian Johnson won the Sundance Film Festival's special jury prize for originality of vision with this strange little detective story, set in high school and starring Joseph Gordon-Levitt. (April)

"On a Clear Day" -- Peter Mullan is a 55-year-old Glasgow shipbuilder who, after being laid off, secretly trains to swim the English Channel. (April)

"Waist Deep" -- Vondie Curtis Hall directs and Tyrese Gibson stars in an urban thriller about an ex-convict whose efforts to go straight are thwarted when his young son is kidnapped in a carjacking. (April)

"Night Watch (Nochnoi Dozor)" -- First installment of a trilogy based on the sci-fi novels of Sergei Lukyanenko about the conflict between forces of light and darkness.

"The Hills Have Eyes" -- Alexandre Aja ("High Tension") puts a new spin on Wes Craven's film about a stranded family that becomes prey for cannibalistic mutants.

"Phat Girlz" -- Mo'Nique is an aspiring fashion designer in this comedy about frustrated plus-size women looking for love and acceptance.

"A Good Woman" -- Helen Hunt is a penniless "woman of ill repute" who heads for Italy's Amalfi coast in search of a new patron among the vacationing aristocrats in this romantic comedy based on Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" and also starring Scarlett Johansson and Tom Wilkinson.

"Water" -- Final film in Deepa Mehta's trilogy on the elements, after "Fire" and "Earth," about an 8-year-old child bride in 1930s India whose husband suddenly passes away.

"Duck Season" -- The loneliness of childhood, effects of divorce and power of friendship are explored in this Mexican comedy about an unlikely foursome passing a day together.

"Looking for Comedy in the Muslim World" -- Albert Brooks plays a comedian named Albert Brooks who is sent by the U.S. government to India and Pakistan to find out what makes Muslims laugh.

"A Scanner Darkly"-- A Philip K. Dick novel inspired this Richard Linklater movie set in Orange County, Calif., in a future where America has lost the war on drugs. Keanu Reeves stars.

"Thank You for Smoking" -- It's a satire, folks. See Hot Picks.

HOT PICKS

"Match Point" -- Woody Allen aces this story about luck, skill, love, lust, wealth, privilege and murderous intent. Jonathan Rhys Meyers is a former tennis pro who dates a wealthy Englishwoman but finds himself dangerously drawn to a struggling actress played by Scarlett Johansson. (Jan. 20)

"Failure to Launch" -- Matthew McConaughey is a 35-year-old bachelor happily living at home, but his parents (dad is Terry Bradshaw) want him out, so they hire a professional motivator to nudge him along. (Feb. 10)

"Inside Man" -- If the Spike Lee movie is half as good as the cast -- Denzel Washington, Clive Owen, Jodie Foster -- we're in. A tough cop matches wits with a clever bank robber but doesn't count on a power broker with a hidden agenda in this hostage drama. (March 24)

"American Dreamz" -- Dennis Quaid plays the recently re-elected president of the United States who decides to read the newspaper for the first time in four years and holes up in his bedroom in his pajamas. His staff books him a judging gig on the talent show "American Dreamz," hosted by Hugh Grant, but one of the finalists might be a terrorist. It's a comedy from Paul Weitz. (April 14)

"Thank You for Smoking" -- Aaron Eckhart is Big Tobacco's chief spokesman who goes on the offensive when confronted by health zealots and an opportunistic senator (William H. Macy) who wants to put poison labels on cigarette packs. (Date to be announced)

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG/ Post-Gazette movie editor Barbara Vancheri can be reached at [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: 'THE SHAGGY DOG' -- March 10

PHOTO: '16 BLOCKS' -- March 3

PHOTO: 'FREEDOMLAND' -- Feb. 17

PHOTO: 'INSIDE MAN' -- March 24

PHOTO: 'FIREWALL' -- Feb. 10

PHOTO: 'FAILURE TO LAUNCH' -- Feb. 10

PHOTO: 'TRANSAMERICA'-- Release date to be announced

PHOTO: 'THANK YOU FOR SMOKING' -- Date to be announced

**Load-Date:** January 21, 2006

**End of Document**



[***THE NEW NOODLE CULTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J650-0094-5462-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***LIKE COFFEE AND BAGELS BEFORE THEM, ASIAN NOODLES ARE SPRINGING UP IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J650-0094-5462-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***QUICK-STOP SHOPS AND HOME KITCHENS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J650-0094-5462-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** FOOD,

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**Byline:** MARLENE PARRISH

**Body**

I was on the last leg of a 20-hour journey from Pittsburgh to Hong Kong. I knew I was finally in Asian airspace when the flight attendant asked me what I preferred for breakfast - coffee and scrambled eggs or green tea and soba noodles. I was traveling to Hong Kong in April for the jet-set, black-tie wedding of my youngest son, Jack, and his bride from Thailand.

After all the wedding hoo-ha settled down, much of my free time was spent exploring noodle shops in the dense, ***working-class*** pockets of the city.

Think of noodle shops as having a scaled-down bistro mentality. They are crowded, noisy and serve lusty food - and the prices are affordable. They're not at all like the full-service Oriental restaurants most folks are familiar with here at home.

At noodle shops, most of them little more than the proverbial hole in the wall, Chinese men cook and assemble hundreds of bowls of noodle dishes every day. Lunch crowds swarm into the shops, with four and five co-workers or strangers hunched around tiny tables.

A popular shop in Hong Kong is Mak's Noodles - about the size of an old White Tower, with the requisite wall-wide window stretching across the shop-front, making for great street theater.

Behind the window, a corps de ballet consists of two or three men stand in front of enormous steaming caldrons of water and broth. Dozens of blue and white ceramic bowls, each already outfitted with a spoon and a little pile of chopped scallions, are stacked to the side.

As the orders come in, one cook or another grabs a skein of preportioned, freshly made wet noodles and tosses it onto a big-screened ladle. He swooshes the noodles up and down, up and down, in a vat of rolling, boiling water. After two dunks, the limp noodles are lifted, shaken to drain and plopped into a serving bowl.

On goes a bit of sauce, and two flip-flops with chopsticks mixes it all. Then, on goes a serving of wontons, stewed beef or barbecued pork and a ladle of steamy broth before a waiter whisks the dish away to the table.

No motion is wasted, no dish sits under a hot lamp. Noodles and customers are united within 30 seconds after the order is taken.

The third cook is on cooked-vegetable patrol. There are few raw foods in Chinese dishes, because cooking is the great sanitizer.

One common green is broccoli rabe. Bundles as big as a fist are sunk in another steaming vat of water to poach for a minute or two, then refreshed in a cool bath to wait. As orders come in, bundles are dunked, shaken, plated and topped with oyster sauce. A can of soda or glass of tea completes a Hong Kong quick lunch.

Meet the expert

Nina Simonds is one of this country's foremost experts on Asian cuisine. She developed a love for noodle dishes during her days as a student in Taiwan in the early '70s, when she lived and studied under the direction of Chinese master chefs. She also apprenticed in restaurant kitchens specializing in regional Chinese cuisine. To cover the bases and fill in the international gap, she also studied at La Varenne in Paris. Since then, she has become an Asian food scholar and authority and has written copiously for magazines and newspapers.

''Asian Noodles'' is Simonds' fifth book, and anyone wanting to learn more about these wonderful dishes will want a copy.

We met in Chicago few weeks ago at the annual conference of the International Association of Culinary Professionals. Our subject was (surprise, surprise) noodles.

''As I traveled to Asian countries, I discovered that noodles are a staple of everyday life,'' Simonds says. ''And I am awed by the extraordinary diversity of noodle dishes. Americans think of noodles as made with only flour, eggs and water. But Asian noodles are so much more varied. They can be made from buckwheat, as well as wheat flour, mung bean starch, or potato or sweet potato starch. Some include eggs and others don't. Noodles can be stir-fried, pan-fried or deep-fried. And they can be served in salads, as starters, in entrees, as side dishes, in casseroles or as snacks.

''And then there's soup. There is no dish more comforting or sustaining than a bowl of noodle soup. It's the ultimate 'Mommy food' in any country.''

In Asia, she says, noodles are sold on street corners, in shops and in restaurants. ''Noodles symbolize longevity, and noodle dishes are always a part of the New Year's celebration and feast. In China, the New Year marks every person's birthday - everyone considers themselves a year older on the same day - and noodle dishes serve as a kind of birthday cake. They're also ritually served at marriage celebrations because they represent friendship and commitment to relationships.''

Because the extraordinary diversity of Asian noodle types - and their correct preparation - can be daunting to American cooks, Simonds provides a practical introduction to ''noodle basics'' in her comprehensive but not intimidating cookbook.

''A novice noodle cook must rely on her recipe for cooking directions,'' says Simonds. ''Asian noodles come in all shapes and sizes, and they can vary in thickness depending on the manufacturer, so cooking times can vary dramatically. Some may be steamed or pan-fried, others are deep-fried to puff significantly. Some noodles are boiled, others are merely softened in warm water. One rule says that noodles should be as tender as an earlobe.''

Kinds of noodles that might be found in the supermarket include ramen, cellophane, soba, somen, udon and rice stick noodles. The good news, according to Simonds, is that you can substitute freshly made or dried Italian pasta linguine, vermicelli, fettucine - for the Asian varieties.

In Pittsburgh, shop for the real thing at the Asian grocery stores in the Strip District.

A safe adventure

Noodles are healthful, nutritious, quick to eat, fun and a bargain all in the same bowl. In short, they make a good meal.

We already know this. People love pasta. That's why Italian food is so popular. Asian pasta is a natural transition into another style of ethnic food that's not too foreign. Even the not-too-adventurous diners among us know a good noodle when they see one.

Restaurant folks are quick to spot trends. And pan-Asian restaurants are popping up like bean sprouts all over the country.

Noodle dishes make up 50 percent of food sales at chef Mark Miller's Raku restaurant in Washington, D.C. Big Bowl is a hot Asian-concept restaurant serving oodles of noodle dishes in Chicago. Noodles & Company is a noodle fast-service concept, with restaurants in Denver and Madison, Wis. And P.F. Chang's seven-unit Chinese bistro concept is a hit in Phoenix.

''In recent years, the popularity of Asian pasta has soared,'' says Simonds. In its 1997 New York City edition, the respected Zagat's Restaurant Guides added Asian Noodle Shops as a category for the first time.

Don't be surprised if one day you start seeing noodle shops as often as you see Starbucks coffee and Bruegger's bagels.

Can Pittsburgh be far behind?

How to eat noodles

The Chinese prefer to serve noodles in ceramic bowls with ceramic spoons. The Japanese serve their noodles in a bowl with chopsticks and, unlike the Chinese, drink the broth directly from the bowl.

Either way, the bowl is positioned closer to the Adam's apple than the belt, and the noodles are hoisted to the lips and ingested with massive slurping and sucking sounds. In Asia it's considered polite to show relish and appreciation for the dish by making all those noises at the table that your American mother would have smacked you for.

Now comes the homework part. To get a real sense of the Asian fascination with noodles, and a lot of laughs while you're at it, head to your video rental store for a copy of the movie ''Tampopo,'' a Japanese spaghetti western with English subtitles. In a fictional love story only a food-fetishist might appreciate, Marlboro Man meets Noodle Chef, and they explore the Zen of creating the perfect bowl of soup in a noodle joint.

The movie's noodle master, after 40 years of study, offers specific instructions for enjoyment. ''Observe the bowl before you touch it,'' he says. ''Analyze its contents. Then caress the surface of the broth with chopsticks. Savor the gestalt.''

Right. Get outta here, fella. We're just amateurs around here. Pick up that bowl, folks, and slurp, suck and swallow it down.

Lemon Broccoli Noodles with Smoked Turkey Salad

No need to leave home when you can combine the best flavors of Asia and America in this salad.

1 pound broccoli rabe, trimmed, stalks and leaves separated, and cut into 1 1/2 -inch lengths

1 pound flat noodles, such as linguine, cooked until tender and drained

2 tablespoons toasted sesame oil

1 1/2 tablespoons corn oil

2 1/2 tablespoons minced garlic

1 teaspoon crushed red pepper

1 large red bell pepper, cored, seeded and thinly sliced

1/3 pound thinly sliced smoked turkey, cut into thin strips

Lemon dressing

Mix together:

6 tablespoons light soy sauce

3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

2 tablespoons sugar

Bring a large pot of water to a boil. Add the broccoli stalks and cook for about 1 1/2 minutes, then add the florets and cook for 1 minute more, or until the stalks are crisp-tender. Drain, refresh in cold water and drain thoroughly.

Place the noodles in a serving bowl.

Heat a wok or a heavy skillet over high heat. Add both the oils and heat until hot, about 20 seconds. Add the garlic and red pepper and stir-fry until fragrant, about 10 seconds. Add the red bell peppers and stir-fry for about 1 1/2 minutes. Add the broccoli, turkey and lemon dressing and toss to coat.

Spoon over the noodles and serve warm or at room temperature. Serves 6.

''Asian Noodles'' by Nina Simonds

Garlic Soba with Broccoli Rabe

Want to taste what all the fuss is about in Tokyo? Soba noodles are favorites. Substitute broccoli or cauliflower if you can't find broccoli rabe. Serve this as an appetizer or side dish.

1 1/2 tablespoons corn oil

1 1/2 teaspoons sesame oil

2 tablespoons very thinly sliced garlic

1 1/2 teaspoons crushed red pepper

1 1/2 pounds broccoli rabe, trimmed, leafy tips discarded and cut on the diagonal into 1-inch lengths

1/4 cup Chinese rice wine or sake, mixed with 3 tablespoons water

1 pound soba, cooked until just tender, rinsed under cold water, and drained

3/4 cup toasted pine nuts (optional)

Sweet Soy Sauce

Mix together:

3 tablespoons soy sauce

2 tablespoons water

1 1/2 teaspoons sugar

Heat a wok or heavy skillet over medium heat. Add both the oils and heat until hot, about 30 seconds. Add the garlic and red pepper and stir-fry until the garlic is lightly golden, about 30 seconds.

Add the broccoli rabe, turn up the heat to high, and add the rice wine mixture. Stir-fry for 30 seconds, then cover and cook for 1 1/2 to 2 minutes, until the broccoli is tender.

Add the noodles, sweet soy sauce mix and pine nuts, if using, and stir-fry to blend. Transfer to a serving bowl. Serves 6.

''Asian Noodles'' by Nina Simonds.

Japanese Pesto Pasta Salad

The Japanese consider soba noodles a tonic for the body. Tossed with a fresh herb pesto of garlic, fresh basil and mint, they become a superb restorative for you too.

1/2 pound snow peas, ends snapped, strings removed, sliced lengthwise in half

3/4 pound soba noodles, cooked until just tender, rinsed under cold water and drained

Spicy Pesto

Blend to a paste in a food processor or blender:

1 to 2 red hot chile peppers or 1 teaspoon crushed red pepper

6 cloves garlic

1 cup fresh basil leaves

1/2 cup fresh mint leaves

1 tablespoon toasted sesame oil

1 pound boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cooked and cut into thin strips

3/4 cup minced scallion greens

Rice Wine Dressing

Whisk together:

1/2 cup plus 1 tablespoon soy sauce

6 tablespoons Japanese rice vinegar

3 tablespoons sugar

2 tablespoons mirin (sweetened rice wine) or 2 tablespoons sake plus 1 tablespoon sugar

Bring a large pot of water to a boil. Add the snow peas and blanch for 10 seconds. Drain, refresh in cold water and drain again. Blot dry with paper towels.

In a bowl, toss together the noodles and the spicy pesto. Arrange the noodles on a platter and arrange the snow peas, chicken and scallions in concentric circles on top with the chicken and scallions in the center.

Serve the dressing on the top and toss lightly. Serves 6.

''Asian Noodles'' by Nina Simonds.

Marlene Parrish is a food writer who lives on Mt. Washington. She is a

long-time noodle junkie.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: Rick Meyer/Los Angeles Times: Cookbook author Nina Simonds,; whose titles include ''Asian Noodles,'' says she's ''awed by the extraordinary; diversity of noodle dishes.''; PHOTO: Christopher Hirsheimer from "Asian Noodles": Nina Simonds's "Asian; Noodels notes that "the Japanese consider soba noodles a tonic for the body."

**Load-Date:** June 13, 1997

**End of Document**



[***SITTING PRETTY IN MANAYUNK A HARDY SHOPPER SURVEYS THE FURNITURE STORES OF FASHIONABLE MAIN STREET. CAN CHIC STILL COME CHEAP?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P1R0-01K4-93DX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

June 17, 1994 Friday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: HOME & DESIGN; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1718 words

**Byline:** Lucinda Fleeson, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Every time I go to Manayunk it gets a little groovier. More hip restaurants, more elegant clothing stores, more new-age bookstores, aromatherapy and products to expand your mind, stream your consciousness, and slim your wallet.

Back when rents were cheap, Main Street Manayunk was known as a place to find discount furniture. It wasn't too high on the groovy scale, but it was good and cheap. But suddenly, without benefit of city planners or chain stores, Main Street has become a shopping phenomenon.

So I set out to see what's what in Manayunk, now that it has become a design center for the city. Are there still bargains? Is there good design or just wacky and tacky?

The battle plan was simple: start on the eastern end of Main Street and move westward (more or less), hitting every furniture store in my path. I would start with office furniture, work up through couches and chairs, delve into the unusual and gorge on antiques markets.

For sure, a tough assignment, but somebody has to go shopping.

And there was adventure along the way: I met an iguana; learned that plastic milk bottles last 100,000 years, and almost lost the engine on my car. More about this later.

\*

A garish sign outside the Office Doctor, 3901 Main St., blared in red and black letters: "New Office Furniture at Used Prices." "Ready to Go." "Save $$$."

Just inside, there was a phalanx of ergonomically correct office chairs on rolling, OSHA-mandated five-point bases. "Don't be afraid to pull them out," urged a salesman.

The best of the lot seemed to be a nubby brown wool with gray plastic resin arms, carrying a price tag that said it was $389, knocked down to $225. "You can have it for $200," said the salesman. "How do you like those apples?"

A little farther into the store, I saw a high-back executive chair, whose apples I liked even better. It was a banker's wing chair in what looked like deep oxblood leather, with traditional brass nail-head trim. Turns out it was not leather but top-grade vinyl, my salesman assured me. "You like that? It's got a little scratch on it," he pointed to an arm. "Very subtle. I'll give it to you for $375."

Down the road, AAA Office Furniture Co., 3798 Main, also had a chintzy sign outside, promising two-drawer file cabinets for $18. That's accurate. There were some two-drawer metal file cabinets inside for as little as $15, but they were labeled "As Is" and looked as if they had been shipped to Omaha Beach and back. Some were missing handles, were discolored and were listing. Flawless five-drawer gray metal legal-sized cabinets were $129.

But there was so much more. Like many of the Manayunk discount centers, it might have a disheartening exterior, but inside there was a heart of gold.

Here were great, cheap bookcases, covered in mahogany, walnut or oak veneer and ranging from $89.40 for a 30-inch case with two shelves to $189 for an 84- inch-tall case with five shelves.

In the back, mixed in with the listing file cabinets, were a pair of caramel-colored, highly grained wood office credenzas, with fancy push-release concealed hardware. You could buy the pair for $699.

But it's Manayunk. Everything's negotiable.

Of course, there are trade-offs. Parking is less than ideal, if you can even find it.

As I pulled off the glass-spattered roadside shoulder outside of AAA, the car lurched, and started to make heavy grinding sounds. Something had grabbed the underside of the car and was sucking out its insides!

Down on my hands and knees, I discovered that a truck-size tire had somehow attached itself to the underside of the car like a giant leech. I gunned the engine in reverse, and left that baby in the dust.

Transamerican Office Furniture, 4001 Main St., has high-quality, high- design office suites of furnishings in the latest styles, at discount prices. Leather executive chairs are the real thing: $815 for a traditional armchair in antiqued burgundy; $489 for a low-backed executive swivel chair in dark red, and $635 for a nifty green padded leather chair with a built-in lumbar bolster.

Main Street Furniture Gallery, 3901 Main St., carries big-name home furnishings, at discount prices. It had this season's new summer furniture by Lane: big, Adirondack-style pieces of green wicker with floral cushions. The wide, bulbous rocker is as roomy as the back seat of an old Chevy, and is available for $878, instead of a suggested retail price of $1,170, according to the tag.

The backroom clearance center was stacked with floor lamps, at truly bargain prices: traditional swing-arm brass floor lamps were selling for $85; a six-foot-tall metal frame holding a frosted glass bowl halogen floor lamp was marked down from $195 to $89, dimmer included, and would allow you to hold an Olympic-style ceremony in your own home.

At Somnia, 4050 Main St., five genuine black leather reclining chairs were lined up like a row of parked motorcycles. With ottomans included, they ranged in price from $249 to $499, one of the best finds of the day.

Somnia carries Bedroom Workshop beds, and a salesman displayed an Ethan Allen ad for a handsome queen-size bentwood sleigh bed at a price of $749. Somnia offered the bed for $499.

The nicest couch of the day was a three-cushioned sofa in a fabric called "Shabby Sheik," a rust and olive paisley print that looked a little like an Oriental tapestry, but was a soft cotton flannel as cuddly as the inside of a sleeping bag.

It was $799, with a queen-size fold-out bed. Save yourself $100, and a hernia, by buying it without the bed.

Outside, Shurs Lane was enveloped in clouds of construction dust and scorched white in midday heat. It marks the unofficial dividing line between the old ***working-class***, milltown Manayunk and the new Main Street of boutiques and restaurants.

I resisted the Palm and Tarot Card Reader, the gemologist displaying crystals, the $10 computer lessons at Evergreen Computer, the temptation to get yogacized at Yoga on Main, and the urge to research a trip to the Himalayas at Way to Go! Travel Books.

As I waded deep into the central shopping district, I left the realm of the bargain.

Reisbord, 4313-17 Main St., has a lock on the unusual category, with one- of-a-kind pieces - many of which are designed and manufactured to order in local upholstery shops. The Jackie Kennedy chair ($1,500) by local artist Johanna Goodman has papier-mache head and shoulders in a pink suit that is draped over the back of a kitchen chair. I inquired whom another chair was modeled after - it looked like Arlen Specter, but it turned out to be Georgia O'Keeffe.

My heart sank when I walked into Two by Four Finest Collectibles, 4323 Main St., and saw the volume of art-deco ice buckets, embroidered and lacy linens, Beatlemania memorabilia, and other stuff to look at - too much, too little time. And 80 more dealers, on the second floor.

You know you are in seriously fey territory when you get to Jake's, 4365 Main St., the fashionable eatery with the three-story-high trompe l'oeil painting of a rollicking dinner scene on a corner of a tablecloth, which just happens to drape itself across the restaurant front as an awning.

Mickey's of Manayunk, a Furniture Boutique, 4358-B Main St., has three oversize leatherbound books stacked to form a generous-size coffee table. A little gimmicky, but appealing ($1,695; two books are $1,254).

A 4-by-6-foot cotton Dhurrie rug sells for $59, in violet, red, burgundy and other T-shirt colors.

Propper Bros. Furniture, Cresson and Levering Streets, has two floors of very proper, traditional furniture. A solid cherry Shaker seven-drawer chest by Harden was $1,475; the tag said full retail was $2,095. What's more, a helpful salesperson confided that within the month an additional 10 percent would be taken off the store's standard 30 percent markdown.

A gray Adirondack chair was sitting outside Ecomania, 100 Levering St. Inside there was a standard government-issue cement park bench in the same gray. But wait a minute! It wasn't cement, or lumber. It was plastic!

Owner Darcy Heppenstall explained that this was the latest in recycled plastic milk bottles, a line of furniture put out by a number of environmental-edge companies. It's entirely practical and we certainly aren't going to run out of raw material for some time: Heppenstall said that a plastic soda bottle is expected to have a lifespan of 100,000 years before biodegrading.

The bench ($350) and chair ($199) are available in white, a muddy redwood, gray and teal. If you want a bench or chair to match your house color, the manufacturer will dump in some of your paint while cooking up the plastic, rendering a perfect match.

By 2:45 p.m., I was looking longingly at the sidewalk cafes. Two elegant women dressed in white lingered over half-empty iced tea glasses at a table outside Sonoma. Outside Le Bus, two girls in pedal pushers, hennaed hair and nail polish looked more like the biker crowd, and were smoking cigarettes and drinking beers.

At last! Green Lane was in sight.

The Furniture Workshop, 4432 Main St., beckoned, a small, dark shop redolent of furniture polish and turpentine, which restores and reupholsters antiques. It sells a few items, such as a spectacular ladies' kidney-shaped, leather-topped Chippendale desk ($1,250).

Many of the stores post unusual hours and open at various times ranging

from 9 a.m to 12:30 p.m. Many also hang threatening signs discouraging food and drink, particularly water ice.

Just about the time the temperature reached its high of 91 for the day, I made my way back to my car in the parking lot outside of the Farmer's Market next to the green canal towpath. I passed a man with a three-foot iguana in his arms, but it was too hot to stop and chat.

Someone had left three orange vinyl-covered kitchen chairs under a big shade tree. I sat down. A perfect place to eat water ice. A white Office Doctor truck rumbled by, raising dust. It was emblazoned with the claim: "Our prices are so cheap you wouldn't believe it!"

I realized I had figured out where Manayunk fits into Philadelphia's id: It's more grown-up than punky South Street, has more personality than the homogenized outlets of Franklin Mills, and is more casual than swanky department stores.

It's baby boom and not Generation X; it's retro-'60s and '80s merchandising; it has the guise of cheap, even when it isn't. It's '90s.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (4)

1. A genuine leather recliner and ottoman were among the day's best finds.

They were in a group at Somnia priced from $249 to $499. (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, BONNIE WELLER)

2. A Mission-style recliner, oak with red leatherette seats, bore a $1,275

price tag at Bob Berman antiques store.

3. A cocktail table made of stacked leatherbound "books" - $1,695 at

Mickey's of Manayunk. The two-book version is $1,254.

4. Adirondack chair made of 456 plastic milk containers, at Ecomania.

MAP (1)

1. Location of 17 furniture stores (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ROGER HASLER)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***WESTMORELAND COUNTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J9K0-0094-5041-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 13, 1997, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** TABS,

**Length:** 2365 words

**Body**

COMMON PLEAS JUDGE

(Vote for one)

TERM: 10 years

SALARY: $ 106,704

The Court of Common Pleas is primarily a trial court. There are four divisions of the court: Civil, Criminal, Orphans and Family. The judges can be assigned from one division to another as needed.

QUESTION: What specific suggestion(s) do you have for improving the administration of justice in Westmoreland County?

REPUBLICAN

K. BRADLEY MELLOR

33, Hempfield

EDUCATION: Hempfield Area High School; Washington & Jefferson College graduate.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer

QUALIFICATIONS: I have been a practicing civil attorney for nine years and have handled cases in a broad range of subjects. A judge must understand not only the law applicable to a case, but must have a personal background that permits him to understand the positions taken by the people in his courtroom. My ***working-class*** family background is consistent with that of many Westmoreland residents.

ANSWER: I intend to be available more often and for more hours to assist the court in resolving cases more quickly.

JAY OBER

58, Mount Pleasant Twp.

EDUCATION: Derry Area High School, Dickinson College, Dickinson Law School graduate

OCCUPATION: Lawyer

QUALIFICATIONS: I have been a practicing trial lawyer in Westmoreland County for more than 32 years, with memberships and participation in the Westmoreland Academy of Trial Lawyers, Western Pennsylvania Trial Lawyers Association, Pennsylvania Trial Lawyers Association and a candidate for the National Board of Trial Advocacy. I have practiced in all areas of the law and in all appellate courts in Pennsylvania.

ANSWER: I would work to improve procedures which I have observed in the courts over the years of my practice. I would use the word-processing capabilities in the judicial offices and the computer legal-research facilities which already are available. I would employ enhanced and more strict procedures for avoiding delays due to continuances by litigants in both criminal and civil cases.

ANTHONY G. MARSILI

46, New Kensington

EDUCATION: Jeannette High School, Indiana University of Pennsylvania and Duquesne University Law School graduate.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer

QUALIFICATIONS: Having been an attorney for more than 18 years, with an active and varied law practice, including seven years as an assistant district attorney and representing clients from all walks of life.

ANSWER: Procedures must be established to eliminate any backlog of cases, but at the same time, assuring the opportunity for equal access to the courts and for allowing the time necessary to help all parties resolve their problems.

RITA HATHAWAY

47, Murrysville

EDUCATION: St. Claire High School; Boston State College; West Virginia University; Duquesne University Law School.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer

QUALIFICATIONS: Chief trial attorney and supervisor of child abuse and sexual crimes unit in the Westmoreland County district attorney's office. Former teacher, Mother of Sorrows School, Murrysville. Daughter and granddaughter of police officers. Murrysville and Penn Township resident 18 years. Endorse by Fraternal Order of Police, Allegheny Valley Lodge 39 and Jeannette Lodge 24. Endorsed by Pennsylvania State Troopers Association. Highest rating for judge given by Westmoreland County Chiefs of Police Association.

ANSWER: Inefficiency and delay in court procedures are sometimes caused when unnecessary continuances are granted. I believe judges should do all in their power to make prompt decisions based on substance. There is no specific procedure that I, as a judge, can follow to do this. Rather, it requires an attitude to get to the heart of the matter. I will bring this attitude along with my experience as chief trial attorney to the office of judge.

DEMOCRAT

Republican candidates K. Bradley Mellor, Jay Ober, Anthony G. Marsili and Rita Hathaway also cross-filed as Democrats.

GINO PELUSO

41, Arnold

EDUCATION: St. Joseph's High School, St. Vincent College and Duquesne University Law School.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer

QUALIFICATIONS: I have extensive experience in civil and criminal cases. For nine years, I represented the citizens of Westmoreland County in more than 1,000 cases as an assistant district attorney. Also, in my private practice I have handled more than 1,000 cases including both criminal and civil representation. I have maintained a private practice for 16 years and I am admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court, the U.S. Court of Appeals, U.S. District Court and the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. I am a member of the Pa. Bar Association's Judicial Selection and Administration Committee. I also have extensive experience in family law.

ANSWER: I believe cases can be expedited by a judge being an excellent conciliator. Abraham Lincoln stated what a lawyer's role should be and I also believe this quote has merit regarding what a judge's role should be: ''Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser in fees, expenses and a waster of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good person.'' To expedite cases and give the citizens of Westmoreland County a full access to their court, I will work until 10 p.m. on weeknights and work on Saturdays when necessary.

The citizens of Westmoreland County are hard-working citizens and I intend to be a hard-working judge.

AL BELL

no age give, Hempfield

EDUCATION: Hempfield Area High School, California Univ. of Pa., and Duquesne University Law School.

OCCUPATION: First assistant district attorney in Westmoreland County.

QUALIFICATIONS: I have been a trial lawyer for 25 years, having tried at least 100 jury trials, including 16 homicide cases. I have handled cases in all divisions of the court during my career. For the past 12 years I have been the first assistant district attorney, supervising all assistant district attorneys and the handling of all cases that come through the district attorney's office.

ANSWER: As an administrator as well as a trial attorney, I believe I have the experience to run an efficient office.

CLERK OF COURTS

(vote for one)

TERM: 4 years

SALARY: $ 43,533

The clerk of courts keeps all the records of Common Pleas Court Criminal Division. Duties include all docketing and recording cases, filing court decisions, issuing criminal bonds, taking bail, collecting court costs and paying witness fees.

QUESTION: What specific procedures could be used to streamline the operation of your office?

REPUBLICAN

No candidates filed

DEMOCRAT

DAVID L. PATTERSON

48, Greensburg

EDUCATION: Greensburg Central Catholic High School; University of Pittsburgh graduate; graduate work at Carnegie Mellon.

OCCUPATION: Westmoreland County clerk of courts.

QUALIFICATIONS: Education and experience in human resource management, financial planning, strategic planning, organizational management, public relations, records management and computer systems management. Clerk of courts since Jan. 1, 1990.

ANSWER: Over the past seven years, we have continued to introduce modern information technology to our office. In 1997, we will be using the internet to download defendant information from the AOPC to our system, reducing redundancy in the criminal information system. We have changed our approach to the organization of the office by focusing on the process of the work we do and not on the functions of specific positions. This provides for a positive environment for cross training employees and developing multiple competencies.

PROTHONOTARY

(Vote for one)

TERM: 4 years

SALARY: $ 45,533

The prothonotary is a clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, administering the records of civil proceedings. Some additional duties include processing naturalization papers and issuing passports.

QUESTION: What specific procedures could be used to streamline the operation of your office?

REPUBLICAN

No candidates filed

DEMOCRAT

RON DIEHL

53, Greensburg

EDUCATION: Greensburg Salem High School graduate and Penn State University Continuing Education Curriculum.

OCCUPATION: Westmoreland County prothonotary.

QUALIFICATIONS: I have developed and implemented new procedures which have professionalized the functions of the prothonotary's office. I converted the office from manual docketing to a computerized civil court file management system. We improved our ability to process documents filed by citizens or their attorneys. A filing that required one month to docket under the manual system is completed in just two hours under our Civil Court Computer Project. We have implemented a computer system that permits unlimited citizen access to our public records seven days a week, 24 hours a day, and we expanded office hours. The above accomplishments were achieved while maintaining minimal operating costs.

ANSWER: Our office has been selected by the county commissioners to conduct a pilot project which will implement the next generation of computer technology in civil court records management. We will develop, install and test computer imaging technology designed to file and store actual document images in our computer files.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(Vote for one)

TERM: 4 years

SALARY: $ 102,999

The district attorney prosecutes all criminal case in Court of Common Pleas; prepares criminal information, requests and conducts investigative grand juries, prepares cases for court.

QUESTION: What specific procedures could be used to streamline the operation of your office?

DEMOCRAT

JOHN W. PECK

50, New Kensington.

EDUCATION: Pontifical College Josephinum High School, University of Texas at Austin, Duquesne University Law School graduate.

OCCUPATION: Westmoreland County district attorney.

QUALIFICATIONS: I have 24 years experience as a trial lawyer as assistant public defender, chief trial counsel in the district attorney's office, the district attorney and as a lawyer in private practice. I have tried virtually every type of criminal case and argued numerous appeals before the state and federal appellate courts. I was unanimously appointed district attorney in December 1994 by the Westmoreland County Board of Judges and have maintained the integrity, independence and professionalism of the office.

ANSWER: I would continue to assure the effective prosecution of cases by having an assistant district attorney present at every preliminary hearing before the district justices. I would also coordinate prosecution efforts in the areas of domestic violence and sexual assaults through one assistant district attorney and one county detective.

JURY COMMISSIONER

(Vote for one)

TERM: part-time, for four years

SALARY: $ 12,029

The jury commissioners (two to be elected, one from each party) annually prepare lists of qualified voters from which are drawn names of persons for jury duty for the ensuing year.

QUESTION: What specific procedures could be used to streamline the operation of your office?

REPUBLICAN

JUDY V. SINEMUS

54, Derry Township

EDUCATION: Ligonier Valley High School and Hammond School of Beauty Culture.

OCCUPATION: Jury commissioner.

QUALIFICATIONS: Experience as current jury commissioner; people and management skills gained through various classes and schools.

ANSWER: Continue to update our computer system to know where jurors are at all times, such as in a courtroom, on a panel, excused and reason, in juror pool, having gone to courtroom/returned from courtroom; also, to generate pay register and thank-you letters. Continue to work on ways to broaden the database to include ways to obtain qualified jurors besides the current drivers license and voter registration lists.

DEMOCRAT

MARY A. DOMINICK

62, Salem

EDUCATION: Greensburg Salem High School graduate; studied at Westmoreland County Community College.

OCCUPATION: Westmoreland County Democratic jury commissioner.

QUALIFICATIONS: Current jury commissioner.

ANSWER: Will continue to monitor recently installed computer system for efficiency and work closely with court administrator's office.

RANDY BILLER

40, Scottdale

EDUCATION: Mount Pleasant Area High School; student at Westmoreland County Community College.

OCCUPATION: Self-employed in record maintenance business.

QUALIFICATIONS: Experience as Westmoreland County clerk of courts from 1986 to 1990, office experience and management experience.

ANSWER: I would support any action by the county commissioners to consolidate this with any other office.

CORONER

(Vote for one)

TERM: 4 years

SALARY: $ 45,533

The coroner investigates deaths of a suspicious or violent nature, and, when necessary, orders autopsies and subpoenas witnesses for inquests. The coroner is required to issue a certificate of death occurs without medical attendance.

QUESTION: What specific procedures could be used to streamline the operation of your office?

DEMOCRAT

LEO M. BACHA

61, Southwest Greensburg

EDUCATION: St. Joseph High School, Natrona; attended Georgetown University; graduate of Temple University and Eckels College of Mortuary Science, Philadelphia.

OCCUPATION: Westmoreland County coroner, president of Bacha Funeral Home Inc.

QUALIFICATIONS: 20 years experience, completing fifth term in office.

ANSWER: None. Office is functioning extremely well.

Three candidates in Westmoreland left out of guide Three Republicans are running unopposed for nominations to Westmoreland County row offices in Tuesday's primary election.

Their names were inadvertently omitted from yesterday's Primary '97, the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette's guide to next week's elections.

Seeking his party's nomination for district attorney is Peter J. Payne, 29, of North Huntingdon. A graduate of Duquesne Law School, he works for Gaydos Gaydos and Associates in White Oak.

Tom Lalor, 30, of Manor, is a former Manor mayor who is running for prothonotary. A graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, Lalor is a car salesman at Kenny Ross Ford in North Huntingdon.

Dawn L. Himler, 43, of Jeannette, an unemployed teacher, is a candidate for clerk of courts. She is a graduate of Seton Hill College in Greensburg.

Also, in some contests - most typically for judgeships and school board seats - a candidate can legally cross-file as both a Republican and a Democrat. The voter's guide incorrectly assigned a principal party designation to those candidates who cross-filed.

VOTERS GUIDE ELECTION '97

**Graphic**

PHOTO (10), PHOTO: (No caption for any)

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[***TAINT OF THE CARTELS TOUCHES SOCCER IN COLOMBIA, SOCCER IS A NATIONAL OBSESSION. IT, TOO, CANNOT ESCAPE THE NARCO-TRAFFICKERS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P140-01K4-91C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 29, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1733 words

**Byline:** Mike Jensen, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** BOGOTA, Colombia

**Body**

A lone drum stamps out a languorous rhythm as the scrunched-in crowd at old El Campin stadium sings along to local vallenato music. Yellow, blue and red balloons float gracefully out of the stadium toward the mountains.

Down on the field is Colombia's national soccer team, a team that the United States will play in the first round of the World Cup next month. A flick of a heel sends the ball skittering. A pass hums through opposing legs.

Up on the scoreboard, a message blares in bold, electronic letters:

Kidnapping is a crime. Combat it.

It is said that a World Cup team is a reflection of the society from which it is drawn. "You play how you live," is the way Colombia's national-team coach, Francisco "Pacho" Maturana, puts it.

And in Colombia, the game can be as beautiful as the country's emerald mountains. But hovering in the background are the kidnappings and the murders and the multibillion-dollar narco-trafficking cartels that have stained and ensnarled the nation.

As the national team is being promoted here as Colombia's greatest export, one of the bedrocks of the team's rise to contender status in the World Cup is seldom mentioned in such stadiums as El Campin: Investigators say that up to 70 percent of the cost of sponsoring the nation's professional clubs was paid by cocaine cartel operations.

It is not that members of the team are suspected of any wrongdoing. It's that the billions and billions of dollars that narco-trafficking produces permeate every institution in Colombia's diverse and vibrant society, including the sport that is a national obsession.

Maturana's great goalkeeper, Rene Higuita, won't be at the World Cup this summer in the United States. Higuita was known as El Loco even before he agreed to be a go-between in a kidnapping involving rival drug kingpins and ended up in jail.

The late Pablo Escobar, the murderous ruler of the Medellin cartel before he was gunned down last December, sponsored several teams, law enforcement officials contend. He was such a fan that one of his private soccer fields had grass imported from England.

"They could do anything. They put so much money into this," a high- ranking Colombian police officer said of the interest taken in soccer during the 1980s by the Medellin, Cali and Bogota cartels. "They bid against each other. The price went up and up."

Every place Escobar lived, even the prison he built for himself and from which he eventually escaped, had a soccer field.

The high-ranking policeman, who had chased Escobar for years, sat in his office in Bogota this month and talked about Escobar and the sport he worshiped.

"The whole cartel, they were so in love with football," said the policeman, who asked that, to protect his life, his name not be used.

He said some cartel members gave themselves such nicknames as Platini and Maradona, to identify with such soccer favorites as former French star Michel Platini and Argentine star Diego Maradona.

Even when Escobar and the other leaders of the cartel became very rich men, the police official said, they loved to go back to their old neighborhoods, to play soccer on the same fields. The police could never catch them there, though. Too many lookouts.

Many from the cartel hierarchy grew up in the same poor neighborhoods that spawned most of the players on the national team. Friendships developed. Several players, including Higuita, were photographed visiting Escobar in prison. The policeman said more soccer stars had visited the prison outside Medellin.

"When (Escobar) was in prison, he used to bring in friends from the national team to play with him and some inmates," the policeman said.

How many players?

"Almost the whole national team," the police official said.

\*

Maturana, the coach, said it was unfair to focus on the influence of the cocaine kingpins in his country.

"Narco-trafficking, it is not just Colombian. It belongs to the world," he said.

Some years ago, Maturana moved from a team sponsored by the Medellin cartel to one sponsoredby the Cali cartel without incident. A national icon, he will leave the country after the World Cup to coach in Spain.

After the traditional favorites - Germany, Brazil, Italy and Argentina - Maturana's creation probably has as good a chance as any in the month-long World Cup tournament. Held every four years and set to begin June 17, the World Cup will be hosted by the United States for the first time.

A trained dentist, Maturana talks to his players about how you can't be a good soccer player if you have a disorganized life.

And as long as the players follow his orders, Maturana says, they are free to fulfill their own fantasies on the field.

"Obligations first, then the possibilities," he said.

The coach, who took over the national team in 1987 after a succession of foreign coaches, sought to instill a Colombian style. Indeed, he celebrates the regional eccentricities his players bring to the team. Star midfielder Carlos Valderrama, who grew up on the coast, seems to take his time roaming around the field but is always calculating. Fredy Rincon, a goal-scoring midfielder who grew up inland and now plays professionally in Brazil, is faster, more instinctive.

Last September, Colombia, which had qualified for just two previous World Cups, those in 1962 and '90, went to Buenos Aires for a World Cup qualifying game against Argentina, world champion in 1986 and runner-up in 1990, and left with a breathtaking 5-0 upset that clinched a spot in this year's tournament.

In the locker room afterward, Maturana remembered, "we sat there, looked at each other, and then (assistant coach) Hernan Dario said: 'We are screwed. Now we have to be the champions of the world.' "

\*

The sidewalk is in play.

On a side street in a ***working-class*** Bogota neighborhood, there are two pickup soccer games that seem to run into each other. A ball rolls under a parked bus, and two kids scrap for it with their feet.

Block after block, the same scenes. Wedged between little cigarette and candy shops and Mobil gas stations and rowhouses, teenagers play with men in their 40s. Spectators wait to take on the winners. The balls are usually the

size of grapefruits. The fields, often concrete or asphalt, are pint-sized, too, calling for some fancy footwork.

The players make do with what equipment they have. Four boys playing on a grassy hill throw down jackets and rocks to use as goalposts.

On a court originally designed for basketball, a man wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt kicks a ball, while a boy, not quite up to the man's knees, keeps trying to snatch it. The man stops dribbling and decides it is time for some instruction. He throws the ball at the boy's feet, again and again, trying to teach him how to control it.

A pickup game starts, and the little boy is told to sit on a bench. He cries for a few moments, and then he gets up and joins the action.

The boy may be too young to read, but he has some soccer instincts. He doesn't run right after the ball. He fancies himself a left midfielder. He moves up and down the court, staying in his position.

Until a teenage teammate scores. Gooooooooooooooal! The little one rushes up to give him a high five.

Colombia was passionate about soccer long before the drug lords took an interest.

"In the golden age of football here, the narco-traffickers didn't exist," Ignacio Gomez said. "The players are the manpower of the game. They're good."

Gomez said he believes Colombia may have gotten a little luckier in the last decade. The infrastructure, the stadiums and training grounds, has improved along with the salaries.

Gomez was co-author of a book, The Bosses of the Game, published in 1987, that described connections between the cartels and professional soccer in Colombia.

At the time, the cartels didn't issue denials, just death threats. Although the book was written under a pseudonym, the identities of the authors got out soon enough, and Gomez left the country for nine months.

"I had a tour of Europe," he said with a smile.

It isn't only money that has infiltrated the sport in Colombia. There has been violence in the last decade. A club executive kidnapped and murdered. A referee shot. This is a country with a murder rate eight times higher than that of the United States, higher than that of any peacetime nation in the world.

Kidnapping has become knit into the fabric, too. Guerrilla groups with vague political affiliations and paramilitary groups that are available for hiring by the cartels are often said to be responsible. Someone is taken every four hours in Colombia.

Anyone with money is a target. Four days after Colombia had qualified for the World Cup, kidnappers riding motorcycles grabbed the 4-year-old son of Colombian defender Luis Herrera from a nursery school bus. They demanded $187,000 for the boy's release but were captured first, the boy unharmed.

Law enforcement officials do not believe that Higuita was involved in the kidnapping last May that led to his downfall. The police official in Bogota said Higuita apparently was a "very close friend" of the kidnappers of the 13-year-old daughter of one of the richest men in Medellin, Luis Carlos Molina, an alleged drug lord.

El Loco paid the kidnappers, got the girl released, and received a $50,000 "reward" from Molina. Higuita was arrested, accused of profiting from a kidnapping, and kept seven months in prison. Charges are still pending.

Higuita has never denied a friendship with Escobar. A phone call he made to Pablo's brother, Roberto Escobar Gaviria, at Itagui prison on Nov. 12, 1992, was tape-recorded. Higuita was out of shape and trying to get back on Atletico Nacional, which had dropped him. Roberto Escobar told him he was working things out and did so, in another tape-recorded phone call, with a director of Atletico Nacional.

"Look, I'm calling you for the following. Let's see if you can go along with this," Roberto Escobar said to the team director. "That boy, I've been talking with him, with the goalkeeper. He has repented all those stupidities, brother. . . . He cannot be left, because he will be lost."

The police official who took part in the search for Pablo Escobar tells a story about how Escobar bought a ranch in the hills above Medellin for a Catholic priest and used the place as a hideout.

From the priest's house, the policeman said, Escobar would look through a sophisticated telescope.

Searching for police, perhaps?

Watching Atletico Nacional play soccer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. Construction workers in Bogota play a pickup soccer game on a basketball

court during their lunch break. (For The Inquirer, ZOE SELSKY)

2. Carlos Valderrama (left) in action in a game with Fiorentina, an Italian

pro team, in Florence. Valderrama is a star for the Colombian national team,

which will face the United States in the World Cup. (Reuters)

3. National team coach Francisco Maturana has produced a uniquely Colombian

style of play.

4. Pablo Escobar, the ruler of the Medellin cartel, was an avid fan who

sponsored several teams.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***K-DAY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J9F0-0094-554K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IT'S TOUGH DECIDING WHEN TO SEND A PRESCHOOLER ON TO KINDERGARTEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J9F0-0094-554K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

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**Byline:** JANE ZEMEL, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Amelia Knipmeyer, champion reciter of ABCs, expert Beanie Baby collector, standout Go-Fish player, has been red-shirted.

Amelia, who will be 5 years old on Sept. 15, will spend another year in preschool to give her more time to bulk up for the rigors of kindergarten.

Her school district, Avonworth, has a strict rule - no children may start kindergarten unless they've turned 5 by Sept. 1. Amelia is unconcerned about the delay, but her mother has some doubts.

''I'm sure that my daughter is ready for kindergarten,'' said Lisa Knipmeyer of Ben Avon, who has considered enrolling Amelia in a private kindergarten.

It's that time of year - time for parents to make the hair-pulling, stomach-churning, eye-watering decision about sending their preschool children on to kindergarten.

''I absolutely hate springtime,'' said Pat Bernath, a teacher at St. Paul's Episcopal preschool in Mt. Lebanon. She's only half-joking. For Bernath and other elementary educators, it's the season for telephone calls and meetings with anxious parents who feel pressured by their own parents, spouses, even neighbors - all of whom are giving conflicting advice on when to send a child to kindergarten.

To add to the confusion, early-childhood experts don't even agree on when a kid should begin kindergarten.

But in many school districts, parents are increasingly choosing to keep their children at home for one more year. Some elementary educators, borrowing a term from college sports, call that ''red-shirting.''

''Parents like to give their child a competitive edge,'' said Bernath.

And not only in the classroom - on the high school football field and the basketball court.

While it may seem bizarre for parents of a 4-year-old who may not yet be completely potty-trained to be contemplating his career as a cornerback, it happens.

''I see parents doing this all the time,'' said Bernath. ''I find it very peculiar.''

Peculiar, but not necessarily bad. Many experts recommend that children stay home for another year if they're on the younger side of the kindergarten cutoff date, or if there are any doubts whatsoever about their kindergarten readiness.

Parents looking for guidance won't find it in state regulations. In Pennsylvania, kindergarten isn't even required. What's more, children don't have to be in school until age 8.

And, unlike many other states, there's no statewide age requirement. While several school districts in the state require that kindergarten candidates be 5 years old by Sept. 1, some are strict about the date, and some aren't. In Pittsburgh schools, children must be 5 by Jan. 31; in some other districts, it's Dec. 31.

Chronological age isn't always the best indicator of kindergarten readiness, experts say. Parents of precocious 4-year-olds who can read and count to 100 may think their children are ready for school, but social readiness is more important, experts say.

''Social development is the best predictor,'' said Dr. Karleen Preator, a child psychologist at Children's Hospital, ''not if they know their colors and can spell their names. The academics all even out in the end.''

Preator doesn't like the trend toward more ''academic'' kindergartens, where children are encouraged ''to read sooner and faster and better.''

When parents seek advice from Sherry Cleary, director of the University of Pittsburgh Child Development Center, she also tells them not to rush. ''Most of the time, I like buying another year,'' she said.

However, Cleary is concerned about parents who delay kindergarten only to help ensure that their child ''will be the best'' in academics and athletics. ''I worry about the expectations that kind of parent is putting on a child,'' she said.

State rules are kind to older high school athletes. A 16-year-old could play on a 9th-grade soccer team, while some of her teammates will be only 14 years old, acknowledged Dr. Robert Lombardi, associate executive director of the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association. And a 19-year-old can play on the high school football team, as long as he doesn't turn 19 before July 1 of his senior year.

When parents ask local coaches about holding children back to give them an athletic advantage - and they do ask - many talk of the advantages of the extra year.

There's no question that an older athlete usually is a better athlete, said Don Yannessa, football coach at Baldwin-Whitehall School District.

''There's a big difference between 16 and 18, in mental maturity, physical maturity, strength, power, speed,'' he said.

Even so, Barbara Willer, public affairs director for the National Association for the Education of Young Children (NAEYC) in Washington, D.C., said that ''our guidance is to go ahead and send them'' as soon as the child reaches the legal age. ''It's a very rare situation that we would recommend holding a child back'' for red-shirting or any other reasons.

Shirrell Anderson-Burton of Penn Hills has a ''summer child'' - what kindergarten teachers call students with late birthdays. He turned 5 on July 5; the kindergarten cutoff in Penn Hills school district is Sept. 1.

But for Anderson-Burton, there was no question that Ricky was ready for school.

''Before he even turned 5, I knew he was ready,'' she said. ''He was anxious to go. He had his social skills down pat, he was writing his name.''

He's younger than many classmates, she said, ''but I was the youngest as well, when I was in school . . . He doesn't have a problem with being 5, when others are 6. He'll be fine.''

While conflicting advice on the ideal kindergarten age is frustrating to some parents, for other parents there is no choice.

Parents in lower-income areas, single-parent families, and families who just can't afford one more year of expensive day care are sending their children to school as soon as legally possible.

This means some children may have a double disadvantage - in maturity and socioeconomics.

And, the NAEYC's Willer noted, the older, wealthier children often have attended preschool before entering kindergarten, giving them ''a one-year-plus'' advantage.

Some parents are so desperate to start their children in public schools that they've found ways to beat the kindergarten age policy.

In Northgate school district, a largely ***working-class*** area, parents for years have been circumventing the district's Sept. 1 cut-off date. If their child was too young to attend Northgate's schools, they'd enroll the child in a local private school for as little as two weeks.

Then, the child would transfer to Northgate, because school guidelines stated that ''underage'' children could be admitted if they transferred from another school.

But beginning in the fall, that loophole won't exist. Northgate last month passed a regulation that not only gives a kindergarten cutoff date, but a first-grade cutoff date as well. Children must be 6 to begin first grade - a disincentive for parents trying to enroll younger children in kindergarten.

''Some of our (kindergarten) children were as young as 4 1/2 ,'' said head kindergarten teacher Emma Fisher. She added that some students from neighboring public school districts with younger cutoff ages - such as Pittsburgh - also tended to transfer to Northgate.

''It created a lot of confusion. At 4 1/2 , they just aren't ready, and they may have come from an open environment with no structure. It causes problems for the teacher.''

In Heather Fields' classroom at Penn Hebron Elementary School in Penn Hills, there's one child who turned 5 on the first day of school, one who's already 7 years old, and everything in between.

When there's a two-year age difference in one kindergarten classroom, said Dr. Jim Wolf, principal at Abraham Lincoln Elementary School in Bethel Park, ''at age 5 or 6, that's a big deal. That's a third of your life.''

And it's not good for the oldest student, either, said Preator at Children's Hospital. In fact, a Philadelphia school district study indicated that pupils who were younger and older than the conventional kindergarten age were less likely to reach second grade on time.

GeGe Tallerico of Moon ''thought I was considering everything'' when she decided to enroll her daughter in kindergarten. Nicole, now a junior at Moon Area High School, has a late birthday - Sept. 5 - making her one of the youngest students in her class.

Now, says her mother, ''sometimes it's really hard. She's 16 years old and she's in a class with some 18-year-olds.''

The obstacles, she said, are not so much in education, but socially.

''It's been hard setting guidelines. When she was younger, she didn't understand'' why her older classmates could do things that she couldn't. ''She was always the smallest in her class. They would go to Kennywood and she couldn't ride the rides, and her friends could.''

When parents believe they may have started their child in kindergarten a little too early, there aren't many remedies. Failing a child, educators agree, is definitely not one of them.

That's why William Pruett, principal at Hunterdale Elementary School in Franklin, Va., helped lead a push for ''junior kindergarten'' in Virginia, where he helped write a law that resulted in legislative permission for 13 school divisions to enroll younger children in school.

The cutoff age for junior kindergarten is 5 years old by Dec. 31; for kindergarten in Virginia, it's Sept. 30.

The kindergarten ''failure rate'' at the school was 10 percent before junior kindergarten started in 1988; now, it's between 1-2 percent, Pruett said.

The one-year, full-day junior kindergarten is expensive, Pruett acknowledged.''We could cut our kindergarten budget by 25 percent if we didn't have junior kindergarten, but it's money well-spent.''

Pre-kindergarten programs - besides the federally funded Head Start programs which are only for low-income families - are rare.

Only 35 of Pennsylvania's 501 school districts offered any type of programs that help prepare children for kindergarten in 1995-96, according to the state education department.

Locally, Bethel Park has a unique ''pre-first grade,'' for students who need an extra year of help after leaving kindergarten. Quaker Valley and a few other school districts that have half-day kindergartens also offer a full-day kindergarten for children who could benefit from more instruction.

And what about parents who've given the kindergarten decision their best shot, and then find their younger child is experiencing problems in middle or high school?

''Support your child through the tough times as best you can,'' recommends Pitt's Cleary, through tutoring, meeting with teachers, and listening.

And give yourself a break, she said.

''No one decision makes or breaks a childhood . . . In a child's lifetime, you have to make a lot of decisions. You have to cut yourself some slack.''

A ready-for-kindergarten checklist

Is your child ready for kindergarten? If you can judge your child objectively - a difficult task for any parent - here's a checklist to help you decide. Children who meet most of these criteria, most of the time, are likely to be ready for school. %BC% SOCIAL/EMOTIONAL %EC%

\* Does your child speak up for himself and communicate his needs?

\* Interact well with other children?

\* Wait for gratification, and understand that everything she wants doesn't happen immediately?

\* Adjust his voice level to those around him?

\* Follow directions?

\* Put toys away?

\* Do one activity for 15-20 minutes?

\* Use a bathroom that's not his own?

\* Eat in a group without being too distracted?

\* Stay with relatives or friends without crying for parents?

\* Use a tissue, and cover sneezes and coughs?

\* Add pertinent information to discussions?

\* Does she like herself? Does she have an answer - any answer - when you ask, ''What are you good at?'' %BC% PHYSICAL/MOTOR SKILLS %EC%

\* Can he tie his shoes?

\* Turn a shirt right side out?

\* Color more or less within lines?

\* Use scissors with some skill?

\* Touch each of her fingers to her thumb?

\* Hop on one foot two or more times in a row?

\* Catch a large, bouncing ball?

\* Run, and then stop, on signal?

\* Use a fork and a spoon?

\* Fold a square piece of paper into a triangle (after you demonstrate this)?

\* Put on a jacket by herself, at least attempting to zip or button it?

\* Does your child seem anxious about being smaller than other children his age? %BC% ACADEMIC SKILLS %EC%

\* Can your child give her name, age, address and phone number?

\* Write her name?

\* Identify the letters in her name?

\* Identify colors?

\* Identify shapes? Copy shapes from a picture?

\* Draw a person? (The more body parts, the better.)

\* Understand the purpose of numbers - one hat, two crayons?

\* Repeat a series of about four random numbers?

\* Identify ''over,'' ''under,'' ''between,'' ''behind,'' ''big'' and ''small''?

\* Can he answer: ''What makes a cloudy day bright?'' (''The sun'' would be a typical answer, of course, but other answers that show thought - ''Jesus'' was one child's answer - are acceptable.)

\*''What color is an apple?'' (''Red'' is a good answer; ''red or green'' is better. And ''red or green with white inside'' shows even more insight.)

Sources: Children's Hospital, University of Pittsburgh, National Association for the Education of Young Children, Virginia Department of Education.

Jane Zemel is a Post-Gazette staff writer.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Children's Hospital, University of Pittsburgh,; National Association for the Education of Young Children, Virginia Department; of Education: (A ready-for-kindergarten checklist); DRAWING: By Stacy Innerst/Post-Gazette:

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[***DYKSTRA AS A YOUNGSTER: HE WAS ONE DRIVEN DUDE THAT LENNY, HIS PARENTS SAY, WAS LIKE THIS ONE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NXN0-01K4-90B8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1781 words

**Byline:** Frank Fitzpatrick, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Four-year-old Lenny Dykstra swung at tennis balls for hours and cried when his father suggested he quit. At 6, he cajoled coaches into making him a steady baserunner in an 8-and-over league. After going 3 for 4 in an all-star game, 9-year-old Lenny begged his father to stop at the batting cages. ("I don't feel right, Dad. I've got to work.") He broke into Anaheim Stadium at 12, just to run the bases and hit balls off the wall, and by then, he was so fast, he outran the police when they arrived in a helicopter. In high school, while teammates chatted with girls, he sat alone in the locker room, staring at a ping-pong ball, seeking a hitter's edge.

"He was a weird one," said his father, Dennis Dykstra.

No one who has watched the Phillies centerfielder play should be shocked to learn that Lenny Dykstra's passion for baseball - a passion that will go on display again tomorrow, when the Phils open their season in Denver - was born so early.

"Lenny was never a butterfly chaser," recalled his father, a retired phone company worker in Yorba Linda, Calif. "Baseball was a religion."

There are lots of kids - bigger kids, stronger kids - who love the game and are successful early. Yet most of them never pick up a bat after high school. Something more, something inside Dykstra, created the fierce drive that has turned him into a wealthy baseball superstar. And unless his parents are mistaken, that secret lies in his childhood, too.

It probably began, they said, when the older kids in his Garden Grove, Calif., neighborhood wouldn't let him play because he was too small; when coaches looked at that undersized, skinny, towheaded youngster and told him he had no future in baseball; when opposing players mocked him, and when, as the only freshman on Garden Grove High School's baseball team, he was forced by teammates to pick up their dirty socks and sweaty athletic supporters from the locker-room floor.

"He was mortified," recalled his mother, Marilyn Dykstra-Decenzo, of his reaction to that demeaning chore. "He swore he would show all those people."

Dykstra showed them. He has never really stopped showing them. That is probably why this 31-year-old man who wore hand-me-down clothes now revels so in all his gaudy possessions - his 12-cylinder, silver Mercedes convertible, his white Main Line mansion, the money that lets him wager huge sums at baccarat tables.

He loves nothing better than, as in his wonderful 1993 season, to "stick it in the faces" of those who said he couldn't stay healthy and who criticized his lifestyle. And, as a budding entrepreneur, he has an evil glee in his voice when he describes walking into "a roomful of suits" and taking charge of a business meeting.

"Don't ever put him down," Dennis Dykstra said of his second son. "He dares people to put him down. Don't do it. Don't ever rouse his competitive spirit. Because if you do, he's going to beat your butt. I don't care if it's baseball or miniature golf, that's what makes him go."

\*

Dennis and Marilyn Dykstra were young phone company workers in Garden Grove, a ***working-class*** California suburb just a couple of miles from Anaheim Stadium, when their second son, Lenny Kyle, was born on the morning of Feb. 10, 1963.

"He was the cryingest baby I ever had," said his mother, who is divorced now from Dykstra's father, remarried and living in Corona, Calif. "He just came out that way."

Dennis Dykstra already had three daughters from a previous marriage - Danna, 4; Brenda, 3, and Johnna, 2 - and the couple also had a 1-year-old son, Brian, when Lenny was born. The tiny ranch house was noisy and crowded, and flying balls were part of its decor.

"We were a sports family," Lenny Dykstra's mother said. "His father and I just devoted our lives to the kids and their sports schedules. I can't ever remember a weekend when we didn't have some kind of game to get to somewhere."

If, even now, especially after his publicized outbursts and his car crash, Dykstra appears to be a mischievous little elf, the kind who pulls girls' hair and makes faces behind teachers' backs, his parents swear that it's misleading. He rarely got in trouble, they said, and always had some kind of job - cutting lawns, painting fences, delivering papers.

"He was really a good kid," his mother said. "People probably can't believe that now, but it's true. He was colorful, maybe a little mischievous, but he wasn't a bad boy. He was always very aggressive, very assertive, a leader.

"I know that he's gotten himself into a little trouble since then and that everyone makes a big deal out of it, but he's not the way people think."

His mother remembers him as a good student ("He always got straight A's"), but his father tells a different story.

"You've been around him," Dennis Dykstra said. "You've seen his ability to focus and concentrate and how he prepares himself before every game. Well, that's because Lenny is interested in baseball. He studies it. He devours everything he can about it. He's like a genius at it.

"But you can ask him who the president of the United States is and he might not know. That's because he's not interested in politics. He never used to be interested in business, either, but now that he makes so much money, he's started thinking about that. Now you have lunch with him and there are bankers and accountants there, and Lenny's thinking right along with them.

"Just to talk with him, you might think he's stupid," Dennis Dykstra added. "But when Lenny gets interested in something, he gets smart in a hurry."

When you watch Lenny Dykstra play, the first thing you notice is how he constantly fidgets. Spitting, stretching, wincing, pacing, chewing, he is never still. That is not something he picked up as an adult.

"He never sat still as a kid, either," his father said. "I used to threaten to nail his feet to the ground. He gets bored so easily. About the only thing he'll sit still for is a movie. But it'd better be a good movie. If it's not, he'll get up and walk right out of the theater."

But always, occupying the principal position in Dykstra's childhood, were sports - particularly baseball and football.

"He was always my leadoff hitter," said his father, who coached him most of the time. "Lots of kids don't like to hit first, with everyone watching them and all. I know I was like that. But Lenny loved that attention. He never wanted to hit anywhere else. He's just a born first guy."

Fast and tough, Lenny Dykstra might even have been more talented at football, as a hard-to-tackle running back and hard-hitting safety.

"I have no doubts in my mind, he could have played major-college football as a free safety," his father said. "But that would have been the end of the line. He was too small for the NFL. Lenny realized that, and he devoted more time to baseball."

It was - and is - a devotion. An hour or so before a Phillies game, Dykstra is out of touch with the rest of the team. He is thinking, lost in concentration.

"He was like that even as a kid," his father recalled. "I remember, before his high school games, all the other kids would be lined up along the fence, talking to the girls. Not Lenny. He was in the locker room, staring at a ping-pong ball for 15 minutes. He felt that by doing that, the baseball would look as big as a basketball."

Dykstra was a record-setting runner in youth football and at Garden Grove High. Even then, he recognized his strengths and weaknesses, perhaps better than his coaches.

"He used to frustrate the heck out of me when I coached him in football," his father said. "I'd spend all week working out a play for him, setting up blocking schemes and everything. Then he'd get the ball, run off on his own, disregard the play entirely, and score a touchdown. He was an amazing little guy."

Little guy. His size was always an unpleasant reality in Dykstra's childhood. He and his older brother were close, but Brian used to beat him up. And it was years before Brian agreed to let his little brother play in neighborhood games. Lenny had to wait until he was 4 before he got a younger brother, Kevin, he could pick on.

"He was always tiny and short, always the smallest kid at whatever he did, it seemed, no matter what league he was in," his mother said. "But I believe that's what gave him his drive. He's always had that drive. Always."

Last October, as he was in the 1986 playoffs and World Series for the New York Mets, Dykstra was phenomenal in the postseason for the Phillies. It was as if he could homer or draw a walk or steal a base at will.

"The red light is on," Phils manager Jim Fregosi said of the national television spotlight, "and that's when the little guy is at his best."

As a youngster, Dykstra idolized the California Angels' Rod Carew and Nolan Ryan.

"He always had a poster of Ryan over his bed," his father said. "And when he batted against him in the '86 playoffs, I tell you, I just about broke down and cried."

So strong was Lenny Dykstra's adoration of Carew that he once wrote him a heartfelt letter - mentioning the fact that he was small and picked-on, his mother remembered. He got a phone call from Carew in return.

"When he was about 12, he and the other kids hiked the four miles to the Big A (Anaheim Stadium), and they snuck inside," his mother said. "It really wasn't a mischievous thing; Lenny was just so thrilled to be on the field where Rod Carew played. They were sliding into bases and hitting balls off the wall when, all of a sudden, there was a police helicopter above them, telling them all they were trespassing, and I guess they would have been arrested or something.

"But Lenny was so fast, he got away."

Eventually, at 18, the star of his high school's baseball and football teams, Dykstra was drafted by the Mets and left home for minor-league ball in Shelby, N.C.

Now rich and famous, with a family of his own, Dykstra still calls his mother once a week. ("He never forgets," she said. "Never forgets a birthday, either.") He and his father communicate less frequently.

"I coached him all those years, but I really don't feel like Lenny owes me anything," Dennis Dykstra said. "I've gotten paid back in spades just watching him play over the years. In some ways, I guess all the money he makes and all the scrutiny he's under has to have changed him a little. It's hard being who he really is.

"We still talk now and then, but when you try to call him, he's always got three or four other people on hold, someone else there with him. He's always so busy. He flew me in for the playoffs and World Series last year, and we all had a wonderful time. But I understand how busy he is. I always tell him, 'Someday, son, when your career is over, call me. Maybe we'll get together and have lunch.' "

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Dykstra, according to his mother, "was always very aggressive." (The

Philadelphia Inquirer, MICHAEL BRYANT)

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**End of Document**



[***THE MOVIE GUIDE; Short reviews of selected films***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42KR-NM50-0027-X3VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

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**Section:** GO!,

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**Body**

RATINGS

A - Excellent

B - Good

C - Fair

D - Poor

F - Abysmal

\* -Not reviewed

BILLY ELLIOT

(R) B+ This uplifting drama is another inspirational British film about ***working-class*** people striving to triumph over adversity. In this case, it's the son of a striking coal miner who discovers a talent for ballet. Despite the familiarity of its story, the charming, funny film is an absolute delight. Rousing dance numbers set to nonclassical music will have you ready to leap out of your seat. The moving finale will leave you smiling and teary-eyed. (11/10) Language; 16 and older.

\* For a complete list of film capsule reviews whenever you want to

BLOW DRY

(R) B- This British dramedy from the director of I Went Down and writer of The Full Monty strikes a careful balance between serious and slapstick: A subplot about cancer isn't trivialized, nor does it overshadow the town's big hairstyling contest. Although the tale is predictable and cliched at times, it's just as witty and compelling thanks to first-class

performances by Alan Rickman, Rachel Griffiths and Bill Nighly. (3/7) Profanity, sexuality, fleeting nudity; 16 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

BOUNCE

(PG-13) C+ Gwyneth Paltrow and Ben Affleck portray lovers, brought together by a tragic plane crash, in this latest twist-of-fate melodrama. The co-leads' chemistry ignites, but can't sustain, our interest; compelling pathos eventually gives way to molasses-paced predictability. (11/17) Profanity, sexuality; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

CHOCOLAT

(PG-13) B- The sinful temptation of chocolate is taken to moral extremes in Lasse Hallstrom's light comic fable about a mysterious outsider (Juliette Binoche) who opens a chocolaterie in a small French village, setting off a 'holy war' with the mayor that pits passion against repression. The well-crafted film is a timely parable about the assumed moral superiority of the religious right, but Hallstrom's obvious symbolism goes down a bit too heavily. (1/19) A scene of sensuality and some violence; 13 and older.

CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON

(PG-13) A Ang Lee's extraordinary fantasy-adventure combines acrobatic martial arts with epic romance as it follows 18th century Chinese warriors Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh, who fight to reclaim a legendary sword. Despite its genre trappings, Crouching Tiger has the superb artistry, rich performances and deep emotional resonance of Lee's previous work. (1/19) Martial-arts violence and some sexuality (in Mandarin with English subtitles); 13 and older.

DOWN TO EARTH

(PG-13) C Chris Rock co-opts much of his stand-up comedy act in his first starring vehicle, a loose update of the 1978 Warren Beatty comedy Heaven Can Wait . The corny romantic comedy puts a wacky racial spin on the story, with Rock as an aspiring young comic from Harlem who is temporarily reincarnated as a wealthy old white man. Much of the comedy results from goofy role reversals. (2/16) Language, sexual humor and some drug references; 13 and older. DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR?

(PG-13) F This infantile comedy follows the path of two slackers who can't remember the ludicrous things they supposedly did the previous night. As if attempting to inflate the pitiful plot, aliens arrive to demand the return of a universe-saving device, but they succeed only in boosting the already high idiot quotient. (12/16) Profanity, sexual candor; 12 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW GROOVE

(G) C+ This playful slapstick buddy comedy began as a traditional Disney animated adventure based on pre-Columbian legend before the story and an ambitious song score by Sting were scrapped two years into production. The slapdash result has its moments - if you enjoy the snarky humor of David Spade, who provides the voice of the title character - but this lesser Disney effort was done fast, cheap and strictly by the numbers. (12/15) Nothing objectionable; 5 and older.

THE FAMILY MAN

(PG-13) B- Director Brett Ratner's foray into the alternate-reality genre puts Nicolas Cage (back on the beam after some missteps) as a Wall Street CEO who gets a long 'glimpse' of his other identity: the title figure, married with children and selling tires for a living. The story, both fascinating and nonsensical, soars steadily before its snail pace and belabored ending take root. (12/22) Profanity, sexuality; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

15 MINUTES

(R) C John Herzfeld's hypocritical damnation of the American public and media fares best when co-stars Robert De Niro and Edward Burns buckle down to the nuts and bolts of crime investigation. When the filmmaker focuses on satirizing, he mistakenly conveys the tired message via gratuitous violence, condescension and miscast Kelsey Grammer's histrionics. (3/9) Profanity, violence, sexuality, brief nudity; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

GET OVER IT

(PG-13) D- This year's latest, and lamest, romantic comedy is neither; its slapdash story shifts among a school musical, physical gags, banal dialogue, daydreams and a sexually frustrated dog. Rather than concentrate on talented Kirsten Dunst, director Tommy O'Haver wastes time with model Kylie Bax, who returns the favor by feigning distress upon setting fire to a restaurant in the big screen's most pathetic skit in years. (3/10) Profanity, sexuality, fleeting violence, brief nudity; 14 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

HANNIBAL

(R) B Ridley Scott's stylish and lurid sequel to The Silence of the Lambs is entertaining but not as creepy or complex as its Oscar-winning predecessor. The rich production tones down the violence and gore of Thomas Harris' best-selling novel and provides a better ending. Still, you'd be wise not to eat before Hannibal . Dr. Lecter's vengeful nemesis is hideously disfigured, and the ghastly climax is shocking, even for those familiar with the book. (2/9) Gruesome violence, some nudity and language; 17 and older.

HEAD OVER HEELS

(PG-13) C+ This silly, lightweight romantic comedy attempts to marry Alfred Hitchcock-style suspense with screwball humor. Although there's never any question where it's going, the film delivers some decent laughs. Monica Potter plays a young woman with four supermodel roommates who suspects her new beau may be a killer. It's cute but contrived, with a heavy reliance on pratfalls and potty humor. (2/2) Sexual content, crude humor and language; 13 and older.

THE MEXICAN

(R) B- James Gandolfini, as a sensitive hit man and kidnapper, steals the spotlight of this caper involving a legendary, prized pistol. Brad Pitt goes south of the border to procure the title weapon while his resentful girlfriend (Julia Roberts) heads to Las Vegas, where she gets a lesson in love from the unlikeliest of sources. The movie has more spirit and depth than might be expected from its ilk. (3/2) Adult language, sexuality, violence; 17 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

MISS CONGENIALITY

(PG-13) C Sandra Bullock is cast as an unkempt FBI agent who poses as beauty-pageant contestant Ms. New Jersey to foil a mad bomber's fiendish plot. Donald Petrie stacks high the inanities and obviousness, though Michael Caine (as a high-brow consultant) and William Shatner provide an intermittent balm. (12/22) Profanity, sexuality, fleeting violence; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?

(PG-13) B- Translating ancient Greece to the Deep South, the Coen brothers' eccentric road comedy is a musical adaptation of Homer's The Odyssey set in Depression-era Mississippi. Coen brothers' fans will appreciate the film's quirky humor and flamboyant visual style, but some may view the picaresque story as self-indulgent whimsy. (1/12) Some violence and language; 13 and older.

102 DALMATIANS

(G) C+ The broad, cartoonish sequel to Disney's 1996 live-action remake of its 1961 animated classic improves upon its predecessor with a stronger story and fewer slapstick gags, but it still falls short of the original. There are some cute moments - as well as a number of funny lines from Eric Idle, voicing a parrot - but once the supposedly cured Cruella De Vil (Glenn Close) resorts to her old tricks, the film becomes a rehash of the previous capers. (11/22) Nothing objectionable; 5 and older.

RECESS: SCHOOL'S OUT

(G) C+ This moderately amusing preteen adventure is a Saturday-morning cartoon stretched to feature length, and it pretty much plays as such. The animation is simple, as is the story. Despite its artistic shortcomings, the film delivers some funny moments, as well as a timely message about allowing children to enjoy their youth. (2/16) Nothing objectionable; 6 and older.

SAVE THE LAST DANCE

(PG-13) C+ Cliches and epithets litter the landscape of this otherwise affecting interracial romance set to hip-hop and ballet. Everyone on hand - except seemingly miscast Julia Stiles as the dancing heroine - is convincing, and Thomas Carter's agile direction keeps us watching through the preordained finale. (1/12) Profanity, sexuality, violence; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

SEE SPOT RUN

(PG) C This over-busy farce stars David Arquette as a mail carrier and dog dodger who ends up caring for a neighbor's son and Agent 11, the crime-fighting canine and partner of an FBI officer (Michael Clarke Duncan.) The script fluctuates between charming and cheesy, while tankfuls of toilet humor and physical gags give Arquette license to act sillier than ever. (3/2) Profanity, mild sexuality, cartoonish violence; 12 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

STATE AND MAIN

(R) A- David Mamet's sharp, witty satire pits rural America against Hollywood when a big-budget movie crew descends on a quaint New England town. Drawing on the screwball comedies of Preston Sturges and Billy Wilder, Mamet skewers both cultures with equal affection. It brims with hilarious, rapid-fire dialogue and features inspired performances from an all-star ensemble cast. (1/12) Language and brief sexual images; 16 and older.

SUGAR & SPICE

(PG-13) F This dark teen comedy attempts to incite laughter by turning wholesome high school cheerleaders into gun-toting bank robbers, but the cartoonish caper doesn't raise so much as a chuckle. The supposedly 'dark' humor lacks bite. None of the characters is developed beyond a singular personality trait. Each related running gag is beaten soundly into the ground. (1/27) Language, sex-related humor and some thematic elements; 13 and older.

SWEET NOVEMBER

(PG-13) C- Charlize Theron's free-spirited, bona fide turn fails to spare this romantic drama from lapsing into mushy, tedious and depressing straits. What transpires beforehand - including workaholic Keanu Reeves' uneven effort - isn't exactly amusing and gripping itself. (2/16) Profanity, adult themes, brief nudity; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim

Luksic.

THIRTEEN DAYS

(PG-13) B- The 1962 Cuban missile crisis gripped the world, but this historical dramatization only occasionally sets the pulse racing. The political thriller is intelligent and well-performed, but it is dramatically subdued. Kevin Costner's central character isn't as compelling as President John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert. (1/12) Brief strong language; 13 and older.

3000 MILES TO GRACELAND

(R) C Like Elvis Presley's later material, this violent crime thriller about a Las Vegas casino heist by a gang of Elvis impersonators is glitzy schlock. Kurt Russell and Kevin Costner have fun playing dueling, big-sideburned bad guys, but the rote thriller plays like Reservoir Dogs in sequined jumpsuits. Its few flashy moments are mostly lost amid a hackneyed plot riddled with pointless shootouts and explosions. (2/23) Strong violence, sexuality and language; 17 and older.

TRAFFIC

(R) A- Steven Soderbergh's compelling drama, partly shot in Cincinnati, illustrates the pervasive nature of drugs, as well as the futility of the United States' war on trafficking. The stylish and involving film follows the drug flow into the United States via three interrelated stories. Soderbergh builds the tension level as he intertwines the detailed plot threads. Although it falters in the final moments, Traffic is one of 2000's best films. (1/5) Drug content, strong language, violence and some sexuality; 17 and older.

UNBREAKABLE

(PG-13) B M. Night Shyamalan's follow-up to The Sixth Sense is a similarly moody suspense thriller starring Bruce Willis that draws its inspiration from contemporary pop mythology. Though more ambitious and original, the insidiously gripping film is not without flaws. The climactic jolt doesn't take your breath away like that of its predecessor, and although it works in the context of the story, the surprise ending is likely to divide audiences. (11/22) Mature thematic elements including some disturbing violent content and a crude sexual reference; 13 and older.

VERTICAL LIMIT

(PG-13) B- This bracing but inane action thriller - inspired in part by the 1996 deaths of eight climbers on Mount Everest - isn't remotely believable, but it's not a bad thrill ride. Director Martin Campbell ( GoldenEye ) delivers many heart-pounding scenes of intense peril for stars Chris O'Donnell, Bill Paxton and Robin Tunney. Unfortunately, the story shares the same defiant relationship with logic that its characters have with gravity. (12/8) Intense life/death situations and brief strong language; 13 and older.

THE WEDDING PLANNER

(PG-13) C- Director Adam Shankman takes us on a silly, unrealistic ride throughout this star vehicle for Jennifer Lopez, the title character who falls for an engaging doctor (Matthew McConaughey). Bothersome supporting players whoop it up, while audiences must sidestep the minefields of corn. (1/26) Profanity, sexuality; 13 and older - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

WHAT WOMEN WANT

(PG-13) B Mel Gibson's first romantic comedy is a charming and funny fantasy that benefits from a witty script and appealing performances by a cast that also includes Helen Hunt, Marisa Tomei and Alan Alda. Its premise about a male chauvinist with the sudden ability to hear the thoughts of the women around him is hard to swallow and the ending doesn't work, but those flaws aside, the frequently hilarious film is the year's best date movie. (12/15) Sexual content and language; 13 and older.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

(R) A- The engaging comedic drama is a funny and touching look at the difficult nature of family ties. Director Kenneth Lonergan explores the complex bond between an adult brother and sister, depicted with compassion and humor. Laura Linney gives an astonishing performance as a small-town single mother whose well-ordered existence is toppled by the unexpected arrival of her irresponsible sibling. (12/22) Language, some drug use and a scene of sexuality; 16 and older.

Capsule reviews by Dave Larsen, except where noted. Dates at end show when movie review appeared in the paper.

**Load-Date:** March 18, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Roy Bourgeois;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-97C0-009B-P4DY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***A peacemaker forges on // For many, '60s-style activism went the way of the Cold War. This tireless crusader believes the fight is as vital now as ever.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-97C0-009B-P4DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1999 words

**Byline:** Eric Black; Staff Writer

**Body**

Q - You've spent the past six years trying to get the School of Americas closed. For those who haven't followed it, what is the School of the Americas?

A - It's a school, operated by the U.S. Army for 50 years, giving combat training to about 1,500 soldiers a year from about 18 Latin American countries. It was located in Panama until 1984; then it was moved to Fort Benning in Georgia. I didn't even know it existed until 1990. That was the year that six Jesuit priests, plus a mother and her young daughter, were massacred, killed in El Salvador. There was a congressional task force that went down to El Salvador and reported that those responsible for the massacre were trained at the School of the Americas at Fort Benning.

I had been living in Minneapolis then for about three years, preaching and teaching about U.S. foreign policy and what it was doing in Latin America. And when I read that the people who committed that massacre were being trained by the U.S. Army, right down in Georgia, I decided to come down to look into it.

A small group, including several Minnesotans who had come down here with me, began a 37-day water-only fast, camped out at the gate of Fort Benning, to call attention to the school. And meanwhile, we kept doing research, gathering documents, getting reports from Congress and other sources and trying to find out as much as possible about the school.

Q - What have you been able to figure out from that research?

A - We found that the school has been very connected to a lot of suffering and death in Latin America. Whenever we've had a human rights atrocity reported in Latin America we can be sure of one thing: that those responsible were trained at the School of the Americas.

Case in point. In March of '93, the U.N. Truth Commission report was made public and we learned that 73 percent of those officers cited for the most serious massacres in El Salvador's civil war - the massacre of the Jesuits and the two women, the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero, the rape and murder of the four U.S. churchwomen, the massacre at El Mozote, and on and on - those responsible were educated at the School of the Americas [SOA].

We talked to graduates of the school who had told us they had attended classes there in torture. The SOA officials denied that, of course. I remember just before I went to prison last year that the commander of the school denied it again. But all of a sudden, Sept. 20, while I was in prison, the Pentagon called a press conference and announced that yes, there were manuals used at the School of the Americas, from 1982 to 1991, that advocated torture, blackmail, execution.

The military is armed and trained here with our tax money. I want to say that every dollar that goes to train those soldiers here comes from the U.S. taxpayer. We pay for their transportation up here, pay for their food, some of them bring their families, some bring their mistresses. For quite a few years we were paying for them to go to Disney World until, I'm happy to say, we have stopped their trips by publicizing that.

There's a quote from [Dwight D.] Eisenhower that I carry around with me: "Every gun that's made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies in the final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed; those who are cold and not clothed." I hope more and more people come to see it just that way, that military spending is a theft from the poor.

Q - Why do you think the Pentagon cares at this stage of history, with the Cold War and most of the civil wars in that region over?

A - Having been in Latin America, working with the poor - personally I spent six years, mostly in Bolivia, doing that kind of missionary work, which is what really got me involved in this issue, and seeing firsthand the suffering of the poor, the brutality of the military in these countries, and how they stand as an obstacle to the poor improving the quality of their lives.

The military in Latin America is used to maintain a socioeconomic system that keeps the rich rich and and the poor poor. That oppression and suffering could not have happened without the military being entrenched, without their power and control of the vast majority of the people, the poor.

Q - But what I'm asking is why you believe the U.S. military would be interested in preserving a system that oppresses the poor in those countries?

A - It revolves around sustaining our quality of life, especially for a certain segment of our society, at the cost of other people's misery. Our foreign policy protects the interests of our big corporations there. Corporations go overseas and make huge profits off of cheap labor.

To have a school in our back yard and to continue helping them maintain military control, it reminds me of a quote from Isaiah: 'They will call evil good, and call good evil.'

Q - You don't believe the army is sincere about wanting to use the school to teach democracy and human rights, but I'm not getting a real clear picture of what you believe motivates the U.S. military to want to keep the school open.

A - I don't see evil people in Washington plotting against the poor. I think a lot of people in Congress, like many of us as North Americans, live very sheltered lives. They don't realize what we have done to the poor in Latin America. But the direct answer to the question you ask is it's a motivation of maintaining that control that we have over the lives of people in other countries.

Q - Do you share the perception that things are getting better in Central America in recent years, because so many of the civil wars have ended?

A - Sure. Without a doubt. Lots of big changes there. When you can walk through the streets and not have to worry about death squads. But while the shooting has stopped, the military still controls the power.

Q - So how many times does that make it that you have been to prison?

A - Six major times. The biggest time was the 18 months in Sandstone, Minn. But this last six months makes it a total of four years in prison.

I reach a point in my own life - it doesn't happen every week, it's only every few years - after so much talking, you just can't stand any more talk and I feel that to hold onto my integrity, and to sustain a certain amount of peace in my life, I have to leave the classroom and the comfort and security of the pulpit and do something.

Q - Do you believe that committing those actions, and then taking the prison time that came with them, advanced the cause you were trying to help more than you could have done by staying on the outside and giving more talks and reaching more people?

A - No yardsticks. No regrets. You go to prison, it's a lot of hard work. But it can help you get the message out even more. We said to the judge before the sentencing last year: "You can sentence us to prison, but you cannot silence the truth." And it's true.

Civil disobedience is a very good tactic. I've been inspired by Martin Luther King, and Gandhi and Nelson Mandela and Dorothy Day. These four people have had a tremendous influence on me in doing what I've done.

Going to prison is extremely important. The 13 of us have helped the cause very much. And on Nov. 16 of last year, while I was in prison, there were about 500 people who gathered here [at Fort Benning], from all around the country - our biggest demonstration ever. A couple of busloads came in from Minnesota. Veterans for peace, and a group of nuns, some students from Minnesota, drove 24 hours to get here in a chartered bus. Sixty of them crossed the line and were arrested. They are now awaiting notification of their trial.But that does not send us back. That brings us into the struggle even deeper. But let me say, not everyone's called to do civil disobedience.

Q - How do you feel about people who don't do anything?

A - A lot of us don't do anything for the simple reason that we're not aware of the situation. We are not born peacemakers. We are not born with a critical consciousness. I was born in a very traditional ***working-class*** family. We talked about sports; we talked about fishing and hunting; and when our country called on us, we went. We didn't question what the president was saying. We sure didn't criticize the military. We didn't look at things with critical eyes. But I've had people and experiences in my life that radicalized me and transformed my life, in Vietnam and in Bolivia.

I travel a lot, around the country, going into church groups, colleges, veterans' groups. A lot of people are coming in there hearing these things for the first time. One thing I've learned and what I've seen is this: The vast majority of us have got compassion. It's something within our hearts. When we hear about needless suffering, when we hear that these soldiers come here and are given guns and training and they go back to their home countries and they kill people, that stirs us up. And they do something. They write a letter, they join a march, they order the video, they get Jack Nelson-Pallmeyer's book, whatever [the Minneapolis-based writer and lay minister has a book about the SOA, "School of Assassins," coming out in March]. They're moved.

The people who do nothing, these are the people that we have to reach.

Q - Do you ever have the feeling that some of these arguments and tactics strike people as coming from the past, that civil disobedience has a 1960s, anti-Vietnam-protest flavor; that interest in Central America peaked during the Reagan years, and that these issues and arguments aren't reaching people in the post-Cold War period? Do you worry about coming across as some kind of a relic?

A - No, I don't see that as an issue. I'm reading this book now by Thomas Merton about a group in the fourth century called the desert fathers. . . . They couldn't take the consumerism and the corruption, so they fled to the desert by the hundreds. Why? Partly as a protest and partly to seek a deeper meaning in life. They said, 'I don't want to be part of a society that's so filled with idolatry.'

If those times were filled with idolatry, what do we have now? Well, you've got the biggest mall in the country up there, you know what I'm talking about. We've got high school students working two jobs to get the money to get whatever thing it is that they think will make them feel important. To a lot of us, success or failure will be measured by our bank account, or by our position in society, and then at age 70 or 80 a lot of us will be wondering what was that all about.

I've discovered there is a lot of meaning in life to be found in working for justice and working for peace, working for harmony. These are not '60s words. I mean, God, does it have to be our boys going off to Vietnam and coming back in body bags to be worth protesting against? Do we have to have people being lined up and shot? Of course not.

Now that the Cold War is behind us, when I go around and give my talks about this, I don't hear, 'What about the Communists?' That issue is behind us, fortunately, and I feel that we can talk about peace and justice in Latin America for the first time ever. That doesn't make it a relic, that makes it more timely than ever.

Q - So what's ahead for you?

A - Keep doing what we've doing until the School of the Americas closes. I have no doubt at all that it will close. If not this year, it will be the next. If not that, the next. But we're not going away. They know that. And next year, on Nov. 16, instead of 60 arrests, we'll have 160. And at some point the Pentagon will simply say, 'I think it's about time we throw in the towel.' And we're going to learn the truth of what Bishop Romero said: We who have a voice must speak for the voiceless.

Bourgeois to speak

The Rev. Roy Bourgeois will make two appearances in Minneapolis this weekend. Minneapolis Veterans for Peace (821-9141) is sponsoring his trip.

- Resource Center of the Americas, 317 17th Ave. SE, Minneapolis, at 10:30 a.m. Saturday.

- St. Steven's Church, 2201 Clinton Av. S., at 6 p.m. Sunday.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** January 17, 1997

**End of Document**



[***IN A RAPIDLY GROWING AREA, FOOTBALL BECOMES POLITICAL / NEWCOMERS WANT A TEAM AT AVON GROVE HIGH. OLD-TIMERS DON'T.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-9XR0-01K4-936M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 4, 1997 Tuesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. F01

**Length:** 2058 words

**Byline:** Frank Fitzpatrick, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In the countryside beyond the compost-scented downtowns of Avondale and West Grove, the vistas often are as stark as Wyeth landscapes: Worn stone farmhouses in gloomy valleys. Crossroad villages tattered by time. And, occasionally, a lone horse prowling a hillside like a specter.

But a busier, flashier world is encroaching on this unadorned corner of southern Chester County. Residential developments, with names such as the Hills of Sullivan and Ashley Estates, are popping up like spring daffodils all across the dull farmland.

"Housing developments are being approved on an almost weekly basis," said Rob Eckley, assistant principal and athletic director at Avon Grove High School, outside West Grove. "For years, our student population stayed right around 700. In the last five or six years, we've grown to 1,100. . . . In another few years, it will be around 1,300, and it could go up even higher than that."

As change rumbles through this mushroom corridor, which parallels Route 1 from Chadds Ford to the Maryland border, it has exposed conflicts between older residents - mostly farmers and the ***working-class*** inhabitants of these crumbling small towns - and their newer, more affluent neighbors.

Disputes have developed over the musky aroma emanating constantly from the mushroom farms, over growth-related increases in taxes and traffic, and, maybe most surprisingly, over the normally tame subject of high school football.

"The older residents here don't mind the new people," said Eckley, "but they don't want everything that goes along with it."

And, for the moment at least, that seems to include football.

The sport-related conflict began in October when the Avon Grove Football Association, composed primarily of newcomers, asked the Avon Grove school board to add the sport at the booming high school. Avon Grove, with only 73 of 557 boys competing in fall sports, the group said, is the only Class AAAA high school without football in District 1 of the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association. PIAA District 1 includes public and private schools in Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties and parts of Lower Bucks County, and a handful of Philadelphia schools not in the Public or Catholic League.

"We're at a point where we've gotten so big that we do need another boys' sport in the fall," Eckley said. "We have a lot of people coming in from football-rich communities, and sort of everything is coming to a head."

The debate has not only revived old arguments about academics versus athletics, but has come to symbolize all the discomfort this rapidly evolving school district is experiencing. Related resentments have surfaced over the intrusion of the new and the intransigence of the old and, in the midst of a countywide property reassessment that scares everyone, over the district's soaring taxes.

"I'm for football if the money can be found somewhere else. In the early '70s, the taxes on my home were $330. Now they are roughly $3,500," said Whit Shortlidge, 50, who owns an oil-distributing company in West Grove. "I had an elderly customer, now deceased, who told me something a few years ago that applies to this situation. He said: 'The way things are going, I'm going to have to die soon. I figure I can live to 75, and then I should consider dying because I'm going to be out of money.' "

"There is really some big-time bad blood here," said Mike Lawrence, 32, who operates the Avon Grove Citgo gas station, just outside Avondale. "I don't think these new residents even come close to understanding the anger that the people who have lived here all this time have toward them.

"They see that the traffic has increased, that you can't be out in the street playing like you used to, that your taxes are going up, and they get angry," he said. "They don't want to hear these people crying about football right now."

The school board, still hearing criticism for its approval of an $18 million renovation project at the high school, has delayed any action on the boosters' proposal. It now seems impossible that the sport could be added for the next school year.

\* Patrick Warrick, the high-energy, fast-talking head of the football boosters, stood in the rain behind Avon Grove High on a recent afternoon. A 32-year-old boilermaker with Sun Oil in Marcus Hook, Warrick had come here to prove a point.

Across State Road was a new development, Heather Grove, filled with large homes and the new playground sets that indicate future high schoolers. Below him, in a natural amphitheater surrounded by a track, was a bleacherless field, where the school's homecoming soccer games have been played for four decades.

"The farmers never bothered much with sports, so there's no culture of football out here, no culture of competition," said Warrick, who moved to nearby Penn Township from Delaware County eight years ago. "These people are good people raising good kids, but they think just being on a team is being successful. I think the parents are just a little soft. I think you've got this 'soccer mom' thing.

"Football conveys the attitudes you need in life. You're not just out there kicking a ball around and scoring a few times. [In football] they'll hand you your head if you're not up to the challenge. And it benefits not only the players but all those kids in the band, the cheerleaders, the kids who come to watch games."

The Avon Grove Football Association has tapped a vein of unused athletic ability, Warrick said.

"There is a lot of talent in our junior football program, a lot of big kids," he said. "Two years ago, our 115-pound team lost three games in an 11-game season by a total of 12 points. And we were playing the best teams in the area: Downingtown, South Philadelphia, Springfield."

The high school's soccer field looked to him like an ideal site for a stadium, where those same boys could play high school football and make the entire community proud. And there were other fields there, school property now committed to the area's busy soccer association on many evenings and weekends.

At a recent school board meeting, Warrick and a soccer association official argued about those fields. The soccer supporter noted that the community was best served when hundreds of local soccer-playing youngsters could use them instead of just a few dozen football players.

"They say we need new fields, but look at all these," Warrick said. "The problem is you have 50 or 60 soccer teams tramping all over them every weekend, and they haven't done anything to maintain them since Christ was an altar boy. If we have to wait for them to build a new field, we could be waiting another 20 years."

Eckley, a soft-spoken man, looked at the same field and saw nothing but problems. In his first year as athletic director, he supports the concept of football and believes that it is inevitable, but he worries about its cost.

"The soccer field drains terribly," he said. "The bleachers, with the incline that's there, would be a much greater expense to install. The lights would be shining right in people's back windows. The parking is not there.

"People from the outside don't realize all the intricacies that are involved in this thing. It can't be rushed into in a few months and thrust down the taxpayers' throats."

Warrick's football association believes a team of 25 youngsters, playing next year, could be equipped for $25,000, which he would raise by selling sponsorships to businesses. His boosters would build the goalposts, provide the money for "everything from soup to nuts," and even coach for free if needed.

"They've been making excuses about the start-up costs," Warrick said. "I told them it wouldn't cost them a dime. I'd raise every penny. I promised them to supply everything for a 25-man junior-varsity team the first year, 40 the next."

The boosters also have vowed to supply that same $25,000 every year - enough, Warrick said, to pay for an existing program. "And besides," he said, "everyone knows that at any high school you can think of, football is a pay-as-you-play proposition. The kids pay a fee to cover their expenses."

According to preliminary statistics compiled by Eckley, however, it would cost the district $150,000 to start football. That number frightened school board members, who fear selling another costly project to the public and who realize that booster support, while ardent at first, might easily dissipate when those supporters' children graduate.

"A lot of us got on the school board because of out-of-control spending, but when we got here, we found facilities that badly needed to be renovated," said Brook Knieriem, a board member and a resident of a new development, Thunder Hill. "And suddenly we're spending $20 million on construction at the high school. There is very little commercial tax base in this district, and you can't keep going back to the property owners."

Linda Ferranto, the manager of the Thomas Power Co., a district resident, and the mother of a 10-year-old boy, sat in her Avondale office recently surrounded by farm equipment that each year gets a little more difficult to sell.

"I'd love to see football, but don't raise my taxes again to do it," she said. "I always thought new development meant new revenues, but here it means new taxes. If these people are so hot to get football, why don't they take the money from some of the administrators' salaries?"

Ferranto's attitude is a typical one, Knieriem said.

"I think most of the people out here would like to see football at the high school," said Knieriem, one of seven people on the nine-member school board who has lived in the area less than 10 years. "I don't think you'll see it in the next year or so, but I believe that in four years, five at the most, we will see it."

That's too long for Warrick, an impatient man in the best of circumstances. His only son, 13-year-old Chris, is in the eighth grade.

Warrick played football at Chichester High and in the same youth association there that spawned Billy "White Shoes" Johnson. When he, his wife and three children moved, he quickly got involved with the youth football program. Chris is its star quarterback and last fall commuted to Chichester each afternoon to play on an all-star team there.

"If it doesn't happen soon, I know a lot of kids, a lot of quality kids, are going to leave," Warrick said. "My son is going to play ball somewhere. If I have to send him to Catholic school in Delaware, even though I spend $4,000 in school taxes, I'll do it. If I have to move, I'll do that."

Avon Grove recently added sports such as boys' and girls' swimming and this fall won two championships in the Southern Chester County League. The SCCL doesn't include football, though some members play football in the Del-Val League.

"When I graduated from Avon Grove," said Shortlidge, the oil distributor, whose children also are Avon Grove graduates, "we didn't have football, and it was never even discussed. Therefore, I'm not football-oriented. But if I came from a high school where it was a big part of the program, I'd like to see it. It's kind of a Catch-22."

This district is the result of a consolidation of schools in West Grove, Avondale and several surrounding townships in the 1950s. Its athletic history in the SCCL - a league dominated in recent years by faster-growing Unionville - has, for the most part, been an undistinguished one.

"Mr. Eckley said that when they do this [football], they want to do it first-rate," said Warrick. "What's first-rate? I don't think they do anything here first-rate. We've got 700 kids in our youth baseball program, but when they get here [to high school], they get the snot kicked out of them. Any school with a half-baked team comes out and beats their brains out."

Eckley said the school's current athletic teams were "very competitive."

"To say we don't push for excellence in sports is ridiculous. I think it is put in its place, though," he said. "I think sports are looked at as exactly what they are, an extracurricular activity. They are not a be-all, end-all."

A meeting to discuss the property-tax reassessment will take place tomorrow at the high school. That, for the moment, has stilled this debate.

"The timing [of the football association's request] was terrible," said Cecil Rector, a Lincoln University resident and amateur area historian. "This football thing is in for one heck of a fight."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Football backer Patrick Warrick gazes at the Avon Grove soccer field from under the scoreboard. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON CORTES)

Athletic director Rob Eckley, outside Avon Grove High, says the start-up cost for a football program at the school would be $150,000. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON CORTES)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:422K-S0P0-0027-X140-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

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**Section:** GO!,; THE MOVIE GUIDE; SHORT REVIEWS OF SELECTED FILMS

**Length:** 2343 words

**Body**

ALL THE PRETTY HORSES

(PG-13) C Billy Bob Thornton's adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's award-winning novel is a languid coming-of-age drama that's long on atmosphere but short on plot. By the time the lyrical Western tale finally gets interesting we have little more than a passing concern for the characters and their plight. (12/24) Violence and some sexuality; 13 and older.

BEDAZZLED

(PG-13) B- Director Harold Ramis gives the devil his, er, her due with a remake of the 1967 British comedy that put a modern-day spin on the Faust legend. The engagingly goofy update is cute and funny - even if, like the original, the laughs aren't always consistent. (10/20) Sex-related humor, language and some drug content; 13 and

older.

BEST IN SHOW

(PG-13) B Best in Show is a howlingly funny look at obsessive dog owners from the master of the 'mockumentary,' Christopher Guest. The unscripted comedy explores the funny world of competitive dog shows, with a talented cast performing their scenes off-the-cuff. (10/20) Language and sex-related material; 13 and older.

BILLY ELLIOT

(R) B+ This uplifting drama is yet another inspirational British film about ***working-class*** people striving to triumph over adversity. In this case, it's the son of a striking coal miner who discovers a talent for ballet. Despite the familiarity of its story, the charming and funny film is an absolute delight. Rousing dance numbers set to nonclassical music will have you ready to leap out of your seat. The moving finale will leave you smiling and teary-eyed. (11/10) Language; 16 and older.

BRING IT ON

(PG-13) C This sophomoric comedy about rival cheerleading squads from opposite ends of the social spectrum is an innocuous throwaway for teen-age girls. Despite several amusing moments, highlighted by the Busby Berkeley-inspired opening number, the film's thin story, cliched characters and inane dialogue make it nothing to cheer about. (8/25) Sex-related humor and profanity; 13 and older.

CAST AWAY

(PG-13) B Tom Hanks gives a bravura performance as a man stranded on a remote South Pacific island. He commands the screen alone for almost 90 minutes with little or no dialogue, but his captivating turn isn't always enough to keep the film afloat. Focusing on a solitary character is a unique approach and for the most part director Robert Zemeckis succeeds. Cast Away is an affecting human drama, despite its lack of dramatic momentum. (12/22) Some intense images and action scenes; 13 and older.

CHARLIE'S ANGELS

(PG-13) C+ Charlie's Angels doesn't take itself seriously for one minute. If viewers don't take it seriously, as well, then they should find the campy, tongue-in-cheek action comedy kind of fun. (11/3) Action violence, innuendo and some sexuality/nudity; 13 and older.

THE CONTENDER

(R) B+ The political thriller from film critic-turned-filmmaker Rod Lurie emphasizes principles over politics, telling the compelling tale of a female appointee for vice president who is confronted with a sex scandal from her past. (10/13) Strong sexual content and language; 17 and older.

DRACULA 2000

(R) B- Gerard Butler broods like a Dracula should, as he leads a first-rate cast of up-and-comers in a gory update of a tortured tale. The dark prince gets new life, after escaping from a vault, and he heads for New Orleans, stalking his prey in 'the Big Easy.' (12/23) Violence, language. - Reviewed by Laura Dempsey.

DR. SEUSS' HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS

(PG) C+ Ron Howard captures the look of Dr. Seuss' whimsical illustrations with his elaborate live-action version of the 1957 classic, but he misses the point of his story. Expanding the tale to feature length, the film lacks the spirit and warmth of the original, turning the sweet-natured Whos into a selfish, unlikable lot. The Grinch is just Jim Carrey doing his usual manic shtick under heavy latex makeup. Much of the humor is crude and innappropriate. (11/17) Crude humor; 7 and older.

DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR?

(PG-13) F Who needs to know? This infantile comedy follows the path of two slackers who can't remember the ludicrous things they supposedly did the previous night. As if attempting to inflate the pitiful plot, aliens arrive to demand the return of a universe-saving device, but they succeed only in boosting the already high idiot quotient. (12/16) Profanity, sexual candor; 12 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

DUETS

(R) C Three crooning couples - one composed of Gwyneth Paltrow and singer Huey Lewis - converge on the site of a big karaoke contest in this uneven and misguided dramedy. There is too much high-note acting and inadequate follow-through to justify the disarmingly serious story line. (10/6) Profanity, sexuality, brief nudity, violence; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

(PG-13) D This fantasy adventure, based on the popular role-playing game, is the most laughably bad film since Battlefield Earth . It also features the year's hammiest performance - by Jeremy Irons, picking up a paycheck as an evil wizard. The dull story draws heavily from the Star Wars and Lord of the Rings trilogies. The performances run to the extremes of wooden or over-the-top. The chintzy computer-generated dragons are unconvincing. (12/9) Fantasy action violence; 12 and older.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW GROOVE

(G) C+ This playful slapstick buddy comedy began as a traditional Disney animated adventure based on pre-Columbian legend before the story and an ambitious song score by Sting were scrapped two years into production. The slapdash result has its moments - if you enjoy the snarky humor of David Spade, who provides the voice of the title character - but this lesser Disney effort was done fast, cheap and strictly by the numbers. (12/15) Nothing objectionable; 5 and older.

THE FAMILY MAN

(PG-13) B- Director Brett Ratner's foray into the alternate-reality genre pits Nicolas Cage (back on the beam after some missteps) as a Wall Street CEO who gets a long 'glimpse' of his other identity: the title figure, married with children and selling tires for a living. The story, both fascinating and nonsensical, soars steadily before its snail pace and belabored ending take root. (12/22) Profanity, sexuality; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

LITTLE NICKY

(PG-13) C Adam Sandler plays the son of Satan in his latest crude, sophomoric comedy - a sporadically funny romp that provides a few good chuckles but no big laughs. (11/10) Crude sexual humor, drug content, language and thematic material; 13 and older.

THE LITTLE VAMPIRE

(PG) C Jerry Maguire 's waist-tall Jonathan Lipnicki plays a misunderstood lad who befriends a family of bloodsuckers in this Scotland-set fantasy. It's generally clean fun - boldly casting vampires in a positive light - tainted by plot convolution and phony-baloney dialogue. (10/27) Fleeting violence, mild peril; 7 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

MEN OF HONOR

(R) C+ Carl Brashear's attempt to become the Navy's first black diver is a stirring and inspiring story. Unfortunately, Men of Honor smothers it with trite Hollywood formula. (11/10) Language; 16 and older.

MISS CONGENIALITY

(PG-13) C The moniker 'Miss Congeniality' doesn't tell the half of her: Sandra Bullock, cast as an unkempt FBI agent who poses as beauty-pageant contestant Ms. New Jersey to foil a mad bomber's fiendish plot. Donald Petrie stacks high the inanities and obviousness, though Michael Caine (as a high-brow consultant) and William Shatner provide an intermittent balm. (12/22) Profanity, sexuality, fleeting violence; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

102 DALMATIANS

(G) C+ The broad, cartoonish sequel to Disney's 1996 live-action remake of its 1961 animated classic improves upon its predecessor with a stronger story and fewer slapstick gags, but it still falls short of the original. (11/22) Nothing objectionable; 5 and older.

PROOF OF LIFE

(R) C+ Russell Crowe and Meg Ryan's reported real-life romance while making Proof of Life is more interesting than the film, a slow-moving suspense drama about a hostage negotiator attempting to free an American kidnapped by South American guerrillas. The film is bracketed by exciting set pieces involving commando-style rescue operations, but the drama in between is constrained by a weak script and unlikable characters. (12/8) Violence, language and some drug material.

QUILLS

(R) B+ Philip Kaufman's dark, powerful adaptation of Doug Wright's award-winning stage play is a fictionalized account of the Marquis de Sade's last days in an insane asylum. The scathingly witty drama features strong performances, and it addresses the eternal struggle between artistic self-expression and societal censorship. Geoffrey Rush portrays Sade with malicious glee, humanizing the man many consider to be a depraved monster. (12/24) Strong sexual content including dialogue, violence and language; 17 and older.

RED PLANET

(PG-13) D The second of this year's two competing Mars movies is a boring sci-fi snoozefest that works on a visual level, featuring more than 900 effects shots, but its story lacks suspense, excitement or any sort of fun. Val Kilmer manages to make his stock anti-hero role interesting, but the other characters are devoid of personality. The dialogue includes repeated refrains of 'This can't be possible,' which more or less sums up the plot. (11/11) Sci-fi violence, brief nudity and language; 16 and older.

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM

(Not rated) A- The deeply affecting drama from Darren Aronofsky ( Pi ) is an emotionally harrowing experience, following four characters who plunge into addiction. Intensely bleak and disturbing, the visually brilliant adaptation of Hubert Selby Jr.'s novel is one of the year's most powerful films. Though not always easy to watch, it's compelling and unforgettable. (12/15) Graphic drug use and sexuality, language and nudity; 17 and older.

RUGRATS IN PARIS: THE MOVIE

(G) B+ Tommy & Co. hit the road and hop the ocean to Paris, where their babies'-eye view of life becomes a little more sophisticated. Guest voices include Susan Sarandon and John Lithgow, but the stars, as always, are the core 'rats: Tommy, Chuckie, Angelica, Phil and Lil. Add a few snot and poop jokes, and all's well that ends well. Fun for everybody. Honestly. (11/17) Nothing objectionable; all ages. - Reviewed by Laura Dempsey.

SHOWER

(PG-13) B An uncommonly tender tale about relationships, love and honor, Zhang Yang's light drama involves a bathhouse managed by a father and his sons: one a self-centered businessman, the other mentally challenged. The filmmaker's style - simplistic, leisurely, methodical - reflects the Japanese culture authentically and painstakingly, with an assist from a first-rate cast. (9/8) Adult themes, brief nudity; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

THE 6TH DAY

(PG-13) B- Arnold Schwarzenegger resorts to proven formula for this futuristic thriller, which borrows heavily from his previous films. Though it's far from original, the B-movie works more often than not. The fast-paced shoot-'em-up delivers plenty of violent action. What sets it apart from the typical Schwarzenegger vehicle is its surprisingly smart story - a fairly plausible sci-fi tale about the benefits and dangers of cloning. (11/17) Strong action violence, brief strong language and some sensuality; 13 and older.

UNBREAKABLE

(PG-13) B M. Night Shyamalan's follow-up to The Sixth Sense is a similarly moody suspense thriller starring Bruce Willis that draws its inspiration from contemporary pop mythology. Though more ambitious and original, the insidiously gripping film is not without flaws. The climactic jolt doesn't take your breath away like that of its predecessor, and although it works in the context of the story, the surprise ending is likely to divide audiences. (11/22) Mature thematic elements including some disturbing violent content and a crude sexual reference; 13 and older.

VERTICAL LIMIT

(PG-13) B- This bracing but inane action thriller - inspired in part by the 1996 deaths of eight climbers on Mount Everest - isn't remotely believable, but it's not a bad thrill ride. Director Martin Campbell ( GoldenEye ) delivers many heart-pounding scenes of intense peril for stars Chris O'Donnell, Bill Paxton and Robin Tunney. Unfortunately, the story shares the same defiant relationship with logic that its characters have with gravity. (12/8) Intense life/death situations and brief strong language; 13 and older.

THE WAY OF THE GUN

(R) D A pair of despicable losers played by Ryan Phillippe and Benecio Del Toro kidnaps a deceitful surrogate mother (Juliette Lewis) who is carrying a baby for a corrupt millionaire and his annoying trophy wife. Double-crossing bodyguards, a disgraced doctor and over-the-hill contract killers make the situation bloodier and more confusing. Before the overly long movie ends you will wish they all were blown to smithereens, and many of them are. (9/9) Violence and profanity; 16 and older. - Reviewed by James Cummings.

WHAT WOMEN WANT

(PG-13) B Mel Gibson's first romantic comedy is a charming and funny fantasy that benefits from a witty script and appealing performances by a cast that also includes Helen Hunt, Marisa Tomei and Alan Alda. Its premise about a male chauvinist with the sudden ability to hear the thoughts of the women around him is hard to swallow and the ending doesn't work, but those flaws aside, the frequently hilarious film is the year's best date movie. (12/15) Sexual content and language; 13 and older.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

(R) A- The engaging comedic drama is a funny and touching look at the difficult nature of family ties, as well as one of the year's best films. Director Kenneth Lonergan explores the complex bond between an adult brother and sister, depicted with compassion and humor. Laura Linney gives an astonishing performance as a small-town single mother whose well-ordered existence is toppled by the unexpected arrival of her irresponsible sibling. (12/22) Language, some drug use and a scene of sexuality; 16 and older.

Capsule reviews by Dave Larsen, except where noted. Dates at end show when movie review appeared in the paper.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: In 'The Emperor's New Groove,' the good-natured peasant Pacha (left) gets help from his wife, Chicha, as Pacha tries to help the emperor regain his throne.

**Load-Date:** January 6, 2001

**End of Document**



[***BOTTOM LINE: THIS PART OF D.C. IS A TREAT< THE WATERGATE ISN'T THE ONLY ATTRACTION IN FOGGY BOTTOM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CHP0-01K4-94V4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T01

**Length:** 2007 words

**Byline:** Ralph Vigoda, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

I couldn't remember my recent history too well.

But I sure could feel it.

It was hard not to, standing in the lobby of the Howard Johnson's Hotel on Virginia Avenue, looking out the glass door to the gigantic, odd-shaped complex across the street.

I didn't remember exactly where the scouts were posted that night nearly 25 years ago; it was somewhere a few floors above me. (I looked it up later: Room 723). Still, I figured, their view would have been similar to mine. And I wondered how frantic G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt became when they looked across the avenue - just as I was doing now - and saw a security guard approaching their five cohorts in the office of the Democratic National Headquarters in the Watergate building.

Early in the morning of June 17, 1972, that security guard discovered a taped-up lock on the office door, setting in motion the events that led to the resignation of Richard Nixon two years later.

I was riveted by the drama back then as I watched on television. And I was pretty excited being right where it all began, on the edge of this Washington neighborhood known as Foggy Bottom.

Now it's true that Foggy Bottom doesn't have the restaurants of Adams-Morgan, the shopping of Georgetown, or the museums of the Mall. But it does have perhaps the most famous HoJo's in the world. That's got to count for something.

And even if that doesn't turn you on, there's enough here to keep you busy for a weekend of walking and exploring.

First, it has a great location: near the White House and on the banks of the Potomac River. It has a sparkling cultural home in the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. There are places that have played important roles in black history. The George Washington University is here - as is the GW hospital, where Ronald Reagan underwent emergency surgery after being shot in 1981. The Watergate is also one of the district's most prestigious residential addresses, currently home to Bob and Elizabeth Dole. There is a phalanx of monumental buildings housing government agencies and organizational headquarters, many with interesting, free exhibits that are rarely on the tourist agenda. And the wonderful Corcoran Gallery of Art.

All that, plus one of the most historical homes in Washington, the Octagon House, which has had just two owners in nearly two centuries.

Now, a purist might argue that placing the Octagon within the confines of Foggy Bottom is stretching things a bit. It's on 18th and F Streets, a couple of blocks from the White House, and some guidebooks attach it to the President's neighborhood.

Neighborhood borders, though, are fluid; while the original Foggy Bottom, an enclave of ***working-class*** German and Irish immigrants, was smaller, today it covers an area from 17th Street west to Rock Creek/Potomac Parkway, and from Constitution Avenue north to Pennsylvania Avenue.

So if you're in the area of the White House, or the Kennedy Center - or just enjoy strolling through this city - Foggy Bottom has much to see.

It actually might have had a lot more to see if Thomas Jefferson had had his way. He proposed locating the U.S. Capitol here, an idea overruled by George Washington and Pierre L'Enfant. The area was known as Funks-town, named for Jacob Funk, a German immigrant who bought a large tract of land around 1764. (It was also called Hamburg by its German residents.) Funk hoped to make a killing as a land speculator, but it wasn't until the 1790s, when Washington was selected as the nation's capital, that the waterfront plots began to sell.

The Potomac River came up to where Constitution Avenue is today, and a brewery, coal factory and other industries sprang up. The immigrant workers who lived nearby turned the river area into a neighborhood of laborers; as it became the city's industrial center, a perpetual fog hung over the area, and its new appellation was born.

The Civil War transformed Foggy Bottom into an Army camp; afterward, a steady migration of blacks from the South altered the character of the neighborhood again. By the turn of the century, the factories had begun to close and the streets descended into rundown, deserted thoroughfares. For much of the first half of this century, Foggy Bottom was a slum.

Two things happened 35 years apart to give the area new life. George Washington University moved to Foggy Bottom in 1912, slowly buying block after block, renovating and tearing down along the way; the school, occupying the heart of the neighborhood, remains the second-largest landowner in the district, behind the federal government. Then, in 1947, the State Department opened its complex, and the gentrification began full-time. Today Foggy Bottom is a pleasant mix of refurbished brick rowhouses, historic blocks, restaurants and shops catering to students, and numerous parklets that are perfect for resting and nibbling a snack.

You can start your exploring on the west side with the Watergate, the site of recent history. Or go east and tour the Octagon, where history was made nearly two centuries ago.

A Federal-period architectural gem completed in 1801, the Octagon was designed by William Thornton, the original architect of the U.S. Capitol, for the family of Col. John Tayloe. Why it's called the Octagon, though, is somewhat of a mystery; the entryway and two floors above it are circular, and the main part of the house fans out behind it.

When the British sacked Washington and burned the White House in 1814, during the War of 1812, President James and Dolly Madison moved into the Octagon. They were still there in February 1815 when Madison signed the Treaty of Ghent in the second-floor drawing room, ending the war.

Members of the Tayloe family lived in the home until the late 1850s, then rented it. At one point it was a girls' school. During the 1880s, in Foggy Bottom's depressed period, it had become a tenement, occupied by 10 families. Eventually the American Institute for Architects bought it in 1902 for $34,000 - $1,000 less than it had cost the Tayloes to build it 100 years earlier. There's a $3 donation for a tour, which gives a good idea of a rich family's life in early Washington.

A block south on 18th Street is the Department of the Interior building, opened in 1937. The drab outside belies the interesting inside, with large paintings celebrating the opening of the West, and a small museum. There's also a store specializing in Native American items; the Bureau of Indian Affairs is part of the department.

On the corner of New York Avenue and 17th Street is the Corcoran Gallery of Art, built in 1897 to house William Wilson Corcoran's extensive collection. Frank Lloyd Wright once called this Beaux Arts building his favorite in Washington.

The gallery has a number of large neighbors up and down 17th Street. The American Red Cross headquarters (430 17th St.) has historical items of the organization displayed in its lobby. The Organization of American States has its home at the corner of 17th and Constitution; behind it is a lovely, manicured spot with a reflecting pool - a pretty place to sit - leading to the Art Museum of the Americas.

Between the two buildings is the complex of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Continental Hall, which holds the DAR Museum, is highlighted by a 30,000-item collection of decorative arts. Behind it is Memorial Hall, a wonderful concert venue that is perhaps equally famous for a performance that never took place. It was here, in 1939, that contralto Marian Anderson's engagement was canceled when the DAR refused to allowed a black to sing there. Urged on by public pressure and Eleanor Roosevelt - who resigned from the DAR - Interior Secretary Harold Ickes offered the Lincoln Memorial as an alternative site. The 75,000 who turned out on Easter helped mark a turning point in civil rights.

The Winder Building (604 17th) is the oldest on the street. Built in 1848, at five stories it was the city's first high-rise. Sold to the government in 1852, it became headquarters for the Union Army during the Civil War. Gens. Ulysses S. Grant and Winfield Scott had their offices here, and President Lincoln often visited at night to read dispatches from the front and talk to Confederate prisoners.

New York Avenue runs into E Street, where the lovely Rawlins Park is a great spot to kick off your shoes and look at the goldfish pools.

From the park it's about seven blocks to the Watergate. Walk down F or G Streets to pass some interesting sites. At 1801 F St. is a home built in 1825 and once occupied by Chief Justice John Marshall. At 1920 G St. is United Church, a link to the past when German immigrants filled Foggy Bottom. Services in German are still held.

A more historical house of worship is on 23d Street, between G and H Streets. St. Mary's Episcopal Church was known as St. Mary's Chapel for Colored People when it opened on Jan. 20, 1887. Until then, blacks who attended other neighborhood churches were frequently relegated to the balcony, or forced to wait for Holy Communion until whites were finished. According to The Washington Historical Atlas, the whites who were unwilling to share their churches thought it a great idea to donate land and raise money for a separate black church. St. Mary's, designed by James Renwick as a Victorian Gothic rendition of an English country church, has remained unaltered, with minor exceptions, for nearly 110 years.

Two blocks north, on 23d Street, is the George Washington University Emergency Medical Center that was mentioned in news reports around the world on March 30, 1981, when President Reagan was rushed there after being wounded by John Hinckley Jr. Much of the area south of Pennsylvania Avenue, between 19th and 24th Streets, is covered by GWU, an urban campus of converted 19th-century rowhouses and modern classroom buildings. George Washington had left stock to endow the university, but it didn't get its start until 1821, 22 years after his death. Originally known as Columbian College and designed to train students for the Baptist ministry, it changed its mission around 1904 after merging with another organization, and changed its named to honor the first president; the school moved to Foggy Bottom eight years later.

On C Street, between 21st and 23d, is the massive Department of State, which relocated to this spot just after World War II and helped spur urban renewal. You can tour the building, including the Diplomatic Reception Rooms used to entertain foreign dignitaries, but need to make reservations.

A few blocks from the State Department is the Kennedy Center. Plans for a cultural home were bandied about for decades, but it wasn't until 1971 that the John F. Kennedy Center, overlooking the Potomac, was opened. Similar to New York's Lincoln Center, it has become a living memorial to the assassinated president, with many of the furnishings donated by foreign countries. This is where Washington area residents come to see the road company of Broadway shows, as well as operas and concerts. It houses six theaters, including a movie house of the American Film Institute. A great view of the city is available on the rooftop terrace.

The center is a few steps from the Watergate Hotel Complex. The name Watergate came from a set of steps leading down to the Potomac from behind the Lincoln Memorial, but it means much more than that now. In addition to the offices, apartments and hotel - one of the nicest and priciest in the city - a number of embassies are also located here. You can have a meal, walk around the grounds, or try - as I did on a late summer Sunday - to get up to the sixth floor and take a gander at the office that once housed the Democratic National Headquarters.

I crossed the street to the office building, where a young doorman promptly let me in, obviously mistaking me for someone important. When he quickly realized his error - I think the Hawaiian shirt and camera around my neck gave me away - he told me the building was closed.

My first instinct was to lie, or push him down and rush past.

But that would be wrong.

**Notes**

WEEKEND JOURNEY

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE MOVIE GUIDE; Short reviews of selected films***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4214-15K0-0027-X561-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 29, 2000, Friday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** GO!,

**Length:** 2297 words

**Body**

RATINGS

A - Excellent

B - Good

C - Fair

D - Poor

F - Abysmal

\* -Not reviewed

ALL THE PRETTY HORSES (PG-13) C

Billy Bob Thornton's adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's award-winning novel is a languid coming-of-age drama that's long on atmosphere but short on plot. Thornton lingers on artfully composed slow-motion shots of horse-roping and the like, but he skips through the story, making it hard to follow. By the time the lyrical Western tale finally gets interesting we have little more than a passing concern for the characters and their plight. (12/24) Violence and some sexuality; 13 and older.

BAMBOOZLED (R) B-

Spike Lee's inflammatory satire of the U.S. media's depiction of racial stereotypes is audacious, with its 21st century TV 'shuckin' and jivin' ' minstrel show starring a homeless tap dancer and his street-hustler sidekick. But the fierce film, which stars Damon Wayans, Savion Glover and Tommy Davidson stumbles in the second half. (11/24) Strong language, some violence; 17 and older.

BEST IN SHOW (PG-13) B

Best in Show is a howlingly funny look at obsessive dog owners from the master of the 'mockumentary,' Christopher Guest. The unscripted comedy explores the comedically rich world of competitive dog shows, with a talented cast of improvisational actors performing their scenes off-the-cuff. Though not as consistently funny as Guest's Waiting for Guffman, the endearing comedy will have you barking with laughter. (10/20) Language and sex-related material; 13 and older.

BILLY ELLIOT (R) B+

This uplifting drama is yet another inspirational British film about ***working-class*** people striving to triumph over adversity. In this case, it's the son of a striking coal miner who discovers a talent for ballet. Despite the familiarity of its story, the charming and funny film is an absolute delight. Rousing dance numbers set to nonclassical music will have you ready to leap out of your seat. The moving finale will leave you smiling and teary-eyed. (11/10) Language; 16 and older.

CAST AWAY (PG-13) B

Tom Hanks gives a bravura performance as a man stranded on a remote South Pacific island. He commands the screen alone for almost 90 minutes with little or no dialogue, but his captivating turn isn't always enough to keep the film afloat. Focusing on a solitary character is a unique approach and for the most part director Robert Zemeckis succeeds. Cast Away is an affecting human drama, despite its lack of dramatic momentum. (12/22) Some intense images and action scenes; 13 and older.

CHARLIE'S ANGELS (PG-13) C+

Charlie's Angels doesn't take itself seriously for one minute. If viewers don't take it seriously, as well, then they should find the campy, tongue-in-cheek action comedy kind of fun. (11/3) Action violence, innuendo and some sexuality/nudity; 13 and older.

THE CONTENDER (R) B+

The political thriller from film critic-turned-filmmaker Rod Lurie emphasizes principles over politics, telling the compelling tale of a female appointee for vice president (Joan Allen) who is confronted with a sex scandal from her past. (10/13) Strong sexual content and language; 17 and older.

DRACULA 2000 (R) B-

Gerard Butler broods like a Dracula should, as he leads a first-rate cast of up-and-comers in a gory update of a tortured tale. The dark prince gets new life, after escaping from a vault, and he heads for New Orleans, stalking his prey in 'the Big Easy.' (12/23) Violence, language. - Reviewed by Laura Dempsey.

DR. SEUSS' HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS (PG) C+

Ron Howard captures the look of Dr. Seuss' whimsical illustrations with his elaborate live-action version of the 1957 classic, but he misses the point of his story. Expanding the tale to feature length, the film lacks the spirit and warmth of the original, turning the sweet-natured Whos into a selfish, unlikable lot. The Grinch is just Jim Carrey doing his usual manic shtick under heavy latex makeup. Much of the humor is crude and innappropriate. (11/17) Crude humor; 7 and older.

DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR? (PG-13) F

Who needs to know? This infantile comedy follows the path of two slackers who can't remember the ludicrous things they supposedly did the previous night. As if attempting to inflate the pitiful plot, aliens arrive to demand the return of a universe-saving device, but they succeed only in boosting the already high idiot quotient. (12/16) Profanity, sexual candor; 12 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS (PG-13) D

This fantasy adventure, based on the popular role-playing game, is the most laughably bad film since Battlefield Earth. It also features the year's hammiest performance - by Jeremy Irons, picking up a paycheck as an evil wizard. (12/9) Fantasy action violence; 12 and older.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW GROOVE (G) C+

This playful slapstick buddy comedy began as a traditional Disney animated adventure based on pre-Columbian legend before the story and an ambitious song score by Sting were scrapped two years into production. The slapdash result has its moments - if you enjoy the snarky humor of David Spade, who provides the voice of the title character - but this lesser Disney effort was done fast, cheap and strictly by the numbers. (12/15) Nothing objectionable; 5 and older.

THE FAMILY MAN (PG-13) B-

Director Brett Ratner's foray into the alternate-reality genre pits Nicolas Cage (back on the beam after some missteps) as a Wall Street CEO who gets a long 'glimpse' of his other identity: the title figure, married with children and selling tires for a living. The story, both fascinating and nonsensical, soars steadily before its snail pace and belabored ending take root. (12/22) Profanity, sexuality; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

THE GIRL ON THE BRIDGE (R) B-

Two quirky, manipulative characters - a 21-year-old suicidal muse and a professional knife thrower - hit the circus circuit together in French director Patrice Leconte's black-and-white dark comedy. Despite some liberally sprinkled wisecracks and serviceable performances, the story seems insubstantial and its players oddly remote. (11/4) Adult language, sexuality; 16 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

LITTLE NICKY (PG-13) C

Adam Sandler plays the son of Satan in his latest crude, sophomoric comedy - a sporadically funny romp that provides a few good chuckles but no big laughs. The cartoonish farce is heavy on sex and potty humor, more akin to Sandler's earlier films than his recent hits. His surprising ascent of Hollywood's A-list is reflected by superb production values and an impressive roster of talent in supporting and cameo roles. (11/10) Crude sexual humor, drug content, language and thematic material; 13 and older.

THE LITTLE VAMPIRE (PG) C

Jerry Maguire 's waist-tall Jonathan Lipnicki plays a misunderstood lad who befriends a family of bloodsuckers in this Scotland-set fantasy. It's generally clean fun - boldly casting vampires in a positive light - tainted by plot convolution and phony-baloney dialogue. (10/27) Fleeting violence, mild peril; 7 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

MEET THE PARENTS (PG-13)

B+ This sharp, engaging comedy of errors pits Robert De Niro against Ben Stiller, who plays a hapless male nurse spending a disastrous weekend desperately trying to win the approval of his imposing would-be father-in-law. Austin Powers director Jay Roach sustains a consistent level of humor with the help of a smart script, in which seemingly minor details collide in surprising comedic payoffs. It is one of the year's funniest films. (10/6) Sexual content, drug references and language; 13 and older.

MEN OF HONOR (R) C+

Carl Brashear's attempt to become the Navy's first black diver is a stirring and inspiring story. Unfortunately, Men of Honor smothers it with trite Hollywood formula. Though fact-based, the pat, predictable drama takes many liberties with Brashear's life and lacks the ring of truth. Exciting underwater sequences go a long way toward keeping the film afloat, as do the strong performances of Cuba Gooding Jr. and Robert De Niro. (11/10) Language; 16 and older.

MISS CONGENIALITY (PG-13) C

The moniker 'Miss Congeniality' doesn't tell the half of her: Sandra Bullock, cast as an unkempt FBI agent who poses as beauty-pageant contestant Ms. New Jersey to foil a mad bomber's fiendish plot. Donald Petrie stacks high the inanities and obviousness, though Michael Caine (as a high-brow consultant) and William Shatner provide an intermittent balm. (12/22) Profanity, sexuality, fleeting violence; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

102 DALMATIANS (G) C+

The broad, cartoonish sequel to Disney's 1996 live-action remake of its 1961 animated classic improves upon its predecessor with a stronger story and fewer slapstick gags, but it still falls short of the original. There are some cute moments - as well as a number of funny lines from Eric Idle, voicing a parrot - but once the supposedly cured Cruella De Vil (Glenn Close) resorts to her old tricks, the film becomes a rehash of the previous capers. (11/22) Nothing objectionable; 5 and older.

PROOF OF LIFE (R) C+

Russell Crowe and Meg Ryan's reported real-life romance while making Proof of Life is more interesting than the film, a slow-moving suspense drama about a hostage negotiator attempting to free an American kidnapped by South American guerrillas. The film is bracketed by exciting set pieces involving commando-style rescue operations, but the drama in between is constrained by a weak script and unlikable characters. (12/8) Violence, language and some drug material.

QUILLS (R) B+

Philip Kaufman's dark, powerful adaptation of Doug Wright's award-winning stage play is a fictionalized account of the Marquis de Sade's last days in an insane asylum. The scathingly witty drama features strong performances, and it addresses the eternal struggle between artistic self-expression and societal censorship. Geoffrey Rush portrays Sade with malicious glee, humanizing the man many consider to be a depraved monster. (12/24) Strong sexual content including dialogue, violence and language; 17 and older.

RED PLANET (PG-13) D

This boring sci-fi snoozefest, starring Val Kilmer, works on a visual level, but its story lacks suspense, excitement or any sort of fun. The dialogue includes repeated refrains of 'This can't be possible,' which more or less sums up the plot. (11/11) Sci-fi violence, brief nudity and language; 16 and older.

REQUIEM FOR A DREAM (Not rated) A-

The affecting drama is an emotionally harrowing experience, following four characters who plunge into addiction. Intensely bleak and disturbing, the visually brilliant adaptation of Hubert Selby Jr.'s novel is one of the year's most powerful films. Though not always easy to watch, it's unforgettable. (12/15) Graphic drug use and sexuality, language and nudity; 17 and older.

RUGRATS IN PARIS: THE MOVIE (G) B+

Tommy & Co. hit the road and hop the ocean to Paris, where their babies'-eye view of life becomes a little more sophisticated. Add a few snot and poop jokes, and all's well that ends well. (11/17) Nothing objectionable; all ages. - Reviewed by Laura Dempsey.

SHOWER (PG-13) B

An uncommonly tender tale about relationships, love and honor, Zhang Yang's light drama involves a bathhouse managed by a father and his sons: one a self-centered businessman, the other mentally challenged. The filmmaker's style - simplistic, leisurely, methodical - reflects the Japanese culture authentically and painstakingly, with an assist from a first-rate cast. (9/8) Adult themes, brief nudity; 13 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

THE 6TH DAY (PG-13) B-

Arnold Schwarzenegger resorts to proven formula for this futuristic thriller, which borrows heavily from his previous films. What sets it apart from the typical Schwarzenegger vehicle is its surprisingly smart story - a fairly plausible sci-fi tale about the benefits and dangers of cloning. (11/17) Strong action violence, brief strong language and some sensuality; 13 and older.

UNBREAKABLE (PG-13) B

M. Night Shyamalan's follow-up to The Sixth Sense is a similarly moody suspense thriller starring Bruce Willis that draws its inspiration from contemporary pop mythology. Though more ambitious and original, the insidiously gripping film is not without flaws. The climactic jolt doesn't take your breath away like that of its precessor, and although it works in the context of the story, the surprise ending is likely to divide audiences. (11/22) Mature thematic elements including some disturbing violent content and a crude sexual reference; 13 and older.

VERTICAL LIMIT (PG-13) B-

This bracing but inane action thriller - inspired in part by the 1996 deaths of eight climbers on Mount Everest - isn't remotely believable, but it's not a bad thrill ride. (12/8) Intense life/death situations and brief strong language; 13 and older.

WHAT WOMEN WANT (PG-13) B

Mel Gibson's first romantic comedy is a charming and funny fantasy that benefits from a witty script and appealing performances by a cast that also includes Helen Hunt, Marisa Tomei and Alan Alda. Its premise about a male chauvinist with the sudden ability to hear the thoughts of the women around him is hard to swallow and the ending doesn't work, but those flaws aside, the frequently hilarious film is the year's best date movie. (12/15) Sexual content and language; 13 and older.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME (R) A-

The engaging comedic drama is a funny and touching look at the difficult nature of family ties, as well as one of the year's best films. Director Kenneth Lonergan explores the complex bond between an adult brother and sister, depicted with compassion and humor. Laura Linney gives an astonishing performance as a small-town single mother whose well-ordered existence is toppled by the unexpected arrival of her irresponsible sibling. (12/22) Language, some drug use and a scene of sexuality; 16 and older.

**Notes**

Capsule reviews by Dave Larsen, except where noted. Dates at end show when movie review appeared in the paper.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Matt Damon (left) rides the range in 'All The Pretty Horses.'

**Load-Date:** December 30, 2000

**End of Document**



[***The best of times & the worst of times;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9K00-009B-P1G8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Three Minnesotans trying to 'make it' in a changing economy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9K00-009B-P1G8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Mike Meyers; Staff Writer

**Body**

One vows to vote for Bill Clinton. Another will pull the lever for Bob Dole. A third remains undecided.

Based on their economic circumstances, in an era when matters financial are supposed to move voters above all else, guess which of these Minnesotans backs Dole, Clinton or a candidate to be named later:

(Hint: Stereotypes about what manner of people vote for what fashion of candidate aren't much help.)

Glenn Schlichting is a high school-educated head of a ***working class*** family fighting to pay off $ 8,000 in credit card debt and to meet the expense of raising two teenagers. He's lived through the pain off a layoff and knows what it's like to scramble for a job.

To achieve an annual income of about $ 40,000, Schlichting holds down three jobs. Before dawn, he leaves his White Bear Lake house to deliver copies of the Pioneer Press. By 8:30 a.m., he's fixing cameras at Northwest Camera and Video Repair, a company he owns with two partners. A couple of times a week, he and his wife, Diane, make house calls selling Excel, a long-distance telephone service.

If that's not enough, the 38-year-old Schlichting also spends one weekend a month and two weeks a year training in the U.S. Navy Reserve, a strategy aimed at boosting his retirement income at age 60.

Mary Forliti, 49, lives in a trailer park in Wyoming, Anoka County, and has no dream of being an entrepreneur. She aspires to go to college, to complete an education long delayed by the struggle to make a living.

Making less than $ 20,000 a year operating a plastic-molding press, Forliti twice has been unemployed since President Clinton's election. She lives with a boyfriend whose job in construction work is seasonal. Forliti may have to look for night or weekend work when winter arrives.

Ron Clark is 60 years old and underemployed. His consulting job negotiating contracts between hospitals and suppliers of equipment and services has been getting slower in the wake of consolidation in the health care industry. To help pay the bills, he works the cash register at a bookstore at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport.

Nevertheless, Clark and his wife, Susan, are in a different league financially than either the Schlichtings or Forliti. The Clarks have a household income of $ 60,000 to $ 80,000, owing largely to Susan's job as a consultant at a Minnesota hospital company.

Ready to guess which voter falls into which camp?

Schlichting, the man working from before dawn to well after dusk, favors Dole. Forliti, who longs for a college degree, backs Clinton. Clark, whose financial fortunes have wained in the face of a rapidly changing health care system, wants to hear more from the candidates before making up his mind.

Hearing how Schlichting, Forliti and Clark view economic issues in 1996 opens to challenge arguments about economic self-interest motivating voters in a predictable way. Each person has his or her own ideas about what candidates and government policies will leave Americans better off tomorrow than they are today.

How good is the economy?

The conventional wisdom is that Clinton has a strong edge, not only because polls show him with a commanding lead but because, by many measures, the economy is more robust than it has been in many years.

The latest reading of the unemployment rate was the lowest in seven years. Inflation remains in check. Indeed, the combination of the rates of unemployment and inflation - what Ronald Reagan once dubbed "the misery index" - hovers at a rate that hasn't been seen since the late 1960s.

Moreover, despite grousing about taxes, most Americans face the lowest marginal tax rates of the post-World War II era. The federal deficit has declined in the Clinton years and, although budget shortfalls are expected to start climbing again by the end of the century, matching government spending and revenues has all but disappeared from political debate.

Yet the news media report that great economic anxiety is abroad in the land - a feeling among Americans that they once were better off financially and actually may have less to show for their labors than their parents did in the 1950s and 1960s.

To be sure, government statistics and public opinion polls show a mixed picture.

Gross Domestic Product (GDP), the dollar value of the goods and services produced by Americans, has roared ahead in 1996 after several years of sub-par growth. But the fruits have not been distributed equally. The rich have gotten richer - in part, because some of the middle class have joined their ranks - while the poor have fallen further behind in the last decade or two.

Nevertheless, consumer-confidence polls are near all-time highs and consumer debt has climbed to unprecedented levels. Debt may be a burden on individual households, but economists view spending on credit as a sign of consumer optimism. Shoppers running up credit card debts and second mortgages, after all, must expect their future incomes will meet those obligations.

Glenn Schlichting,

White Bear Lake

Schlichting may not be rich now, but one day he would like to be. He believes Dole and a Republican Congress offer him the best opportunity to hanging onto the rewards of his labor.

"I appreciated what Gerald Ford said at the Republican convention: a government large enough to give us what we want is a government large enough to take everything we have," Schlichting said.

After spending more than 10 years in the Navy, where he learned to repair cameras, Schlichting decided to leave the service in order to spend more time with his family and have a chance to make more money. "I looked at my peers from high school and they were 10 1/2 years ahead of me," Sclichting said. "They had houses and accumulated wealth. I wanted to own something by the time I was 40."

The Schlichtings moved from Florida to Minnesota in 1988 and, at first, things went well. Schlichting got a job fixing cameras at Northwest Camera and bought a house. But in 1991, a recession year, he was laid off for the summer. After a few months collecting unemployment insurance and scrambling for odd jobs, Schlichting was called back to work, but in a job with less responsibility and lower pay.

But his dreams of becoming an entrepreneur never faded. When the owner of Northwest Camera put the company up for sale in 1994, Schlichting and two partners formed a company called EGG and bought the name and assets of Northwest Camera. To make ends meet, they consolidated the business, reducing four locations to three and starting with a base of 150 camera-dealer customers for a business that once claimed more than 600 billable clients.

Unlike many businesses, Northwest Camera does better in a slow-growing economy than in a economy where income growth is soaring. Reason: If people have plenty of money in their pockets, they buy new cameras instead of fixing their old ones.

Schlichting, who voted for George Bush in the last election, said he doesn't vote on pocketbook issues alone. But he calls himself a fiscal conservative who is attracted to Dole's promise of across-the-board tax cuts and pledge to limit government growth.

Nevertheless, Schlichting is like most Americans when it comes to living beyond his own means. The family has three cars - one for him, his wife and daughter, Coral - and credit card bills that the Schlichtings are anxious to pay down.

"My Dad had, at the most, two outstanding loans in his life - a car and a house loan," Schlichting said. "My parents didn't live in a debt economy. I think my father was better off than I am."

Mary Forliti,

Wyoming, Minn.

Mary Forliti shares one thing in common with Schlichting. She, too, believes that her parents lived in better economic times.

Her father paid off a house mortgage and raised a family of nine children with money from a job delivering milk for Land O'Lakes.

She's voting for Clinton and the Democratic congressional candidates.

"Clinton is doing the best he can with a Republican Congress," Forliti said. She hopes that in a second term Clinton could work with a Democratic-led House and Senate to achieve some of his first-term goals - more money for college scholarships and education tax breaks and government strictures against insurance companies turning away people with illnesses.

Before Forliti landed work earlier this year operating a plastic-mold press at Custom Manufacturing and Engineering at Lino Lakes, she was turned down by the insurance plan of other employers. She has a history of asthma. Despite making less than $ 20,000 a year at Custom Manufacturing, Forliti said the company's health insurance plan offers economic security of significant value in the event of an accident or illness that left her disabled.

"I could get hit by a truck tomorrow and it could cost a million," Forliti said.

Clinton failed to enact sweeping health reform in his first term, but "I don't think he wimped out," Forliti said"I think he tried to get somebody a little something instead of everybody getting nothing."

She noted that Clinton earlier this year signed a bill guaranteeing most workers the chance to carry their health insurance coverage with them in the event of a change in employers.

Ron Clark,

St. Paul

Ron Clark also has a keen interest in health care. He's a diabetic who has to take insulin shots daily. He suffered a heart attack two years ago and ran up hospital and doctor bills of $ 62,000. Insurance picked up all but $ 5,000 of the expenses. Host Marriott Corp., the company that owns the book shop, offers health insurance to employees. That's one reason Clark took the job behind the cash register.

Republican themes of self-reliance appeal to Clark, but he voted for Clinton in 1992. "I thought Clinton had a freshness that Washington needs," he said.

Clark said his financial circumstances always have been better than those of his parents. His father was a truck driver and his mother briefly worked as a waitress. But Clark knows he's lost economic security in recent years as health care institutions consolidate and he finds fewer customers for his consulting services.

"If Susan and I were wondering where the next meal is coming from, I probably would be bitter," Clark said. "But we're not in that position."

This election, Clark sounds somewhat disillusioned with Clinton but skeptical of Dole.

"Both of them flirt with issues that look good or sound good in sound bites," Clark said. "I don't think either of them has a grasp of what the real facts are in reviving our economy."

Clark's advice: leave more money in the pockets of workers.

But that's not necessarily an endorsement of Dole's 15 percent across-the-board tax cut that would be phased in over several years. He's concerned the tax cut could be a budget buster.

Clark worries about debts piling up, both for the federal government and the nation. Those debts, he said, make the country a weaker competitor in a world where most people save more than Americans.

At the bookstore, Clark gets a first hand look at how indebted some folks are. "I'm surprised at the number of credit cards people whip out until they find one that can be charged upon," Clark said. "The rest of them are all filled up. That's not a way to live."

Coping with slwoer growth, less equality

Fewer Americans occupy the broad middle class.

Median income of households (1993 dollars)

Income Less than $ 25,000- More than

$ 25,000 $ 75,000 $ 75,000

1970 $ 30,558 40.4% 53.2% 6.4%

1975 $ 30,340 41.2 51.9 6.9

1980 $ 31,095 40.6 50.6 8.8

1985 $ 31,717 39.8 49.6 10.6

1990 $ 33,105 38.4 49.0 12.6

1993 $ 31,241 40.3 47.2 12.5

Median household income grew by 38 percent in the 1950s and 37 percent in the 1960s, but by only 6 percent in the 1980s.

Minnesota is among the states with the sharpest increases in poverty.

Percentage of population in poverty

Percent

1980 1993 increase

1. California 11.0 18.2 65.

2. Wisconsin 8.5 12.6 48.

3. Minnesota 8.7 12.8 47.

4. West Virginia 15.2 22.2 46.

5. Oklahoma 13.9 19.9 43.

6. New Hampshire 7.0 9.9 41.

7. Kansas 9.4 13.1 39.

8. Pennsylvania 9.8 13.2 35.

9. Louisiana 20.3 26.4 30.

10. D.C. 20.9 26.4 26.

Source: U.S. Census Bureau

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart

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[***DOUBLE TROUBLES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KBG0-0094-54K2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 13, 1996, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 1996 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 2019 words

**Byline:** DENNIS B. RODDY

**Body**

Northern Ireland Secretary Sir Patrick Mayhew, an Englishman who runs a part of Ireland to which he can never safely retire, fulminated. The Irish Republican Army had set loose not one, but two car-bombs inside what was supposed to be the most secure Army barracks in all of Great Britain.

Not content to injure and maim with one bomb, the IRA had laid a second near the infirmary and bombed some of the victims twice. It had done this within hearing-distance of the Maze prison, where the IRA's pro-British counterparts were meeting to decide whether to end their own cease-fire, something that would mean the random killings of Catholics.

And it was all timed, said both British and Irish diplomats, to coincide with a White House-sponsored conference on investment in Northern Ireland in Pittsburgh as it entered its second day.

The message, spoken only in the exclamation points of exploding Semtex, was this: Don't spend your money here because we'll make sure it's wasted. If Britain wants Northern Ireland, we'll break their bank.

Such venality, Mayhew said. It proved that the Sinn Fein party, widely viewed as the political arm of the IRA, could not be brought into peace talks in Northern Ireland until the IRA had disarmed.

Eight months earlier, visiting Pittsburgh, Gerry Adams, the professorial leader of Sinn Fein, expressed puzzlement at this link.

''Sinn Fein is not the IRA,'' he declared flatly. ''Sinn Fein does not dictate to the IRA.''

Now, preparing to fly home from Pittsburgh early, Mayhew was in no mood to argue fine distinctions between terrorists and their political voices and turned to an expression from the bars and alleys of Belfast to speak it.

''They are inextricably linked,'' Mayhew said. ''The dogs in the street know it.''

\*

The dogs in the streets of Belfast know many things. One of them is that when the IRA orders someone to leave the province on pain of death, or instructs him to show up at a designated location for a punishment beating, the place to appeal is a Sinn Fein ''advice center.'' Sometimes, the ban or beating is mysteriously canceled.

The dogs in the streets are necessary in Belfast because in Northern Ireland, political messages usually have no texts, or the ones that accompany them are diversionary. The IRA denied that its bomb was to provoke the loyalists, but only to the extent that its larger message was this: Go ahead, seize our bombs, shoot our London operatives; we'll get you anyway.

Loyalist terrorists randomly shoot Catholic civilians without pretense or explanation. The message the dogs hear: Submit - even the IRA can't protect you.

Sinn Fein might not be the IRA, but the lines of demarcation can often vanish in the gray haze of fringe politics. When Thomas Begley carried the famous bomb into the Shankill fish shop and blew himself up with his victims, it was Sinn Fein that orchestrated the funeral and its party leader, Gerry Adams, who helped carry the coffin to the IRA plot at Milltown Cemetery. It was Terrence ''Cleeky'' Clarke, a Sinn Fein volunteer recently out of prison, who instructed the photographers that there were to be no close-ups of the large, threatening men who flanked the casket.

It was a Belfast City Council member, a Sinn Fein party member, who delivered a graveside eulogy at the IRA plot in Milltown Cemetery who declared, ''Thomas Begley was disloyal to the state. I am disloyal to the state.''

At the funeral, I stood next to a Sinn Fein council member from a neighboring city. He'd served hard time in Long Kesh for kidnapping and robbery on behalf of an IRA splinter group. I asked him why he'd joined Sinn Fein after his release from prison. He presaged his explanation with this:

''I was too old to be of any use to the IRA.''

It is like that with Sinn Fein and IRA: Members can move between one and the other because their bases of support is in the shared disloyalty of ***working-class*** Irish who recall the days when the Royal Ulster Constabulary egged on anti-Catholic mobs as they attacked whole neighborhoods and burned out people they suspected of being disloyal to the state. It is a shared history of grievances with which Irish Americans identify. This is the Ireland their grandparents told them about and it seems real and vivid in the rhetoric of Sinn Fein, even if much of it is Paleolithic.

And while even the war in Yugoslavia can finally yield to the laws of diplomacy, Northern Ireland's conflict persists because of the laws of physics. Two different people with equally valid claims of identity, exist in the same spot.

Catholic nationalists claim to be Irish and think their country was taken away, first by the imposition of Protestant, Scottish settlers in the 17th Century, then by partition in 1921.

Protestant unionists say Northern Ireland is their land, land they've occupied longer than most Americans have held theirs. Where Catholics are a threatened minority in Northern Ireland, Protestants are a threatened minority on the island of Ireland.

Both the British and Irish government have talked around these impossible issues for 25 years and decided nothing can really change until a majority of Northern Ireland's people decide to leave the United Kingdom voluntarily and join with the Republic of Ireland. Where American politicians watch voter-registration patterns, the politicians of Ulster monitor fertility rates.

To Irish Americans, 1921 is often evidence of British imperialism: They carved up Ireland without having an island-wide vote. To pro-British, Protestant Ulstermen, 1921 was the compromise that kept them in the British Empire. But to most in Britain and Ireland, 1921 was 75 years ago and this is 1996 and the pound sterling and the Irish punt are of roughly equal value, the European Union is making national borders meaningless and a bomb rarely knows the politics of its victim anyway.

\*

On his way out of the DoubleTree Hotel last week, Mayhew stepped past the waiting limousine and paid a brief and extraordinary visit with the Pittsburgh Irish Coalition.

The group, which includes members of such groups as Clan na Gael and Irish Northern Aid - two openly pro-IRA organizations - had picketed the investment conference Sunday and returned Monday. Their target, they said, was not the conference but Mayhew. Even some nationalist politicians from Northern Ireland, who favor reunification through peaceful means, would not visit the protesters because several wore Sinn Fein regalia, something Catholic politicians such as Belfast councilman Alasdair McDonnell, took as a sign of sympathy with the IRA and its methods.

When a colleague and friend, Hugh Lewsley, criticized Sinn Fein back in the heady days of the cease-fire, IRA thugs pulled him off a street and beat him senseless.

Mayhew kept his voice plummy, but the ripe contempt was inescapable. Jim Caldwell and Fionnan O'Shea, two of the protesters, fairly shouted. Mayhew asked Caldwell what he thought about the human rights of a little girl who was among the 31 injured by the bombs. Caldwell condemned the bombing and then condemned Britain, saying Northern Ireland should have a written constitution.

''Now that's one of the things for the talks process,'' Mayhew said. ''That's the importance of the talks process and that is, of course, what is so wrong about violence. We are never going to get change by violence. We will get it by agreement.''

Caldwell: ''The violence of your soldiers . . . ''

Mayhew: ''I've got to actually go back, unfortunately, because of this. Where's your friend?'' He spotted the red-haired O'Shea in the back. ''Now come along and have a talk.''

O'Shea, a Dubliner in the United States for 12 years now, and a member of Noraid, whose leaders are often accused of funneling weapons money to the IRA, told Mayhew the British have kept Sinn Fein from the table by their demand that the IRA first hand over its weapons. Sinn Fein has been saying for two years that no group such as the IRA has been required to surrender its weapons before entering into peace talks.

What Sinn Fein doesn't often point out is that the government of the Republic of Ireland, which it wants to join, has also said the IRA should hand over its weapons and, impatient for them to do so, scooped up a few tons of them two weeks ago.

''I don't think you see yourself at odds with the Irish government do you?'' Mayhew asked.

O'Shea was silent. ''Well, while you're thinking about the answer to that, let me make the point that the Irish government agreeS with us, that there can be no possibility of Sinn Fein entering the talks until there's been a cease-fire by the Provisional IRA, and the reason is that they are linked inextricably and there has to be a cease-fire because nobody will sit down in a democracy and talk to people who've got armaments outside the door.''

''You had 18 months with the case-fire. But what did you do for 18 months? You did absolutely nothing for 18 months,'' O'Shea said.

As ever, there are two truths being told and the result is a fiction. The Irish government has hardened toward the IRA, but was willing to put Sinn Fein into the talks without an arms hand-over. They simply weren't willing to reach a peace settlement without decommissioning.

The British government did much during the cease-fire: Troops were removed from the streets, security operations were scaled back, helicopters no longer hovered maddeningly over Catholic ghettos. A veritable hotel was set up inside Stormont Castle for the various sides - there's a room in there reserved for Sinn Fein - and former U.S. Sen. George Mitchell was installed to chair the talks.

On the eve of President Clinton's visit to Northern Ireland, frantic Irish and British officials, cleaning up the diplomatic living room before the guests arrived, jerry-rigged an agreement called ''Twin Track.'' It said they would start negotiations with various parties on the format for future peace talks. At the same time, they would continue the push for disarmament by all paramilitaries.

In short, the parties agreed to run in place, but only in the guise of two racers crossing a finish-line.

The dogs in the streets knew that as well.

\*

After Mayhew left Pittsburgh, two British diplomats traveled to the Gulf Tower, to the offices of Robert Kennedy, legal counsel for Allegheny County's chapter of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Nobody will speak for the record, but there are dogs on American streets, too. They tell of discussions of old grievances. Where the visiting British consuls spoke of the need for majority consent before Northern Ireland can leave Britain, the coalition members declared it a false majority. Where ancient grievances were raised by one side, the other pointed out that it's 1996.

They exchanged business cards and Internet addresses, and moved on, each unconvinced by the other, and neither likely to budge.

Irish Americans will continue to view Sinn Fein with the benignity of hosts welcoming visiting sports heroes. Protestant unionists will see it as the thin edge of neo-fascism. The Irish of Ireland and British of Britain will hope that somehow it can be brought to the table but only so it can be dissolved by the acids of democratic debate.

But if there were no Sinn Fein there would be only the IRA, a murderous collection of grievants less schooled in the arts of compromise, for whom the goal of a united Ireland is non-negotiable and for whom the rituals of democracy have been a way to buy time while perfecting their mortar-fire.

This is the biting irony of Mayhew's dilemma: Without Sinn Fein, it becomes a war in which the British forces must fight a war while pretending to watch out for the civil rights of the people they're shooting at, while the IRA is free to blow the legs off passing soldiers and shred noncombatants, unconstrained by any fiction that it is not a war.

Without Sinn Fein, the pretense of a political avenue for the IRA vanishes. To date, much of the talk about a constitutional settlement has been pretense, but sometimes people can become what they pretend to be.

It remains for the dogs on the street to get that message.

Dennis B. Roddy is a Post-Gazette staff writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: V.W.H. Campbell Jr./Post-Gazette: Sir patrick Mayhew meets the; Pittsburgh Irish Coalition, Oct. 8.

**Load-Date:** October 16, 1996

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[***Wellstone sweep on Range less likely this time***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9JN0-009B-P14F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Length:** 1922 words

**Byline:** Patricia Lopez Baden; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Virginia, Minn.

**Body**

DFL roots run strong and deep on the Iron Range. But in a healthier economy, voters in 1996 can afford to look at Paul Wellstone a little more skeptically than they did in 1990. Many don't like what the senator's doing - or not doing - on welfare and the BWCA. He still has their support, but he doesn't have their enthusiasm.

Here along Minnesota's Mesabi Iron Range, the DFL roots run strong and deep. It is a land of open-pit mines and immigrants who often had only their unions and their government as a buffer against hard times and the vagaries of the free-market system.

It was here that U.S. Sen. Paul Wellstone's populist message - that government "is about helping people's lives" - fell on its most fertile ground in his 1990 race against incumbent Republican Rudy Boschwitz. Statewide, Wellstone beat Boschwitz by less than 3 percentage points that year. On the Range, his margin was more than 36 percentage points.

But 1990 saw an unusual collection of circumstances that broke Wellstone's way - and which may be exceedingly hard to replicate in 1996.

Support for Wellstone in this crucial DFL region appears significantly softer and less enthusiastic than last time. Many now say Wellstone may, in fact, be too liberal for them. Those critics are dissatisfied with his vote against welfare changes and his neutrality on opening portages in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness. Often socially conservative, some Rangers say that with a better economy they can afford once again to be concerned about Wellstone's stand for abortion rights and gun restrictions.

Sipping strong coffee and eyeing the kolackys at Virginia's Italian Bakery, Don Voss still thinks the Range will come through for Wellstone.

In midsip, Voss, a retired phone company worker, leans forward on his elbows, a shock of gray hair falling on a forehead creased by his 70 years. "You're on the Iron Range," he says incredulously, when a reporter asks whom he supports in the U.S. Senate race. "We're goin' with Wellstone."

"He's good ***working-class***," chimes in Ray Preb, a retired schoolteacher and a lifelong friend of Voss. "Boschwitz has all these ads that call Wellstone a liberal, like it's something terrible. What's wrong with being a liberal? What's wrong with helping people?"

That, they say, is the history of the Iron Range.

A changing Range

But the Range isn't what it was back when Voss and Preb - and the Range itself - were in their prime. There are only a few thousand iron miners left. Many who live on the Range now hold nonunion service-sector jobs or do white-collar work. They're concerned about welfare, feeling the pinch of taxes, and thinking - some of them for the first time - that they can't afford such a generous government.

"Things have changed," said Carolyn Metsa, 52, of Britt. "The whole Range isn't DFL anymore. I don't vote the party. I vote the person. And for me, Wellstone is a little too liberal. I want someone who's going to do something about welfare."

Frank Sherman, 55, a grocer who lives off Pleasant Lake south of Eveleth, said he'll still vote for Wellstone, but without great enthusiasm.

"A lot of people up here call him Senator Welfare," Sherman said, unconsciously parroting an early Boschwitz billboard campaign that first gave Wellstone the moniker. "But when they go into the voting booth, they'll still vote for him. People vote DFL. That's the way the Range is. I'll vote for him, even though he's a little wishy-washy on things. I'm not as strong for him this time as last time."

Like Metsa, Sherman is unhappy that Wellstone voted against the recent GOP welfare overhaul.

Wellstone, who was the only senator running for reelection to vote against the bill, knew his vote was politically risky. He had voted for two DFL versions of welfare overhaul but could not bring himself to vote for a Republican version he considered too extreme, even after President Clinton indicated he would sign it. "People want to know you stand for something," Wellstone said hopefully, the day he cast the vote. "I think people can disagree with you and still respect your principles."

Whether they'll still vote for you is something else again.

Stan Anderson, 70, a retired public accountant in Virginia, is disgusted with the barrage of political ads that have tainted both candidates as far as he's concerned.

"It's just a joke," he said. "They backbite each other, that's all. Wellstone's done a decent job. But I think Boschwitz before him did a good job. I don't know why the state turned on him."

And Wellstone's welfare stand bothers him. "As I understand it, Wellstone's not for workfare," he said. "But a lot of people have been riding that welfare train for generations. On the other hand, you don't want kids to go hungry. I think I voted for Wellstone last time. This time, I'm not sure."

Labor support is the key

If anything pulls him through up here, it will be his long and deep cultivation of labor. In a region where distrust of corporations is bred in the bone, Wellstone's tirades against his favorite trio of villains - oil, tobacco and pharmaceutical companies - go over well, as do his frequent pilgrimages to labor rallies. Gary Cerkvenik, a political consultant who helped Wellstone's 1990 campaign, said Wellstone's labor support remains strong.

"He has a [Senate] office up here," said Cerkvenik, who supports Wellstone but is not active in this campaign. "He's done good constituent service. He's up here a lot, and that counts with these people. He's done get-out-the-vote efforts with local high school classes. I just don't think you can chip away support that quickly in a heavily DFL area on the basis of some [Boschwitz] ads."

Up at Mary's Bar, in Kinney, a destination point for politicians on the Range since the '50s, owner Mary Anderson said Wellstone will win for one simple reason: "He's done a good job." Swabbing down the bar one afternoon in preparation for the miners who would stop in for beer and darts later, Anderson said Wellstone has tended the Range well. "He was up here a few weeks ago for a big DFL fish fry," she said. "He came to visit me. I said, 'You'll do just fine. You're good to labor and people will remember that.' "

Family split

Wellstone's support of labor will be the deciding factor for Ted Sinnot, 32, of Hibbing, a truck driver for the Hibbing Taconite Co. "I work in the mines, so I'll probably vote for Wellstone," Sinnot said, cradling 1-year-old Kayla during a family-lunch outing. "He's showed up at our union meetings. He supports the mining industry. I don't know much about Boschwitz."

But Sinnot and his wife, Kristyn, 31, also are looking for someone "with good morals," especially regarding a candidate's positions on gay rights and abortion.

Sinnot said he's "not too happy" with Wellstone's support of abortion rights but is willing to overlook it. Not so with Kristyn. "Wellstone says he's for families and children, but you can't be for a family and not be for life - the unborn child," Kristyn said emphatically, holding 3-year-old Joshua. "I'll be voting for Boschwitz."

Kevin Lynch, financial secretary for Carpenters Local 606, calls Wellstone "a good labor man" but said his support is qualified. "His lack of getting involved with BWCA - that's hurt him with me and a lot of people up here," Lynch said.

Lynch, 43, likes to travel to the Boundary Waters for yearly fishing trips with his son. "Not opening the portages, that's discriminating against older people who can't push a boat across the dang portage."

Wellstone has proposed federal mediation, but that's not good enough for Lynch. "In a way, that bugs me even more," he said. "Two weeks ago I still would have voted for him. Now I'm not sure. I don't like fence-sitters. He won't do as well up here this time."

Even Wellstone's strong emphasis on education and children's issues has failed to win the hearts of many young mothers here.

Dawn and Joy Craven, homemakers and sisters-in-law from Gilbert, say they don't know much about Boschwitz, but they don't want Wellstone. "He's all 'no hunting, no guns,' and we're a deer-hunting family," Joy Craven said, as she popped a piece of chicken into 4-year-old Elizabeth's mouth during a lunch outing. (Wellstone did vote to ban assault weapons and supports a waiting period for handguns. But he also said he supports the right of hunters and others to own firearms.)

Susan Mankus, 29, of Orr, is a young mom whose top priorities are 7-month-old Tessa and 3-year-old Myles. She's worried about their future, their education, their safety, the cultural values they face. But like many voters, she has little time for politics - "I'm too busy rockin' babies" - and is turned off by ads she considers negative on both sides.

"He just hasn't made much of an impression on me, I guess," she said of Wellstone. "I'm not proud of being uninformed, but that's the way it is." Her friend Julie Eddy, 34, also a homemaker in Orr, said she'll probably vote for Boschwitz, "because I haven't seen a big change under Wellstone and I want a change."

Teachers back Wellstone

If Wellstone has any unqualified, fervent support, it appears to be among teachers, where his consistent push for education and his stand against private-school vouchers has earned him big points.

"We're behind him all the way," said Evan Sandstede, 29, an English teacher at Hibbing High School and canoe guide in the BWCA. "Paul Wellstone has done a lot for education, and he's got a good environmental record. I appreciate his focus on the elderly too. Rudy's been out of it too long."

Craig Grau, an assistant professor of political science at the University of Minnesota-Duluth who is watching the U.S. Senate race, said Wellstone's appeal in 1990 was a distinct one.

"In 1990, Wellstone was viewed as an outsider who was going to make the common people's voice heard," Grau said. "People were afraid of recession, of losing their jobs. That all worked in his favor. The problem is, the economy is pretty good this time. This time they're looking him over a little more skeptically." BWCA is hurting his support, Grau said, as is Wellstone's failure to do regional advertising. "That's a mistake. Friends-and-neighbors stuff still works up here," he said.

Grau said carrying the Eighth Congressional District, which covers a span from the Arrowhead and Duluth, through the Iron Range and down to Anoka, is no longer as crucial for DFLers as it was in the days of Hubert Humphrey. "You literally could not win then without the Range," he said. Eroding population and weaker labor unions have since taken their toll on the region's clout and made suburbs the new power center.

Nevertheless, he said, a DFLer must carry St. Louis County, which encompasses most of the Mesabi and Vermilion Iron Ranges, to offset losses in the more moderate and Republican suburbs. "If you lose St. Louis County, it's disaster time," he said.

Cerkvenik agrees, although he said there is "no way" Wellstone will lose St. Louis County. But, he acknowledged, the race will be close. Despite its liberal reputation, he said, when it comes to its U.S. senators, "Minnesota is very much a swing state."

Indeed, since 1978, Wellstone is the only DFLer to crack the Republicans' hold on the state's two Senate seats. After Wellstone's 1990 win, DFLer Ann Wynia lost her 1994 bid to Republican Rod Grams.

"In the last six elections, Wellstone's been the only one," Cerkvenik noted. "Is this going to be a close race? Hell, yes."

Iron Range voting record

(See microfilm for chart.)

**Graphic**

Map; Chart; Photograph

**Load-Date:** October 4, 1996

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[***KLINK VS. SANTORUM: WHAT MAKES THEM RUN?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41K0-6TK0-0094-503R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A PUNK AMONG SOLONS NO MORE, SANTORUM IS AT HOME IN SENATE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41K0-6TK0-0094-503R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** JAMES O'TOOLE, POLITICS EDITOR, POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

Wearing the black Harley-Davidson shirt he's just accepted, Rick Santorum chats amiably with a smiling, tattooed woman in black leather.

He moves to the center of a knot of motorcyclists -- one's wearing a patch that reads, "I Love My Country; I Fear My Government" -- and denounces mandatory helmet laws as an example of overreaching by the government. The bikers' applause echoes through the Station Square plaza and drifts with the mist over the Monongahela.

Someone in search of a metaphor about Pennsylvania's U.S. Senate race might be tempted to find in this scene confirmation of the image projected by Santorum's Democratic critics -- that of a right-wing ideologue.

But another moment offers a more helpful insight into why Santorum, in a state with a significant Democratic registration edge, is favored to hold a seat that once seemed among the nation's most vulnerable for the GOP.

A member of the anti-helmet group ABATE leans across one of the big Harleys to give Santorum a pin; it denotes 10-year membership in the group's Butler County chapter.

The gift attests to the fact that Santorum, 42, has talked to ABATE many times before. He knows their issue. They know him.

A few weeks earlier, a scene more evocative of Norman Rockwell than Hunter Thompson held the same lesson.

Once again, Santorum doffed his suit coat and professed to be delighted by yet another gift of a T-shirt. Under sunshine filtered through tall trees, he addressed the crowd milling around the picnic groves at the Mifflin County Community Day where the surrounding games and food stands were raising money for the Lewistown Community Hospital.

Santorum knows the drill. He's been here before. Following a group of cheerleaders to the stage, he speaks about community days past; he talks easily about the intricacies of the funding issues facing rural hospitals.

Santorum won this seat in an upset -- the third major upset of his career -- over Sen. Harris Wofford in 1994 in the same election that brought Republican control to Congress for the first time in 40 years. The political tides favored Republicans then. They brought the House gavel to Newt Gingrich, the conservative firebrand whose instructional audiotapes had tutored Santorum as a younger House candidate.

But over the six years of Santorum's freshman term, the economy and the political climate changed significantly. Santorum hasn't rested on his ideology or the fund-raising ability that comes with incumbency as assurances of re-election.

He's worked the state.

He boasts that he visits every one of its 67 counties every year. Now, as ever, Santorum hustles.

It hasn't brought him universal popularity. While he has enthusiastic admirers in both parties, many Democratic officials, along with many members of the state's union hierarchy, loathe him.

His political profile is at odds with the archetype of the Pennsylvania Republican. On social issues, in particular, he is to the right of Republicans in the line of former Sens. Hugh Scott and John Heinz, and his colleague Sen. Arlen Specter. But despite, and, in some cases because of, his conservative stands, Santorum again is anticipating the votes of many Democrats along with Republicans as building blocks for re-election.

Santorum, the son of two Veterans Administration employees, was born in Virginia and spent most of his youth in Butler County. After attending Penn State, he earned his law degree at Dickinson Law School while working as an aide to a Republican state senator in Harrisburg. In 1990, he was an associate with the Downtown Pittsburgh firm of Kirkpatrick Lockhart when he decided to take on Doug Walgren, a bright but fairly colorless Democratic veteran. It seemed a daunting task.

Santorum and a corps of volunteers knocked on countless doors. At a time when the wounds from the contraction of the steel industry were still raw, the upstart's advertising flayed Walgren for having voted for congressional pay raises. They faulted Walgren for not having a residence in the 18th District.

Democrats are now quick to point to the fact that Santorum, his wife, Karen, and their five children live in Virginia. He counters that his family does have a home in the state, in Penn Hills, though they spend most of the year in Virginia.

Another hallmark of the 1990 campaign was Santorum's ability to tap into the committed soldiers of the right-to-life movement.

Opposition to abortion has been a constant in Santorum's career. He is a leader in the Senate of the campaign against partial-birth abortion. That stand has, to some extent, cut into his support among pro-choice voters in his own party, but it has enhanced his crossover appeal to conservative Democrats.

Despite being overspent by nearly three-to-one, Santorum edged ahead of Walgren, winning with 51 percent of the vote.

It was a remarkable victory, but in many ways, his second House race, in 1992, produced an even more startling win. Although the 18th District had a Democratic registration majority, it was dominated by Pittsburgh suburban voters who have earned a reputation as swing voters over the years.

But the redistricting that followed the 1990 Census pushed large parts of the 18th District into the ***working class***, economically ravaged Monongahela Valley, significantly increasing the seat's Democratic majority.

"OK, they gave us Democrats, but they gave us angry Democrats," Santorum's longtime media adviser, John Brabender, would recall of the campaign's reaction to the new political map.

Santorum's criticisms of the Washington status quo, with the slogan, "Join the Fight," resonated in the district. Santorum won in a landslide over former state Sen. Frank Pecora, helped by the same voters who overwhelmingly supported Bill Clinton over former President George Bush.

"Join the Fight," was more than a slogan. From the time he entered Congress, Santorum burnished his reputation as one of the "Gang of Seven" who campaigned against the internal rules and mores of a chamber controlled by Democrats for four decades. They encouraged investigations of the slipshod workings of the House bank and post office.

Santorum's voting record in the House was unmistakably conservative, but he was not a pure ideologue. On trade, he was attentive to the interests of the hobbled steel industry. He was less sympathetic to the legislative agenda of labor, but did make common cause with labor leaders in opposing the North American Free Trade Agreement.

Santorum set his sights on the 1994 U.S. Senate race, another contest where his chances were widely discounted. Harris Wofford had established a reputation as a political giant killer with his victory over former Gov. Dick Thornburgh in the 1991 special election after Heinz was killed in a plane crash.

Santorum found another establishment to rail against as he tied Wofford, who had run on promises of health care reform, to the politically disastrous health initiative of the Clinton administration.

Santorum squeaked by with 49 percent of the vote to Wofford's 47 percent. His path to victory, however, came close to being derailed by a videotape likely to keep resurfacing as long as Santorum keeps running for office. It shows the Republican in a speech at LaSalle University, enthusiastically suggesting that one cure to the demographic problems of Social Security was to raise the retirement age for full benefits to 70. Santorum's rising poll numbers were immediately blunted when the Wofford campaign began airing excepts from the tape.

Santorum has said over and over that he no longer holds that position and that other changes in the system that he advocates mean that such a step is not needed. But that change in position didn't erase the tape. In recent weeks, for example, labor union officials have been circulating it to their members, hoping to dent Santorum's apparently wide lead over U.S. Rep. Ron Klink, D-Murrysville, in this race.

But the political perils of the Social Security issue haven't caused Santorum to shy away from it. On the contrary, he has embraced the issue, becoming one of the Senate's leading advocates for changes in the system that would allow younger workers to channel part of their contributions into private investments.

His plan parallels the Social Security proposal made by the candidate at the top of his ticket, Texas Gov. George W. Bush.

Bush is personally closer to Gov. Tom Ridge than to Santorum, but on issues, several of his proposals, such as medical savings accounts, overlap those that Santorum has championed in the Senate.

The confrontational tactics that had served Santorum as a member of the minority in the House proved more controversial in the Senate majority. He was famously upbraided for lack of decorum by the courtly West Virginia Democrat, Robert Byrd. He paraded to the floor repeatedly with a sign that read "Where's Bill," taunting the president for failing to submit a balanced budget.

He urged his Republican colleagues to strip the late Sen. Mark Hatfield of his committee chairmanship after the Oregon Republican cast a decisive vote against a proposal for a balanced budget amendment.

In Santorum's view, he was standing against the political establishment, valuing what he saw as his constituents' interests over the traditions of the Senate. But to his critics, he was a punk among solons.

Today, critics, and even neutral observers have described the emergence of more moderate Santorum as his re-election battle approached.

Santorum resists that characterization. He defends the tactics that won him a sharp-edged reputation, while saying that if they have changed, it is because times have changed.

"In 1995, we had a big job in front of us," Santorum said as central Pennsylvania scrolled past the windows of the van taking him from one campaign appearance to another. "We had to reform Congress, try to hold the line of spending, try to balance the budget -- because that's what we told the American people we were going to do.

"Now, we've accomplished that. And it was painful and in many cases it wasn't pretty, but you can't argue with the results. You can say, 'Would I use that tactic now on the president?' No; it's a different time … is it a different Rick Santorum? It's a different situation."

Looking back, would he have led the assault on the respected Hatfield?

"In a heartbeat," Santorum said, "given the fundamental nature of that issue and given the work he was doing.'

Santorum didn't avoid controversy, but did more to enhance his reputation as a substantive legislator with his central role in the enactment of the reform of the nation's welfare system.

"I will say it over and over again," he said of the legislation. "If there's any piece of legislation that I'm going to stake my claim to, there's more of me in [that legislation] than any other member of the Senate or House, and I believe it's been the most successful piece of legislation passed not just in that last six years but in the last 30 years."

It's legislation, of course, that's been embraced by politicians of both parties, notably including Clinton and Vice President Al Gore, members of a ticket that ran in 1992 on the promise to "end welfare as we know it."

"President Clinton was never for any of the reforms; he signed them because he had to," Santorum said.

Santorum also rejected commentary that his voting record has tacked back toward the center in deference to the coming election. He points out that as a member of the House, he voted for funding for the National Endowment for the Arts and for increases in the minimum wage, as he has in the past year.

In recent months, Santorum cast a decisive vote against a patients' bill of rights measure that had been approved in the House. He contended it could have allowed employees to sue employers who provided health care, both encouraging lawsuits and discouraging some firms from providing health care.

On a related issue, however, Santorum said in a recent interview with The Associated Press that he now regrets a vote he cast to limit pain and suffering awards in malpractice cases to $ 250,000. He said his change of heart was prompted in part by the experience of his wife, Karen, in a malpractice suit against her chiropractor, as well as other people's cases.

But in another campaign stop recently, Santorum seemed to dispel any suggestions that he had strayed from his conservative roots. He was in rural Perry County, where Democrats are nearly as scarce as stop lights and parking meters. At a reception for the Perry County Republican Party, the senator was solemnly introduced by a local Republican, who coupled his praise for the incumbent with warnings about a variety of threats to Second Amendment rights.

Santorum's biggest applause line comes when he criticizes activist judges. He draws knowing chuckles when he recalls a recent editorial board meeting at the Philadelphia Inquirer where he encountered the view that "Truth is relative -- and all that garbage that you hear from liberals out there."

Standing outside the restaurant after the reception, Santorum notes that among the Supreme Court case that he referred to with disapproval was the justices' recent decision striking down a ban on partial-birth abortion.

He resists the characterization that he would use abortion as a litmus test in confirming future justices but says he would look for conservative views on a range of issues. What he doesn't want on the court he says, are justices who believe that the Constitution is -- and here he breaks into a mocking, Valley-girl sing-song voice -- "a living, breathing document that can change as society changes."

If Santorum is elected, he will be, in only his second term, in line for the No. 3 position in the Republican caucus. There is also speculation that he might consider a run for governor when Ridge's term runs out in 2002 -speculation that he seems to discourage but doesn't entirely rule out.

"In politics, you never say never," he tells a reporter with a smile. "But do I think about it? Only because people like you ask about it every day."

At the last meeting of the Republican State Committee, Sen. Arlen Specter, offered another scenario.

Joking about Santorum's relative youth -- or was he joking? -- Specter said, "If Rick Santorum is re-elected 11 times, in the year 2054, he will still be younger than Strom Thurmond is today. And Rick Santorum will have surpassed Carl Hayden [the late Arizona Republican] as the longest serving U.S. senator."

CAMPAIGN 2000

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Gene J. Puskar/Associated Press: Sen. Rick Santorum, the; Republican incumbent, addresses the Christian Coalition's Faith and Freedom; Celebration in Philadelphia Aug. 1.

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[***The Issues;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41F9-MT10-00J2-30KP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bush, Gore spend quality time on family issues;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41F9-MT10-00J2-30KP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***They differ on how to help families. The Republican seeks broad tax cuts and stresses self-help; the Democrat offers smaller cuts and government programs.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41F9-MT10-00J2-30KP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

An "American Dream Down Payment Fund" to help families purchase homes. Preschool for all 4-year-olds whose parents want it. A crackdown on TV violence. More-time-with-kids plans.

      The concerns of working families are high priorities of the major-party presidential candidates this year. And both Vice President Al Gore and Texas Gov. George W. Bush insist that their platforms will make families more prosperous and more stable.

    Bush sees a tax cut for all taxpayers and tax incentives as the main tickets to family stability. He also wants to give nonprofit groups, in particular religious groups, first crack at government social service contracts.

    Gore proposes tax breaks mainly for ***working class*** families. He also offers assorted government programs to offset families' costs for everything from child care to job training. And he wants free or low-cost preschool available to all 4-year-olds.

     The candidates' approaches reflect their attitudes toward the role of government.

     "Bush, and the Republicans in general, feel that decisions about families and children are best left to the individuals themselves," said Robert Reischauer, president of the Urban Institute, a nonpartisan research organization in Washington D.C. "They reason that people will make the right decisions if they have sufficient money."

     "Gore and the Democrats generally believe that putting [tax] money in the pockets of families is not always enough," Reischauer said, "that markets fail to provide some families with critical services they need and that government must fill the void."

     Among the top issues facing families today, scholars say: Balancing the demands of work and family; finding and financing good child care \_ both for preschoolers and school-aged kids; andstretching paychecks to cover everyday needs.

     "What we know is that families have more money but less time to spend with their kids, more problems finding adequate child care and far more people are trying to raise their children without the help of a second parent," said Isabel Sawhill, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, a public-policy research organization in Washington, D.C.

     With two parents working, or the sole parent working, no one is home to "take care of all the things that stay-at-home wives used to take care of," Sawhill said. "We're just trying to do it all."

      The candidates also should be thinking about the needs of unemployed or marginally employed families, researchers said. That includes families trying to leave welfare or struggling with chemical dependency and other personal problems. Unattended, their personal problems could mushroom into society's problems.

      Both Bush's and Gore's platforms offer ideas to deal with these issues, as well as housing, which both also say is high on the list of family concerns.       Listed below are some of the main proposals for families outlined by Bush and Gore policy advisers.

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Work/family balance

    Gore would expand the Family and Medical Leave Act, which allows parents to take unpaid time off after the birth or adoption of a child or a family medical crisis. Gore would require employers with 25 workers or more to offer parents this option. That would translate into another 260,000 workers eligible in Minnesota, according to the National Partnership for Women and Families in Washington D.C. Currently, employers with 50 workers must offer the leave.

     Bush doesn't support an expansion of the family leave. But he would make it easier for workers to claim workplace compensation, or time off from work, by allowing workers to receive time off instead of overtime pay. He also wants to make it easier for parents to work from home by offering tax incentives to employers who help workers telecommute.

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Child care

     Gore would make the Child and Dependent Care Tax Credit refundable for the first time so that families with no tax liability can claim it. In addition, the value of the credit would be expanded, depending on family income. And stay-at-home parents of infants could claim $500 in child-care expenses on their tax returns.

     Gore also calls for spending $50 billion over 10 years to develop a system of universal access to preschool for 4-year-olds.

      Bush would give low-income families subsidies for after-school child care. And several of his proposals would help offset the cost of child care, such as doubling the child tax credit from $500 to $1,000 and lowering overall tax rates, said Bush senior policy adviser Rob Woodson. That money could be used to help some mothers stay at home, he said.

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Housing

     Bush would spend $1 billion over 10 years on a "American Dream Down Payment Fund" to provide matching grants to lenders to build 650,000 affordable homes. He also would earmark $1.7 billion over 10 years for tax credits to encourage developers to rehabilitate or construct affordable housing in distressed areas. He would permit renters in government-subsidized housing to save up to a year's worth of vouchers to fund a down payment on a house.

     Gore has pledged to circulate another 120,000 new housing vouchers, which provide deep rental subsidies for low-income families, and he would expand the low-income housing tax credit. His "Retirement Savings Plus" accounts, in which the government would contribute to families' individual savings, would give first-time buyers a chance to save for a house down payment.

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Wages/training

      To shore up low wages, Gore is proposing a $1-an-hour increase in the minimum wage over two years, raising it from $5.15 to $6.15. He also calls for an expansion of the Earned Income Tax Credit for lower-wage workers.

      Bush has said he would support a minimum-wage increase, but would leave it up to the states to decide whether to implement it. His staff notes that under Bush's tax plan, the tax rate for a married couple earning $12,000 or less in taxable income would drop from the current 15 percent bracket to 10 percent.

     Gore has proposed spending $40 billion over 10 years on worker training. He favors a $10,000 tax deduction for the cost of college tuition or job-training fees and matching grants to states to develop accredited training programs in partnership with industries and work-force councils.

      Bush "believes the best job training is a job," said Woodson. "That's how most job training is done in this country."

      The governor has proposed expanding Pell Grants for low-income students, as has Gore, as well as expanding Community Technology Centers to distressed neighborhoods. The centers provide Internet training.

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Low-income families

    One of the biggest differences between Bush and Gore is how they propose to help families stressed by poverty, chemical dependency, little education and other problems.

    In a major departure from current policy, Bush says the government should give top priority to nongovernmental groups when contracting for social services and welfare assistance. And those nongovernmental groups should include more faith-based groups, which should be allowed to address the needs of both body and soul, he says.

      "This will not be a failed compassion of towering, distant bureaucracies," Bush has said. "On the contrary, it will be a government that serves those who are serving their neighbors."

     "We will allow private and religious groups to compete to provide services in every federal, state and local social program," he said. "We will promote alternative licensing procedures, so effective efforts won't be buried by regulation. And we will create an advocate position \_ reporting directly to the president \_ to ensure that charities are not secularized or slighted."

     Bush wants to encourage more people to give money to charities. He would dedicate $80 billion over 10 years to tax incentives for that purpose. That includes allowing people who don't itemize deductions on their tax returns to deduct charitable contributions. It also includes expanding the amount that corporations can deduct for charitable contributions, from 10 percent of their taxable income to 15 percent. Bush would also allow people to roll over their IRA contributions to a charity without incurring a penalty.

     Gore offers a continuation of the policies of President Clinton to deal with the needs of the poor and disadvantaged. In addition to raising the minimum wage and expanding the Earned Income Tax Credit (EITC), he would toughen child-support enforcement and continue welfare-to-work efforts.

     "We're building on the successes of welfare reform," said Genie Chough, a senior policy adviser to Gore. "The EITC lifts millions of families out of poverty, which make sure these women are rewarded for their work. The next critical phase is responsible fatherhood. We want to make sure that fathers, noncustodial parents in general, [do] their fair share by paying child support."

     Many scholars say that opening up government services to charities and faith-based groups may be a good idea because they are more flexible and in touch with communities. But it calls into question the separation of church and state. And there's no proof that religious groups do a better job than government agencies.

     Jon Pratt, executive director of the Minnesota Council of Nonprofits, has no problem with nonprofit agencies getting more government money. But the problem with giving government contracts to small neighborhood-based agencies is that they often don't have the manpower, organizational and management skills needed to effectively deliver services, he said.

     Meanwhile, the Rev. Jerome Boxleitner, who headed Catholic Charities in the Twin Cities for 35 years, said the Bush camp doesn't seem to understand that religious groups for decades have received government contracts. Said Boxleitner: "Where's the issue?"

        Mary Jo Copeland, executive director of the faith-based Caring and Sharing Hands in Minneapolis, offers another take on the issue. Mentioned by Bush in his acceptance speech before the Republican convention, Copeland says she agrees that faith-based groups can do a better job helping the disadvantaged. But she worries that more government funding to faith-based groups would mean more rules and red tape, which would be counterproductive.

     Any government aid should come with no strings attached, said Copeland, who now does not accept any funding from the government.

    "I told him [Bush] . . . the minute the government gets into working directly with people, it creates a bureaucracy again,"' Copeland said.

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Evaluating plans

     Christopher Jencks, a professor of public policy at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, said that both candidates' proposals have strengths and weaknesses.

     Gore's strength is "he's willing to think about the government doing things where it needs to be done," Jencks said. Expanded child-care subsidies, for example, is something that could benefit many families, he said. The cost of child care in the Twin Cities, for example, runs from about $6,000 to $10,000 a year for a preschooler.

     "If you pay for people's child care, they don't have to pay for it themselves," Jencks said. "Then they can spend more money to pay for groceries. It's not complex."

     But Jencks worries about some Gore proposals. Job training, for example, sounds good. But government job-training programs rarely generate big wage increases, he said.

     The strength of Bush's plan to privatize many government services is that it opens up the process to competition, Jencks said. Voluntary organizations often are more flexible, he said, and they're often staffed by people "who are motivated to do good."

     "But there tends to be a lot more faith in what the private sector will do for the truly needy than the private sector actually has shown any interest in doing," Jencks said. "They [Bush supporters] assume if you provide incentives of a moderate sort, the private sector will fill very big holes. Mostly that hasn't proven to be true."

     Rebecca Blank, dean of the Gerald R. Ford School of Public Policy at the University of Michigan, argues that tax cuts alone may not work the miracles that some candidates say.

   "To the extent that tax plans raise families' after-tax income, there's no doubt it gets spent in a variety of ways," said Blank, a former member of the Clinton administration's Council of Economic Advisers. "There's an implicit question, which never gets asked, which is, 'What's the cost of this in terms of reduction of government programs \_ such as national parks services, federal highway services?' It's not free to run these tax [reduction] plans just the way the candidates talk about it."

     As for government-funded worker training, she says it may not be needed in the economy today, when employers have an incentive to train workers. "But in the long run, we're in a world where skills matter an increasing amount. Getting people to think of lifelong training is important."

     Blank supports Gore's proposal to expand the Family and Medical Leave Act because she said it has been very important to families, particularly those with a short-term family crisis. She also supports Bush's idea to expand the child tax credit to $1,000 and to offer education savings accounts: "Encouraging education in this economy is the right thing to do."

      Bush supporters argue that the strength of his plans is that they put money, via the tax cuts, into the pockets of American families and they can decide how to spend it. With the extra cash, parents can buy the child care, housing, education and pay other expenses currently weighing them down, they argue. They don't have to qualify for some government program to get help.

      Democrats argue that tax cuts and charities can't cover the needs of hard-pressed families. Gore is "responding to what America wants," they said, which is help with child care, housing, education, health care and other basic needs.

      The most effective policies may combine both individual initiative and direct government aid, Reischauer said.

      "What history shows is that by and large America was built by individual decision-making and resourcefulness," Reischauer said. "But a system like that can only go so far and leaves the nation with some human problems that a country as rich as the United States shouldn't have."

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The Star Tribune is publishing a six-part series on the major issues involved in the presidential campaign. The series began Sept. 24 and will continue each Sunday through Oct. 29. To read the series online, go to [*www.startribune.com/elections*](http://www.startribune.com/elections).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

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[***KLINK VS. SANTORUM: WHAT MAKES THEM RUN?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41K0-6TK0-0094-503P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***KLINK SAYS COLLEAGUES IN HOUSE URGED HIM TO TAKE ON INCUMBENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41K0-6TK0-0094-503P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

At the House committee meeting that day, the questioning by Rep. Ron Klink was crisp, confident and relentless. How many Web sites, Klink asked, had the Food and Drug Administration tracked down that offered consumers instant access to drugs without a prescription?

When the FDA official replied 104, Klink retorted that three committee staffers had uncovered 200. "Does that bother you?" Klink asked.

Before he got a reply, Klink bored ahead. "How many people do you have working at the FDA?" Nine thousand was the answer. "You have 9,000, we've got three," Klink said angrily. "You found 104, we found over 200." It was, Klink concluded, "troublesome."

That hearing in the summer of 1999 vividly displayed how Ron Klink, onetime KDKA-TV reporter, weather man and anchor, has found a comfortable home in the House.

Whether posing questions to witnesses at hearings, forging alliances with powerful House Democrats, or joining with Republicans to deal with Internet prescription drug sales, Klink shows signs of becoming a force on Capitol Hill.

Yet Klink this year has exchanged the security of the House for the insecurity of a daunting statewide race to defeat Sen. Rick Santorum. Encouraged by his Pennsylvania Democratic congressional colleagues, Klink says, he plunged into a campaign against the sharp-edged Republican.

But a campaign that began with soaring hopes is likely to end in despair. Barring an unexpected turnabout next month, polls suggest Klink, 48, is likely to lose against Santorum and see his promising congressional career crash to a halt.

He has yet to conquer the challenges of campaigning in a state as large and diverse as Pennsylvania. Klink, so readily recognizable in Western Pennsylvania because of his years at KDKA, remains largely a blank face to the Democrats and liberal Republicans scattered through Philadelphia and its suburbs. Without their votes, Klink cannot win.

A loss would mark the first detour in the career of a man who has always been a glib talker and persuasive salesman: reading the news as a 17-year-old for a small Ohio radio station; selling cookware door-to-door in Canton, Ohio, or working as a disc jockey for a rock-and-roll station in West Virginia.

Klink has marched from one success to another. Without ever attending college, Klink rose from a Somerset County ***working-class*** family to a prominent Pittsburgh television job and a coveted seat in the U.S. House of Representatives.

"It was a long, hard thought-out decision," Klink says of challenging Santorum. "I felt strongly enough to give up a very safe seat and a great future and a job I love because I didn't think anyone else could beat [Santorum]. This was a joint decision made by most of the members of the delegation. We talked about this for a long time. I was willing to take it on."

But while Klink easily convinced his Democratic colleagues, he has so far failed to strike a responsive chord with many Pennsylvania voters. He appears uncomfortable meeting new voters face-to-face. "He doesn't seem well-suited to the touchy-feely type of campaign," one Democratic consultant conceded.

At a Celtic Festival last month in Bethlehem, Klink joined Bethlehem Mayor Don Cunningham for an afternoon of shaking hands. But he often appeared hesitant, waiting for Cunningham to introduce him to voters instead of thrusting his hand out and engaging in chatty small-talk. He seemed more comfortable talking with reporters in tow.

Klink also has been unable to raise the millions of campaign dollars he needs to finance an effective advertising campaign. He dismisses fund raising as "begging people for money." He was so short of cash during the April primary that he loaned his campaign $ 300,000 by taking out a second mortgage on his Westmoreland County home.

During a meeting last year with campaign advisers, he was urged repeatedly to devote more energy to raising money. One participant recalled that Klink eventually grew angry and snapped, "We will raise the money. I don't want to hear any more about this."

But without money, Klink has been unable to increase his name identification in Eastern Pennsylvania, a fact that was painfully obvious in Bethlehem. As Klink drifted into the festive crowd gathered to hear bagpipe music and applaud husky men in kilts tossing sheaves, nobody seemed to know who he was.

"Guess I saw him on the TV the other night," said Jim Weiss, an accountant from Bethlehem. "I don't have the foggiest idea," said another man. Mike Yeomans of Lancaster wondered, "Is he from this area?"

Alliance builder

Klink's inability to wage an effective statewide campaign stands in contrast to the political skill he has displayed as a House lawmaker since his election in 1992. By assiduously developing alliances with Democrats John Murtha of Pennsylvania and John Dingell of Michigan, Klink was on his way to becoming one of Pennsylvania's most influential representatives.

Early in his first term, Klink had a chance to show Democratic leaders that they could depend upon him for a tough vote. President Clinton was pushing the then-Democratic controlled Senate and House to approve a $ 500 billion deficit-reduction package, which included budget cuts, an income-tax increase on the wealthy and a 4.3-cent per gallon boost in the gasoline tax.

Against the unanimous opposition of every Republican, congressional Democrats were wholly dependent upon their own party to pass what appeared to be an unpopular tax increase. They were forced to apply considerable political pressure to persuade wavering Democrats to back the measure, which finally squeaked through.

Klink needed no persuasion. Klink made a point of casting his vote early. "I wanted them to see Klink was there," Klink says. "I wanted to take a leadership role and put my vote up early for whomever it might persuade."

The economic package not only reduced the deficit, but helped Klink win the gratitude of House Democratic leaders such as Murtha and Dingell.

Klink often can be seen chatting in what is called "Murtha's Corner," a small section of the House floor where Murtha holds court with his allies.

Dingell, the senior Democrat on the powerful House Commerce Committee, not only gave Klink a seat on his committee, he also made Klink the senior Democrat on the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. From that perch, Klink has broad authority to investigate a variety of federal agencies, including the FDA and its monitoring of Internet prescription Web sites.

"He's a guy who does his homework," says Dennis Fitzgibbons, a former senior aide to Dingell and now a lobbyist for DaimlerChrysler Corp. "He is a quick study and gets very quickly to the core of an issue. He does not back down from controversy. He's tenacious and he's got a real sense of right and wrong."

Mark Isakowitz, a Republican lobbyist in Washington said, "I don't think he was on a star-studded leadership track. But in terms of somebody who could settle in, grab a subcommittee chair and get a few things done, he was probably doing fine.''

In addition to forging alliances with Democrats, Klink has displayed a knack for working with Republicans. Prompted by the FDA hearings, Klink sponsored a bill designed to provide consumers with more information about prescription drug sales on the Internet. With Republicans controlling the House and Senate, the bill had little chance of passage.

That changed this year when Rep. Tom Bliley, R-Va., chairman of the House Commerce Committee, said he wanted to back a similar bill. Klink helped negotiate a bipartisan compromise with Sens. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., and James Jeffords, R-Vt. The bill could win passage as early as next week.

Given his growing role in the House, Klink seemed a natural to challenge Santorum. He is well-known in Western Pennsylvania and was a strong supporter of popular legislation, such as providing patients more clout in dealing with HMOs. With his opposition to abortion rights and new gun restrictions, he also would not offend conservative Democrats in Central Pennsylvania, the type who rallied so enthusiastically for the late Gov. Bob Casey.

In addition, Klink yearned to take on Santorum. Klink insists he harbors no personal dislike for the senator, but the two clearly have a frosty relationship. Earlier this year, they happened to sit across the aisle from one another on a plane from Pittsburgh and didn't exchange a word during the flight.

Klink denounces Santorum's floor behavior as "boorish" and says, "Virtually every Democratic senator and some Republican senators have shared with me their dislike for Santorum." Klink was irritated during his 1998 re-election campaign when he believed Santorum helped Klink's GOP challenger. Klink says, "The strength of our delegation is we stay out of each other's races.

"The only animosity I have -- and I take this seriously -- is this is a guy who hurts people," Klink says. "That's my animosity. That's nothing personal. It's nothing he's ever done against me. It's a fact that when this guy votes, he really hurts people . . . He voted against the start-up money for the school breakfast program. How can you be pro-life and not want kids to eat? I don't understand it. This is not a kind person."

A model in Heinz

Running for the Senate and forging deals on Capitol Hill was not Klink's original career goal. "I just always wanted to be on TV," Klink says. His grandmother still has a photograph of 3-year-old Ron pretending to be a broadcaster. As a young boy he followed the latest news on KDKA by listening to a neighbor's radio.

After he graduated from high school in 1969, Klink borrowed $ 1,200 from his parents and attended a broadcast school in Columbus, Ohio.

For four hours every day, he learned the trade, spending the rest of the afternoon working in the credit department of a department store.

"At 5 p.m. when the store closed, I would take all the money from the registers, put it in the safe, set the timer on the safe, come back out and sit there all night," Klink says. "And for that, I made minimum wage. But it was enough money to eat on and pay the rent. But not enough money or time to do a lot of other crazy things."

Klink was impatient to find a full-time broadcasting job. The course was scheduled to last four months, but within two months, after he shipped audio tapes to radio stations, WLKR Radio in Norwalk, Ohio, snapped him up for $ 400 a month. There, 17-year-old Klink drove his own car to nearby small towns, scanned their newspapers, rewrote the stories, and read them on the air.

"I started in early August of 1969 and I stayed there until November," Klink says. "Here I was using my own car and my own gas … and they were supposed to be reimbursing me for my car and gas. And they didn't do it. And I said, 'Goodbye.' "

Klink returned home to Western Pennsylvania, making ends meet by reading the news at a small radio station in Somerset and selling furniture on the side. From there, he ricocheted among broadcasting jobs in small towns, repairing roofs in his hometown and selling cookware door-to-door in Canton, Ohio. "That was a pretty miserable job," he says.

He advanced to television in Altoona before moving to the station he listened to as a young boy -- KDKA -- the leading station in Pittsburgh. He started as a weather man before becoming a reporter and then weekend anchor.

"He was one of the best people I've ever worked with and I've been in the business for 20 years now," says Vicki Yates, who co-anchored KDKA's weekend broadcasts with Klink. "He was one of the easiest people to work with. A lot of times, you deal with egos, but he never showed any of that."

Klink never thought he would leave broadcasting. But by the early 1990s, he was seriously considering politics. The 1991 death of Sen. John Heinz, R-Pa., in an air crash struck him hard. Heinz had all the money in the world, yet he had turned to politics. "If a guy like that," Klink thought to himself, "can walk away from hundreds of millions of dollars . . . why can't I walk away from [TV]?"

In addition, he was appalled by his area congressman -- Democrat Joe Kolter. Klink found himself reporting more stories about Western Pennsylvania's slumping economy and yet "guys like Kolter . . . just weren't doing their job." Kolter infuriated organized labor when he missed a vote on extending unemployment benefits.

Klink wanted to challenge Kolter in the 1992 Democratic primary, but he needed advice. So he telephoned Murtha, whom he had covered as a reporter.

"I'm real serious," Klink recalls telling Murtha. "I'd like your counsel to know if this is a good idea."

After a long silence, Klink heard Murtha say: "I would never speak ill of another member of Congress, particularly not a member of my own party. But having said that, I will admit we've got some dead wood in the delegation . . . If I were you, I would throw my hat in the ring and see what the hell happens."

With Murtha's blessing, Klink entered the race. Because of his years at KDKA, Klink was the best-known candidate and easily defeated Kolter in the primary before winning 79 percent of the vote in the general election against a poorly financed Republican.

Now eight years later, he sees his race against Santorum in much the same way as his challenge to Kolter. Santorum, Klink says over and over, is wrong on the issues and too conservative for the state.

"I didn't get into this because I needed a job," Klink says. "I didn't leave KDKA to come to Congress because I needed a job. This was a race where essentially we need someone in the Senate who is going to take care of our needs."

CAMPAIGN 2000

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: V.W.H. Campbell Jr./Post-Gazette: U.S. Rep. Ron Klink listens; to a spokesman for Sen. Rick Santorum at the University of Pittsburgh Medical; Center facility in Aliquippa Friday.

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**End of Document**



[***STILL RICH IN SPIRIT, CUBANS STRUGGLE AND AWAIT CHANGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:419Y-CD70-0094-52WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** MARC RAMIREZ, THE SEATTLE TIMES

**Body**

HAVANA, Cuba

The taxi was a relic of the 1950s, something pulled from the bottom of a river. Anything that could fall off had fallen off; anything that could break had broken; anything that could tear had torn. Somehow, though, it still ran, and this as much as anything seemed emblematic of Cuba.

With the fare negotiated, off we went, headed for the 17th-century time-capsule history of Old Havana. Six dollars seemed cheap, but, at 21 pesos to the dollar, it was nearly one-third of a typical Cuban's monthly salary. Revolutionary slogans on walls and billboards urged people to keep their chins up despite the economic crisis that had been named like a novel by Gabriel Garcia Marquez: "The Special Period in the Time of Peace," they call it.

Outside the taxi, the crowded sidewalks were a blur of caramel skin, blue eyes and brownish-blond hair, while hummingbird wisps of music hovered and darted from open windows of nearby cars. The sound of "Guantanamera" was everywhere we went, but "es dificil" was a more common refrain. It's difficult.

Ask a Cuban what life is like: Es dificil.

How do you manage to get by? Es dificil.

Inside homes, the showers are cold and it's hard to find vitamins or pain relievers, not to mention soap, toilet paper or shampoo. Prescriptions for glasses stay unfilled for years. Every so often, the power goes out.

With the 1991 collapse of the Soviet Union, on which Cuba had relied for most of its income, and the subsequent tightening of the U.S. embargo, it has become harder -- mas dificil, one might say -- to provide the rewards of the revolution that Fidel Castro's forces won in 1959: free education, health care and food rations.

People are highly literate, but there is little for them to read; they can write, but there is nothing to write on; they are thoughtful, but there are limits to what they can say.

Today's Cuba is counting on tourism, and the increasing use of U.S. dollars as allowable currency, to soothe its economic woes.

Tourism is growing 25 percent annually; 2 million visitors were expected in 1999 -- mostly from Canada, Mexico and northern Europe. They stay in foreign-built, oceanside hotels in which the Cuban government holds a majority stake.

But the dollar has become the Y2K bug in the Cuban socialist system. Few legal avenues exist to earn them; on the other hand, it's the pay-with-dollars stores that have the toilet paper and the toothpaste and the better clothes.

Many people pursue dollars, legally and illegally. Prostitution has returned to the cities, with women able to earn in a day what Cuban doctors make in two months; some doctors themselves drive taxis in their off hours.

How does a Cuban keep the faith?

For some, like Hector Vilgret, 69, who promotes the cigar industry at Old Havana's Palacio de la Artesania, it's easy. He fought for the revolution; it gave a 29-year-old man with a third-grade education the chance to go back and then earn a comfortable position in the workforce.

For millions of others, the answer is the familiar: Es dificil.

Despite the hardships, a spirit pulsates through Cuba, from the colonial sophistication of Havana to the sultriness of Santiago and the cabana calm of fishing burgs like Puerto Esperanza.

There is pride in Cuba's health-care system, whose accomplishments in the face of inadequate medicine and equipment are respected throughout Latin America.

The sense of community, too, is strong, rich with the energy of human contact. People walk right up to you, invite you to their homes. Many want to make you dinner. A few others, however, want to sell cigars or rum of questionable quality.

Our taxi zips up the Avenida de Italio onto the Malecon, Havana's famed waterfront promenade, where youths gather to gaze at the sapphire sea. The boulevard is smoothly paved, free of the ruts, rubble and potholes found on less visible neighborhood streets.

Another mile and we round the bend just north of the magnificent, former presidential palace of ousted dictator Fulgencio Batista. Now the Museo de la Revolucion, it's home to revolutionary artifacts such as Granma, the rickety boat that carried Castro's band of rebels to shore and whose name now belongs to the state-run newspaper.

To the west is the Fabrica de Tabacos La Corona, a cigar factory offering $ 10 tours, unless you prefer to head straight for the gift shop, where a box of 25 Montecristos will run you about $ 75.

(Cigars, by the way, are among those items, such as rice, beans and sugar, that Cuba provides for free. As one observer noted, "Cuba is the only place where you see poor people smoking cigars.")

South, at the end of the long, tree-lined, pedestrian boulevard called Paseo de Marti, are ornate buildings like the Gran Teatro, with a spectacular, curving staircase worthy of a ball-dress entrance, and the stately Capitolio, modeled after the U.S. Capitol building.

Across the street, passengers climb into truck-hauled buses called camellos. Above them, drying clothes drape the railings of fading but fanciful apartment buildings like the colorful flags of aging ships.

At the nearby Parque de la Fraternidad, dozens of baseball enthusiasts gather to argue the merits of of Los Industriales de Habana, whose national playoff games against Isla de la Juventud last season were played in front of 55,000 fans.

Meanwhile, the stadium where Los Industriales play lacks the rampant advertising common in American baseball parks. A lone banner above the scoreboard in centerfield reads, in Spanish: "Men of Spirit and Strong Body." Young boys swarm the concrete bleachers hawking autographed baseballs to tourists for $ 6, while debates erupt between fans who rise from their seats, rows apart, in vigorous gesticulations.

At the city's eastern edge, the taxi drops me off in Old Havana, where baroque architecture and wrought-iron overhangs flank the narrow streets. In the 1930s, the Hotel Ambos Mundos was home to longtime Cuba resident Ernest Hemingway, who won the 1954 Nobel Prize for his tale of a Cuban fisherman, "The Old Man and the Sea."

Efforts are afoot to restore the dusty marble interiors of churches such as the Iglesia de San Felipe de Neri, while already renovated hotels showcase black-and-white photos of American actors and Russian ballerinas who stayed there in the 1950s, when Havana was a casino playground for the rich and shady.

Near the Palacio de la Artesania are the colorful aisles of a bustling marketplace where tables offer everything from canvas art prints and dominoes to clay figurines of Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, Cuba's revered, Argentine-born rebel hero.

Hunger soon strikes, and another taxi driver pounces faster than a car salesman, opening up his van. He knows just the place, he says. It's on the way home. (Translation: He gets a cut of the deal.)

He's headed for a paladar, one of the licensed private restaurants that operate around the country. Like marketplace vendors, paladares are heavily taxed in exchange for the right to accept U.S. dollars. Of the 2,000 or so restaurants that sprouted nationwide when they were legalized several years ago, only a tenth or so remain.

The Miramar neighborhood is one of the city's nicer ones, with spacious oceanfront homes. We pull into the driveway of a two-story house, where little more than ample parking and a cardboard sign in the window indicate the restaurant's existence.

Upstairs is a bright dining area where four tables offer room for 16 people, never mind that the law limits paladares to 12 customers at a time. (Law also requires that paladares be totally family staffed, but Cubans can stretch definitions of family just as well as they can stretch their wallets.)

The view is amazing -- no old men, just the beautiful blue sea. The menu lists an impressive variety of chicken and seafood dishes, including lobster, which Cuba limits to export but which somehow finds its way to tourists.

As sunset falls, I gaze over the waters of the Atlantic toward the Florida coastline, 100 miles away. It's the same view that has intrigued thousands of Cubans who've sacrificed everything to make their way to the United States.

Nevertheless, Cuba's mood is generally sunny -- due no doubt to a climate that averages 78 degrees, but even more so to music, part of Cuba's national embroidery.

Finding live music is easy: Players excel not only at their craft but also at showing up wherever tourists do -- in airport waiting areas or near rum-factory tasting counters. Cuba birthed salsa as well as the mambo and rumba, and its rhythms are infectious and inviting: At some nightspots, you might suddenly find yourself with a pair of maracas in your lap. Admission is usually cheap -- typically a peso for locals and $ 1 for tourists.

Much of Cuban music has its roots in the son, a ***working-class*** blending of European guitar and African percussion from the early 20th century -- the music now associated with U.S. musician Ry Cooder's Buena Vista Social Club. At the Latin Cultural Center's Tango Room, down quiet Calle Justiz off the colonial boulevards of Old Havana, pre-revolution musicians crooned old sons and boleros in an open courtyard.

Nowhere is Cuba's African influence more evident than in Havana's distant cousin of Santiago, where the weather and mood are warm and intoxicating and music runs in the blood. Surrounded by the playful Sierra Maestra Mountains, the city of 1.5 million dips and swirls in tropical lushness, sashed in ribbons of mango, papaya, coconut and almond trees. Locals congregate at the Parque Cespedes, Santiago's front porch forum.

One night, at Restaurante Matamoros, a two-man band of guitar and maracas strummed standards -- "Chan Chan," "Son de la Loma" -- as whole families sang along.

A mile away, salsa stirred the cigar-box-sized courtyard of Casa de la Trova, where some of Cuba's best-known musicians have played.

The San Juan Hotel, where I stayed, is a sprawling, cabana-style place, with trees dangling vines and platter-sized leaves over verdant grounds home to tiny lizards and frogs, some likely to show up in the shower nearly as often as the hot water.

Like the cathedrals reborn as concert halls, the hotel had been fashioned from a former Christian edifice -- in this case a former convent still dotted with stained-glass windows. This one had been reborn as an agricultural school before opening in 1991 as a mid-level hotel whose buffet luncheons included the national dish of black beans and white rice, called moros y cristianos, or Moors and Christians.

In recent years Cuba has relaxed its views on religion. Atheism is no longer the official stance, and in late 1997, as the country prepared to welcome Pope John Paul II, it officially allowed Cubans to openly celebrate Christmas.

Despite official proclamations, religion never went away, most notably Afro-Cuban Santeria, a fusion of Nigerian and Roman Catholic beliefs. To escape detection by Spanish slaveholders, the Santeria faithful disguised many of their 400 orishas, or gods, behind the images of Catholic saints, marriages that hold to this day. Images mix with those of Haitian voodoo as well, further clouding the interfaith fusion.

One overcast afternoon in a Haitian Cuban home in Santiago, a wizened, 65-year-old man conducted a voodoo ceremony, including elements of Santeria, that in its longer, complete form would honor a deity with the sacrifice of a goat or pig. In the hot, humid confines of a dusky living room where a pair of chicken feet hung behind a door, two dozen friends and visitors watched as women sang and men beat homemade drums of cowhide under the dimming lights.

A pair of young girls danced, lunging, pitching, spinning with flailing arms. At their feet, chicks wandered onto the floor and were returned to a box in a nearby corner. We drank from a mix of rum and herbs passed around the room. "Remember," the old man said, "the Catholics use wine" as we smeared scented water on our arms.

Fortunes were read: "A good friend is better than a bad love." "One doesn't realize what he has until he loses it."

Notably absent was the phrase: "Es dificil."

It was time to go. The energy of a community gathering had momentarily detracted from the nervous anticipation of the changes that will come with the 72-year-old Castro's inevitable passing and the rise in sentiment against the U.S. embargo that bans direct sale of goods to Cuba.

Sometimes you sense people just wish socialism had a fighting chance to live or die on its own; other times you sense they're just holding on because socialism's safety net is all they have left.

Change will come, but it will be feared at the same time it is welcomed. One visitor figured that those well-versed in the ways of capitalism will be ahead of the game. "The rest," she said, "will be roadkill."

That is why those who want the U.S. embargo lifted hope that it is done slowly. While Cuban socialism has produced an "Animal Farm" equality in which some are more equal than others, the country's highest-paid workers are not that removed from its lowest paid, and a sense of community thrives despite the problems.

So far, Cubans have proven remarkably resourceful, rich in spirit and community, if nothing else. They've found a way to live on the silver lining. You hope that as dificil as it might be, they manage to hang on.

**Load-Date:** October 1, 2000

**End of Document**



[***HOLLYWOOD AT WORK; WRITERS' STRIKE DOESN'T IMPACT SLEW OF MOVIES ON THE WAY IN FIRST PART OF 2008***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RJJ-H540-TX33-C147-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Sylvester Stallone will return as Rambo, Tyler Perry again will disappear behind his Madea makeup, and Miley Cyrus will make another visit to Pittsburgh, but on the big screen and (presumably) without ticket scalpers and weeping tweens on her heels.

Welcome to the winter movie season, sometimes a holding pattern between holiday and summer but jammed with promising new titles every weekend.

The next four months will bring late-arriving Oscar contenders along with comedies featuring Katherine Heigl, Will Ferrell, Martin Lawrence, Jack Black and Owen Wilson, releases with Pittsburgh connections and family films for those who ran through enchanted princesses, singing chipmunks, treasure hunters and a Scottish water horse during the holidays.

As always, dates are subject to change and titles may be added, deleted or moved.

FRIDAY

"The Bucket List" -- Jack Nicholson and Morgan Freeman play, respectively, a corporate billionaire and a ***working-class*** mechanic who share a hospital room and desire to spend their remaining days doing everything they've ever wanted before they "kick the bucket."

"First Sunday" -- Comedy starring Ice Cube and Tracy Morgan as best friends and bumbling petty crooks who decide to rob their neighborhood church to pay off a $17,000 debt.

"The Diving Bell and the Butterfly" -- Artist turned sometime director Julian Schnabel tells the story of Jean-Dominique Bauby, a French magazine editor who suffered a stroke but found release in his imagination, memory and the book he remarkably wrote by blinking his left eye.

"The Orphanage" -- A woman discovers dark secrets hidden in her childhood home, an orphanage by the sea, in this supernatural drama from a young Spanish director, Juan Antonio Bayona.

"The Pirates Who Don't Do Anything -- A VeggieTales Movie" -- The onetime direct-to-DVD franchise leaps to the big screen with this comedy about three veggies who become accidental pirates and unlikely heroes.

"Jimmy Carter: Man From Plains" -- Director Jonathan Demme tracks the 39th president of the United States as he embarks on an intense, sometimes confrontational tour for his book, "Palestine: Peace Not Apartheid."

"In the Name of the King: A Dungeon Siege Tale" -- Action film, based on the video game, about a family man who begins a heroic quest to find his kidnapped wife and avenge the murder of their son. Cast includes Jason Statham, Claire Forlani, Ray Liotta, Burt Reynolds and Leelee Sobieski.

JAN. 18

"27 Dresses" -- Katherine Heigl is a woman who can't say no -- to requests she serve as a bridesmaid. She's done so 27 times and has the dresses to prove it, which intrigues a newspaper reporter played by James Marsden.

"Cloverfield" -- Five young New Yorkers throw a friend a going-away party the night a skyscraper-size monster descends upon the city. Their attempts to survive are documented on a video camera, later found in Central Park.

"There Will Be Blood" -- Story of an oil prospector and his son set against the backdrop of the earliest days of the California oil boom and loosely based on Upton Sinclair's novel "Oil." Daniel Day-Lewis and Paul Dano star in a film that will factor into awards season.

"Cassandra's Dream" -- Woody Allen directs Colin Farrell and Ewan McGregor as British brothers desperate to better their troubled lives. Tom Wilkinson is their wealthy uncle who makes them an offer they may not be able to refuse.

"Mad Money" -- Caper movie with Diane Keaton, Queen Latifah and Katie Holmes as women who strike up an unlikely friendship and concoct a robbery scheme.

"The Savages" -- Philip Seymour Hoffman is a neurotic college professor and Laura Linney a struggling playwright in this story of a brother and sister who must care for their estranged father (Philip Bosco), who is sliding into dementia.

"Kings" -- Told in the original Celtic language and adapted from Jimmy Murphy's play, "The Kings of the Kilburn High Road," this film is about a group of young men who left their homes in the west of Ireland in the 1970s with dreams of a better life. When one returns 30 years later in a coffin, the others reunite for his wake.

JAN. 25

"Rambo" -- If Harrison Ford is still young enough to play Indiana Jones, we guess 61-year-old Sylvester Stallone can dust off Rambo. He's living a solitary existence in northern Thailand but is called into action when missionaries (including one played by former Pittsburgher Julie Benz) are taken captive.

"Untraceable" -- A tech-savvy Internet predator and real-life killer is the target of an FBI special agent portrayed by Diane Lane. The technical mastermind posts images of his captives and the more hits his site gets, the faster his victims die.

"Meet the Spartans" -- Carmen Electra, Sean Maguire and Kevin Sorbo parody the film "300" with this comedy in which the heroic Leonidas is armed with nothing but leather underwear, a cape and a ragtag army of 13 Spartans defending their homeland.

"How She Move" -- Coming-of-age tale featuring street-style step sequences by choreographer Hi Hat and appearances by singer-songwriter Keyshia Cole and comedian DeRay Davis and feature-film debut of Rutina Wesley as the dancing daughter of Jamaican immigrants.

"Diva" -- New print of Jean-Jacques Beineix's 1983 film about a young mailman who bootlegs a tape of his favorite singer and is soon chased all over Paris by cops and thugs.

"El Violin" -- Back from the Three Rivers Film Festival, this drama is about Mexican peasants who make their living as traveling musicians in the 1970s and also become guerrillas.

FEB. 1

"Hannah Montana & Miley Cyrus: Best of Both Worlds" -- 3-D concert film, for all those tweens whose parents could not or would not pay scalpers' prices for sold-out shows.

"The Eye" -- Jessica Alba is a concert violinist who undergoes a double corneal transplant to restore her sight, only to be haunted by shadowy and frightening images. Parker Posey plays her sister, and Alessandro Nivola is her doctor.

"Over Her Dead Body" -- Eva Longoria Parker is a woman killed on her wedding day and none too happy when her fiance (Paul Rudd) falls for the psychic he consults afterward.

"Strange Wilderness" -- Steve Zahn and Allen Covert play the host and sidekick on a wildlife TV show who decide to save their series by finding Bigfoot.

"Prom Night" -- Brittany Snow, who played Amber von Tussle in "Hairspray," is a senior whose prom turns deadly. Natch.

FEB. 8

"Welcome Home Roscoe Jenkins" -- Martin Lawrence plays a talk-show sensation and self-help guru who returns to his hometown in Georgia for his parents' anniversary, with comic results.

"Fool's Gold" -- Matthew McConaughey and Kate Hudson, who sparked in "How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days" in 2003, are back, but this time they're treasure hunters in a comedy adventure.

"Vince Vaughn's Wild West Comedy Show" -- Vaughn and comedians Ahmed Ahmed, John Caparulo, Bret Ernst and Sebastian Maniscalco traveled 6,000 miles and performed 30 shows in 30 days, as documented in this film.

"The Hottie & the Nottie" -- Romantic comedy about a man who moves back to L.A. to find his first crush, only to discover he needs to find a date for her not-so-attractive roomie. Joel David Moore, Paris Hilton and Christine Lakin star.

FEB. 13

"My Blueberry Nights" -- Songstress Norah Jones makes her screen debut as a woman who waitresses her way across the country and encounters characters played by Jude Law, David Strathairn, Rachel Weisz and Natalie Portman.

FEB. 14

"Definitely, Maybe" -- Ryan Reynolds recounts and softens his romantic past for his 10-year-old daughter (Abigail Breslin), who asks him about life before marriage, now that he's on the verge of divorce.

"Jumper" -- A genetic anomaly allows a young man, played by Hayden Christensen, to teleport himself anywhere. This gift has existed for centuries, and he finds himself in a war between "Jumpers" and those trying to kill them.

"Step Up 2 the Streets" -- Follow-up to the 2006 release "Step Up," about a rebellious street dancer who lands at the elite Maryland School of the Arts and struggles to fit in, while clinging to her old life.

"Manual of Love" -- Italian romantic comedy chronicling four phases of love, an audience favorite during the Three Rivers Film Festival and returning for a regular run.

FEB. 15

"Diary of the Dead" -- Yes, George Romero's back, and he's bringing zombies with him in a smart, topical addition to the "Dead" zone. As film students document the dead coming back to life, Romero touches on a host of issues: old vs. new media, government spin and abandonment, ever-present security cameras, the comfort of family, how quickly civilization breaks down in a crisis, and what happens when you view life from behind a screen or a camera lens.

"The Spiderwick Chronicles" -- Freddie Highmore does double duty as twin brothers in this adaptation of the books about the strange happenings in a secluded old house owned by a great-great-uncle named Arthur Spiderwick.

"Steep" -- Feature documentary about big mountain skiing, a sport that barely existed 35 years ago. One of the athletes pictured in the movie says, presciently, "Every skier and every climber knows, the mountains are alive and they'll make you more alive or they'll make you dead."

Oscar Shorts -- As the title says, shorts in contention for the Academy Award.

FEB. 17

"Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" -- Restored print of 1964 film based on an ancient Capathian folk legend.

FEB. 22

"Be Kind Rewind" -- Jack Black is a lovable loser who unintentionally erases all the tapes in a video store where his best friend works but hatches a plan to re-create the movies. Mos Def, Danny Glover and Mia Farrow also star in this comedy from writer-director Michel Gondry.

"Vantage Point" -- Eight strangers with eight different points of view try to find the truth behind an assassination attempt on the president of the United States, played by William Hurt. Dennis Quaid and Matthew Fox are Secret Service agents, and Forest Whitaker is a tourist who thinks he captured footage of the shooter on his camcorder.

"Witless Protection" -- Larry the Cable Guy is a small-town sheriff who unwittingly gets involved in a high-profile FBI case in this comedy also featuring Jenny McCarthy.

"Charlie Bartlett" -- Anton Yeltin ("Alpha Dog") plays the title role, a wealthy teen turned amateur psychiatrist and pill dispenser who practices in the boys' room of his high school. Hope Davis and Robert Downey Jr. also star in this movie once slated for release in August 2007.

FEB. 29

"Semi-Pro" -- Will Ferrell, with a bushy head of hair, stars in this comedy set in 1976 against the backdrop of the maverick ABA, the wild and crazy basketball league that rivaled the NBA. Woody Harrelson, Will Arnett, Andre Benjamin and Rob Corddry are among the co-stars.

"The Other Boleyn Girl" -- Natalie Portman and Scarlett Johansson play the Boleyn sisters and Eric Bana is the king of England they court, in this movie based on the novel by Philippa Gregory.

"Penelope" -- Modern-day fairy tale about love and self-acceptance, starring Christina Ricci as the daughter of wealthy socialites who is afflicted by a secret family curse. It can only be broken when she is "loved by one of her own kind."

"City of Men" -- Companion piece to Fernando Meirelles' "City of God," this time directed by Paulo Morelli and focusing on teens and lifelong friends who suddenly find themselves on opposite sides of a gang war in Rio.

Black Maria Film and Video Festival -- International juried competition and award tour, founded in 1981 and designed to showcase cutting-edge works from indie film and video makers.

MARCH 7

"College Road Trip" -- A girls-only road trip to check out colleges takes a comic turn when an overbearing father, also a police chief, takes over. Martin Lawrence and Raven-Symone star.

"10,000 B.C." -- The title doubles as the time period for Roland Emmerich's adventure starring Steven Strait as a young hunter leading an army, battling saber-tooth tigers and prehistoric predators, unearthing a lost civilization and trying to rescue the woman (Camilla Belle) he loves.

"The Bank Job" -- Jason Statham and Saffron Burrows appear in this thriller inspired by real-life events in 1971 when thieves tunneled into the vault of a London bank and looted safe deposit boxes of cash and jewelry.

MARCH 14

"Dr. Seuss' Horton Hears a Who" -- Jim Carrey and Steve Carell are among the actors who speak in this animated version of the children's story about an imaginative elephant and Who-ville.

"Pride & Glory" -- A New York City cop's investigation of an incendiary case involving his older brother and brother-in-law pits family loyalty against allegiance to the police department. Edward Norton and Colin Farrell star along with Noah Emmerich and Jon Voight.

"Never Back Down" -- Sean Faris, who played Craig Brewster on the TV show "Reunion," is an Iowan transplanted to Orlando who is pulled into an underground fighting league.

MARCH 19

"Inkheart" -- Cornelia Funke book about a girl whose father has a secret ability to bring book characters to life when he reads them aloud. Cast includes Brendan Fraser, Paul Bettany, Helen Mirren, Jim Broadbent, Andy Serkis and Eliza Hope Bennett.

MARCH 21

"Tyler Perry's Meet the Browns" -- Perry's popular character of Madea returns in this movie based on the stage production of the same name. Angela Bassett plays a struggling single mother of three living in Chicago who heads to Georgia for the funeral of the father she never met.

"Drillbit Taylor" -- Judd Apatow is one of the producers of this comedy about high school newbies who respond to being bullied by placing an ad in Soldier of Fortune magazine, which a homeless soldier of fortune answers. Owen Wilson stars.

"Shutter" -- Horror movie/thriller about newlyweds who discover disturbing, ghostly images in photographs they develop after a tragic accident. Joshua Jackson and Rachael Taylor lead the cast.

MARCH 28

"Stop-Loss" -- Ryan Phillippe is a decorated Iraq war hero who makes a celebrated return to his small Texas hometown and tries to make peace with civilian life -- only to be ordered back to duty, much to his dismay.

"21" -- MIT students trained in card-counting take Vegas by storm and for millions in this movie inspired by the real story and documented in a book by Ben Mezrich.

"Superhero Movie!" -- Spoof, directed and written by one of the writers of "Scary Movie 4" and "Scary Movie 3" and starring Sara Paxton, Leslie Nielsen, Drake Bell and others.

APRIL 4

"Leatherheads" -- George Clooney is a charming football hero, John Krasinski a golden-boy war hero and Renee Zellweger a spitfire newswoman in this romantic comedy set in 1925.

"Nim's Island" -- Two of the best child actresses around -- Jodie Foster, past, and Abigail Breslin, present -- join forces with Gerard Butler in a fantasy adventure about a reclusive, fearful writer and a spunky girl who's a modern-day Robinson Crusoe.

"Wild Child" -- Emma Roberts is a pampered, self-obsessed L.A. teen who pulls one prank too many and is shipped off to an English boarding school where she encounters early curfews, stern matrons and mandatory lacrosse.

"Shine a Light" -- Martin Scorsese borrows the title of a Rolling Stones song for his documentary about the legendary rockers, captured during shows at New York's Beacon Theatre in fall 2006. In addition to the lads, the performers include Christina Aguilera, Buddy Guy and Jack White.

APRIL 11

"Killshot" -- Adaptation of Elmore Leonard's crime novel, starring Diane Lane and Thomas Jane as a married couple who become entangled in a scam with a small-time con artist (Joseph Gordon Levitt) and his over-the-hill partner (Mickey Rourke).

"College" -- Drake Bell is a high school senior who is dumped by his girlfriend for being too boring but finds plenty of action -- plus sparks and the possibility of pranks -- in the college party scene.

"The Ruins" -- A group of friends becomes entangled in a struggle for survival after visiting a remote archaeological dig in the Mexican jungle, where something deadly is lurking among the ruins.

APRIL 18

"Smart People" -- Darkly comic story, filmed in Pittsburgh in fall 2006, about a widowed, acerbic professor who has alienated his son and turned his daughter into an overachieving, friendless teen. His life changes when he falls for a former student and his ne'er-do-well brother shows up. Cast includes Dennis Quaid, Sarah Jessica Parker, Thomas Haden Church and Juno herself, Ellen Page.

"Baby Mama" -- Onetime "Saturday Night Live" co-stars Tina Fey and Amy Poehler play, respectively, a successful 37-year-old who longs for a child and her unlikely surrogate, a South Philly working girl.

"The Forbidden Kingdom" -- Martial arts superstars Jackie Chan and Jet Li work together on the big screen for the first time in this action movie based on the traditional Chinese legend of the Monkey King.

APRIL 25

"Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantanamo Bay" -- The title characters, played by John Cho and Kal Penn, try to sneak a bong aboard a flight to Amsterdam and end up suspected of terrorism in this sequel.

TBA

"Youth Without Youth" -- Francis Ford Coppola returns to directing with this tale, set primarily in Romania and Switzerland between 1938 and 1956, about an aging linguistics professor whose youth is restored after he is struck by lightning. (January or February)

"Persepolis" -- Acclaimed animated film about an outspoken Iranian girl's coming of age. Based on Marjane Satrapi's graphic novels, it features the voices of Catherine Deneuve and her daughter, Chiara Mastroianni. (January or February)

"In Bruges" -- Playwright Martin McDonagh makes his feature directorial debut with this comedy about hitmen sent to cool their heels in Bruges, Belgium. Colin Farrell, Brendan Gleeson and Ralph Fiennes star. (February)

"Taxi to the Dark Side" -- Alex Gibney, who made the excellent "Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room," investigates the suspicious death of an Afghani taxi driver at Bagram air base in 2002. (February)

"Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day" -- Winifred Watson's novel, set in late 1930s London, stars Frances McDormand as a governess who falls into the social orbit of an American actress and singer, played by Amy Adams of "Enchanted." (March)

"Under the Same Moon" -- Tale of a mother and son living on opposite sides of the U.S.-Mexico border but connected by an enduring love. (March or April)

"Young@Heart" -- Documentary about a New England senior citizens chorus that performs covers of songs by The Clash, Coldplay, Sonic Youth and other unlikely groups. (April)

"The Rocker" -- Rainn Wilson, so brilliant as Dwight Schrute on "The Office," plays the former drummer for an '80s hair band who was kicked out of the group Vesuvius. Twenty years later, he joins forces with his nephew's high school rock band, called A.D.D., and gets the chance to reclaim his rightful rock throne. (April)

"My Brother Is an Only Child" -- Set in a small Italian town in the 1960s and '70s, this Italian film tells the story of two brothers at opposite ends of the political spectrum. (April)

"Then She Found Me" -- Helen Hunt's directorial debut, loosely based on the Elinor Lipman novel and starring Colin Firth and the "Mad About You" star herself. (April)

"88 Minutes" -- Al Pacino is a college professor who moonlights as a forensic psychiatrist for the FBI. When he receives a death threat claiming he has only 88 minutes to live, he must use his skills to narrow down the suspects, including a disgruntled student, a jilted lover and a serial killer on death row.

"Where in the World Is Osama bin Laden" -- Morgan Spurlock, the filmmaker who supersized himself at McDonald's to teach us a lesson about fast food, hunts for the elusive terrorist mastermind.

"Rogue" -- Director-writer Greg McLean ("Wolf Creek") goes back to Australia, this time to crocodile-infested waters in remote wetlands and with actors Radha Mitchell and Michael Vartan in tow.

**Notes**

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**Graphic**

PHOTO: Courtesy of Paramount Pictures: Hogsqueal, left, voiced by Seth Rogen, helps Jared, played by Freddie Highmore, spy on the wicked creatures in "The Spiderwick Chronicles."

\ PHOTO: In "Jumper," a genetic anomaly allows Hayden Christensen to teleport himself anywhere -- including the Great Pyramids of Egypt.

\ PHOTO: Tracy Morgan in "First Sunday"

\ PHOTO: "Horton Hears a Who"

\ PHOTO: Daniel Day Lewis in "There Will Be Blood"

\ PHOTO: Katherine Heigel in "27 Dresses"

\ PHOTO: Charlie Watts, Keith Richards, director Martin Scorsese, Mick Jagger and Ronnie Wood in "Shine a Light"

\ PHOTO: Abigail Breslin, left, plays a 10-year-old girl who wants to know everything about how her dad, played by Ryan Reynolds, and mother fell in love in the romantic comedy "Definitely, Maybe."

**Load-Date:** January 11, 2008

**End of Document**



[***eazemeister After making a fortune writing steamy screenplays, Joe Eszterhas hits the best-seller list with a book about the Bill Clinton-Monica Lewinsky scandal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:411M-1D50-007M-44B5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Suburban Living;

**Length:** 2208 words

**Byline:** Joel Reese Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

If Americans love an underdog, then we ought to really appreciate the story of this grizzled, bearded man.

Born on a bed of straw in rural Hungary in the winter of 1944, he grew up in Austrian refugee camps. There, he saw people so despondent that they committed suicide by laying down on railroad tracks in front of oncoming trains.

When he was 6, his parents finally made it to the holy land of the United States, where they settled in Cleveland.

The young boy was frail and delicate. His shabby clothes and Hungarian accent led to constant beatings in grade school. He became a recluse and spent all of his time reading.

In college, he grew out of his shell and became a tenacious reporter for the school paper. His familiarity with words paid off, and he was named outstanding college journalist by the William Randolph Hearst Memorial Foundation.

He eventually became a political writer at Rolling Stone and wrote about high-profile incidents like the shooting at Kent State University. He penned a book ("Charlie Simpson's Apocalypse") that was a finalist for the National Book Award, then moved to screenwriting where his movies have grossed more than a billion dollars worldwide.

This is your classic rags-to-riches story, a yarn that should make us all misty-eyed and proud to live in America.

But here's the rub: The man described is Joe Eszterhas, the widely reviled screenwriter behind such fare as "Showgirls," "Basic Instinct," "Sliver" and "Jade."

Because of his controversial movies and larger-than-life persona, Eszterhas tends to attract criticism like Wrigley Field attracts drunks. He has been called everything from a "loathsome, maggot-brained perv" to someone who "writes with a cattle prod." He's received six Razzie Awards, the award presented annually by a Hollywood group to the worst movies and actors.

"We even named one of our awards after him after he wrote 'Showgirls,' " says Razzie founder John "JB" Wilson, referring to the Joe Eszterhas Memorial Worst Screenplay Award. "He's what we call a repeat offender. A lot of his attitudes, particularly those toward women, are those of a 14-year-old boy - and I may be a little high on the age-level."

Eszterhas, 56, has recently moved back to writing more respectable fare with his book "American Rhapsody," an in-depth examination of the Bill Clinton/Monica Lewinsky scandal. In it, Eszterhas interweaves insight into the main players with autobiographical memories and Hollywood dirt on people like Sharon Stone and Warren Beatty.

The book, with its hyperkinetic language and socio-political critique, presents a compelling, stream-of-consciousness history of the last several decades. It's also entrenched on the New York Times' nonfiction bestseller list, and perches at number four there this week.

"I called the Clinton scandal the shadow war for the heart and soul of the country," Eszterhas says. "It really would have been the figurative assassination of Bill Clinton."

"Shadow war for the heart and soul of the country"? Joe Eszterhas, legitimate political analyst and cultural critic? Can it be?

Maybe. But maybe not. After all, the final chapter of the book is written from the point of view of President Clinton's, well, manhood.

So is Joe Eszterhas the man who composes widely panned flicks like "Showgirls" and "Jade" and writes a chapter from the perspective of a talking penis, or is he a bona fide thinker with something to say? Is he a sleaze merchant who pens lowest-common- denominator trash, or a savvy capitalist who used Hollywood to achieve his own American dream? Will the real Joe Eszterhas please stand up?

Bring out the sausage

Sitting in a small booth at a Polish restaurant on Chicago's North Side ("We just had to have some Polish sausage," Eszterhas' very pregnant wife Naomi explains), Eszterhas is both wild-maned Hollywood slickster and beefy Midwest Joe - no pun intended. His lengthy black limo outside looks as anomalous on gritty Milwaukee Avenue as a Groucho nose on the Mona Lisa. His left arm boasts enough gold jewelry to make Mr. T jealous.

But Eszterhas has also attended every one of his son's Little League games, and didn't attend the 1997 New York Film Festival because his wife couldn't go with him (she had just given birth to one of their children).

Eszterhas, who does all of his writing on a manual typewriter, is also disarmingly approachable and articulate, and he makes no bones about defending his career. He quickly disputes the notion that he sold out his writing abilities solely to get rich scrawling Hollywood trash.

"I've done 15 movies and they include a kids' movie in the 1980s called 'Big Shots' that most people don't even know about," Eszterhas says in a gravel-raspy voice, puffing on a seemingly omnipresent Salem cigarette. "I did a dark comedy called 'Checking Out' that a lot of people don't know about. I've become known for 'Showgirls' and 'Sliver' ...."

"And 'Basic Instinct,' " interjects Naomi.

"And 'Basic Instinct.' But if you look at the titles of the 15 movies I've written, you'll see they go across the board, from 'Flashdance' to 'F.I.S.T.' to 'Betrayed' to 'Music Box' to 'Telling Lies in America.' "

He is proudest of the last two: "Music Box" tells the story of a woman defending her father against charges that he was a Nazi murderer, and "Telling Lies" is a surprisingly poignant semi- autobiographical coming-of-age tale set in Cleveland.

Eszterhas says he began writing "American Rhapsody" as a long magazine piece, but it quickly grew into a 1,000-page manuscript because he found Clinton a fascinating and complex character. It was this curiosity about Clinton, plus his long-standing interest in politics, that drew him to this subject - not the carnal nature of Clinton's scandal, he insists.

"I thought I saw a connection between politics and Hollywood, in the sense that politics has become entertainment and entertainment has become politics," he says.

Clinton = rock star?

Calling himself a "political junkie," Eszterhas says he felt a kinship with Clinton because they're both products of the sexually unrestrained 1960s. To Eszterhas, the similarity has ended because he has moved past this libido-first behavior, while Clinton is still mired in it.

"All of us who came out of the '60s wanted to be rock-and-roll stars instead of being whatever it is that we are," Eszterhas says. "One of the things I see with Bill Clinton is that he has behaved that way to this day, and maybe he will for the rest of his life. The entire way he conducted himself with Lewinsky is classic rock- star syndrome, even down to the specifics of the act. It's groupie- stuff backstage."

But Eszterhas has had similarly convoluted romantic entanglements. In 1993, he left his wife of 24 years for his current wife Naomi. She had been married to Eszterhas' close friend Bill MacDonald, who bailed on his marriage to Naomi for Sharon Stone.

Eszterhas acknowledges he had been an unfaithful husband to his first wife, saying, "It took me nearly 50 years to stop behaving that way."

So he understands Clinton's inclination for extra-marital affairs, which stems from a deep internal isolation, Eszterhas says.

"I think Clinton is a profoundly lonely man," he says. "He said to Lewinsky, 'All I have in my life is work and that's all there is.' I think he is a completely empty man - empty inside, not empty intellectually. I want to be careful, because he's a brilliant man, and I think he's been a really terrific president. But the trade- off is, it's left him with an inner barrenness in his own soul."

From Wolfe to Brooks

Clinton, Eszterhas says, got into politics as a way to bring about real change. He was an idealist who carried around a book by Thomas Wolfe - not Tom Wolfe of "The Right Stuff" fame - in his back pocket when he returned from to England's University of Oxford.

"This is the same guy who came out to Hollywood recently and told Mel Brooks he watches 'Blazing Saddles' six times a year," Eszterhas says. "What the ----? What happened there? What happened in that line, to take the man from that point, with Thomas Wolfe in his back pocket, to watching 'Blazing Saddles' six times a year? I don't know."

But couldn't the same be said for Eszterhas? He wrote a book that was nominated for a National Book Award, then he went on to write films like "Showgirls" and "Basic Instinct."

Eszterhas sidesteps the basic point of the question and instead addresses the specifics.

"I guess where I disagree is that I don't put 'Basic Instinct' on the level of 'Blazing Saddles,' " he says. "I think 'Basic Instinct' tells a very dark story, but a story that's intriguing and that has levels in terms of the characterization. I don't see the same sort of rupture in my life as I do in going from carrying around Thomas Wolfe to seeing 'Blazing Saddles' six times a year."

He goes on to further praise "Basic Instinct": "I don't happen to believe that the reason 'Basic' was so successful was that Sharon Stone flashed some frontal nudity for a few seconds. I think as film noir, the film really stands. I think 'Basic' is going to go down as one of the better manifestations of film noir done in the American cinema."

Clinton isn't alone

Eszterhas says he was troubled by what he found in his voluminous research of Clinton's past. Nevertheless, he finds Clinton's flaws nowhere near those of Richard Nixon.

"What Nixon did was an assault on the decency of the American people," Eszterhas says, referring to Nixon's enemies list, the carpet-bombing of Cambodia and other acts. "There is no comparing what Bill Clinton did with what Nixon did. What Clinton did was b.s. compared to how Nixon wanted to restructure this country and forcibly change its values."

One chapter of Eszterhas' book, "The Uproar Is Deafening," chronicles past famed scandals, including the mistresses of figures such as John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Dwight Eisenhower and others.

"My attempt was to put the Clinton scandal in the context of all these other 'scandals' that have happened in the past, simply to provide context for the whole thing," he says.

In Faulkner's company

As he sips his beer from a large dark bottle, Eszterhas acknowledges that his name has become synonymous with Hollywood sleaze. And that's unfair, he says.

"I think it's a politically correct thing to trash the guy who wrote 'Showgirls' and 'Jade' and 'Sliver,' " he says. "But I still like 'Showgirls.' We showed the way women are abused in Vegas. It's an absolute fact, an absolute reality. We didn't endorse that; we didn't say we approve of that. But in our society today, if you put something on the page, or put it on the screen, you're accused of advocating it. If you apply that yardstick to literature - to Faulkner, for example - he's going to seem like the greatest racist in the history of the universe."

Plus, it's not just his movies that feature sex and violence, he says. Even the respected movies have their share of murder, mayhem, and making whoopee.

"Let's look at 'American Beauty,' " which won the 1999 Academy Award for Best Picture. "It had blood, it had murder, it had sex. But I criticize 'American Beauty' for its phoniness. If it had been real, the father (Kevin Spacey's character) would have slept with the cheerleader (Mena Suvari)."

"And in the original script, he did," Naomi pipes in. "But the studio said, 'We don't want to cross that political line.' "

Bring on the critics

As for "American Rhapsody," Eszterhas acknowledges that he's taken a libidinous look at the presidency.

"The book is right in the face of a narrowing culture that sometimes is Stalinist in its restrictions," he says. "The issue Naomi and I talked about for a long time was, 'Is this politically correct society going to accept this book?' And I think what's happening is, people are indeed responding to it."

And he has a ready response for people who say he's conveniently headed back to books now that his last several movies have bombed.

"I think it's odd for people to be saying that after I've written 15 movies, and have two other movies that are about to start," he says.

But why take this kind of slant on Clinton, when it's exactly the angle people would expect of Joe Eszterhas? Why does he set himself up as a target for people like morals policeman William Bennett? And why does he write a book like "American Rhapsody," or films like "Showgirls" or "Basic Instinct," when he could write something moving, like "Telling Lies in America"? (Let's not forget, however, that "Basic Instinct" grossed more than $ 350 million worldwide, while "Telling Lies" pulled in a measly $ 252,000 - a fact certainly not irrelevant to a man born into poverty who now owns a massive oceanside mansion and makes huge child-support payments.)

Again, Eszterhas goes for the specific rather than the general when these questions are asked.

"One of the real revelations of this book is that when Bennett was at the University of Texas, he used to date Janis Joplin, which obviously demented him," Eszterhas says with a hoarse laugh.

And with that, Eszterhas and his wife head out of the bright sunshine and climb into their long, black limo. Its reflective glass hides any view of them as they are whisked away from the ***working-class*** neighborhood and toward his expensive hotel downtown.

**Graphic**

Raised in a refugee camp, Joe Eszterhas became a high- profile political writer for Rolling Stone. Now, after becoming famous for writing sex-saturated films, he has found a way to combine politics and titillation in "American Rhapsody," his new book. Daily Herald Photo/Paul Beaty In 1993, Joe Eszterhas left his first wife to marry Naomi MacDonald, whose husband left her for Sharon Stone after Eszterhas introduced him to her. Eszterhas and Naomi conducted an interview with the Daily Herald at a Polish restaurant on Chicago's North Side because "We just had to have some Polish sausage," said Naomi. Daily Herald Photo/Paul Beaty

**Load-Date:** August 23, 2000

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[***AN ANALYTICAL MIND; HIGHMARK CEO FOLLOWED CIRCUITOUS JOURNEY; FROM THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY TO MEDICINE TO BUSINESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RGM-RPD0-TX33-C11W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** BILL TOLAND, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

"MY FIRST experience in the emergency room was not pleasant. The first person I ever saw that had a medical crisis was a young woman who was working in a bottling factory, and got her hair caught in the machinery. It peeled back the scalp. She was sitting there with this huge gap in her head ... that alone was enough to make you somewhat sick. And then when they rolled [the skin] back to clean it up, and you could see the muscle underneath, that put an end to my evening. I went down on the floor. And I thought at that point, I wasn't sure I was going to make it in medicine."

-- Dr. Kenneth R. Melani

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Nowhere was it writ in stone that Kenneth Melani, CEO of Highmark Inc., would become a doctor. Pittsburgh's native industries -- glass and metals and coal -- ran in his family, passed down by his ***working-class*** Italian grandfathers. His dad, a civil engineer at PennDOT, required the young man to work behind a drafting board during the summers (it was tortuous).

There was no adolescent epiphany, no light bulb, no moment of clarity when his future crystallized, when he just knew what he was destined to be; instead, it was a years-long process of elimination: What am I good at? What are my shortcomings?

It was in Springdale High School, Allegheny Valley school district, that Dr. Melani's math and science skills were honed. As a chemistry major at Washington & Jefferson, the self-described introvert was elected president of his fraternity, Kappa Sigma, and was compelled to accommodate social obligations around an enormous workload, lessons that come in handy as a health insurance executive: "You can either destroy yourself pretty quickly, or you can learn to balance social life and work."

His graduation from W&J (where he also played basketball) in 1975 took him to what is now Wake Forest University's medical school, where the first two years were spent rehashing his undergrad lessons in bio-chem, genetics and comparative anatomy. "That put me halfway into medical school. I couldn't turn around. So I was committed to do the next two years."

The commitment, he thought, would take him into pediatric oncology -- treating children with cancer. Ask anybody in pediatric oncology, any therapist at Children's Hospital, and they'll tell you how draining it can be, seeing sick kid after sick kid.

"It was too emotionally difficult. I really had a hard time," he says. Life as an ER attending physician wasn't for him either, a point underscored by his college encounter with the young woman from the bottling plant. A rotation in adult internal medicine, finally, suited him.

"For a person who likes math and science, it's very a much an analytical field of medicine."

And it was very much an analytical path that brought him into medicine in the first place. "As you look back, yeah, I can see the things that led to where I fortunately ended up."

For all that was initially uncertain about his career path, one thing was certain -- Dr. Melani would return from North Carolina, a place that in the late 1970s and early '80s was just beginning to show characteristics of the job mecca it would become, and end up in southwestern Pennsylvania, the place where he was born (New Kensington), where his first childhood home (Arnold) buckled and nearly caved because of mine subsidence, where he spent his formative years (Cheswick) around extended family: mom and dad and one sister, an aunt and an uncle and four cousins, a small clan by Italian Catholic standards.

The Pittsburgh he remembered was a vital city. The New Kensington of his youth was a robust town of pool halls and numbers games. That was changing by the time he returned home in 1979, for three years of residency at West Penn, but it didn't matter. His story began here, and though he could have made a life in Winston-Salem, or anywhere else, it probably will end here.

"Ken Melani is one of those great Western Pennsylvania stories," said Sy Holzer, president of PNC Bank. "He has made the most of every opportunity he has ever been given."

Playing to his strengths

Some peoples' lives are framed by the gravity of their forebears' legacy; others by a singular, undeniable talent. The life of Dr. Melani, now 54, was not so much framed as it was forged, by his own personality and skills as a diplomat.

Those skills have him on the cusp of becoming one of the most powerful business leaders in Pennsylvania, and one of the most important health insurance executives in the United States. Highmark is seeking a merger with Philadelphia's Independence Blue Cross, and combined, the two nonprofits will have up to 26,000 employees, 7 million policyholders, a $24 billion organization -- physicians' practices, dental, vision, casualty and life, and of course health insurance.

If the merger is completed, he'd head the entire company as its CEO.

"It's a very serious responsibility," says Dr. Melani, who in his current job makes more than $3 million a year and occupies a radiant, 31st-floor office. "I step back and look at it and say, Oh my God, how did little me from Cheswick, a little kid from Arnold, end up in this position? I was just going to practice medicine, and that was overwhelming to me."

He did practice, for five years, with Dr. Donald Wilfong of Johnstown. Melani & Wilfong started from scratch in 1982, collected a roster of patients, added physicians, expanded into an Oakmont office, built a presence in hospitals and nursing homes. He was out of school, but still learning about his abilities -- to manage an office, to hire and fire, to run a company.

"He was an excellent physician. No one would dispute that," said Dr. Wilfong, who still sees patients. "But he was looking more at utilizing his skills as a manager than from a patient-care standpoint. ...

"His strengths were more his business-savvy, his computer literacy, [things] that 25 years ago weren't as standard as they are now," he said.

Those traits, Dr. Wilfong said, drew Dr. Melani away from day-to-day medicine. He soon was splitting his time between the young practice and a more speculative venture, West Penn Cares, a loose association of West Penn-affiliated physicians who used their collective bargaining capabilities to negotiate contract rates with insurance companies. It worked as a holding company among the doctors, and the capital raised from the physicians was used to invest in other ventures -- a commercial blood laboratory, a service that set up in-home intravenous therapy devices.

But the dual role meant less time for patients. Dr. Wilfong told him he'd have to choose one path or the other.

"It was a difficult decision for two reasons," Dr. Melani says. "One was, I had developed a lot of relationships with my patients. And I practiced in my hometown. ... My parents and my sister, my aunts and uncles, lived in the area. So their perception was, I was leaving and abandoning everybody, and I was giving up being a doctor."

Yet giving up the doctor's hours, being on call 24-7, was attractive, said Dr. Wilfong. Dr. Melani said the same in a 1991 interview. "There are still long hours, still a lot of demands. But I have a lot more freedom than when I carried my beeper."

The newfound freedom of the West Penn partnership soon led Dr. Melani out of medicine altogether, and into the insurance side of things. His tenure at West Penn Cares had run 4 1/2 years, three as its CEO, when Highmark called upon his services in 1989, installing Dr. Melani as its new chief medical officer.

It seems to have been good timing. His first marriage, in 1975, produced two daughters, Christine and Carrie, but had ended in divorce in 1987. It was time to try something different.

The corporate ladder

When he came aboard at Highmark (then known as Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania, before the merger that created Highmark) as its medical officer, Dr. Melani was fit, intense and a generation younger than his predecessors. The position, he said, was one that a doctor might accept at the end of his career.

"Back then," he jokes, the job might have gone to "somebody who was about two steps from their grave." But Dr. Melani, in his mid-30s at the time, was just a decade into his professional life. Craving for more than just a punch in, punch out job, he was put in charge of a Blue Cross insurance subsidiary, called Health Related Services.

He was not, say co-workers and superiors, immediately tapped for corporate stardom. "He wasn't even on our radar screen," said one boss. But he would slowly distinguish himself as someone who could read the tea leaves and see the future of health care; at no time could that talent have been put to better use than over the next dozen years, as "managed care" was gaining a foothold, swiftly cresting in popularity, then just as swiftly receiving rebukes from customers and politicians.

It was a revolution in health care. In 1992, "fee-for-service" plans (in which doctors are paid per service, and patients are later reimbursed by insurers) accounted for a majority of the health insurance marketplace. Just six years later, managed-care was 85 percent of the market, and "fee-for-service" down to 15 percent. And the Blues, in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, were just beginning to experiment with managed care generally and HMOs specifically, which promised to reduce insurance and health-care costs by contracting with select providers, and often routing medical decisions through a primary "gatekeeper" physician who made referrals to specialists.

In the same stretch of years, Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania was planning a merger with Harrisburg's Pennsylvania Blue Shield. The merger was approved in 1996, but the early years were challenging, especially from a financial standpoint. Administrative costs were high, operating losses reached $90 million in 1998, five different software systems were used to process claims, and there were two separate customer service centers. There was even talk of going public, to raise some much-needed cash.

And yet Highmark was forced to go on a buying binge to fend off UPMC, acquiring medical and ancillary practices.

Dr. Melani, newly promoted to vice president of strategic business development and health services, had input into this process. And not all of what happened during this period was good for Highmark, or Pittsburgh, by his own admission.

"We made some missteps," he says. "We used to think it was important to not allow anybody to 'penetrate' the customer." In other words, if you ran an insurance plan and physician practices, you'd also want to own dental and vision clinics, to prevent customers from experimenting with other providers.

"It was not a healthy situation for the community, and for either organization. And it was a bit of a financial drain on both organizations," he says of UPMC and Highmark.

"We were sinking a lot of money into creating capabilities to defend each of our positions in the marketplace. ... That's money that could have been used in other, more constructive ways. [But] it was necessary from a strategic standpoint," in case UPMC and Highmark ever severed ties totally.

It nearly happened.

The diplomat

Given their friendly relations now, it's easy to dismiss the turn-of-the-century friction between Highmark and UPMC as corporate saber-rattling.

But the enmity was real. Highmark sued UPMC to stop its acquisition of Children's Hospital. UPMC was buying full-page ads in the Post-Gazette, saying its health plan was superior to Highmark's (Highmark sued about that, too, saying the ads "contained deceptive misstatements"

By 2002, UPMC had threatened to drop out of the Highmark network, meaning Highmark's 3 million health insurance policyholders wouldn't have had access to UPMC's system.

Several Highmark executives met with UPMC and tried to settle on a contract. None was successful. Then Highmark's CEO at the time, John Brouse, sent Dr. Melani to meet with UPMC's John Paul, the hospital system's former executive vice president and chief financial officer.

"It was a very difficult and ugly time, when it came to the relationship of our two organizations," Mr. Paul said. "There were obviously going to be some very difficult moments, and some periods where we would probably like to walk away."

But they didn't. They met regularly, for hours at a time, in a private room at the Duquesne Club, Downtown. As the June 30 expiration of the contract between UPMC and Highmark neared, a 10-year deal was struck, averting a divorce that might have proved catastrophic for consumers, Highmark, UPMC or all three. The relationship between the two giants was not only repaired, but advanced -- premium increases were complemented by $300 million in loans and grants, so UPMC could build a new Children's Hospital in Lawrenceville.

"It was partially the deadline, and it was partially the chemistry" between the two, Mr. Paul said. "But mostly, it was that Ken, being a Western Pennsylvanian, really was committed to what was right from a community standpoint. That's where our objectives met."

And suddenly, Dr. Melani -- without a business degree, without an MBA -- was the front-runner to replace the retiring John Brouse.

"I don't think he was really considered to be presidential timber" until late in Mr. Brouse's tenure, the former Highmark CEO said. Other in-house candidates -- Chief Financial Officer Bob Gray, VP George Grode, James Klingensmith -- were considered favorites, and a list of outside candidates, compiled by a headhunting firm, was just as impressive.

The fact that he was a Pittsburgh boy helped. Much more important, though, were his analytical and business skills.

"I really was able to appreciate Ken's thinking. Really bore to the crux of the problem without, seemingly, a lot of effort. Quick to digest salient points. Quick to get the picture," Mr. Brouse said. "And he's damn near clairvoyant when it comes to recommending strategies."

And the fact that he is a medical doctor -- a rarity among even health insurance CEOs -- gives him instant points with the physicians, who by the nature of their adversarial positions are often battling insurers.

"The physician relationship with Highmark has never been a good one," said Dr. Wilfong, Dr. Melani's former partner. "For one of our own to go inside, obviously, he's been on the other side. When he speaks to physicians, having been in the practice for five years, I think his credibility is greater than a suit who went through MBA school."

Dr. Melani took over as CEO in January 2003. He reshuffled Highmark's top brass and vowed to better control administrative costs (a promise he is now making if the Highmark-IBC merger is approved).

But that was the low-hanging fruit. More difficult was the years-long process of combining cultures at Highmark -- the doctor-oriented Blue Shield, and the market-facing, hospital-oriented Blue Cross. "That distinction between hospitals and physicians had worked its way into not being a good model," Dr. Melani says. "The people were not embracing the integration. ...We were still arguing over whose system we were going to pick; what functions were going to be located where."

The task inherited from Mr. Brouse was to get Highmark to rally around a common set of goals and missions. Mr. Brouse found Dr. Melani's demeanor to be an asset in that regard -- assertive, but without the appearance of unilateralism:

"He doesn't get his back up right away. He listens. He's a good poker player. He lets you make points, even though it may be very grating to him."

Part of his personal reputation -- affable, outgoing, always up for a drink or a round of 18 -- is the fruit of being foil for the last five years to UPMC chief Jeffrey Romoff, a recluse for much of his career who is known for being direct bordering on tactless.

But that doesn't mean Dr. Melani reputation isn't deserved, said Dr. Stan Marks, an oncologist and a friend. "He knows the fun side of life," he said, and for Dr. Melani, golf is lots of fun (if the weather and his schedule permit, he plays with his dad on Sundays). "Ken can shoot an 80, or he can shoot a 110. Once he gets into a funk, he's done. His vulgarity surfaces, he's throwing clubs -- he's that competitive.

"I don't think it's for show," Dr. Marks laughed.

Like many CEOs, he also donates time (and money) to pet causes. Two of his favorites are Pittsburgh's Variety Children's Charity and Holy Family Social Services, which counsels and provides living quarters for troubled youths. Sister Linda Yankoski, former CEO of Holy Family, said Dr. Melani is more than a board member.

"He's helped us organize our services -- do what's more important, let go of what's less important," she said. "He'll say, 'Why are you running this program? It's always running a deficit.' He understands the non-profit issues and concerns."

Challenges ahead

Dr. Melani-- who has spent five years in the Highmark CEO chair as of this month -- will need to draw on all the attributes his colleagues say he has, and a career of experiences, in his next role as CEO of the merged Highmark and Independence Blue Cross.

That's especially true as health insurance emerges as a prime issue in the 2008 presidential race. Several Democratic candidates want a universal health care plan. Unions want a "single-payer" system. Most developed countries offer it; can America be far behind?

And so another seismic shift, bigger than the HMO earthquake that shook health insurance in the 1990s, may be awaiting Dr. Melani in his new post.

"That will be a helluva job," said Mr. Brouse. "It will test him like he hasn't been tested."

Dr. Melani says he's ready for it. And his main task, before he retires sometime in the upcoming decade, will be positioning the new Highmark to compete in an altered marketplace, where the government isn't just a major buyer, but perhaps the only buyer of basic insurance.

"We want to make sure that Pennsylvania has a chance to get that business," he says. "You're trying to look, five, 10 years out and make a difference, make a positive impact."

Here, he's talking about the legacy of his business.

But what about his own?

The kid from Arnold says he wants to live to see Pittsburgh again become the place of possibility that he remembers from his childhood. And that means taking care of the children who will be that future -- through charities, including Highmark's Healthy High 5 program, and by creating "value" for the Pittsburgh region (in the form of that $300 million toward a new Children's Hospital) that may not be fully appreciated until he's done leading.

"OK, you're 54 years old, you're an old man," he says. "Here you are in this role. What good can you accomplish? ... I believe it's about making sure the next generation, and the generation behind them, have as much opportunity as I did in life."

Dr. Kenneth R. Melani

Job: Chief Executive Officer of Highmark Inc.

Age: 54

Hometown: Arnold, Pa.; now lives in Indiana Township

Education: Undergraduate chemistry degree Washington & Jefferson College, medical degree from Wake Forest University's medical school, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine.

Family: Wife of 15 years, Tracy; two married adult daughters, Christine Racchini and Carrie Hazelton, and 6-year-old daughter Alyssa

**Notes**

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**Graphic**

PHOTO: Post-Gazette: Dr. Kenneth Melani, chief executive officer of Highmark, joined the health insurer in 1989 as chief medical officer.

**Load-Date:** January 2, 2008

**End of Document**



[***THE DAY THE TWISTERS CAME 20 YEARS AGO, A LINE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G99-J0X0-027V-K0DP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***OF FIERCE TORNADOES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G99-J0X0-027V-K0DP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ATTACKED WESTERN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G99-J0X0-027V-K0DP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PA., LEAVING 65 DEAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G99-J0X0-027V-K0DP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

ATLANTIC, Pa.

The trees have mostly grown back. The homes in this farm community near Meadville have been rebuilt, too, of brick this time instead of clapboard. In fact, there is very little in the placid early spring landscape to suggest that a monster tornado once paid a visit here, although Hugh Shields tries his best to find clues as he noses his truck down a country road.

"That's where my house was," says Shields, pulling to a stop in front of a building covered in light blue siding with a sign that reads East Fallowfield Fire Department. Shields looks down at the curb, squinting. "Well, you can sort of see where my driveway was," he says.

That would be the driveway Shields was backing out of when he first saw the tornado coming toward him, 20 years ago on Tuesday, "a big gray thing, like an elephant's trunk, with lots of debris in the air."

It was only one of a swarm of Oklahoma-size twisters, 43 in all, that fell out of the sky with little warning on Western Pennsylvania and parts of Ohio, New York and Ontario on May 31, 1985. Altogether, 88 people were killed -- 65 of them in Pennsylvania -- more than 1,000 were injured and thousands were left homeless. Damage totaled $450 million, a record for that time. Seventeen tornadoes hit Pennsylvania alone, easily traversing up and down the hills and river valleys of the region, forever putting to rest the myth that such terrain can deter them.

As tornado outbreaks go, 1985's is one for the history books, listed by the National Weather Service Storm Data Center as the 12th most "significant" tornado event of all time. It was notable not just for its power but for its sheer improbability: Besides producing Pennsylvania's first and only "F-5" tornado, the strongest there is, it beat staggering statistical odds -- 1 in 75,000 -- that such a storm system could develop this far north and east. That's why Shields found himself staring, initially uncomprehending, at the behemoth moving toward him.

With no time to take shelter in the house, he wedged himself under his Chevy Malibu and held on for dear life. And then, pelted by debris, he passed out.

While telling this tale, Shields looks down at his arm. There is a reminder, after all, of his brush with the tornado: the long scar that winds down his left forearm, sliced open by flying slate while he lay unconscious.

When he came to, Shields staggered out from under the car and moved toward his destroyed house, gripping his arm. He knew that if he could get down to a sink in the basement, whose stairs were still visible, he'd be able to rinse off the blood, get his short wave radio, and call for help.

He did just that, his words still remembered by those who heard them:

"I'm hurt, and Atlantic is gone."

The path of destruction

All up and down eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania that evening, similar words would rasp across airwaves -- confused descriptions of death and destruction and pleas for help.

Minutes before Shields saw his tornado, a different one had slammed into Albion, near Erie, killing nine people in the town of 1,500. An hour later, another would score a direct hit on the struggling industrial town of Wheatland, in Mercer County. Farther south, at around the same time, shoppers at Big Beaver Plaza in Beaver Falls would watch, stunned, as a tornado came screaming over a nearby ridge and into the shopping mall, demolishing a state liquor store, killing a clerk and a customer -- while leaving shelves with bottles of gin and vodka intact.

From there it moved to North Sewickley where Dianne Lynn Flinner was hosting a lingerie party at a friend's home. When the twister hit, everyone fled to the cellar, but Flinner decided to retrieve her merchandise. She was sucked out of the house, her body found the next day in a nearby ravine.

For 41/2 hours, the tornadoes ploughed on relentlessly, part of a 100-mile-long storm front moving from the northeast to the southwest, eventually reaching as far east as Berks County.

Their power was unrelenting: of the 43 tornadoes reported in the United States and Canada, 20 were rated "F-3," severe or higher, on a damage scale devised by tornado expert Ted Fujita. The rare F-5 struck Wheatland, near Sharon -- 61 miles from Pittsburgh.

An F-5's damage is so extreme that even Fujita seemed at a loss for words to describe it when he came up with the Fujita Scale in 1971: "Incredible" is all he could say of these winds, the fastest on Earth, with speeds sometimes in excess of 300 mph. They peel bark from trees, bend steel beams like pretzels, hurl cars like missiles.

Wayne Seibel, now district judge in Evans City, saw the tornado that killed Dianne Flinner from his front porch in Zelienople. He had been inside, sitting in his recliner, watching a rerun of "The Lone Ranger" on TV, "when I thought I heard someone knocking at my door." It was hail, big tennis-ball-size pieces of it. Intrigued, he went outside to collect some to put in the freezer to show his wife. When he looked up, he saw the tornado rising over John Bury's Hill to the west.

"I didn't know what I saw, actually," he said. "I could see the top of the cloud first and then this massive black column just rose up over the ridge. The mind is trying to tell you this is a tornado, but it just doesn't register if you've never actually seen one or expect to see one here."

Seibel, then a patrolman, jumped into his police car to try to warn people, watching in awe as the funnel turned from black to orange, then blue, lit from within by flames and sparks after hitting an electrical grid.

"It was a sight I will never forget and a sight I hope I will never again see in my lifetime," Seibel said, shaking his head slightly.

Even the meteorologists were transfixed. Greg Forbes, The Weather Channel's severe weather expert, was a professor of meteorology at Penn State in May 1985. On radar, he watched, riveted, as an F-4 tornado moved through Moshannon State Forest, across Clearfield, Clinton and Centre counties, sucking up so many trees that the debris could actually be seen on the screen as a little round ball in the center of a hook-shaped radar "echo" -- the mark of a tornado. Using the reverse terminology peculiar to meteorologists, Forbes described it "as one of the best radar signatures I've ever seen."

Little warning

National Weather Service forecasters knew at least a full day beforehand that severe weather was in the works for Ohio and Pennsylvania that Memorial Day weekend -- just not how severe.

Ordinary people, too, knew something wasn't quite right, from the moment they woke up Friday morning.

"It was so hot and humid that it was almost hard to breathe," recalled Steve Watt, Crawford County's emergency manager, who was then fire chief in the town of Greenwood.

An unusually strong cold front from Canada was on a collision course with a steamy air mass from the Gulf of Mexico -- with a shot of dry air out of the West for extra instability. Despite a forecast for severe thunderstorms, though, the sun shone relentlessly for most of that Friday because of a fourth element: a stable air mass at about 2,000 feet, which served as a "lid" on the brew beneath. Then, at 3:50 p.m., the "lid" moved, and huge cumolonimbus clouds -- anvil-topped thunderheads -- seemingly appeared out of nowhere all along the Ohio-Pennsylvania line.

The first tornado watch -- predicting the likelihood of one -- was issued out of Erie's National Weather Service office at 4:45 p.m., and the first warning -- that an actual tornado had been sighted -- at 5:13. For the people of Albion, who were hit two minutes later, there was almost no time to take action.

The Emergency Broadcasting System was issuing watches and warnings to local radio and television stations, but later it was estimated that only 20,000 out of a quarter-million television sets were turned on.

And who would have believed it anyway?

"We had never seen a significant tornado here," said Watt. "So when the chatter started coming over the scanner, I thought the whole thing was kind of odd."

The twister killed six in Niles and four others in Ohio before crossing into Pennsylvania.

Seven people died when the tornado, by now an F-5, hit Wheatland. They included newly married Dave Kostka, who was umpiring a Little League game and was killed trying to protect two children with his body. Most of the town's industrial district was pulverized, along with the homes in the nearby ***working-class*** neighborhood known as "The Flats."

Helen Duby, 78, then the town's mayor, remembered walking through the ruined streets, to the sound of cries and screams from people trapped in their houses. A man sitting by a car begged her for help, and she and another resident carried him to a nearby porch. He died later in the hospital. "It's the nightmare of my life," says Duby today. "My house wasn't destroyed, but my home was destroyed, because Wheatland is my home."

Amazingly, skepticism kept some from taking shelter. In Atlantic, Andrew G. Byler, a member of that town's substantial Amish community, refused to budge from his front porch despite entreaties from his family. His body was later found in a field nearby.

In Albion, Gloria McCabe's mother, who lived next door, was luckier.

"My mom refused to go," McCabe recalled, sounding almost amused at the memory. "I said, Mom, there's a tornado, and she didn't believe me. 'Well,' she asked me, 'who predicted it?' So Harv [McCabe's son] and I physically pushed and dragged her into the basement. Then she refused to lie down on the floor because it was dirty, so we got her a chair to sit on, but that didn't matter when the house collapsed and a neighbor's waterbed fell on top of us."

McCabe turns serious when remembering the others who lost their lives. She thinks of Debbie Sherman, who waved at her neighbors from her van while they frantically tried to run her off the road to keep her from driving into the path of Albion's tornado.

"What were her thoughts, to have one of your neighbors doing that? How's that for a final look at life?"

Death, when it came, was sometimes quick.

Sandra Palmer was preparing dinner when a neighbor warned her that a tornado was coming. Palmer, four months pregnant, herded her five children into the basement as a deafening noise moved closer. They stood against a wall, behind a table with Palmer's arms around 6-year-old Luke. Then the house collapsed on them, the wall pushing Palmer and her son against the table.

"The table was crushing all of us, but it was pushing right at Luke's neck," Palmer recalled. "I kept trying to push the wall up behind me, praying as hard as I could, but it was no use."

She heard the boy take two breaths. Then she knew he was gone, her blond, curly-haired son, the one who was more afraid of thunderstorms than any of her children. Breathlessly, rapidly, Palmer talked, as she has thousands of times since 1985, about what she could have done differently.

"I don't know why we didn't lie on the basement floor. If we'd been on the floor instead of standing against the wall, it wouldn't have happened, but I didn't know to do that. He died in seconds. He took that horrible last breath --" and here, Palmer, paused, and caught herself.

"I can't bear to think about it -- but I don't know that he suffered. It happened so quickly."

Rescue and relief

Palmer was pinned by the wreckage for a half hour before she and her family were rescued, suffering only minor injuries. Others would wait longer. Some would die before being rescued.

For those arriving at the scene, chaos ruled.

"My daughter called me from College Hill and said, 'Dad, you'd better get up here, I think two trains just collided,' " recalled Russell Chiodo, Beaver County's former director of emergency services. When Chiodo arrived at Big Beaver Mall, "I said to myself, 'Holy hell,' what is this?"

Cars were piled like toys at one end of the parking lot. The Jamesway Department Store's roof was ripped off. Clothing and other merchandise, with price tags still on, would be found in the trees miles away. Looting, Chiodo could see, was an immediate problem. One police officer at the State Store asked a bystander for help in moving a fatally injured victim, only to see the man casually take two bottles of liquor and walk away.

Everywhere, people were wandering around in shock. "It was sad," recalled Crawford County Commissioner Morris Waid, an emergency worker at the time. "When you looked in peoples' eyes, they had that look of someone who is really, really drunk, not really focused, you know? "

There was some initial finger-pointing at public officials and the National Weather Service, but a review by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, which oversees the service, determined that the forecasters had done the best they could, faced with widespread power outages and limited time. Multiple warning systems needed to be strengthened, however.

President Reagan declared the region a disaster area, making it eligible for federal money. Vice President George H.W. Bush toured Wheatland with Gov. Dick Thornburgh. Perimeters were immediately set up around the hardest-hit areas, making it difficult for people to return to their homes, but keeping looters out, too.

Sarah Adams, then a reporter for the Sharon Herald's Greenville bureau, remembered being allowed through the security perimeter around Atlantic and walking in search of Baird Trailer Park. All around her, power lines fizzed and popped, and pieces of pink insulation were stuck in fences.

She made her way gingerly to an emergency worker standing in a field, and asked him where the trailer park was.

"He said, 'Lady, you're standing in it.' "

There were, of course, manifold acts of kindness and generosity: Betty Marsh, Hugh Shield's neighbor in the town of Atlantic, was blown out of her home, but the local hospital treated her injuries for free. Food and financial donations poured in; motels housed the homeless free of charge. Insurers, for the most part, were able to issue checks quickly and homes were rebuilt, although some places, like Wheatland, were never the same afterward. The town suffered $50 million in damage.

Hugh Shields' wife, Virginia, lost her aunt and uncle and their grandson in the tornado. They had just moved to Atlantic from Oklahoma. The Shields' home was destroyed, although pieces of Virginia Shields' wedding dress were found in some nearby woods. They have since rebuilt outside town, and every spring, as a way of giving something back for all the help they received, the Shields travel to a church near Charleston, S.C., for two weeks of volunteer work.

There is also a memorial in town to the five who died, including Byler, who is only named "An Amish Friend."

For Sandra Palmer, the road to peace has been rocky. For years after the tornado, she dreamed every night about storms, until she learned, finally, to wake herself up, before the tornado came to kill them all. Eventually, the dreams lessened, and now, they arrive rarely. In them, she always manages to get herself and her family away in time.

Today, her children are grown and doing well, says Palmer, a registered nurse. And a few months ago, for no particular reason, she decided to embark on a scrapbooking project about the tornado, compiling all the photographs and newspaper clippings she had put away in a box.

It brought little comfort.

"I had never read anything about it until then. I cried myself sick, working on that scrapbook. Not a day goes by when I don't think of Luke," she said. "And I don't know that I'll ever really feel better until I see him again."

**Notes**

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**Graphic**

A photo from Hugh Shields' collection shows an F-4 tornado moving over a ridge towards the village of Atlantic. This tornado killed 16 people, five of them in Atlantic, on a 56 mile track before petering out near Tionesta in Forest County. A photo journal on the damage can be found at [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com)

Tony Tye/Post-Gazette

A refrigerator sits in a tree in the wake of one tornado's passing. This outbreak's twisters were so powerful that asphalt was stripped from highways, steel beams were bent like pretzels and trucks were tossed like missiles in the air.

Lake Fong/Post-Gazette

Hugh Shields outside a trailer park near his home where four people died when a tornado hit the area May 31, 1985.

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2005

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[***FBI inventory lists mountain of evidence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-HD60-00C6-D1CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

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**Byline:** Kevin Johnson; Debbie Howlett

**Body**

When FBI agents came calling on Theodore Kaczynski, they encountered

a disheveled recluse who grudgingly opened the front door.

Inside was the world of the man authorities believe is the notorious

Unabomber, whose string of deadly attacks goes back 18 years.

Officials say the one-room, 10- by 12-foot shack in Montana's

remote Scapegoat Wilderness area had a cache of partially assembled

explosives, metals and a library to support the assembly of sophisticated

killing machines.

The floor was littered with shiny aluminum shavings believed to

be fuel components for explosives. There was a loft, a cot and

just a scattering of personal belongings. A detailed inventory

included in an affidavit compiled by the FBI gives a sense of

order to the mass of potentially damning evidence.

In one part of the cabin, there were containers labeled as flour,

sugar and coffee would be. But these containers were reserved

for ingredients "necessary in the preparation of explosives,"

the affidavit says.

Containers were marked "KCLO3 (postassium chlorate), NaCLO3 (sodium

chlorate), sugar, zinc, aluminum, lead and silver oxide."

The search was proceeding slowly Thursday. Agents tread carefully

among Kaczynski's possessions, fearing the cabin might be booby-trapped.

Portable X-ray machines were used to examine almost everything,

including books.

A "cylindrical package" in the loft showed "what appears to

be a partially completed pipe bomb," the affidavit says.

The device was constructed of "threaded pipe, wire and other

electrical components." Another device, made of copper pipes

with plates affixed to one end, appeared to be in the initial

stages of assembly.

"I did not observe any indoor plumbing or any other apparent

structural need for such piping on the premises," said FBI Special

Agent Donald Sachtleben.

Typewriters and other items were flown to the FBI lab for analysis.

The list of discoveries includes 10 three-ring binders containing

"page after page of meticulous" sketches and drawings believed

to be diagrams of explosive devices; drill bits, hacksaw blades

and wire cutters; and batteries and electrical wire commonly used

in detonation.

"I can tell you a lot of agents are relieved right now," says

Rick Smith, who retired from the FBI UNABOM task force five days

ago. "They have the Unabomber."

Tipster was brother

It took nearly three months from the time the suspect's brother,

David Kaczynski, became suspicious of Theodore's writings and

mysterious activities for agents to converge on the Montana cabin.

Theodore Kaczynski bought 1.4 acres in 1971, and records show

he owns the property wih his brother.

In early January, David Kaczynski, 46, asked a friend, a Washington,

D.C., lawyer, to relay his concerns to the FBI. David was worried

about writings his brother left in the family's home in Lombard,

a suburb of Chicago. The papers were discovered while David and

his mother, Wanda, were cleaning out the home before putting it

up for sale.

David Kaczynski agreed to meet with agents in the FBI's Washington

field office. The agents persuaded him to let them look at the

papers.

As talks continued, agents became more suspicious. They began

surveillance of Kaczynski's cabin several weeks ago. Not even

the county sheriff knew what was happening. So secret was the

operation, the FBI brought in a survivalist unit to camp in the

wilderness and keep watch.

Around Lincoln, a town of 500 near Helena, residents offered details

about Kaczynski's life.

Beverly Coleman volunteered at the Lincoln Library in the early

1990s. She says Kaczynski regularly came in with a list of books

to order. Most were literature books.

"A lot were out of print. He wanted them in the original language.

I don't remember the books, but he probably spoke several languages."

Coleman says Kaczynski once told her he was a disabled Vietnam

veteran, but she didn't ask him about it. "He made it obvious

he didn't want a lot of people around so we left him alone,"

she says.

The library staff saved Montana state newspapers for him. Sometimes

he read *Scientific American* and *Omni* magazines.

Eleanor Fulgham gave Kaczynski a ride into town to the Trailways

bus stop one time in the mid-1980s. "Ted was walking with a big

backpack on his back and said he was going east to visit family,"

she says.

Ana Wood, who works at True Value Hardware Store, says Kaczynski

occasionally came into the store to buy items such as gloves or

seeds.

"I remember asking why he had his wallet in a plastic Zip-loc

bag," Wood says. "He laughed and said if he didn't put it in

the bag it would get wet while he rode his bike."

His pants were usually tucked inside his socks so they wouldn't

get caught in the bicycle's chain.

Last fall, Kaczynski applied for a job at the Blackfoot Market,

one of Lincoln's two groceries.

"He said his funds were low, that a pension was slow in coming,"

says Karen Potter, who owns the store with her husband, Jay. She'd

already hired someone but kept his name and post office box number.

She says Kaczynski would buy a 10-pound bag of flour and other

staples. He put them in a large backpack he wore while riding

his bike. He also bought Spam and tuna, but grew vegetables in

his own garden.

"He made bread and we discussed that. He was very conscientious

about nutrition," Potter says. Two or three winters ago, she

was concerned because he appeared ill. "His color was not good

that winter, he lost weight. I mentioned that he should see a

doctor, and he kind of laughed and said something about being

independent."

He was always polite, careful to park his bike out of the way

so people didn't have to step over it.

Merchants in town say he always paid in cash. The town's only

bank, First Bank of Lincoln, says he didn't have an account there.

Emily Rundell, who works at a gas station and convenience store,

says her husband gave Kaczynski the old bike two years ago to

replace his broken one. She saw him riding around town but rarely

spoke to him.

Irene Preston, 84, says she and a friend played cards with Kaczynski

in the 1970s when she lived near the cabin. They played cribbage

and pinochle. Her diary says she gave him two cats in January

1977.

"He came down and I gave him the cats," she says. "I don't

know what he did with them."

She says he never talked about his background. "He said one winter

(in the 1970s) he was going to see his folks, but he didn't tell

us where. He said he'd see us in the summer."

Born and raised in Chicago

Theodore John Kaczynski was born May 22, 1942, the first child

of Wanda Dombek and Theodore Richard Kaczynski, who worked in

a Polish sausage factory.

They lived on the south side of Chicago in a ***working class***, immigrant

neighborhood.

Soon after David was born in 1949, the family moved to the middle-class

suburb of Evergreen Park. Ted was in junior high. They settled

into a typical '50s life in a two-story Cape Cod house. While

dad worked, mom doted on the boys.

Wanda Kaczynski kept a careful diary of her sons' lives and began

educating them at home while they were toddlers. She joined the

PTA and read to "Teddy" from issues of *Scientific American*

when he was in first grade. Neighbor Dorothy O'Connell recalls

10-year-old Teddy bounding into her house with *Romping Through*

*Mathematics from Addition to Calculus* under his arm.

Dale Eickelman, 53, went to junior high school with Kaczynski.

He says that even as a teen-ager, "Ted had the know-how of putting

together things like batteries, wire leads, potassium nitrate

and whatever, and creating explosions."

"We would go to the hardware store, use household products and

make these things you might call bombs," Eickelman, now a Dartmouth

anthropology professor, told the *Daily Southtown* in Chicago.

The family made learning a priority, taking trips to museums.

"They were into star-gazing, they were very pro-education and

he was very, very talented," says Donna Bergeron, a high school

classmate.

Kaczynski was a bright student, graduating from Evergreen Park

High School a year ahead of his class of 181 students. He was

a National Merit scholarship finalist, a member of the German,

math and coin clubs, and played in the band in high school. He

won a scholarship to Harvard University.

In 1970, with both boys out of the home, the parents bought a

home in Lombard. Wanda returned to school to become a teacher.

Neighbors say Ted's dad once returned from a visit with his son

in Montana and was appalled at his living conditions. The elder

Kaczynski is described as hardworking and enjoyed camping. He

was diagnosed with terminal cancer and took his own life in 1990,

shooting himself in the head with a .38 handgun.

The Illinois link

Kaczynski apparently was in Illinois around the same time the

first bomb attributed to the Unabomber was found. Wrapped in brown

paper, it was found May 25, 1978, on the campus of the University

of Illinois-Chicago. The return address was from a professor at

Northwestern University. It was returned to Northwestern, where

it exploded causing minor damage. Neither school has any record

of Kaczynski as a student or faculty member.

According to state records, Kaczynski applied for his first Illinois

driver's license six weeks after the explosion, on July 7, 1978.

He was living in his parents' Lombard home. His license expired

in 1982 and was never renewed.

Motor vehicle records in Montana indicate he obtained an identification

card in 1983 and a driver's license in 1986. He has never been

cited for a violation and his license was current through Wednesday.

Neighbors say Kaczynski's mother visited him in Montana, although

she preferred to stay in a motel rather than his primitive cabin.

She also wired money to her son frequently. Kaczynski apparently

returned home to Illinois several times.

Math was his passion

Kaczynski's academic life provides few clues to his personality.

After graduating from Harvard University, Kaczynski enrolled at

the University of Michigan and earned a master's degree in 1964

and a doctorate in 1967. Professors there regarded him as a brilliant

student.

Professor Peter Duren, who served on Kaczynski's doctoral committee,

says he was "unusually focused on math."

"I don't think he was political at the time. He was so busy,

so involved in math, I don't think he had anything else," Duren

says.

Kaczynski's time at Berkeley, a hotbed of antiwar activism in

the late 1960s, may have shaped his outlook, Duren speculates.

Although Kaczynski showed no signs of political activism, his

dissertation supervisor, the late Prof. Allen Shields, signed

a letter with 73 other mathematicians urging colleagues to shun

military work.

"We urge you to regard yourselves as responsible for the uses

to which your work is put," they wrote. "We believe this responsibility

forbids putting mathematics in the service of this cruel war."

It was Shields who kept tabs on his prodigy, Kaczynski, after

he was hired as an assistant math professor at the University

of California at Berkeley in 1967.

In 1970, Shields wrote to John Addison, a former colleague and

chairman of Berkeley's math department. But by then, Kaczynski

was gone.

In a response to Shields dated March 22, 1970, Addison wrote:

"Kaczynski did indeed resign effective June 30, 1969. He submitted

his resignation last year quite out of the blue. . . . He said

he was going to give up mathematics and wasn't sure what he was

going to do.

"He was very calm and relaxed about it on the outside. We tried

to persuade him to reconsider, but our presentation had no apparent

effect.

"Kaczynski seemed almost pathologically shy and as far as I know

he made no close friends in the department. Efforts to bring him

more into the swing of things had failed."

Addison recalls he and other faculty "encouraged him to stay

on as a developing mathematician."

"His dissertation was impressive," Addison says of Kaczynski's

75-page report, "Boundary Functions."

Addison admits, however, that when Kaczynski's name popped up

as the Unabomber suspect, he had no recollection of him.

"He was viewed by the few faculty who knew him as withdrawn.

. . . He was a very private person," Addison says. "I know of

nothing negative about him during his stay here."

Calvin Moore, vice chairman of the Berkeley mathematics department

from 1968 to 1971, says that Kaczynski once gave a faculty seminar

"so we'd get to know him, get to know his research."

"The tradition was that we'd go out for beer and pizza afterwards

so we asked him to come along and join us . . . and he said, 'No

thank you,' and walked off."

"The only thing I can vaguely remember is that he wanted to leave

mathematics. It struck me as unusual that a person of this obvious

capability and brilliance would say I'm leaving. If he had developed

along those lines, he could have advanced up the ranks to be a

senior member of our faculty (today)."

Contributing: Shannon Tangonan in Washington, Deeann Glamser and

Dick Price in Montana and Gale Holland in Utah

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, John Youngbear, AP; PHOTO, Color, WRGB/CBS News via AP; Heading to court: Theodore Kaczynski is led into court in Helena, Mont., Thursday where he was charged with possession of bomb materials. Family: Suspect's brother, David Kaczynski; mother, Wanda

**Load-Date:** April 5, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Dayton Hudson's 'toughest customer'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-9850-002B-H383-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 8, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Byline:** Sally Apgar; Staff Writer

**Body**

At first, Skip Dwyer, a manager of a Target Store in Denver, didn't think much of the mustachioed man in the sunglasses, baseball cap and blue running suit. Dwyer greeted the man at the front door and offered assistance, but he just wanted to browse.

A few minutes later, the man was scanning the labeling on shelves in the toy section. He was spotted wandering among exercise bikes and treadmills in sporting goods and later eyeing the stack of Hamilton Beach mixers in small appliances.

After an hour, the man headed for the door empty-handed. He stopped at the service desk, authoritatively scribbled a note to the store staff and left a business card: Kenneth A. Macke, chairman and chief executive officer, Dayton Hudson Corp.

"It wasn't until he was out the door that it clicked who he was," Dwyer said.

But Target managers as well as managers of other stores owned by Dayton Hudson should be used to Macke's secret shopping tours. He is in his 10th year as chief executive officer and ninth year as chairman. And he is legendary for listening, say, to the technological intricacies of a new inventory control system and then visiting five Target stores and reporting back that the system must have some kinks because all five were out of king-sized sheets in pink.

"Our report card is our stores. Are we in stock? Are customers waiting too long?" Macke said in a recent interview. "I never leave a good store without writing a handwritten note. And if I go to a bad store, I write handwritten notes to the officers of the company."

Macke says theory, strategy and technology that look good on paper are useless if they don't show up in what he sees in the stores.

By all accounts, Macke, 54, doesn't just think retail - he feels retail. Fond of of calling himself "Dayton Hudson's toughest customer," he sees all of the company's stores - Dayton's, Hudson's, Marshall Field's, Mervyn's and Target - through the eyes of the customers.

"The old saw is, 'Retail is detail,' and Macke sees detail," said Boake Sells, president of Dayton Hudson until 1987. "He'll look at a store to see if it makes sense to him. He'll go through a rack and check signs and numbers to see if the tags are correct. He moves through a store in great detail and measures what he sees against what the guys on Mount Olympus say is going on. Getting better in this business is going out and seeing what's happening in the real world and reporting back and not being a bastard about it."

Kenneth Dayton, the last family member to hold the chairmanship, said, "Macke lives and breathes his business. A lot of the people at the top don't understand the guts of the business."

But critics say that the CEO of a $ 17 billion company should be doing more than sorting through sheets and towels or rifling the bathing suit racks.

"That's a cheap shot," said Bruce MacLaury, president of the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., and a former Dayton Hudson director for 15 years. "Ken Macke is hardly hiding from the corporate offices by [cruising] the sales floor. Dayton Hudson is far better off with someone who has hands-on familiarity with the shop floor. The Japanese have taught us that the way to be successful is being on the shop floor."

Macke says he can't afford not to visit stores - on weekends, vacations and during breaks on business trips.

"Right now, the consumer is changing very rapidly. So I try to spend one day a week in our stores and our competitors' stores so that I can see changes as they occur," Macke said.

Sells and others say that some have underestimated Macke. There's the easy smile, the Iowa small-town values and that unbreakable habit of strolling his stores' aisles.

"Ken looks like the guy next door, not a big cheese," Sells said. "Over the years, there have been a lot of people who didn't know him and underestimated him. For that reason, there are a few bodies that just aren't around Dayton Hudson anymore."

As an analyst told Business Week in 1989, Macke is "not the doofus a lot of people thought he was." The comment was made two years after Dayton Hudson ducked a hostile takeover. At the time, analysts were busy crediting Macke for leading the retailer back to solid earnings growth of 22 percent in 1989. This vindicated Macke, who had been blamed for the company's earnings plunges of 9 percent in 1986 and 10 percent in 1987.

Current and former executives say that Macke's style does not always mesh with that of business school strategists. Ivory tower theorists don't like autocratic redirection from a man who spends time talking to sales clerks and fussing over whether a particular sweater is being displayed next to its matching skirt.

Macke likes strategy and technology but doesn't wallow in the cerebral pleasure of them. He wants to see them work in the stores or he doesn't want them at all.

"Sure Macke drives people crazy. He is 1,000 percent focused. He'll go into a store and know the color, sizes and SKU [inventory control] numbers," said Gary Witkin, former executive vice president of the department store division and now vice chairman of Saks Fifth Avenue.

Macke knows he can be an opinionated leader. He surrounds himself with the best people he can find and respects those who can stand up to him. Former executives say that Macke likes action and is more likely to tolerate mistakes than inaction.

"He expects what he expects. Nothing makes him crazier than if someone says one thing but does another," Witkin said. "He's very straightforward and simple that way."

Friends say that Macke's straightforward character and values were irrevocably formed during his Iowa boyhood.

"Ken never forgot the real people and real values he grew up with," said Ron Olson, a Los Angeles attorney who played football and roomed with Macke at Drake University in Des Moines.

"He's competitive and loyal," Olson said. "He's been married to his value system from the time he grew up and never wavered. And that's why his decisionmaking is as quick and sure as it is."

Macke was born in Templeton, a tiny town perhaps best known for making Templeton rye whiskey during Prohibition. He grew up in nearby Carroll, a small town in the farm country of west-central Iowa where his father sold tobacco and sundries to stores across the state.

At 15, he took his first retail job as a clerk in the family-owned Anderson Shoe Store. His first day, he was rattled when the town's dentist walked in. Macke grabbed the first box of shoes in the right size: a gleaming pair of Florsheim Imperials - the most expensive pair in the store at $ 29. The dentist bought them.

"We could tell he had a future in retail," said Max Reed, who hired him for the job. At the time, Macke's mother was dying of cancer and the family needed the extra money.

"Kenny was a serious, hard-working boy. He was always helping the family. Shoveling snow or trying to bring in a little money," said Dorothy Dunkin, who took care of Macke's younger brother and sister after their mother died.

Saturday mornings during high school and college, Macke would come to the store early so Reed's father-in-law, John Anderson, could teach him to read a balance sheet.

Anderson always said that retail was a simple matter of buying low and selling higher and that if you didn't make a profit you had no right to be in business.

Anderson was tough. Macke couldn't just sell a shoe, he had to know how it was made. And he was forbidden to sell a pair that didn't fit.

Anderson also taught him the urgency of pleasing customers. There were two shoe stores in town, and Anderson always said that if his store didn't have what the customer wanted, that customer would shop down the street.

If Macke had a customer who wanted a particular shoe and Anderson's didn't have it in the right size, he would run out the back door and down the alley and buy it at the other store. He'd bring it back to the waiting customer as if he had just pulled it from the stock room.

Macke was a jock, making a name for himself on the high school basketball and football teams, Reed said. On the Saturday morning after a big game, Macke's teammates would gather at the store, analyzing the game, play by play.

"When he was a [college] quarterback he liked the challenge of making a decision in the 25 seconds before the clock ran out," said former teammate and lifelong friend Olson.

Olson said Macke is in retail because it's the most visible form of business competition. There was no doubt he would take a job in retail. But Olson was surprised when he first visited Macke at the downtown Minneapolis Dayton's.

"There was Macke, the captain of the football team, the big quarterback, selling hankies and little knickknacks to these women," said Olson. "I just left the store shaking my head."

In 1973, Macke left the department store division for Target, where he made his career in what has become the growth engine of the corporation. In 1981, he became president of Dayton Hudson. Two years later, he was named chief executive officer, and he became chairman in 1984.

Past and present directors say that Macke built on the cultural foundation that Ken and Bruce Dayton left. Part of that culture was a strong and open relationship between the board of directors and top management. Once the Dayton family decided to go public they wanted solid governance.

"We wanted to act like a public company, not a private, family-run business with access to public money," Ken Dayton said.

Roger Hale, a longtime Dayton Hudson director and chief executive of Tennant Co., said that Macke isn't like other CEOs who present ideas to their boards as done deals.

"He regularly and openly shares his ideas on strategic issues. He discusses ideas in progress to get feedback before things get cast in concrete," Hale said.

That style was at work at Dayton Hudson's worst moment in 1987 when the Haft family launched a $ 6 billion hostile takeover effort.

Hale and others said that Macke acted firmly in command but was able to draw on the broad skills and resources of board members in successfully defending the company.

"He was the leader in decisions, but he was very skillful at marshalling consensus," Hale said.

Former board member MacLaury said that "Macke was like a general who saw this was a battle for our life. Early on, he was able to mobilize every possible resource from community goodwill to the Legislature to shareholders."

As one friend, Jack Rice, put it, "Ken is as comfortable with the crowd at Milda's [a ***working-class*** neighborhood cafe in Minneapolis] as he is at the Minneapolis Club" with a group of investment bankers.

Kenneth A. Macke

Born/Dec. 16, 1938, in Templeton, Iowa.

Family/Wife, Kathy; children Michael, 26; Jeffrey, 19; Melissa, 17.

Home/Edina

Education/Drake University, 1961, with a B.A. in retail.

Career/Chairman of Dayton Hudson Corp., 1984 to present, and chief executive, 1983 to present; Dayton Hudson, president, 1981-1983; Target, first as president and then chief executive officer, 1977-1981; Target, executive vice president, 1976; Target, general merchandise manager, 1975; Target, senior vice president, merchandise manager of soft lines, 1973-1975; Dayton's, 1961-1971 in a variety of managerial positions.

Hobbies/Family (including dogs), snow skiing, golf, reading.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** February 9, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Schools shape fates of Raleigh and Durham***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B660-009B-P46P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Steve Berg; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Raleigh, N.C.

**Body**

Last of 3 parts

If Minneapolis, St. Paul and their suburbs are to contemplate a more thorough mixing of black, white, rich, poor, urban and suburban public schoolchildren, they might do well to consider the contrasting experiences of Raleigh and Durham, N.C.

Few American places have been so dramatically transformed in so few years.

Beginning in the mid-1960s, with the birth of the Research Triangle Park, the Raleigh-Durham area has turned from a sleepy southern backwater into a thriving, high-technology metropolis. Its dozens of laboratories, its woodsy old neighborhoods and the artful manner in which new suburbs have been cut into its pine forests have landed Raleigh-Durham near the top of every "livability" list.

The new prosperity, however, has not been evenly distributed. To recount the reasons is, in many ways, to tell a tale of two cities.

Research Triangle Park (and the 30,000 jobs it generated) was built on the fringes of Durham. Even so, Durham grew quite modestly, and its urban core actually deteriorated. Most of the housing and commercial boom occurred miles to the east, just across the county line in Raleigh and its suburbs.

Over the years, civic leaders from both cities have settled on an explanation: schools.

Durham's contentious, feuding city and suburban school districts were sharply divided by race and class. They were not as attractive to real-estate developers and young, upscale families as the consolidated, integrated school system that Raleigh built in the mid-1970s.

Measured by today's fearful political mood, Raleigh's feat of blending city and suburban schoolchildren into a single district seems all the more remarkable. Here's how it happened.

Early in the '70s, as the boom was beginning, Raleigh's business leaders detected a disturbing trend. The city school district, while still 60 percent white, was growing steadily blacker, poorer and emptier. By contrast, the county district, which included newly annexed Raleigh neighborhoods and outlying suburbs, was growing whiter and wealthier with an influx of new families, many of them from the North.

Fearing white flight and the decay of the city's prosperous old neighborhoods, civic leaders launched a campaign to erase the boundary between city and suburban school districts. Doing so, they argued, would ensure racial balance and a more equal spread of wealth throughout the county. If everyone had a stake in the city schools, they argued, Raleigh's core would not deteriorate.

Voters hated the merger idea. They rejected it 2-to-1 in a referendum, fearing that the city schools already had become too black and too poor.

Civic leaders were undeterred. Even after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in Milliken vs. Bradley (1974) that Detroit's suburbs were not compelled to help integrate city schools, Raleigh officials defied popular will by pushing their school merger plan through the Legislature in 1975.

By the early '80s, the city had turned schools in some of its poorest black neighborhoods into magnets that attracted white students from affluent suburbs. For racial balance in the suburbs, it bused about 15 percent of its students, mostly blacks from the core city, to outlying schools.

This was accomplished with comparative finesse and relative peace. Over the years, achievement scores have increased, and blacks have narrowed their historic deficit. The racial mix has leveled at about 70-30 white. Flight to private schools has been minimal, despite the rising influence of the Christian right.

Raleigh's core neighborhoods, meanwhile, have remained attractive and prosperous. Its school system has nearly doubled since 1975 to more than 81,000 students and is growing at a rate of nearly 4,500 students a year. The district will build 13 new schools before 1999.

"We prospered more than Durham, because school merger helped prevent Raleigh from looking like a doughnut, with a poor, black pocket in the middle," said Frank Daniels Jr., who, as publisher of the Raleigh-based News and Observer, crusaded for the merger in the 1970s.

Durham's raw politics

Durham, meanwhile, found itself on an opposite path.

It always had been a more contentious, less genteel place, an old cigarette-manufacturing city of raw politics and sharp contrasts where ***working-class*** neighborhoods butted against the elite towers of Duke University.

By the 1980s, Durham's city schools were 90 percent black and perpetually poor. Achievement fell despite high per-pupil spending. Discipline problems grew. The system teetered on bankruptcy.

Suburbanites wanted no part in solving these problems. Durham's black leaders, who dominated school politics, didn't want a merger either. Maybe their system was bad, they reasoned, but at least it was theirs.

Only the threat of a state takeover caused them to reconsider. In 1992 an erudite black IBM executive and county commissioner named Bill Bell made both sides an offer they couldn't refuse. If the city and county systems merged, the suburban schools would get badly needed new buildings, and the city schools would get equity in the form of more resources, including a $ 28 million showcase school to replace Durham's traditional black high school, Hillside.

The deal was struck. But unlike Raleigh's rather smooth transition in the 1970s, Durham's experience in the '90s has been far less serene.

Dropout rates and test scores have improved but don't approach those of Raleigh or of the adjoining affluent village of Chapel Hill, which maintains its own school system. Behavior problems continue as students are compelled to meet stricter standards. More than 2,250 students were suspended in the 28,000-student district during the first three months of this school year, most of them for fighting and verbal abuse. The greatest portion of those suspended were black males, which angers Durham's black leaders.

"This can't continue," Lavonia Allison, leader of the Durham Committee for the Affairs of Black People, scolded the school board at a recent meeting. "There's something wrong with these schools. Schools are supposed to create an atmosphere for learning, not for suspending."

The administration, however, insists that strict discipline is the only way to instill long-term confidence. Durham even has established a separate 60-student high school for the "chronically disruptive," allowing principals to export their most troublesome students.

"We're already a better school system than people think we are, but it's very hard to overcome our reputation as inferior," said Durham Superintendent Owen Phillips, who is white.

The district's racial makeup seems to be leveling at about 60-40 black. One in five students is bused for racial balance.

What is increasingly apparent, however, is that differences among students - in academics and behavior - are less a matter of race than of socioeconomic background. This observation permeates discussion of school desegregation in both cities.

"The problem often seems to wear a black face, but it's really a class thing," said Stella Shelton, spokeswoman for the Raleigh district.

A more difficult task

Officials from both cities agree that wider socioeconomic disparities and the overall political mood make school desegregation much harder today than when the Raleigh districts merged in the 1970s, a time predating the surge of gang violence, teen pregnancy, welfare dependency and other urban pathologies that have stiffened suburban resistance.

Other middle-class fears also work against a further mixing of race and class. Concerned about their children's future in a more competitive world, affluent suburbanites are pushing for more rigorous academic standards, fearing that too much emphasis on at-risk children inevitably will "dumb down" the schools.

"Dumbing down has come to pass," said Prudence Rochelle, a white, conservative activist with two children in Durham schools. "We have kids in high school who are reading at an elementary level." The solution, she said, is to insist that children not be allowed into fourth grade until they pass a basic-skills exam, no matter how many years it takes.

In North Carolina, these sentiments are strongest among newly arrived Northerners who are unimpressed by the state's low national rank in achievement tests and who are more wary of the race/class integration than are Southerners, who have grown accustomed to it from decades under court order.

"Many people who move down here look down their noses at the South and come here with a private-school mentality," said Barbara Chapman, an elementary school principal in Cary, an affluent Raleigh suburb sometimes referred to as C.A.R.Y., or "containment area for relocated Yankees."

She said, "They expect this to be 'Donna Reed' and 'Leave it to Beaver.' And boy, are they mad when they don't find it." Chapman's school of 1,100 students includes 200 black children bused in from city neighborhoods.

New black reluctance

White attitudes, however, are not the whole story. More intriguing is the political shift among urban blacks, many of whom no longer see school desegregation as possible or desirable.

Durham's nascent city/suburbs system, for example, is under attack less from white suburbanites than from black leaders who believe that desegregated schools are diluting black culture and bending over backward to keep whites from fleeing.

Now that Durham's merged system provides more resources for city schools, many blacks see no compelling reason for racial mixing. As in Minneapolis, where Mayor Sharon Sayles Belton has embraced neighborhood schools, desegregation seems less important than an all-out rescue mission aimed at low-achieving children. Diversity has lost its luster.

It's not that Durham's black leaders favor returning to the pre-1954 "separate but equal" doctrine; they prefer "separate but equitable." Equitable doesn't mean spending equally on poor and wealthy students. It means an infusion of a lot more money and social therapy on disadvantaged students until they perform equally to better-off students.

"If you have fruit dying on the vine, is your first priority those plants that are in trouble or those that are thriving?" asked Gloria Farrarr, a black community leader in Durham.

This is one of several themes that have devalued desegregation in the minds of many blacks. Some see neighborhood schools (if they are black) as a refuge from the tiresome drumbeat of statistics showing how badly black students are doing. Others resent the fact that the busing burden most often falls on their children and see neighborhood schools as a way to strengthen civic life and community pride.

Still, others are insulted by the notion that poor black children need to attend school with affluent white children to learn. They regard desegregation as a cynical maneuver by whites to soothe their consciences while establishing elite "schools within schools" to preserve their advantages.

In Durham, for example, black leaders have campaigned against establishing a rigorous international baccalaureate program at Hillside High School, calling it an instrument of "white power."

A closed window?

Together, these currents suggest that the era of school desegregation may be over. Since 1987, schools across the country have become more racially segregated, notwithstanding fragile efforts in Durham and elsewhere. Phillips, the Durham superintendent, said, "I've begun to wonder just within the last year if what we've done here will remain."

Raleigh Superintendent Jim Surratt said that his city is fortunate to have merged its districts during the more innocent '70s. "We were pulled kicking and screaming through a special window in time," he said. "Now we have separation endorsed by two extremes. Maybe that's the way it has to be. But it doesn't sit well with people who have spent a lifetime trying to do away with the evils of segregated schools."

Even in Raleigh, with 20 years of city/suburb consolidation under its belt, the forces of separation tug constantly.

Recently, for example, a real-estate developer building 1,000 houses in an upscale corner of the county offered the school board a favorable deal for a school site. The board agreed, but only if the developer's plans included low- to moderate-income townhouses, thus increasing chances that the school would draw a diverse student body and wouldn't require busing.

Schools should use that kind of leverage more often, said John Gilbert, a Raleigh school board member and a political science professor at North Carolina State University. Without an insistence on idealism and a greater effort to desegregate schools and housing, he said, society will continue its decline into separate camps.

"It's almost shameful that this is becoming true in places like Minneapolis and Seattle, cities that everyone thinks of as progressive models," Gilbert said. "In the long run, if Minneapolis can't get it right, who can?"

A look at the Raleigh/Durham schools

Schools are given credit for much of Raleigh's gains over the past three decades.

(See microfilm for chart.)

About the series

The three-part series ending today gives readers a look at the changing picture of desegregation here and locally, and at the issues that will be raised next month in a lawsuit that claims the state is providing an inadequate education for Minneapolis students.

The series was reported by:

- Steve Berg, 48. The Star Tribune's national correspondent, he has worked for the newspaper since 1976.

- Duchesne Paul Drew, 28. He covers education and Minneapolis schools, and has worked at the newspaper since 1993.

- Rita Reed, 45. A photojournalist, she has worked at the newspaper since 1987.

- Maureen M. Smith, 35. She covers education and St. Paul schools, and has worked at the Star Tribune since 1992.

**Graphic**

Map; Photograph; Chart

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**End of Document**



[***THE DAY THE TWISTERS CAME;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G99-J0X0-027V-K0DR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***20 YEARS AGO, A LINE OF FIERCE TORNADOES HIT WESTERN PA., LEAVING 65 DEAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G99-J0X0-027V-K0DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Body**

The trees have mostly grown back. The homes in this farm community near Meadville have been rebuilt, too, of brick this time instead of clapboard. In fact, there is very little in the placid early spring landscape to suggest that a monster tornado once paid a visit here, although Hugh Shields tries his best to find clues as he noses his truck down a country road.

"That's where my house was," says Shields, pulling to a stop in front of a building covered in light blue siding with a sign that reads East Fallowfield Fire Department. Shields looks down at the curb, squinting. "Well, you can sort of see where my driveway was," he says.

That would be the driveway Shields was backing out of when he first saw the tornado coming toward him, 20 years ago on Tuesday, "a big gray thing, like an elephant's trunk, with lots of debris in the air."

It was only one of a swarm of Oklahoma-size twisters, 43 in all, that fell out of the sky with little warning on Western Pennsylvania and parts of Ohio, New York and Ontario on May 31, 1985. Altogether, 88 people were killed -- 65 of them in Pennsylvania -- more than 1,000 were injured and thousands were left homeless. Damage totaled $450 million, a record for that time. Seventeen tornadoes hit Pennsylvania alone, easily traversing up and down the hills and river valleys of the region, forever putting to rest the myth that such terrain can deter them.

As tornado outbreaks go, 1985's is one for the history books, listed by the National Weather Service Storm Data Center as the 12th most "significant" tornado event of all time. It was notable not just for its power but for its sheer improbability: Besides producing Pennsylvania's first and only "F-5" tornado, the strongest there is, it beat staggering statistical odds -- 1 in 75,000 -- that such a storm system could develop this far north and east. That's why Shields found himself staring, initially uncomprehending, at the behemoth moving toward him.

With no time to take shelter in the house, he wedged himself under his Chevy Malibu and held on for dear life. And then, pelted by debris, he passed out.

While telling this tale, Shields looks down at his arm. There is a reminder, after all, of his brush with the tornado: the long scar that winds down his left forearm, sliced open by flying slate while he lay unconscious.

When he came to, Shields staggered out from under the car and moved toward his destroyed house, gripping his arm. He knew that if he could get down to a sink in the basement, whose stairs were still visible, he'd be able to rinse off the blood, get his short wave radio, and call for help.

He did just that, his words still remembered by those who heard them:

"I'm hurt, and Atlantic is gone."

The path of destruction

All up and down eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania that evening, similar words would rasp across airwaves -- confused descriptions of death and destruction and pleas for help.

Minutes before Shields saw his tornado, a different one had slammed into Albion, near Erie, killing nine people in the town of 1,500. An hour later, another would score a direct hit on the struggling industrial town of Wheatland, in Mercer County. Farther south, at around the same time, shoppers at Big Beaver Plaza in Beaver Falls    would watch, stunned, as a  tornado

came screaming over a nearby ridge and into the shopping mall, demolishing a state liquor store, killing a clerk and a customer -- while leaving shelves with bottles of gin and vodka intact.

From there it moved to North Sewickley where Dianne Lynn Flinner was hosting a lingerie party at a friend's home. When the twister hit, everyone fled to the cellar, but Flinner decided to retrieve her merchandise. She was sucked out of the house, her body found the next day in a nearby ravine.

For 41/2 hours, the tornadoes ploughed on relentlessly, part of a 100-mile-long storm front moving from the northeast to the southwest, eventually reaching as far east as Berks County.

Their power was unrelenting: of the 43 tornadoes reported in the United States and Canada, 20 were rated "F-3," severe or higher, on a damage scale devised by tornado expert Ted Fujita. The rare F-5 struck Wheatland, near Sharon -- 61 miles from Pittsburgh.

An F-5's damage is so extreme that even Fujita seemed at a loss for words to describe it when he came up with the Fujita Scale in 1971: "Incredible" is all he could say of these winds, the fastest on Earth, with speeds sometimes in excess of 300 mph. They peel bark from trees, bend steel beams like pretzels, hurl cars like missiles.

Wayne Seibel, now district judge in Evans City, saw the tornado that killed Dianne Flinner from his front porch in Zelienople. He had been inside, sitting in his recliner, watching a rerun of "The Lone Ranger" on TV, "when I thought I heard someone knocking at my door." It was hail, big tennis-ball-size pieces of it. Intrigued, he went outside to collect some to put in the freezer to show his wife. When he looked up, he saw the tornado rising over John Bury's Hill to the west.

"I didn't know what I saw, actually," he said. "I could see the top of the cloud first and then this massive black column just rose up over the ridge. The mind is trying to tell you this is a tornado, but it just doesn't register if you've never actually seen one or expect to see one here."

Seibel, then a patrolman, jumped into his police car to try to warn people, watching in awe as the funnel turned from black to orange, then blue, lit from within by flames and sparks after hitting an electrical grid.

"It was a sight I will never forget and a sight I hope I will never again see in my lifetime," Seibel said, shaking his head slightly.

Even the meteorologists were transfixed. Greg Forbes, The Weather Channel's severe weather expert, was a professor of meteorology at Penn State in May 1985. On radar, he watched, riveted, as an F-4 tornado moved through Moshannon State Forest, across Clearfield, Clinton and Centre counties, sucking up so many trees that the debris could actually be seen on the screen as a little round ball in the center of a hook-shaped radar "echo" -- the mark of a tornado. Using the reverse terminology peculiar to meteorologists, Forbes described it "as one of the best radar signatures I've ever seen."

Little warning

National Weather Service forecasters knew at least a full day beforehand that severe weather was in the works for Ohio and Pennsylvania that Memorial Day weekend -- just not how severe.

Ordinary people, too, knew something wasn't quite right, from the moment they woke up Friday morning.

"It was so hot and humid that it was almost hard to breathe," recalled Steve Watt, Crawford County's emergency manager, who was then fire chief in the town of Greenwood.

An unusually strong cold front from Canada was on a collision course with a steamy air mass from the Gulf of Mexico -- with a shot of dry air out of the West for extra instability. Despite a forecast for severe thunderstorms, though, the sun shone relentlessly for most of that Friday because of a fourth element: a stable air mass at about 2,000 feet, which served as a "lid" on the brew beneath. Then, at 3:50 p.m., the "lid" moved, and huge cumolonimbus clouds -- anvil-topped thunderheads -- seemingly appeared out of nowhere all along the Ohio-Pennsylvania line.

The first tornado watch -- predicting the likelihood of one -- was issued out of Erie's National Weather Service office at 4:45 p.m., and the first warning -- that an actual tornado had been sighted -- at 5:13. For the people of Albion, who were hit two minutes later, there was almost no time to take action.

The Emergency Broadcasting System was issuing watches and warnings to local radio and television stations, but later it was estimated that only 20,000 out of a quarter-million television sets were turned on.

And who would have believed it anyway?

"We had never seen a significant tornado here," said Watt. "So when the chatter started coming over the scanner, I thought the whole thing was kind of odd."

The twister killed six in Niles and four others in Ohio before crossing into Pennsylvania .

Seven people died when the tornado, by now an F-5, hit Wheatland. They included newly married Dave Kostka, who was umpiring a Little League game and was killed trying to protect two children with his body. Most of the town's industrial district was pulverized, along with the homes in the nearby ***working-class*** neighborhood known as "The Flats."

Helen Duby, 78, then the town's mayor, remembered walking through the ruined streets, to the sound of cries and screams from people trapped in their houses. A man sitting by a car begged her for help, and she and another resident carried him to a nearby porch. He died later in the hospital. "It's the nightmare of my life," says Duby today. "My house wasn't destroyed, but my home was destroyed, because Wheatland is my home."

Amazingly, skepticism kept some from taking shelter. In Atlantic, Andrew G. Byler, a member of that town's substantial Amish community, refused to budge from his front porch despite entreaties from his family. His body was later found in a field nearby.

In Albion, Gloria McCabe's mother, who lived next door, was luckier.

"My mom refused to go," McCabe recalled, sounding almost amused at the memory. "I said, Mom, there's a tornado, and she didn't believe me. 'Well,' she asked me, 'who predicted it?' So Harv [McCabe's son] and I physically pushed and dragged her into the basement. Then she refused to lie down on the floor because it was dirty, so we got her a chair to sit on, but that didn't matter when the house collapsed and a neighbor's waterbed fell on top of us."

McCabe turns serious when remembering the others who lost their lives. She thinks of Debbie Sherman, who waved at her neighbors from her van while they frantically tried to run her off the road to keep her from driving into the path of Albion's tornado.

"What were her thoughts, to have one of your neighbors doing that? How's that for a final look at life?"

Death, when it came, was sometimes quick.

Sandra Palmer was preparing dinner when a neighbor warned her that a tornado was coming. Palmer, four months pregnant, herded her five children into the basement as a deafening noise moved closer. They stood against a wall, behind a table with Palmer's arms around 6-year-old Luke. Then the house collapsed on them, the wall pushing Palmer and her son against the table.

"The table was crushing all of us, but it was pushing right at Luke's neck," Palmer recalled. "I kept trying to push the wall up behind me, praying as hard as I could, but it was no use."

She heard the boy take two breaths. Then she knew he was gone, her blond, curly-haired son, the one who was more afraid of thunderstorms than any of her children. Breathlessly, rapidly, Palmer talked, as she has thousands of times since 1985, about what she could have done differently.

"I don't know why we didn't lie on the basement floor. If we'd been on the floor instead of standing against the wall, it wouldn't have happened, but I didn't know to do that. He died in seconds. He took that horrible last breath --" and here, Palmer, paused, and caught herself.

"I can't bear to think about it -- but I don't know that he suffered. It happened so quickly."

Rescue and relief

Palmer was pinned by the wreckage for a half hour before she and her family were rescued, suffering only minor injuries. Others would wait longer. Some would die before being rescued.

For those arriving at the scene, chaos ruled.

"My daughter called me from College Hill and said, 'Dad, you'd better get up here, I think two trains just collided,' " recalled Russell Chiodo, Beaver County's former director of emergency services. When Chiodo arrived at Big Beaver Mall, "I said to myself, 'Holy hell,' what is this?"

Cars were piled like toys at one end of the parking lot. The Jamesway Department Store's roof was ripped off. Clothing and other merchandise, with price tags still on, would be found in the trees miles away. Looting, Chiodo could see, was an immediate problem. One police officer at the State Store asked a bystander for help in moving a fatally injured victim, only to see the man casually take two bottles of liquor and walk away.

Everywhere, people were wandering around in shock. "It was sad," recalled Crawford County Commissioner Morris Waid, an emergency worker at the time. "When you looked in peoples' eyes, they had that look of someone who is really, really drunk, not really focused, you know? "

There was some initial finger-pointing at public officials and the National Weather Service, but a review by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, which oversees the service, determined that the forecasters had done the best they could, faced with widespread power outages and limited time. Multiple warning systems needed to be strengthened, however.

President Reagan declared the region a disaster area, making it eligible for federal money. Vice President George H.W. Bush toured Wheatland with Gov. Dick Thornburgh. Perimeters were immediately set up around the hardest-hit areas, making it difficult for people to return to their homes, but keeping looters out, too.

Sarah Adams, then a reporter for the Sharon Herald's Greenville bureau, remembered being allowed through the security perimeter around Atlantic and walking in search of Baird Trailer Park. All around her, power lines fizzed and popped, and pieces of pink insulation were stuck in fences.

She made her way gingerly to an emergency worker standing in a field, and asked him where the trailer park was.

"He said, 'Lady, you're standing in it.' "

There were, of course, manifold acts of kindness and generosity: Betty Marsh, Hugh Shield's neighbor in the town of Atlantic, was blown out of her home, but the local hospital treated her injuries for free. Food and financial donations poured in; motels housed the homeless free of charge. Insurers, for the most part, were able to issue checks quickly and homes were rebuilt, although some places, like Wheatland, were never the same afterward. The town suffered $50 million in damage.

Hugh Shields' wife, Virginia, lost her aunt and uncle and their grandson in the tornado. They had just moved to Atlantic from Oklahoma. The Shields' home was destroyed, although pieces of Virginia Shields' wedding dress were found in some nearby woods. They have since rebuilt outside town, and every spring, as a way of giving something back for all the help they received, the Shields travel to a church near Charleston, S.C., for two weeks of volunteer work.

There is also a memorial in town to the five who died, including Byler, who is only named "An Amish Friend."

For Sandra Palmer, the road to peace has been rocky. For years after the tornado, she dreamed every night about storms, until she learned, finally, to wake herself up, before the tornado came to kill them all. Eventually, the dreams lessened, and now, they arrive rarely. In them, she always manages to get herself and her family away in time.

Today, her children are grown and doing well, says Palmer, a registered nurse. And a few months ago, for no particular reason, she decided to embark on a scrapbooking project about the tornado, compiling all the photographs and newspaper clippings she had put away in a box.

It brought little comfort.

"I had never read anything about it until then. I cried myself sick, working on that scrapbook. Not a day goes by when I don't think of Luke," she said. "And I don't know that I'll ever really feel better until I see him again."

**Notes**

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**Graphic**

PHOTO: Lake Fong/Post-Gazette: Sandra Palmer's son, Luke (pictured in the background) died in her arms when a tornado hit her home in Albion, Pa., May 31, 1985. "I kept trying to push the wall up behind me, praying as hard as I could, but it was no use."

PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: A refrigerator sits in a tree in the wake of one tornado's passing. The twisters were so powerful that asphalt was stripped from highways, steel beams were bent like pretzels and trucks were tossed like missiles in the air.

PHOTO: A photo from Hugh Shields' collection shows an F-4 tornado moving over a ridge towards the village of Atlantic. This tornado killed 16 people, five of them in Atlantic, on a 56-mile track before petering out near Tionesta in Forest County. A photo journal of the damage can be found at [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com)

PHOTO: Lake Fong/Post-Gazette: Hugh Shields outside a trailer park near his home where four people diedwhen a tornado hit the area May 31, 1985.

PHOTO: Darrell Sapp/Post-Gazette: Friends & relatives searching for belongings from the garage of Harvey Ravenscraft's home in Wheatland.

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2005

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[***Money trail veers to the fringe***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-HJ90-00C6-D02W-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 2079 words

**Byline:** Peter Eisler; Mimi Hall

**Body**

Atlanta lawyer Sam Dickson is an avowed white separatist and a

prominent defender of Ku Klux Klansmen. He gave $ 250 to Pat

Buchanan's presidential campaign.

New Jersey real estate broker Joseph Plonski, a Holocaust

skeptic and crusader against what he calls federal "persecution" of

suspected Nazi war criminals, and his wife contributed $ 1,250 to

Buchanan's campaign.

Maryland abortion protester Michael Bray, who spent nearly four

years in federal prison for his role in a series of clinic bombings,

gave him $ 100.

And Bob Fletcher, a former Militia of Montana leader who says

citizens must be armed to guard against a "tyrannical government,"

is preparing to distribute videotapes promoting Buchanan's candidacy.

Buchanan says there's no room on his platform for people

associated with racial division, anti-Semitism or violence.

But a USA TODAY computer analysis of his financial supporters and

campaign organization reveals activists at the heart of some of the

nation's most radical political and social movements - white

supremacists, anti-Semites, violent abortion protesters and militia

leaders. They provide contributions. They do legwork. They bring

votes.

"Look, every great movement has had elements in it that are

unsavory," Buchanan said when asked about the extremist elements

attracted to his campaign. "John Brown went and killed a lot of

people at Harper's Ferry. He was anti-slavery. That didn't discredit

the anti-slavery movement.

"We can't vet everybody who

comes in. But any individual that belongs to a group that preaches

any kind of hatred for Americans because of ethnic background,

heritage, because of race - if they belong to that kind of group,

they're not going to belong to my campaign."

Buchanan has thousands of supporters, the great majority of them

no more threatening than anxious ***working-class*** white Americans. Most

of his big donors, by far, are patrons of nothing more radical than

the Christian Coalition, a mainstream component of the Republican

Party.

But using the campaign's lists of staff and donors, USA TODAY

tracked down at at least 40 substantial contributors or campaign

officials with significant ties to radical groups. The analysis also

turned up evidence of dozens of lesser donors associated with such

groups. In all, the radicals' contributions amount to less than 1%

of the $ 7.5 million Buchanan has reported.

"We have thousands of contributors," said Bay Buchanan, his

sister and campaign manager, on Wednesday when told of USA TODAY's

findings. "There's absolutely no way to go through them all. . . .

Who's to say who's controversial? These people support Pat. We do

not support them, and we're not giving the money back."

In its review, USA TODAY examined campaign staff lists and

Federal Election Commission records of contributions to the leading

presidential candidates - President Clinton and Republicans

Buchanan, Bob Dole and Steve Forbes. The review found activists of

the radical right wing gravitating almost exclusively to Buchanan.

USA TODAY found at least 18 significant donors to Buchanan who

had helped finance campaigns of David Duke, one-time Klan leader

and founder of the National Association for the Advancement of

White People. Buchanan's take: nearly $ 12,000.

The only other major candidate receiving money from Duke backers

was Dole, who got two gifts totaling $ 1,250.

Officials at the Dole campaign, when asked about the

contributions, said they would need to review the matter.

In all, USA TODAY found that the Buchanan campaign received at

least $ 25,000 in radical right-wing contributions, but interviews

suggested he's taking in thousands more in donations below the $ 200

reporting threshold.

And while Pat Buchanan and Bay Buchanan run the show, USA TODAY

also found radical right-wing ties among some of his campaign

organizers or advisers.

"A big part of his campaign rhetoric is to appeal to disaffected

folks, . . . and he's going to attract some (extremists) because

they're alienated," says John George, a University of Central

Oklahoma political science professor who wrote Nazis, Communists,

Klansmen and Others on the Fringe.

"It's very difficult to hold someone responsible for who responds

to their message," George says. "But he's got to know he's

attracting (extremists). And when it becomes public that some known,

wild racist or anti-Semite has given money or gotten involved with

his campaign . . . it's legitimate to ask what he's going to do

about it."

Of course, not all extremists are behind Buchanan. Some see

Buchanan's appeal but complain that he does not go far enough.

"Pat is tickling the ears of many white racists, but only with

economic and racist code words designed to keep as many shekels

coming in as possible," Tom Metzger, head of the Aryan Nation, says

in a taped phone message.

Buchanan, he adds, has yet to prove he's a racist.

Racists offer support

Many with radical views on race, such as contributor Sam

Dickson, say Buchanan is their best choice among the candidates for

president.

"Pat Buchanan is much less committed on the race issue than I

am," says Dickson, the Atlanta lawyer active in racist and

anti-Semitic causes. "I agree with him on the most critical issue,

which is immigration, the disintegration of the United States as a

result of failed immigration policy."

Dickson says any move by Buchanan to disavow radical supporters

would be "unwise. . . . The best replies to such an attack would be,

'If they're supporting me, they're choosing my ideas. And it doesn't

necessarily follow that I am choosing theirs.'"

Buchanan has been inconsistent in his handling of supporters

found to have racist ties.

He dismissed two unpaid campaign volunteers, one in South

Carolina and one in Florida, after they were reported to have ties

to Duke.

Yet he didn't discourage Duke supporters from helping him win the

Louisiana primary last month. He had no harsh words for those who

went to his rallies with signs supporting Duke's bid for a U.S.

Senate seat. Some of Buchanan's Louisiana delegates have been active

in Duke's campaigns.

Their involvement is the kind of grass-roots response Buchanan's

campaign appears to generate on the far right.

Only contributions over $ 200 show up on FEC records; much of

Buchanan's financial support is in smaller contributions that aren't

tracked.

"Most people that I do know are giving small donations," says

Richard Barrett, a leader in the Nationalist Movement, a white

supremacist group. He gave $ 50. "I have never known these people

before to give contributions to anyone. . . . The interesting thing

is many of these people had given up on the system, and he's

bringing them back."

Religious issues

Just as Buchanan's complaints about Mexicans and other non-white

immigrants appeal to those with racist leanings, his attacks on the

power wielded by "New York bankers," usually punctuated with a

verbal nod to the Goldman Sachs investment house, draw cheers from

people who have a problem with Jews.

"The Jewish bankers, the bankers in New York, are trying to take

away our rights as a nation," says Joseph Plonski, the New Jersey

real estate broker who with his wife contributed $ 1,250.

Plonski is an officer in the National Confederation of American

Ethnic Groups, an organization of "European" descendants that

campaigns to halt prosecution of suspected Nazi war criminals.

"Buchanan wants to return America to the Americans, not to the

Anti-Defamation League or the American Israel Public Affairs

Committee," Plonski says, referring to two powerful Jewish political

groups.

Buchanan, who has referred to Congress as "Israeli-occupied

territory," has denied accusations of anti-Semitism.

But the campaign has had several advisers whose religious views

have caused consternation among Jews and Christians.

John Lofton, dismissed as a Buchanan consultant earlier in the

campaign, is a paid associate of the Chalcedon Foundation, an arm

of the Christian Reconstructionist movement. Reconstructionists,

relying on the Old Testament, want to replace secular democracy

with a government ruled by individuals under God's law.

Buchanan is loyal to his supporters. Except the two organizers

dismissed for ties to Duke, he has not condemned anyone on his team

for extreme associations or behavior.

Abortion activists

Buchanan's loyalty was tested last week by reports that a top

aide, Michael Farris, attended a Jan. 21 dinner to raise money for

people convicted of violent abortion protests.

Buchanan said Farris, a campaign co-chairman, didn't know the

dinner was organized by "crazies on the fringe." Farris has said he

walked out when he realized that the dinner had a violent

anti-abortion theme.

The dinner was emceed by Michael Bray, a well-known Maryland

activist who went to prison for his role in abortion clinic

bombings. The program honored some of the abortion protest

movement's most militant figures, including convicted murderer Paul

Hill, who fatally shot a Pensacola, Fla., abortion doctor and his

escort.

Buchanan's campaign took a $ 100 donation from Bray.

Bray likes Buchanan's hard line on abortion. The candidate would

outlaw it, including in cases of rape and incest.

Says Bray: "He's . . . willing not to run away from things."

Larry Pratt, a co-chairman who left the campaign when it was

reported he'd shared a stage with white supremacists at a 1992

gun-rights rally in Colorado, also spoke at a 1994 gun rally

outside Milwaukee that was sponsored in part by Missionaries to the

Pre-Born.

Like Bray, Missionaries leader Matt Trewhella supports murder as

"justifiable" to stop abortions.

Trewhella blends his abortion activism with a call to form

citizen militias to oppose government tyranny.

Militia supporters

Buchanan's anti-government rhetoric includes promises to tear

down the "New World Order" - a phrase that, in citizen militia

parlance, means sacrificing U.S. sovereignty to some sort of

one-world government.

"The things he's talking about make it look like I wrote his

platform," says Bob Fletcher, the former militia spokesman who plans

to distribute videos promoting Buchanan.

Fletcher believes the U.S. government is controlling the weather

to destroy crops and "screw up the economy to bring the U.S. to . .

. accept a one-world government."

When Buchanan decries the New World Order, the United Nations and

free trade agreements, his points resonate beyond citizen militia

circles.

For example, his ideas also appeal to members of the Southern

League, a group dedicated to preserving "Southern heritage" that

advocates a second Southern secession.

Thomas Fleming, one of the League's founding directors, is a

Buchanan friend who sometimes serves as an informal adviser. Other

leaders in the movement are big contributors. Buchanan is listed as

an adviser to Southern Partisan, a pro-secessionist magazine.

The Southern League's information page on the Internet features

banner headlines cheering Buchanan's candidacy over a position

statement subtitled, "If at first you don't secede, try, try again."

Should he be judged?

The guilt-by-association debate about Buchanan's campaign is

fairly basic: Should a candidate be judged by the supporters he

attracts?

"The fact is, if you show up at a place and there are people

there . . . saying things they shouldn't be saying, if you walk out

and you condemn it, it seems to me that's what you ought to do,"

Buchanan says, noting he has repeatedly denounced the kinds of

extremists that support his campaign.

Regardless, there may be no way for Buchanan to escape at least

some association with the extremists who have gravitated to his

campaign.

"The people a candidate works with, or the people who work for a

candidate, are part of the information, the signals that go to the

public about that candidate," says William Keech, political science

professor at the University of North Carolina. "It's part of what

defines a candidate's identity."

USA TODAY computer analysis by Barbara Pearson

TEXT OF INFOBOX BEGINS HERE

How this report was put together

For this report, USA TODAY used Federal Election Commission

records to identify all substantial contributors to the leading

presidential candidates. The FEC records identify people who gave

$ 200 or more. The newspaper identified campaign staffers from FEC

payroll records and information provided by the campaigns.

The lists of contributors and staffers, totaling more than 56,000

names, were cross-checked against other databases listing people

involved in radical political and social movements. Some of those

people were identified through federal reports listing contributions

to those movements' political arms; others were identified through

news archives and other literature.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Alan Diaz, AP; PHOTO, b/w, Win McNamee, Reuters; PHOTO, b/w, Lenny Ignelzi, AP; PHOTOS, b/w, USA TODAY(2); Buchanan: Every movement has 'unsavory' elements Mostly mainstream support: Pat Buchanan addresses worshipers Sunday at Northside Independent Methodist Church in Atlanta. Christian conservatives make up the vast majority of his support. Skeptical: Tom Metzger, head of the Aryan Nation, says Pat Buchanan is only interested in activists' money. Pratt: Faced charges of racism Farris: Buchanan defended top aide

**Load-Date:** March 11, 1996

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[***ANDREW DAVIS: NICE CONDUCTORS CAN FINISH FIRST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G2P-F780-027V-K20W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Andrew Druckenbrod Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

CHICAGO

Sir Andrew Davis is laughing uncontrollably at Lulu.

Not the modernist opera, mind you, but his new puppy. He and his wife, the American soprano Gianna Rolandi, recently got this young beagle, and it is still learning discipline. It doesn't help that Davis is letting it bend the rules, allowing Lulu to giddily lick his face.

Before long, Davis is guffawing like a cartoon character being tickled on the feet with a feather. "Oh, Lordy!" he exclaims as he eventually puts the pup down. Rolandi calls Lulu away in her Southern accent tinged with a soprano's lyricism: "Get down! Don't jump! Good girl." Soon enough, however, Lulu sneaks back to a chorus of "no's."

It's not just Lulu that Davis has been wrestling with lately. As music director of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, he's tackling Wagner's "Ring Cycle" for the first time ever. As much of a joy as it is to work with singers such as Jane Eaglen, James Morris and Placido Domingo, Davis is most excited about his relationship with the pit orchestra during the run.

"This orchestra and I have the kind of relationship [in which] they trust me, and they know I am doing it for good reasons, so they are happy to do it," he says in the living room of his condo in Chicago's posh Gold Coast.

That's good news for Davis, for he took quite a risk coming to Chicago in 2000 to be the Lyric's music director and principal conductor. He gave up prestigious posts at the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Glyndebourne Festival in his native England to do so.

"The Ring was one of the big carrots that got me to come here," he says. "I had conducted no Wagner operas all the way through."

Plus, Rolandi got a post at the Lyric, as the director of vocal studies for the company's opera center training program, and son Edward was born in the United States.

"He was just shy of his 11th birthday when we came here, which is a good age to make that transition," Davis says. "He is 15 now and a regular American. He is happy. It has worked out very well."

The move to Chicago also freed Davis to take on more guest-conducting positions, which he did to acclaim. One such opportunity, a return visit to Heinz Hall for the first time since 1990, led to his hiring as the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra's artistic adviser, the head of the PSO's new leadership scheme.

Davis is excited about his newest appointment, which begins this September with a gala concert and includes some touring.

"I am really looking forward to the whole thing enormously," he says.

BREAK FROM FRONT

Davis, 61, may be the most forthcoming, honest and human conductor in the business. It may be the Brit in him (even the Financial Times called him "the quintessential English conductor"), but he politely and sincerely answers questions that other conductors would run from.

One is the challenge ahead of gelling with the PSO. His relationship with the Lyric's orchestra didn't happen overnight, he admits; it came with many performances.

"Most years I conduct half the operas and am there half the season," Davis says, calling himself "a music director in absolutely every sense of the word, [overseeing] everything to do with the musical side."

But the PSO position calls for him to conduct just seven to eight weeks a year. Davis will share power with management and musicians and share billing with two principal guest conductors, Paul Tortellier and Marek Janowski.

"This arrangement in Pittsburgh has suited me very well from that point of view," Davis says, but then furrows his brow. "The only thing that concerns me is whether the amount of work I am doing with the orchestra is enough in the sense of time to create that kind of symbiotic relationship between a conductor and an orchestra. We'll see. This is a new idea, and we'll see if it works or not."

Davis' comments are a breath of fresh air, as strong as the wind sweeping off Lake Michigan, just across Lake Shore Drive from his condo. Few conductors, especially knighted ones, are inclined to be so revealing. And he is not shy about saying he doesn't know yet if he will want to work with the PSO after his three-year contract expires.

"What I really want to do is go in there and say, here I am, here you are, we are going to work. We are here for three years, that's it. I am not going to be sniffing at you and you are not going to be sniffing at me. We have this relationship, and it will develop as fully and as intimately as it can."

Davis' forthrightness in talking about difficult subjects reveals a confident person, but his colleagues say he is anything but egotistical -- on the podium or in a one-on-one conversation.

"He is genuinely humble," says John von Rhein, classical music critic of the Chicago Tribune. Davis is not above joking about his senior moments or about his guilty pleasure -- watching "Jeopardy" -- or about his anxiety about his informal directing of "King Lear" with some actor friends this summer, for the fun of it. He is musical royalty combining the attitudes of prince and pauper.

"That's just the way I am, just my personality," he says. "I like to get along with people."

Humble beginnings

Davis was born Feb. 2, 1944, in the ***working-class*** town of Waterford, a satellite town of London, where his father set type.

"I was brought up in a religious household in a very evangelical wing of the Church of England," he says.

When he was a pre-teen, his father took him to a Billy Graham revival in London stadium. "I was kind of swept away," he says. "I don't practice any religion [now], although I do have a very strong belief in a sort of spirituality that is in us and in nature."

Blessed with a prodigious musical ability, he sang in a local church choir and studied piano. When the church's organist left about the same time Davis' voice broke, he found himself at the manuals.

"I went and had lessons with Peter Herford. I used to get out of games on Thursday afternoons and go have organ lessons instead, which suited me just fine."

Despite some study at the Royal Academy of Music, Davis was somewhat surprised when he actually won an organ scholarship at King's College, Cambridge. "In Waterford, I was the local wunderkind, but I always assumed that it didn't mean anything in the big wide world," he says. He assumed he would graduate and spend his life as a church organist, "at some English cathedral somewhere, living in cathedral clothes with those little canons."

Fate would turn him another direction, and by the end of his time at Cambridge, Davis had gravitated toward conducting and was off to study with Franco Ferrara in Italy. The training paid off almost immediately in his return to England, for bookings with the New Philharmonica Orchestra and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. But it was the New World that would present the next step for Davis, when in 1975 he was hired at the tender age of 27 to be music director of the Toronto Symphony.

"He was the right guy to come here regardless of age," says then managing director Walter Homburger. "He developed wonderfully, working and communicating with his fellow musicians and communicating that to the audience."

Thirteen years flew by in Toronto. While some conductors might have chafed at working for an orchestra that was not particularly well-known in Europe, Davis felt lucky. "Different artists need different amounts of time to mature, and to have that time working, relatively speaking, out of the public eye was good for me," Davis said to the Sunday Times after his tenure had concluded.

All eyes were squarely fixed on Davis in his next two positions, music director of the Glyndebourne Festival Opera in 1988 and chief conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra in 1989. The latter incorporated the famous Proms concerts, which are especially prominent in England. The two appointments eventually solidified Davis as an artistic force in England, winning him not only some critical awards, but the big one: knighthood.

"I am sorry my mother didn't live to see that. … She would've been thrilled," says Davis in one of the few moments without his trademark smirk. His father, now 90, did make the ceremony at Buckingham Palace.

The appointment confers Davis the right to a coat of arms. He probably will never do it, but if he did, what would it be? "Crossed batons or something," he says with a chuckle. Having conducted "The Ring" in Chicago and "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth itself, "Now I can have a Valkyries helmet on it."

Detractors and defenders

For a man who has just done aerobic exercise for most of the past five hours, Davis looks remarkably calm backstage at the Lyric after a performance of "Siegfried." In fact, he looks ready for more.

"Oh there's sweat here," he says with a laugh, half threatening to prove it with an embrace.

While he admits there are several moments in "The Ring" in which "I find I have to keep my upper lip stiff and [pull] back a bit," seconds after his curtain call he is able to discuss the finer points of how Wagner achieves that, musically. It's as if he were coolly lecturing to a class.

"Emotional engagement is tremendously important for a conductor, but you have to be able at the same time to stand back enough so you don't stop listening," he reflects later.

In the five years Davis has been in Chicago, William Mason, the Lyric's general director, has witnessed the conductor's intense engagement with music, cast and company while still having vigor to spare. "There is an energy level about him that borders on the superhuman," Mason says. Davis has stepped in time and again for ailing conductors, whether at the Chicago Symphony or the Lyric. In the stretch of less than two months last fall, Davis substituted at the last minute to conduct "Aida" when he was already conducting "Don Giovanni," "Das Rheingold," "The Cunning Little Vixen" and the Lyric's 50th Anniversary Gala concert. Mason called it "Herculean." and praised his "unique … breadth of repertoire."

"I get my energy from the music," says Davis. "I think I am an extrovert -- you have to be if you are an artist, in a way. You are baring your soul to the musicians and the audience, [but] you have to have something worth baring."

Davis' ability to read scores quickly, to master in a wide range of repertoire and to be polite in rehearsal have found some detractors, who question how much depth could accompany it.

"I suppose also the fact that, as a person, I am sort of nice and jolly, and people sometimes take that as an indication that I am superficial, which I don't believe to be the case at all," he says.

Davis thinks his style is just as effective as the dictatorial maestro stereotype. "With orchestras, I like to work in a way that brings out the best in them," he explains. "For me, the relationship between me and the orchestra is that we are colleagues. Not that I can't be demanding; I am not easily satisfied. I am the boss, but I'd rather persuade people than bully them.

"It's that simple."

The truth is, far more conductors take the collaborative approach these days than even 30 years ago.

"Most of them work the way now that Andrew did then," says Homburger of Davis' tenure in Toronto. "He was very easy to work with, and he got along well with the orchestra."

Mason adds that Davis has mastered the "art of collaboration" with the orchestra. The best proof might come in the objective listener: "The [Lyric] orchestra has been playing better now on a night-to-night basis than any time in my 27 years," says Chicago Tribune critic John von Rhein.

British critic Andrew Clark questioned Davis' expansive repertoire and the ease of his assimilation of music in the Financial Times of London around the time that Davis was headed to Chicago. "The list of Davis' qualities is long, but depth has never been one of them," wrote Clark. "Maybe it's the price he paid for early fluency … perhaps he spreads himself too thin."

"If you have a reputation of having a wide repertoire, it can be dangerous because people assume that you don't give things a great depth. I find it quite offensive at times, actually," Davis responds. "There is too much music out there I wanted to do."

The history of music is rife with musicians and composers whose gravitas was unfairly questioned simply because of how fast they soaked up music. "I have an ability, without sounding immodest, to kind of [not only] read something but to grasp its structure on a certain level quite quickly," says Davis. "It stood me in very good stead with the BBC orchestra because I did a tremendous amount of new music. But I do study very seriously and very hard."

"Andrew is a fast learner and a specialist in many different things," says Homburger. "He is a wonderful interpreter of Elgar, Strauss, Beethoven, Mozart, you name it." You can add Dvorak, Janacek, Berg, Schumann, Stravinsky, Tippett and more to that list.

"He doesn't go overboard with an interpretation that draws attention to himself over the music, but that doesn't mean he lacks a point of view," says von Rhein.

The classical music world still sometimes equates great depth with great manipulation of a work of art in the guise of interpretation. "British conductors have a tradition which is more objective," says von Rhein.

"It's also [partly why] the British conductors have never been taken, for the most part, as seriously," says Davis. "Take Colin Davis, for instance. Now he's the grand old man, but for years they just dismissed him.

"When you first start, you make a big splash. They all thought I was wonderful, then after a while there was a period where I couldn't do anything right. It was just awful. That was the '80s."

But Davis eventually began to trust his own abilities and skill. "There was a concert, I forget what it was now, that I thought, 'This is one of the best concerts I have ever done in my life.' I got a great review, but it started by saying, 'Contrary to what we have come to expect from Mr. Davis ...!' "

And so his reputation began to be rehabilitated. "When I went to the BBC, suddenly I became the greatest thing since sliced bread again. Everyone said how I brought a new standard and new life to the BBC Symphony Orchestra."

Pittsburgh is a fine fit

"In general one of the things that interests me most about working with orchestras is an orchestra's sound," says Davis, as he picks up Lulu, who has returned to chew on a camera lens cap.

"The fact is, there are fewer differences in an orchestra's sonic personalities, so to speak, than there used to be. You used to be able to tell a French orchestra from the way it played. I am probably more interested than anything in stylistic issues. In other words, if you play Ravel, you have to find a sonority for it that is different, that has a sort of transparency and luminosity, a sexiness and lightness with the bow.

"I am very interested in texture and orchestral balance, whatever end of the dynamic spectrum you are talking about, whether it's really quiet or really loud. Just loud is not exciting. Temperamentally, I love clarity and I love balance."

Since in recent decades the PSO has not been beholden to a "sound," Davis feels that it "is interested in a lot of the same things I am -- I think that's promising."

Davis hopes he can replicate the level of trust he and the Lyric orchestra have developed.

He and the PSO "are still in a very early stage of our relationship. It takes a while with anybody. I am sure they will get to know me well enough and get used to the way I work, and they'll hopefully enjoy it. It's a terrific orchestra."

**Notes**

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**Graphic**

Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette

Sir Andrew Davis pauses for thought at his Chicago condominium, where he reflects on his life in music and what led him to his new post as artistic adviser with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

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[***WINTER in EUROPE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-BBB0-009B-P4G5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***VENICE As you like it // It's one of those good news/bad news seasons: Yes, winter in Europe can be rainy, dark and cold, but compared with summer travel, it's also less expensive, less crowded and much more magical***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-BBB0-009B-P4G5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

OK, I'm a soulless Philistine: I wasn't really aching to visit Venice. I doubted it could justify all the romantic slush that's been written about it. Besides, with all my assets tied up in liabilities, I didn't see how I could afford the trip.

But when a travel-savvy buddy found a weeklong midwinter package of air fare and three-star accommodations for $ 850, I bit. At the very worst, Italy had to be 40 degrees warmer than my icicle-fringed igloo in White Bear Lake.

So in mid-January I found myself in the warm, sunny Piazza San Marco, recanting my earlier reluctance. Venice really is beautiful enough to twist your guts into a balloon poodle.

We were lucky. Venice in winter can be as foggy as London, rainy as Chicago, even flooded if the lagoon rises. In the Campo SS Filipe e Giacomo, someone has painted in notable water levels: 1989's flood was ankle-deep, 1979's knee-deep, and 1966's demanded a trout fisherman's waders.

But the threat of rotten weather creates some persuasive advantages to an off-season trip: more pigeons than people in St. Mark's Square, plus bargain air fares and lodging.

For travelers of means, there are great sales on slick clothes and luxury leather goods. In winter you needn't crane your neck over a crowd to see the Tiepolos or wait for a restaurant seat. Even the gondoliers, who have been clipping visitors for centuries, deign to offer rides "at your rate, signore."

Off season, you see Venice with Venetians. School kids and commuters disembark their water buses and stream through the Piazza San Marco beginning around 7 a.m. weekdays. Many groggy workers and older students start their day at the cafes in the ***working-class*** Castello neighborhood a few streets east and north of the water bus boarding point.

Espresso is the mandatory battery-charger; a smoke or a shot of grappa boosts the jolt for those slower to turn over. If you're lucky, a testy political argument will erupt. Undiluted by out-of-towners, Venice seems less like a historical theme park than a city with a life all its own.

Peaceful percussion

The tourist drop-off in winter means that some attractions are closed. On our visit, La Fenice, the gorgeous jewel-box opera house, was shut till spring. (After the fire that gutted it a week later, it's closed indefinitely.) The celebrated Florian restaurant on St. Mark's Square was shuttered, and restoration work kept the St. Mark's bell tower off-limits. But the Doge's Palace was open in all its imperial grandiosity.

The Basilica San Marco, two-thirds of the way through a major restoration, is already radiant. The glittering Euro-Byzantine interior is one of the world's most impressive spaces. Its golden mosaics glow with an almost phosphorescent intensity, especially around noon when the light is best. Save it for the end of your trip, though, or everything else will seem anticlimactic. And try to catch the exterior at sunset (around 4:30 in midwinter) when the mosaics of the facade are radiant in the soft pink light.

It's a quieter city in winter. We got to hear Venice as well as see it. Canals lapped peacefully outside our hotel at night. Rows of idle gondolas drummed at their moorings thunk-thunk-a-chunk like a John Cage percussion piece. Narrow, echo-chamber streets amplified the shouts of playing children, snatches of accordion music from street performers, campanile bells tolling and drunks roistering past midnight. No wonder so many Italians become singers: The whole city has the acoustics of a bathroom.

Also the aroma. No wonder perfume companies figured "Evening in Paris" would sell more than "Evening in Venice." Luckily, cool weather moderates the problem, and the stagnant canals are tolerable in winter. When temperatures rose at midday, we found outdoor trattorias by the Giudecca Canal on the city's southern edge, and on the ancient island town of Torcello, and dawdled over pasta and wine.

A relaxed pace

It was during our leisurely meals that we learned any attempt to speak Italian is always appreciated by the local people. They find it very amusing. Still, the breezes blew fresh, and the sunlight dappling the water helped us attain the Minnesota traveler's key achievement, the all-important midwinter tan.

Sad to say, visitors on less than a luxe budget will have a tough time finding memorable meals. Alfredo Alfredo, a modest restaurant 100 yards east of the Piazza San Marco on Campo SS Filippo e Giacomo, offered the best menu turistico in a week of so-so to poor dining. It does a fine job on local specialties such as black fettuccine and cuttlefish, and claims to have the longest hours of operation of any restaurant in Venice, from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Like virtually every cafe and shop in the city, it offers pocket-sized locator maps for customers who want to return through the city's bewildering maze. (Robert Benchley captured the first-time visitor's befuddlement at Venice in a telegram: "Streets full of water. Please advise.")

Many of the city's cathedrals are dim in winter light, with grand paintings tucked away in alcoves, so carry some 200- and 500-lire change for coin-op lighting systems. The coins are also handy for the coin-op tape machines that feature commentaries on the chapel's art and architecture.

Sightseeing by water bus

Traveling by gondola is expensive ($ 100 or so for an hour) and a cliche besides. But there are cheap and practical ways to see the city from water. If you want to travel by paddle power for about 35 cents, take a 90-second passage of the Grand Canal by traghetto, gondola ferries that cross the canal at seven points. The crossings are marked by yellow street signs illustrated with a gondola. More than a dozen passengers may crowd in and ride standing up, so if you're shaky in a canoe, find someone to hold on to. Vaporetto lines serve Venice's main canals and outer islands with departures every few minutes. These big motorized water buses offer majestic sightseeing, since the decorative facades of the city's grand residences face the canal. In theory, tickets are required, but inspectors are not particularly vigilant.

One ride you must not miss is Route No. 1 from St. Mark's Square to the Lido. The shoestring sandbank in the Adriatic is home to casinos, the Venice Film Festival, several grand hotels and a raucous video-game emporium - handy if the kids are going nuts from ABC (another blasted cathedral).

Even though it's sleepy in winter, you have to visit before you can ferry back, which is the real point of the trip. Plan on taking the 10-minute return trip at twilight, when the lights of the city, passing boats and channel markers glitter like gems on a jeweler's velvet presentation pad. It is an achingly beautiful sight.

A great panorama is available from the church of San Giorgio Maggiore on the island of the same name. Directly north is Venice, all ochers and umbers, tiled roofs and weather vanes in the shape of angels. The craggy, snow-capped Dolomites give the city a dramatic backdrop. On the mainland to the west there's Mestre, an industrial scrawl of Texas oil refinery ugliness. The contrast reminds us how frozen in time Venice truly is.

Quaint, quiet islands

Visiting the other outer islands is a matter of personal taste. On Torcello you can visit a seventh-century chapel whose forecourt features a rough marble throne said to have been used by Attila the Hun. It's quaint but quiet and you can see why Ernest Hemingway was sent there to convalesce when he was wounded as an ambulance driver in World War I. Nearby Burano with its tiny houses in Crayola colors might have been established by Kodak, but after an hour of shooting snapshots its possibilities are exhausted.

In Murano, the home of gaudy Venetian glass, you get a free tour of a glassworks, including a session in the sales office, with the door closed behind you. Watching the artisans turn glowing dollops of molten glass into rearing horses, goggle-eyed clowns and other knickknacks is a revelation, though. It's amazing how much craft and skill go into making something that unattractive.

Artistically, Venice was post-peak by the time Napoleon rolled into town. Dubbed American TV programs rule the airwaves (it was a shock to spy ESPN's "Fitness Beach" on the tube inside a centuries-old palazzo), and Euro-disco is as pervasive in restaurants as cigarette smoke.

But there is culture to be had even in January. We heard a program of Vivaldi trios in the lovely waterfront Chiesa de le Pieta, the church where Vivaldi was the resident composer for almost 40 years. The church's music programs run year-round, and the performers were proudly professional despite a paltry turnout.

A dreamlike fog

The last day of our trip the weather turned chill and a moody fog blanketed the city. The weather was more typical of the season than the bright, warm days that began our trip. Sounds were muffled and boats groped along the canals cautiously, as if feeling their way down dim, twisting hallways. After dark their headlights parted the gray curtains for a few yards at best. Streets were little more than rumors, and anticipating a crossing or corner became an exercise in telepathy. The effect was dreamlike as pedestrians drifted into view and dissolved again a few paces later.

The fog gave the city a remarkable new aspect, and didn't affect our itinerary of museums, cathedrals and cafes in the slightest. After all, you don't go to Europe for the beaches.

Next year, Rome. It's supposed to be pretty warm off-season.

If you go

Cass Stillman, a Bloomington travel agent who lived near Venice for five years and revisits the city annually, says winter's really the best time to go. "I've been in Venice in August when you can hardly walk down those streets by the canals, it's so packed with people. You're bumping and pushing," she said. And it's much, much cheaper, with air fares and hotel rates a fraction of their high-season cost.

Making arrangements

Alitalia offers $ 799 "Discover Italy" packages to Venice, Rome and Florence leaving from the Twin Cities, Chicago or St. Louis through March 31. Trips normally last six days, but we added an extra-day stay-over for a small fee. If you wish to go farther, the airline will take you to any of its destinations for an additional $ 100 for each one-way route segment. Hotel accommodations are double occupancy in three-star hotels; they can be upgraded to first-class or single occupancy for an additional charge. Another upgrade to consider is free: Ask for a canal-side room rather than one on the street. The sounds of the boats and waves are a crucial part of Venice, and the view will be better, too.

What to know

Best guidebook: "Venicewalks" ($ 12.95, Henry Holt) by Chas Carner and Alessandro Giannataso. Gossipy and detailed tours through four walks in the city's most interesting neighborhoods. The must-see sights are here, along with surprises such as a gondola repair shop hidden on a side street by the Accademia Belle Arte. A good companion is the visually hyperactive "Eyewitness Travel Guide to Venice & The Veneto" ($ 22.95) from Dorling Kindersley. With cutaways, floor plans, bird's-eye views and magnified details, it's almost an encyclopedic guide to the city's sights.

Best pocket map: Streetwise Venice ($ 5.95) from Streetwise Maps Inc. (516) 267-8617. While it clips off some outlying areas, it shows the heart of the city clearly. Unless you have a pioneer's sense of direction, this five-section laminated accordion will save you hours of quaint but fruitless zigzagging.

Best popular history: "The World of Venice" ($ 13, Harvest Books) by James Morris. A born raconteur, Morris captures the city's personality and past with skeptical affection.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Map

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**Body**

ASIA FROM PAGE F-1

Thailand

Bangkok is a vibrant city -- a wonderful mixture of East and West, old and modern -- that held enough treasures and pleasure to take up the several days and leave us looking forward to our imminent, albeit briefer, return.

Thailand may be the freest country among those we visited in individual liberties and sexual liberality, yet its people are strictly forbidden to say or do anything against their king or even members of the royal family. Luxury and sleaze exist side by side, both in unembarrassed visibility. An elegant and expensive meal at the super-deluxe Oriental Hotel -- one of the world's great hostelries -- may be followed by drinks at a grungy bar in the Patpong. Shopping for silk at Jim Thompson's or for expensive artifacts at the River City Shopping Center may precede a walk through the colorful and always crowded outdoor Night Market on Silom Road, where vendors flout international copyright laws with admittedly fake (cheap but often quite well-made) merchandise from "Rolex" watches to "Prada" bags.

There's a newly built, sparklingly clean Skyway train, which will get you places faster than any surface transportation, given the very congested traffic scene below, but metered taxis are so cheap and plentiful that we opted for them most of the time. From one end of the city to the other, it was almost impossible to spend more than $ 3 American on a single taxi trip. Tuk-tuks -- the tiny, open three-wheelers that look like they'd be fun to ride in -- are even cheaper, but slow, dangerous in traffic and exposed to the heavily polluted air.

In Thailand, as in many foreign countries, the value-added tax on purchases made there is refunded on leaving the country. This was the case when we left Thailand by plane for Singapore. A week later, however, we departed the country by ship, and neither Royal Caribbean nor the Thai customs people on board would do anything to assist us in obtaining our rightful refund. We were also disappointed to find that the travel agency on board the Legend of the Seas was woefully uninformed about land schedules for anything other than their own specific tours. They had even listed one incorrect port of entry, which created a problem with a car we had ordered to meet us.

Sightseeing in Bangkok is limited only by how much time you have to spend and how well you take the heat. The easily accessible Grand Palace complex is a good start, with a row of three Wats (temples), each in a different architectural style (Thai, Chinese, Indian). Because of obscure local holidays and other scheduling oddities that we were never able to figure out, the palace itself (no longer the actual residence of the king) was never open when we could get to it. A scenic ride up the Chao Phraya River (you can catch a water taxi at the Oriental Hotel) will take you to fabulous Royal Barges and also allow you to view the alternately rich and poor dwellings that line the riverfront.

Jim Thompson's House -- which incorporates several styles of Thai architecture and furnishings, was another favorite sight. This adventurous American, who made a fortune by bringing an international silk trade to this country, is one of the world's still-unsolved mysteries. In 1967, he took a trip to the Malaysian jungle and disappeared without a trace.

For authentic Thai cuisine, Thai friends took us to Anna's -- a pleasant restaurant on the ground floor of an elegant house in the Silom district. We had anticipated comparing authentic pad thai with the American version, but when we got there, this most popular dish was not on the menu! For Chinese, our favorite was a lunch of dim sum and succulent roast pork at Tien Tien (on Patpong). Our hotel, the superb Dusit Thani, contained a variety of good restaurants that included Thai, Chinese, Japanese and Continental cuisines.

We visited two more Thai locales later on, during our cruise: Ko Samui, a ***working-class*** island resort with beautiful sand beaches that made for a pleasant but otherwise unremarkable day trip; and Pattaya, a notably seedy resort known to many tourists as "Thailand's sex city." We were there during the day, but at night there's an open and very active sex trade whose purveyors proudly claim it offers something for every taste. A similar scene exists in Bangkok as well, although a little less blatantly open and aimed at a higher-class tourist. Thailand is addressing the problem of AIDS without preaching abstinence (which would be hopeless) by openly and graphically explaining techniques of safe sex.

Singapore

We flew from Bangkok to Singapore a day before Legend of the Seas was to embark. I'll admit I had been put off about Singapore from news reports of canings and other government assaults on basic human rights. There's no question, however, that this is a glistening, prosperous country. Its central shopping district (around the intersection of Orchard Street and Scott Road) has an extraordinarily large concentration of upscale shops and major chains.

No trip would be complete without a Singapore sling at cocktail hour at the famous Raffles Hotel -- a favorite haunt of writers from Joseph Conrad to Somerset Maugham. I didn't much care for the signature drink and switched quickly to martinis, but just being there -- throwing peanut shells on the floor and watching the fascinating, strangely designed ceiling fans -- is an experience not to be missed.

Especially interesting are Singapore's varied neighborhoods -- from the Westernized shopping meccas with their malls, restaurants and nightclubs, to Chinatown -- dotted with temples or mosques, and like the rest of the city, sparklingly clean and tidy. If you have children (or a bit of the child in yourself), you'll want to take the spectacular cable car ride to Sentosa Island, which contains an elaborate theme park that you can traverse by a small railroad, once you're there.

Brunei

The tiny sultanate of Brunei, which we visited later in the trip, has a lot in common with Singapore: an absolute monarchy, in this case ruled by the richest man in the world, who makes sure that his small population enjoys high salaries, and free education and medical care. Our young guide several times mentioned his family's servants -- all foreign. But don't go to Brunei with the intent of having much fun. It's a strict Islamic state, where alcohol is banned and most forms of music are looked on with suspicion. We were able to take in most of the capital city, Bandar Seri Begawan, in a single morning.

The beautiful Omar Ali Saifuddin Mosque was extraordinary, but the 1,788-room Istana Nurul Iman Palace, the sultan's palace built at a cost estimated to be upwards of $ 600 million, is open to the public only on the sultan's birthday, July 15, and even the exterior is essentially hidden from public view. One of the most interesting things to see here is the water village, Kampong Ayer, home to about 30,000 Brunei citizens who objected to moving from their traditional milieu to a modern city.

Every cruise line offers shore excursions at every port, and these guided tours are often the best way to get to know a new city in a short amount of time.

One caveat, however, is the obligatory inclusion of shopping stops that not only waste valuable time, but also are often tourist traps, with limited or inferior merchandise at top dollar.

Malaysia

Our first stop after Singapore was the Malaysian capital, Kuala Lumpur -42 miles inland from the west coast Port Kelang, On disembarking, we found taxis plentiful, with clear signs stating that an air-conditioned car with an English-speaking driver who would also be our guide was $ 70.

Highlights of that day trip included a Central Market where real bargains were to be had (especially in hand-painted silk items), the National Mosque (closed to tourists because it happened to be a Friday), and Petronas Twin Towers, currently the world's tallest structure -- a wonderful mixture of Western modernism with Asian-style twin towers linked by a skybridge. Adjacent is a gorgeous shopping mall containing myriad Western designer boutiques and good restaurants to boot.

Another huge shopping mall-hotel complex, on the outskirts, contained less fancy shops but was amusing for being built as a giant pyramid surrounded -Las Vegas style -- by fake Egyptian artifacts.

Bali

Bali -- where we docked for two days -- was our major disappointment on this trip. One is assaulted by vendors of all ages, aggressively, almost forcibly pushing their wares. Taxi drivers start with outrageously high prices (which you have to bargain down) and may promise you an air-conditioned new car when what they have is a beat-up jalopy that has to be repaired along the way.

There are, in essence, two Balis. The isolated world of high-end luxury resorts in which a tourist may see nothing but sea and sand, is a never-never land that resembles the postcards and travel brochures. Once you step outside those hotels, however, you find horrendous poverty, repellent slums and people who see Western tourists as little more than wallets on legs.

We took the low road on Day 1, hiring a driver (who had an ancient Toyota with air-conditioning that went off every five or so minutes) to take us first to the capital city of Denpasar (one of the more depressing places I've visited), then up through the colorful crafts villages to the artist colony, Ubud. It was indeed interesting to watch the local artisans make batiks, but the attractive hand-painted cotton shirts we purchased fell apart within a week. A memorable attraction in Ubud was the Monkey Forest, where sacred monkeys -- as aggressive as the human vendors -- vie for bananas (which you can buy at the entrance) and try to steal your cameras or other personal possessions when you have nothing left to offer them.

On the way back we stopped to walk through the spectacular Royal Palace in Klungkung, with its unique Floating Pavilion and informative historical museum.

On the second day we treated ourselves to an afternoon at Amankila, an expensive hillside resort close to Padangbai, where our ship was docked. It was indeed beautiful and luxurious, but even in the shade the temperature remained well above 100 degrees.

Vietnam

Our single day in Vietnam left us wanting to see more of this country and its spunky yet gentle people. To my surprise, we encountered few difficulties from the present-day Socialist government -- far less red tape, in fact, than getting in and out of Russia last year.

We opted to see Ho Chi Minh City -- the former Saigon -- on our own, with a private car and guide we had arranged back in Bangkok. Since the ship's travel agency had no idea of hydrofoil schedules, we were obliged to take the arranged bus from Vung Tau into the city and back -- a rough three-hour ride each way.

Saigon (many natives still refer to it as such) was a very pleasant place. Its population is young and vibrant. Motorbikes have replaced foot-pedaled bicycles as the most prevalent form of transportation. In-town "must-see" sights included the Reunification Palace, where National Liberation Front tanks crashed though the gates in April 1975; the Revolutionary Museum, in which it was particularly helpful to have an English-speaking guide; and the Art Museum, which contains artifacts from the ancient world and the recent revolution side by side. It was also possible to stroll through streets lined with shops that sell gorgeous hand-done lacquer work at very low prices, or stop for a refreshing drink at the popular rooftop bar of the Rex Hotel. For the more adventurous, there are also the forbidding Cu Chi Tunnels (46 miles northwest) used by the Viet Cong to hide from the enemy.

The Philippines

On the advice of our shipboard travel lecturer -- who gave stern warnings on the dangers of going into Manila on one's own -- we made our introduction to the Philippine capital via a Royal Caribbean tour. This took us -- all in a morning -- to the historic Fort Santiago, the walled city of Intramuros, the more recent American Cemetery memorializing soldiers killed in action during World War II, and (from the outside only) to the impressive Cultural Center Complex, which includes an opera house. Manila had the very worst air pollution we encountered on this trip -- also the worst slums, in tandem with the millionaires row known as Forbes Park, where magnificent homes are hidden from public view and are highly policed inside and out.

Hong Kong

Disembarking in Hong Kong on the 21st day seemed like a return to the West. The gorgeous Hong Kong skyline is very much like New York, and so -- in perhaps superficial ways -- is the city itself. There is excellent public transportation, including convenient Star Ferry service between the mainland peninsula of Kowloon and Hong Kong Island itself, yet this is a city for walkers as well. Traffic is horrendous, but there are walkways and pedestrian overpasses everywhere.

Tourist activity is heaviest in Kowloon, starting with the Hong Kong Cultural Center right at the ferry stop, continuing on the "Golden Mile" section of Nathan Road, which contains innumerable shops and restaurants crowded together and overflowing onto the side streets.

Standing nobly apart from the honky-tonk on Nathan Road is the top-grade Peninsula Hotel, which is worth a stop for a gourmet meal in Gaddi's, the top French restaurant in Hong Kong; the Spring Moon, its upscale Chinese restaurant; or just a cocktail or two in one of its secluded, nearly private bar areas.

We opted for cocktails at the Peninsula, but preferred to stay on the island side, where we found a Chinese restaurant to rival the Peninsula's in the Grand Hyatt on the island side.

Facing Victoria Harbor but designed purposefully without any windows from which to savor the spectacular vista, is the Hong Kong Cultural Center -- a user-unfriendly complex of theaters that nonetheless attracts world-class artists and ensembles.

Most businesses on Hong Kong Island are in the areas called Central and Wanchai. There are shops of every description, and luxurious shopping malls that bear little resemblance to their middle-class equivalents in the United States. Such malls typically include boutiques such as Armani, Gucci, Rodier and the like, and the restaurants in their "food courts" are first-class. The best meal of our trip turned out to be an eight-course lunch in Szechuan Garden, a restaurant we found by chance in the Pacific Place Mall. Most restaurants in Hong Kong, by the way, specialize in a particular regional cuisine.

It should be noted that although Hong Kong reverted from British rule to the People's Republic of China in 1997, the communist government has allowed it to remain pretty much the prosperous capitalist haven it always has been. After all, it's still a great cash cow!

**Load-Date:** June 11, 2000

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[***REVISITING THE ERA OF ELEANOR WITH IMAGINATION, YOU CAN STILL CONJURE UP A PICTURE OF MEDIEVAL LIFE IN BORDEAUX, WHERE THE QUEEN TOOK A FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND FOR HER HUSBAND. IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO SOAK UP THE FEEL OF SEVEN CENTURIES OF HISTORY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:452N-TH60-0190-X0W9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. L01

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**Byline:** Andrea Knox, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** BORDEAUX, France

**Body**

I didn't come to Bordeaux looking for Eleanor of Aquitaine. My youthful infatuation with this best-known of medieval queens had been gathering dust in my mental attic, so it was my past as well as hers that came back to haunt me when I found myself walking in her traces on a long weekend in this ancient city.

Suddenly there she was, in spirit at least, entering the city through gates in walls whose shadows still linger, wending her way through streets that retain their tangled medieval courses if not their 12th-century houses, and stopping before the Cathedral of St. Andre to arrange her skirts, headdress, and entourage before entering the church to be married - not once but twice, the second time a match with the future Henry II of England that would change the destinies of England and Aquitaine, Eleanor's possession in southwestern France.

Bordeaux, the capital of Aquitaine, has lived a lot of history in the seven centuries since Eleanor trod, or more likely rode, its streets. Gates and walls were knocked down and new ones built, and then most of those knocked down again as the city grew and pushed outward. Wine-making and trade generated successive waves of prosperity that deposited new churches, great mansions, counting houses and public buildings over the city that Eleanor knew.

Even at St. Andre, only the austere, dun-colored west facade remains of the church where Eleanor married, the rest having been built higher and more handsome in the later Gothic flowering.

So it takes a bit of imagination to conjure up the strong-willed Eleanor and the city of her time. But only a bit. Bordeaux's recorded history goes back 2,000 years, and the city's streets and museums teem with vestiges of many of its ages, so that other lives in other times seem close at hand.

By the time we arrived at St. Andre, we already had spent the better part of a day soaking in the past, wandering along grand 18th-century boulevards and through narrow crooked streets, and past the remnants of a street market where two drunken men munching leftover melons could have stepped straight out of a Dutch genre painting. So as I gazed at the old cathedral's west facade, my mind's eye had little trouble spying the shade of the Eleanor who would have passed close by on her way to the altar.

Entering the city

The city would have been smaller then, and she would have entered it through one of the dour stone gates in its protective walls. The walls are gone now, as are the gates of her day. But two massive gates from a few centuries later, the Cailhau Gate and a gate known as the Great Bell, stand proxy for those Eleanor would have known.

Behind the gates lies old Bordeaux itself. Its medieval buildings are gone, and TV sports entertains the patrons of its ***working-class*** bars, but the rows of flat-fronted houses that turn its crooked, cobbled streets into dark canyons give it a medieval character. Laundry flutters, boys throw sticks for dogs to fetch, and if residents are loading household goods into a tiny Renault rather than a two-wheeled cart, the overall effect erases centuries nevertheless.

Although the narrow lanes were quiet as we passed, I had no trouble picturing people spilling out of windows and doorways to watch Eleanor's procession. It was easy to imagine, too, how the streets must have jostled close up to St. Andre itself, squashing the shops that sold wine and religious items right up against the church's flanks - except, of course, where a small square would have opened out before the church, giving Eleanor room to alight and gather her retinue.

A newer cathedral

The cathedral itself would likely have been lower and darker than today's St. Andre, whose high ribbed Gothic vault and banks of clear windows make it a bright, airy space. But as the cathedral of the most important city in Aquitaine, it would surely have been a fine enough setting for Eleanor to change history by marrying Henry.

Their union made this part of France an English possession for several centuries and produced two of England's most famous rulers: the romantic but feckless Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Bad King John, whose reckless rule would provoke England's barons into forcing him to sign Magna Carta, the first written declaration of equality before the law.

None of this did I anticipate when my husband and I decided to spend a long weekend in Bordeaux. Eleanor, whose classic biography by Amy Kelley I had read twice long ago and forgotten just as many times, didn't even cross my mind. "Beautiful 18th-century city" was the description I recalled as we cast about for someplace within easy weekend reach of Paris that would be new to both of us. Our Michelin guide mentioned museums, which sounded useful in potentially rainy October. So we ordered train tickets, booked a room in the rather utilitarian hotel where composer Richard Wagner had dallied with a lady love during a conducting stint in the city, and set off.

The superfast TGV train took us southwest from Paris through lush farm country, and through the disappointingly flat and ordinary-looking vineyards that produce the Bordeaux wine Pomerol. Three hours after pulling out of Paris' Montparnasse station, we glided across the Garonne River and into Bordeaux.

With not much in the way of luggage, we decided to walk to our hotel to get a better look at the city. This was a mistake, as the route took us along a busy, down-at-heel highway then onto rue Ste. Catherine, a pedestrian mall of which Bordeaux is unfathomably proud: Its offerings of sandwich shops and chain stores selling shoes and costume jewelry are truly pedestrian.

As grand as its name

But after we had trudged for half an hour and were on the verge of discouragement, Ste. Catherine suddenly spilled us onto the Place de la Comedie. There, to the right, was the heavily columned Grand Theatre, two centuries old and in need of cleaning, but a block square and as grand as its name.

Straight ahead down a broad boulevard was the column topped by a winged statue that commemorates the Girondins - the Bordeaux contingent who argued after the revolution of 1789 for a decentralized government, but lost and were for the most part executed for their pains.

Ahead on the left, a tall wedge-shaped building of classical proportions competed with the Girondin column for our attention. Off to the right was a row of handsome 18th-century mansions.

So Bordeaux wasn't going to be a mistake after all. Indeed, the city's visual opulence, its way of wrapping you in the past, its interesting small museums, and its good restaurant fare for less-than-Paris prices, would hold us in thrall for three full days.

A golden age

From our hotel close by the Grand Theatre, we could step right into the heart of the 18th century and its prideful display of the wealth gained from trade in wine, slaves, rum, and salt fish. This was Bordeaux's golden age, and the shades here were those of the merchants whose money endowed the city with broad boulevards and handsome cut-stone mansions and merchant establishments to line them.

The rows of private establishments are fine enough, but just the beginning of the splendor that the merchants' money would buy. The best architects in France were hired to design such monumental public buildings as the Grand Theatre, the twin riverfront buildings that housed the customs office and commodities exchange, and the elegant archbishop's palace that is now the city hall.

This was the Bordeaux we had expected, and we were happy enough to begin our exploration of the city with it, even after I was tipped to the Eleanor connection by a piece of tourist literature.

We ogled our way past the stately homes, whose reserved classical proportions are often lightened by fanciful wrought-iron balconies and whimsical carved decorations. We took a turn around the park and botanical garden, where 18th-century bankers and merchants met to talk business without being overheard.

Restored auditorium

We popped into the Grand Theatre, where Wagner was conducting when he used our hotel for his amorous rendezvous, and where concerts and plays are still regularly presented. Deciding against Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," we missed the horseshoe-shaped auditorium, which has been restored to its original color scheme of gilt and cream walls with blue-gray upholstery and drapes. We wandered instead in the cavernous lobby, with its coffered ceiling, statued niches, and elegant staircase, all in tones of white, where the merchants and their families would have put on their own show before settling down in their loges.

From there it was a short walk to the riverfront, much of which is unfortunately disfigured by heavy traffic, parking lots, and a series of metal sheds that serves as the city's convention center. But 18th-century grandeur breaks through again at the Place de la Bourse, or Exchange Place, whose block-long sweep of customs house and commodity exchange still lord it over the nearby buildings and over the river as well. As so often in Bordeaux, the square is centered by a fountain whose ornate statuary serves as a foil for the solid masses and strong straight lines of the buildings behind it.

Nearby is the Place du Parlement, where bankers and merchants repaired for sustenance after a day of driving hard bargains at Place de la Bourse. This sunny paved square, ringed with buildings in 18th-century style and thankfully off-limits to cars, is the heart of Bordeaux's restaurant district.

It's possible to dine on stir-fry, curry or crepes here, but why eat anything but the classic local fare? This is the place to revel in dishes from an era that knew nothing of cholesterol and saturated fat and considered paunches a matter of pride - regional specialties such as foie gras (the liver of specially fattened ducks or geese), confit de canard (preserved duck), salads topped with gesiers (chicken gizzards), magret (the large breasts of ducks fattened to make foie gras), or white fish a la Bordelaise (served with a dark Bordeaux wine sauce). Accompanied, of course, by a Bordeaux wine.

After lunch, we made our way into the labyrinth of medieval streets. We zigzagged past the site where Michael de Montaigne lived in the 16th century. Montaigne's reputation has lived on in his writings on philosophy, but his neighbors also knew him as a wealthy vintner who was briefly the city's mayor. The houses of that time, including his, were torn down to make way for grander replacements in the 18th century.

Then it was on to the church of St. Michel, where the tiny square was covered with lettuce tatters and the melon-scavengers sheltered in the church doorway - timeless signs of a recently concluded market day. St. Michel is heralded for its 15th-century bell tower with its lacy spire, built slightly apart from the church, but to me, the stained-glass windows were much more glorious.

A rare sight

St. Michel is rare among churches in boasting a full set of stained glass. In many churches, the fragile windows have succumbed over the centuries to vandals, treasure-hunters, war, rebellion, and fungus, and have not been replaced. St. Michel's, all created in the last 50 years, are breathtaking. They flood the church with color, both strong and delicate: brilliant reds behind the altar, a montage of lilting blues high above a transept, pale grays and greens along the nave, and a mix of traditional reds, blues, greens and yellows elsewhere. Many of the windows are in a quasi-cubist style whose angular figures are wonderfully evocative of medieval forms.

We were getting closer to St. Andre, and the Eleanor of my long-ago readings was beginning to take shape in my head. Strong-willed. The feminist of her day. Led a brigade of female crusaders to the Holy Land. Chafed at Henry's failure to consult her and led three of their sons in rebellion against him. Spent five years under house arrest on Henry's orders. Ruled England for four years after his death, while her son Richard (the Lion-Hearted) was off crusading. Respected for her political acumen.

So by the time we reached St. Andre, I was ready for her. I couldn't think of the proper way to address a 12th-century queen, but as Eleanor didn't seem one to stand on ceremony, I chose the informal French greeting, "Salut." She may not have heard me, but my younger, medieval-enchanted self certainly did.

We saw a lot more of Bordeaux and its history. Remains of a Roman amphitheater where 15,000 residents could gather for sometimes-bloody spectacles. The Museum of Aquitaine, whose exhibits on the saga of man in the region include some Stone Age carvings. The Fine Arts Museum, with its collection of European paintings including some by painters connected with Bordeaux. The Jean Moulin Center, with its collection devoted to the Resistance in World War II.

The vision of that long-ago queen, and of myself as a book-immersed young woman, was enough to give Bordeaux a special place in my memory. Eleanor is buried at the Abbey of Fontevraud in the Loire Valley, where she spent the last years of her life. I've considered catching up with her there, but on the whole I think I prefer to see her alive, in Bordeaux, with her years of adventure still to come.

If You Go Getting there. Air France and US Airways each has a daily flight from Philadelphia to Paris. The TGV train from Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris, to Bordeaux costs $202 round trip (first class).

For more information. The French Government Tourist Office is at 444 Madison Ave., 16th floor, New York 10022. Phone: 212-838-7800. The

Bordeaux Tourist Office has a Web site that lists hotels, tours, entertainment, wine country facts: [*www.bordeaux-tourisme.com*](http://www.bordeaux-tourisme.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP

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[***MORAL VICTORY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VV5-3YP0-0094-531N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ON THE WAY TO HIS LANDSLIDE LOSS TO CONGRESSMAN RON KLINK, MIKE TURZAI;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VV5-3YP0-0094-531N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***DISCOVERED THAT EVEN IN POLITICS, SOME THINGS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN WINNING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VV5-3YP0-0094-531N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** BILL STEIGERWALD

**Body**

Mike Turzai didn't lose the biggest election of his life Tuesday night. He lost it two weeks ago.

Counting the votes in the 4th Congressional District on Election Day was a mere formality. The final score was incumbent Democrat Ron Klink 64 percent, Republican underdog Turzai 36 percent. In sports talk, that' s a drubbing. In political speak, it's also a drubbing.

To be fair, a rookie's chance of beating a veteran like Klink in the heavily Democratic 4th District was always slim to miraculous.

But for more than a year, Turzai and his family and friends worked their tails off. He didn't have quite enough money to buy all the TV ads or hire the experienced campaign staffers he needed. He played the game hard, he played to win, and sometimes he played a little dirty.

He made lots of the small mistakes rookies always do - and one big one that killed any chance of coming even close. It happened on Oct. 21, when two Turzai supporters, armed with a video camera and inappropriate questions,scuffled with Klink on the dark sidewalks of Downtown Pittsburgh.

Klink, the former TV newsman, reacted decisively and spun the story to his advantage. Turzai did neither. A week later, Turzai apologized publicly. Meanwhile, thanks to the nightmarish swirl of newspaper headlines and TV newscasts and a video of a helicopter his campaign hired to take pictures of Klink's house, Turzai became this year's poster boy for all that is wrong with politics in America.

From outside his campaign, it was easy for pundits and talk show hosts to write Turzai off as just another in a long line of dirty tricksters who was willing to do or say anything to get elected. But the plot line of Turzai's story is more complicated and not so morally unambiguous.

Since March, the Post-Gazette followed his campaign and was given unparalleled access to Turzai, his family and many of his staff meetings. What we saw not only provides a rare inside glimpse into what a congressional campaign is like. It also sheds unflattering light on the way politics works in America. %BC% \* %EC%

Mike Turzai - on paper and in real-life - looks like one of those good people everyone is always saying we need more of in politics. A Notre Dame grad. A former Allegheny County prosecutor. A church-going Catholic son of Hungarian-Irish ***working-class*** parents. He is an honest, hard-working, youthful man of 39 who reminds some of comedian Jim Carrey. His wife, Lidia, is a pediatrician.

A moderate, pro-life conservative Republican who lives in Bradford Woods, his generic but heartfelt political message centered on cutting middle-class taxes, downsizing the federal government and building stronger families. Partisan politics aside, he ran for Congress for what many would argue are the right reasons.

He promised everyone if he got elected he would always do the right thing, not the political thing. He promised his friends, financial supporters and the thousands of strangers whose doors he knocked on and whose hands he shook at community picnics and high school football games that he wouldn't change into one of "them" once he got to Washington.

Turzai specializes in insurance cases for a well-connected Downtown Pittsburgh law firm, Houston Harbaugh. Despite the Duke law school degree and the works by George Will, Robert Bork and William Bennett on his shelves, he says his world view isn' t Republican or Democrat, it's Catholic. As one of his most devoted supporters in the Republican Party, also a Catholic, says exasperatedly to explain his overactive conscience, "He's so Catholic, he thinks he's the Pope."

The Pope maybe, but Turzai doesn't try to pass himself off as a saint. He's too emotional, too intense, and his temper can go off in a flash, as the guys who played touch football with him 12 years ago can attest.

Maybe he was naive to think he belonged in Congress with Gingrich, Armey, Kasich and the boys. Maybe he was too idealistic. Maybe he was a rookie who bit off a bigger office than he could chew.

But one thing is pretty clear. Near the end of his campaign, Turzai and his conscience smacked into the reality of how big-time politics is played by the pros - and he found out that doing what you know to be the right thing and apologizing for your moral lapses aren't in the league rule book. %BC% \* %EC%

It's Aug. 17, hours before President Clinton will confess to the American people that he had had an inappropriate relationship with Monica Lewinsky. Turzai's advisers at BrabenderCox, the South Side-based political media firm that George magazine called "the new GOP media wizards," have not yet devised a definite plan to exploit Clinton's scandals - and never will.

But the squeaky-clean lector at SS. John & Paul Church doesn't need a nationally known consultant firm to tell him "it's a good time for a guy like me to run. I make a clear, unspoken contrast to a guy like Clinton."

Turzai has no time for the distractions of national politics. He's holed up in his headquarters in Cranberry performing his most important and always most pressing role - dialing for more dollars. The two-room campaign office is stashed above an oral surgeon's office at the end of the LaSalle Plaza strip mall on Route 19 in Cranberry.

Next to Turzai is Mike Devanney, a savvy-beyond-his-years 19-year-old college intern with six years' experience in grownup politics under his belt. He's feeding Turzai names and phone numbers from a list of possible donors generated by Amy Petraglia. One of the few full-time political veterans on Turzai's staff, Petraglia is an invaluable paid political fund-raiser on loan from U.S. Sen. Rick Santorum' s office. Counting the primary, she will ultimately help raise more than $ 600,000.

Turzai hates asking total strangers for money, but he spends several hours a day doing it. "It's the crass part of it," he says, almost apologetically, "but you can't have a winning campaign without it." What do contributors want in exchange? "They want to know if you can win and if you're talking a message that is 80 percent of what they believe. They want to know we're working hard."

Turzai knows he's a long shot. But he's got a feeling in his gut. "We're going to win. I'm not just saying it. I honestly think we're going to win. People don't like Ron Klink. He' s arrogant. People think he's changed, and they've never been presented with a good alternative. I'm the right contrast to Ron Klink."

Turzai's mother, Ann, and several women volunteers her age are at a round table taking care of the paperwork and mailing chores that consume so much of a campaign' s staff-time and money. Mrs. Turzai is full of hearty laughs, virtually apolitical, and can't do enough for the son she and everyone else has always called "Mickey."

Hand-addressing a huge pile of Turzai postcards , she says he first showed an interest politics in early grade school. She and her husband, aka Big Mike, a retired public school gym teacher, did what all good parents who want the best for their children would do. They ignored it and hoped it would pass.

In his senior year at Notre Dame, though, Mickey Turzai ran for class president and won. Later he would run for Bradford Woods council. When he announced his plans to run against Klink, his mother knew he'd give "his usual 10,000 percent." Everything he's gotten into, she says, he plays to win. If he doesn't beat Klink, she predicts, "he'll be very disappointed. But it won't stop him. … He really thinks he can make a change for the better." %BC% \* %EC%

At the Lawrence County Fair, Turzai is doing what he likes best about politics and what he can't seem to do enough of - meeting people. The night air is heavy with greasy smoke from scores of french fry and burger shacks. Turzai, the only person in sight wearing a tie and buttoned-down dress shirt, is stationed at the Republican booth in Commercial Exhibits Building No. 1.

Commissioner Bob Fosnaught, a natural-born politician who has been Turzai's trusted friend and crucial link to the county's 19,000 Republicans, is blowing up helium balloons printed with his or Turzai's name.

Turzai - going into his patented, over-the-jury-box-railing lean - sticks his right hand into the current of potential voters flowing by. "Hi, I'm Mike Turzai," he says, giving a guy in a Steelers shirt a red, white and blue card with his picture on one side and his resume and a series of campaign promises on the other. "I'd appreciate your help. I won't change. I' m for lower taxes. Smaller government."

Some folks seem startled by Turzai's lunges into their lives. Politics is the last thing on most minds, but responses are polite and hardly ever elicit a word, much less a conversation. Turzai has no time to hold debates or make converts anyway. He's trying to imprint his name, face, smile, striped tie, sincerity - anything - on as many people as possible who might still remember him 2'bd months from now.

By the end of the night, Republican dairy farmer Gary McConnell is squiring Turzai around the stables where prize Holsteins are on display. Turzai' s gravely voice is raspier than usual, and his blue shirt is rumpled from hundreds of 10-second encounters with total strangers.

As McConnell introduces the candidate to farmer after farmer, the smell of cow manure is overpowering. But the suburban-grown big-city lawyer - who owns a horse that he hasn't had time to see in nearly a year - is having too much fun running for Congress to notice. %BC% \* %EC%

Turzai campaign headquarters are in a state of siege. The doors are locked. The phones are ringing. The media are trying to get to candidate Mike Turzai. Talk shows are trashing him and his campaign. A WTAE-TV satellite truck is parked outside. Newspaper reporters are knocking at the door.

On the afternoon of Oct. 22, after months of operating under the media's radar, Turzai and his grassroots campaign are suddenly the hottest news of a sleepy election season - for all the wrong reasons.

Until then, Turzai was doing better than any first-time challenger could reasonably expect. Dollars were pouring in nicely. Direct-mail pieces were going out by the thousands. TV ads were running on cable and would soon move to broadcast TV.

But the night before, two Turzai staffers scuffled with Ron Klink and his chief of staff Joseph Brimmeier outside the Duquesne Club. The staffers utility man Mike Devanney and volunteer and Turzai friend David Chontos - were lurking on the Downtown street to try to get some unflattering video that could be inserted into an anti-Klink ad.

Turzai's media-firm for hire, BrabenderCox, had been bugging their client for months to get some footage it could use. The intent was to rile Klink up with a probing question and get a scowling, unflattering image of him that could be used in a TV or print ad. Videotaping your opponent in public places is fairly common in politics. The hope is that he might say something stupid or might be caught flip-flopping on an issue, and it can pay off handsomely.

In the state's 1996 U.S. Senate race, for example, Harris Wofford' s video teams trailed Rick Santorum around for months before Santorum said something fuzzy about raising the Social Security retirement age to 70. When Wofford used the video of the speech in a TV ad, it terrified older people and almost cost Santorum the election.

Chontos, a Penn Hills lawyer, took the videotaping tactic to a new low, however. To ensure a telegenically useful reaction from the congressman, Chontos says he decided to ask questions based on stories the Turzai campaign had heard. He says he asked Klink twice if he was "having sexual relations with a staff member." Then he asked if he was taking illegal campaign contributions.

At that point, pushing and shoving and yelling ensued. Police were called. Chontos' borrowed video camera suffered $ 1,700 in damages. But no one was hurt, and no charges were filed.

Klink's version of the incident went out to newspaper reporters that night: They were accosted and had been struck by the camera. Meanwhile, Turzai, who was campaigning in Beaver County when the scuffle occurred, returned to headquarters around 10 p.m. and learned the news. He dodged a reporter from the Tribune Review. He also hung up on a Post-Gazette reporter who called him at his home about 11:30 p.m.

Although Turzai's advisers at BrabenderCox were urging him to respond that night, he did not. He thought - and BrabenderCox was hoping - that it was a news blip that would quickly fade away. It was a fatal error. The textbook response, according to the political pros, should have been to take responsibility, call it an inappropriate act, fire one of the supporters and then knock Klink for not wanting to debate the issues or flip-flopping.

By the next afternoon, the blip had grown into a blimp. Turzai forces collaborated on a press release that took responsibility for the video incident but tried to turn the story back on Klink. It accused Klink and Brimmeier of physical violence, destroying property and of trying "to ' spin' his terrible actions of last night to deflect attention from his record on the issues."

It didn't work. The story already had a life of its own, and Turzai' s side was helpless to do much about it. By the time Turzai gave his first TV news interview to Channel 4, at about 5 p.m., Klink was already leveling a new charge of bumbling Turzai dirty trickery.

On Monday of that same week, Klink said, a helicopter had hovered over his house and scared his kids. One of his kids had home video to prove it, which he was more than happy to loan to Channel 4. Later, the footage of the helicopter - an off-duty news helicopter with Channel 11 written all over it - was used in TV attack ads accusing Turzai of spying on his home and family.

In fact, the helicopter had been hired by BrabenderCox to get footage of Klink's 7,000 square-foot home for use in a possible Turzai attack ad. Turzai, who had repeatedly pressed BrabenderCox to get video of Klink' s house, defended using the chopper. He insisted it was a legitimate campaign issue because Klink had voted for higher taxes, voted himself a pay raise to $ 135,000 and then purchased "a $ 600,000 mansion."

Turzai' s campaign was on the defensive, and Turzai-Klink had become the only race worth covering. His publicity had been almost 100-percent negative. But at least his name recognition was suddenly high. And reporters would start showing up at his events, said one adviser, looking for a bright side.

By Friday morning, Oct. 23, his name was being taken in vain all over town. KDKA's Mike Pintek - a conservative who ordinarily would be Turzai's natural ally - blasted him on his morning talk show.

"If you want to win this campaign, I don't think this is the way to do it," Pintek sarcastically advised Turzai, who wasn't listening. "I think most Pittsburghers will look at that and say, ' You know what, Turzai? If this is the kind of guy you are, we don't want you.' " %BC% \* %EC%

Mike Turzai hits rock bottom sometime after 9 that Friday night.

He is slumped at the end of the couch. Around him on chairs and on the floor is the inner circle of his campaign staff - 20 good friends, allies and savvy part-time advisers/GOP operatives like political director Keith Schmidt of Sen. Santorum's Western Pennsylvania office.

They are crammed into the living room of Turzai's $ 140,000home for their regular Friday night planning meeting. Lidia Turzai, her hand resting on her eight months' pregnant stomach, sits on the floor.

The Crisis is two days old. The mood is glum, but there are random laughs. "Who's doing the videotaping tomorrow?" Turzai asks dryly. When it goes over like a lead campaign balloon, he blurts out, "Guys!? Come on! It's a joke!"

Turzai isn't fooling anyone. He's beat. Not physically. Emotionally. He is not a happy campaigner. For half an hour the talk is about priority numero uno - money. Specifically, how they can raise another $ 38,000 toward their first broadcast TV buy of $ 82,000?

As the room falls oddly quiet, Turzai, hiding half his face with his hand, tries to speak.

"We can still do it," he begins haltingly. "And I apologize for it."

"Mike," says Petraglia, sensing what's coming.

"No please. You guys have been so with me … and … I lost sight." He's starting to choke up.

"No you did not," Petraglia inserts into the dead silence.

"And I really apologize to all of you for putting your hearts and souls into this race. … I'm … so … sorry. I'm … just … so … sorry. I got into this game because I thought I would be different, and I was not different."

Turzai quickly regains control of himself. "We made a lot of good friends out there," he says. "Let's keep it up and see where it goes."

"Mickey," says his sister Becky, "it's because of who you are, that is what brings us here."

"I know. I appreciate that."

"You've got to be up," says Petraglia encouragingly. "People do not think it is as bad as you think. Honest to God. It is not that bad. They think it's politics. It's no big deal. … Stay the course. Get focused. We're all here and we're all going to do it."

More encouragement. Jokes about helicopters. Then reminders from the pros in the room about staying on message. But the subject keeps coming back to what some are starting to euphemistically call "The Event." Should Mike apologize, someone wonders?

"No. Absolutely not," says Petraglia, speaking for the political pros of America.

He's thought about apologizing, Turzai says. He did the wrong thing. It's his fault. Apologizing would be the right thing to do. But it's probably too late. He wanted to do it yesterday. What if he calls a news conference?

"What if we go on, and we apologize, and we specifically say it was inappropriate to ask that [sex] question?" Turzai asks. "And we tell people we' re running a positive campaign from this point forward. And we run positive ads only and we withdraw the negative ads. Maybe from a strategic point of view that's stupid. Maybe there are people involved who know better than I would."

"That's stupid," says Schmidt.

"That's stupid," says Petraglia.

"Real stupid," says Schmidt.

But, argues Lidia Turzai, one of their top five supporters has called and said his relatives are now no longer willing to help. "That's devastating, Keith. It's devastating."

"But you don't get out of that devastation by apologizing," says Schmidt. "I'm sorry to tell you that. You might get a few people back who think you're a hell of man to apologize, but you' re never going to win an election by apologizing."

Around and around the conversation goes. Schmidt stands at the end of the room, part preacher, part football coach at half-time, delivering the hard cold truths: Negativity works and apologizing doesn't.

"You have to refocus and keep on pounding," he says. "On the way home, I don't want to be dirty, I never want to be dirty. But I want to be negative all the way home. Because negative wins elections.

"Let me tell you what that helicopter did: It reminded people that Ron Klink built a mansion. That' s what it told them. This is a guy who raised your taxes, took big pay raises and moved to a big comfortable home. We have to keep pounding that message.

"In the end, we cannot let them like him. Let me tell you, when you apologize, they're going to like the person you're apologizing to more than the person doing the apologizing. They're going to feel bad for him."

"Yep," says Petraglia.

The pros may be on the same page. But Lidia, Mike's co-conscience in a campaign that has been going on their entire married life, isn't buying it.

"I'll be honest," she says, her voice cracking. "I feel like it's a sham. I feel like for a year I've gone to all these places talking about how we're from ***working-class*** ethnic backgrounds. How we're different. … Then all the sudden we're talking sex and houses, and I feel like it's a big joke. I feel like the whole year has just gone out the window in a day." %BC% \* %EC%

In its darkest hour, the Turzai soap opera takes an unexpectedly happy turn.

Early the next morning, on Saturday, Oct. 24, after less than an hour's hard labor, Lidia gives birth to a son. Andrew Michael Turzai, as he would eventually come to be named, is born a month early.

Within a day, the new father is back on the campaign trail, more emotionally volatile than ever. He and Lidia are two deeply troubled souls. On Tuesday, Oct. 27, Turzai is talked out of a making public apology again, this time by BrabenderCox.

On Wednesday, Oct. 28, Klink, who knows the value of negative TV and radio ads, pounds him round the clock for being "a slime" and a purveyor of "lies and distortions." After a small fund-raiser starring Sen. Arlen Specter at Allegheny Country Club that morning, Turzai gets a call from Lidia. She's in tears.

Turzai steps out into the privacy of the 10th hole and calls John Brabender. With only his loudest shouts and expletive-deleteds drifting to the ears of his waiting friends, Turzai says he doesn' t care what anybody thinks. He is calling a news conference later that day to apologize to Klink and announce he is pulling his negative TV ads.

At 5:55 that night, Turzai apologizes on TV for any distress he has caused Klink or his family. He says he is ordering an end to all TV ads that include Klink's name. What's more, 75,000 pieces of direct mail that refer to Klink' s house and cost $ 9,000 to print will not be sent out.

Back at his house, Turzai looks as though a 1,000-pound rock has been taken off his shoulders.

"I should have done it Monday," he says, heading for a League of Women Voters' candidates night with Klink in New Castle. Before sitting down on the brightly lighted stage, Turzai shakes hands with Klink and apologizes to him privately. When Turzai again apologizes publicly at the end of his opening statement, Klink reaches for his hand, and the audience applauds.

Meanwhile, in the rear of the hall, Mary Kiernan, Klink's communications director and a former BrabenderCox employee, is already waxing cynical. She suspects Turzai' s TV act of contrition is some sort of calculated attempt to play off President's Clinton's incomplete apology of Aug. 17. %BC% \* %EC%

Six days later, the Turzai-Klink circus came to a merciful end. Klink went negative all the way home. Turzai, re-energized and refocused, sprinted to the finish line. All the final mailings went out. Poll workers were readied. All his bills would be paid. More than 13,000 Republican voters were called and encouraged to vote.

At dawn on Election Day, Turzai was in New Castle waiting for a polling place to open. He and his friend and driver, Dave Evans, put 400 miles on their car, zigzagging through the district. By the time they joined their loyal friends that night at the Turzai Victory Party at the Holiday Inn in Beaver Falls, televisions in the banquet hall were tuned to local pundits who were assessing the elections.

Turzai, not surprisingly, was being trashed for being a sleaze. For being an attack dog. For being an amateur. Even for being used by Sen. Santorum to bloody up Klink in case he has designs on challenging Santorum in 2000.

Turzai couldn't watch. His 15-month adventure in politics was all over except for the final verdict. He said he wished his campaign could be remembered for the hard work and dedication of his good friends and supporters, not for dirty tricks. As the returns dribbled in, he shot a glance at the TV talking heads and managed a joke.

"I'm getting trashed," he said, trying not to sound too bitter. "I'm going to forever be associated with Chopper 11."

The Prize: The 4th Congressional District

The 4th District, despite being one of the country's most concentrated collection of Democrats, is known for being a swing district that will vote for Republicans like Gov. Tom Ridge or U.S. Rick Santorum. It contains 565,000 poople living in 215,570 households. Of the roughly 309,000 registered voters, 182,000 are Democrats, 104,000 are Republicans and 23,000 independents. In 1996, when 221,000 people voted, Democrat Ron Klink received 64 percent of the vote and Republican Paul Adametz, who spent only $ 20,000 and mounted only a token campaign, got 35 percent. On Tuesday, when 161,510 registered voters turned out, Klink got 64 percent and Mike Turzai, who spend more than $ 600,000 and campaigned full time for seven months, got 36 percent.

ELECTION '98

Bill Steigerwald is a Post-Gazette staff writer, and Annie

O'Neill is a PG staff photographer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (11), MAP, PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: "I'm just so sorry"/Mike Turzai,; the Republican candidate for Congress in the 4th District, chokes up at a; staff meeting Oct. 23 as he apologizes to his friends and volunteers for; letting them down. After two days of furious newspaper and TV coverage of his; campaign's video ambush of Ron Klink, Turzai wanted to issue a public apology; to Klink, but his veteran advisers talked him out of it.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Following his own advice/Seeking a place; where he could scream and swear in private, Turzai stands on a fairway at; Allegheny Country Club the morning of Oct. 28. Turzai tells John Bradbender of; the BrabenderCox media firm that he is going to make a public apology to his; opponent that evening whether or not it's the smart political thing to do.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: A positive step/Turzai makes a private,; personal apology to Ron Klink before a meet-the-candidates event in New Castle; Oct. 28. Hours earlier, Turzai called a news conference to say he was sorry; for causing distress to Klink and his family and promised to pull his negative; commercials.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette:; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Mike Turzai, caush in his patented lean and; everyday campaigning attire, has both of his hands full thanking volunteers; the night of the Republican primary win in May.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Turzai and his wife, Lidia, participate in; a communication exercise as part of a retreat for his staff.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Turzai explains why he's against gun; control to a receptive but sparse gathering at the Green Valley Sportsmen Club; in Monaca in June. He had already been campaigning 14 hours a day, seven days; a week, for three months.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Nearly 175 supporters paid $ 500 to eat; lunch and meet Newt Gingrich at a Westmoreland County Club fund-raiser Oct.; 12. What they got instead was the cardboard likeness being carried by staffer; Mike Devanney. Pressing business in Washington forced Gingrich to cancel at; the last minute, so a $ 20 stand-in was purchased at a party store. Not a; single donor asked for his money back.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Still running hard on Election Day, the; nervous candidate paces outside a New Castle polling station. He racked up; nearly 400 miles during a tour of more than a dozen polling places in the 4th; District.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Turzai gets a pep talk on what to say in; his concession speech from Republican Party strategist Keith Schmidt, who; works for U.S. Rick Santorum. Lidia Turzai holds their 11-day-old son, Andrew; Michael, whose birth one month early provided the couple with a huge emotional; lift during the lowest point of the 15-month campaign.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Campaign worker Paul Dawson consoles Mike; Turzai after his concession speech on election night.; MAP: By Post-Gazette: (The prize: The 4th Congressional District)

**Load-Date:** February 19, 1999

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[***HOLLYWOOD'S BIG HITTERS; FALL SEASON IS LOADED WITH WEIGHTY PROJECTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KWJ-DVF0-TX33-C2VD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

In the preview for "The Departed," Jack Nicholson asks a man sitting at the bar how his mother is. "She's on her way out" is the answer. Nicholson grins slightly, straightens his tie and says, "We all are. Act accordingly."

Perhaps that means not wasting time on movies that are the equivalent of empty calories. As luck and the calendar would have it, we are on the verge of the meatiest movie time of the year: the fall and holiday seasons.

A new James Bond will be shaking and stirring the megaplexes and some of the most skilled directors in the world -- led by Martin Scorsese and Clint Eastwood -- will be back, too, with rich ensembles.

As always, dates are subject to change:

Sept. 15

"The Black Dahlia" -- Brian De Palma directs this fictionalized tale of the 1947 murder of a Hollywood starlet that remains unsolved today. Cast includes Mia Kirshner, Hilary Swank, Scarlett Johansson, Aaron Eckhart and Josh Hartnett.

"Gridiron Gang" -- A documentary of the same name inspired this feature about a fledgling football program at a juvenile detention camp. The Rock stars.

"The Last Kiss" -- An Italian film of the same name was the inspiration for this comedy-drama about love, infidelity, forgiveness, marriage, friendship and coming to grips with turning 30. Zach Braff heads the cast.

"Trust the Man" -- Writer-director Bart Freundlich and his wife, Julianne Moore, team for the third time with this comedy about love and marriage among modern-day New Yorkers. David Duchovny, Billy Crudup and Maggie Gyllenhaal also star.

"Everyone's Hero" -- Christopher Reeve was the original director of this animated feature, set in Depression-era America, about a 10-year-old who travels across the country to return Babe Ruth's stolen bat before the deciding game of the 1932 World Series.

"House of Sand" -- Fernanda Montenegro, an Oscar nominee for "Central Station," and Fernanda Torres play mother and daughter in this story about three generations of women. From Brazil.

"Drawing Restraint 9" -- Visual artist Matthew Barney and girlfriend Bjork star in an abstract fairy tale set on a Japanese whaling ship.

"Crossing the Bridge: The Sound of Istanbul" -- Documentary about the musical diversity of Turkey.

Sept. 22

"All the King's Men" -- A new take on Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise and fall of a Southern political boss, directed by Steven Zaillian, screenwriter of "Schindler's List." Cast includes Sean Penn, Jude Law, Kate Winslet, James Gandolfini, Mark Ruffalo, Patricia Clarkson and Anthony Hopkins.

"Jackass: Number Two" -- A photo from this sequel shows Johnny Knoxville in two precarious poses: straddling a snake and wearing a blindfold and red shirt, inches from a charging bull. Supply your own tasteless joke or social commentary now.

"Heading South" -- Charlotte Rampling is among the single, middle-aged tourists who head to Haiti in the late 1970s and enjoy the sexual attention of the locals, only to find themselves caught in the racism, poverty and politics of the place.

"Confetti" -- British comedy following three couples as they duke it out to win a bridal magazine contest for most original wedding of the year.

"Jet Li's Fearless" -- Martial arts master Jet Li tackles the role of kung fu master Huo Yuanjia (1869-1910).

"Feast" -- Horror film about strangers trapped in an isolated tavern, a "Project Greenlight" winner.

Sept. 23

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" -- Boston's three-man Devil Music Ensemble, here in September 2005 with "Nosferatu," returns to set the musical tone for the 1920 silent film with John Barrymore. A one-time event at Regent Square Theater, Edgewood.

Sept. 29

"The Guardian" -- Kevin Costner and Ashton Kutcher are paired in this story about a famed Coast Guard Rescue swimmer and a cocky rookie who must learn the meaning of heroism and sacrifice.

"Open Season" -- Martin Lawrence speaks for a grizzly bear, leading a cushy life in a garage, who is talked into venturing into the wild. Also with the voices of Kutcher, Gary Sinise and Debra Messing; songs by Paul Westerberg.

"The Science of Sleep" -- Michel Gondry ("Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind") wrote and directed this romantic fantasy set inside the brain of an eccentric young man whose dreams constantly invade his waking life. Gael Garcia Bernal stars.

"School for Scoundrels" -- Billy Bob Thornton and Jon Heder team up in this comedy about a dejected traffic cop who enrolls in a confidence-building class.

"Half Nelson" -- Ryan Gosling is a junior high school teacher who is brilliant, dynamic and in control in his Brooklyn classroom and a drug addict outside.

"Flyboys" -- Young Americans take to the air in the earliest days of World War I; James Franco is among its cast.

Oct. 4

"Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Beginning" -- Jordana Brewster is among the stars of this prequel exploring the origins of the Leatherface character.

Oct. 6

"The Departed" -- If the movie lives up to the promise of the preview, we're in for a treat. Martin Scorsese directs this crime drama starring Jack Nicholson as a gangland chief in South Boston, Leonardo DiCaprio as an undercover cop in the mob and Matt Damon as a criminal who has infiltrated the police department.

"Alex Rider: Operation Stormbreaker" -- Anthony Horowitz's teenage spy, Alex Rider (Alex Pettyfer), comes to the big screen. Ewan McGregor plays his uncle and Mickey Rourke is a sinister billionaire.

"The U.S. vs. John Lennon" -- A look at Lennon's transformation from musician to anti-war activist to iconic inspiration for peace that also reveals why and how the U.S. government tried to silence him.

"Employee of the Month" -- Jessica Simpson returns to the big screen as a new cashier at a high-volume, bulk-discount retailer with a reputation of only dating "Employee of the Month" winners.

Oct. 13

"Infamous" -- For the second year in a row, fall will bring a Truman Capote movie, this time starring Toby Jones as the diminutive writer, Sandra Bullock as Nelle Harper Lee, Daniel Craig as Perry Smith and Jeff Daniels as lawman Alvin Dewey.

"Man of the Year" -- Robin Williams is a talk-show host, known for skewering politicians, who ignites a grass-roots movement to put him on the ballot for U.S. president.

"The Grudge 2" -- Judging from the preview, Sarah Michelle Gellar (star of the first movie, a blockbuster) is killed off, leaving Amber Tamblyn to battle the supernatural curse.

"The Marine" -- WWE champ John Cena makes his movie debut as a Marine who returns home from Iraq and springs into action when his wife is kidnapped.

"Al Franken: God Spoke" -- The makers of "The War Room" turn their cameras on Franken and in the course of two years track him from his feud with Bill O'Reilly to his campaign against President Bush in 2004.

Oct. 20

"Flags of Our Fathers" -- An iconic photo, a couple of Oscar winners (director Clint Eastwood, writer Paul Haggis) and a best-selling book provide the backbone of this film about the five Marines and Navy corpsman who raised the American flag at Iwo Jima. Ensemble includes Ryan Phillippe, Jesse Bradford, Adam Beach and Paul Walker.

"Marie Antoinette" -- Sofia

Coppola wrote and directed this adaptation of Antonia Fraser's book about the teen queen, played by Kirsten Dunst, with Jason Schwartzman cast as her fiance, then husband, Louis XVI.

"The Prestige" --

Director Christopher Nolan reunites with Christian Bale and Michael Caine and welcomes Hugh Jackman in this story of an intense rivalry between magicians in turn-of-the-century London.

"Flicka" -- Alison Lohman and Tim McGraw play daughter and father in this contemporary adaptation of Mary O'Hara's novel, "My Friend Flicka." She dreams of working on her father's Wyoming ranch and he wants her to go to college.

"Lunacy" -- Animator and surrealist Jan Svankmajer serves up a movie message with a stew of severed animal tongues, loose eyeballs and errant brains.

"Starter for Ten" -- A romantic comedy, set in the mid-1980s, about a ***working-class*** young man and aspiring quiz-show contestant who plans to win over a woman with his knowledge skills.

"Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas in Disney Digital 3D" -- Title says it all.

Oct. 27

"Running With Scissors" -- Joseph Cross stars in this movie based on the memoirs of Augusten Burroughs. Alec Baldwin is his alcoholic father and Annette Bening is his bipolar mother, an unpublished poet with delusions of becoming famous.

"Saw III" -- If it's Halloween it must be time for another sick installment of "Saw." But Donnie Wahlberg, who helped to make the second movie barely tolerable, is gone. This time, Jigsaw has disappeared and Shawnee Smith is his new apprentice.

"Catch a Fire" -- Derek Luke stars in the real-life story of Patrick Chamusso, an oil-refinery employee and soccer player who is apolitical until he and his wife are brutalized by government-sanctioned terror squads. Shot in Johannesburg, Capetown and Mozambique.

Also in October

"The Last King of Scotland" -- A Scottish doctor (James McAvoy) on a Ugandan medical mission becomes irreversibly entangled with Idi Amin (Forest Whitaker) who chooses him as his personal physician and confidant.

"Little Children" -- Kate Winslet, Patrick Wilson and Jennifer Connelly star in an adaptation of the Tom Perrotta novel about people whose lives intersect in surprising and potentially dangerous ways.

"Keeping Mum" -- Maggie Smith is a housekeeper who gives new meaning to the term cleaning house in this movie about an absent-minded vicar (Rowan Atkinson) of a rural parish and his family travails.

"Shortbus" -- Sexually adventurous film about New Yorkers who meet at an underground salon called Shortbus. From John Cameron Mitchell ("Hedwig and the Angry Inch").

"D.O.A.: Dead or Alive" -- Video-game adaptation with an ensemble that includes Jaime Pressly and Eric Roberts, along with Aussie pop star Holly Valance.

Nov. 3

"The Santa Clause 3: The Escape Clause" -- Merry Frostmas? That's what Jack Frost (Martin Short) wants as he covets the job held by the jolly man in the red suit and white beard. Tim Allen returns as Santa, for the third time since 1994.

"Flushed Away" -- Computer-animated movie about a pampered pet mouse (voice of Hugh Jackman) who is accidentally flushed into the bustling world below the streets of London.

"Borat" -- Sacha Baron Cohen ("Da Ali G Show") takes his outrageous Kazakhstani reporter character Borat to the big screen.

"Renaissance" -- Paris in the year 2054 provides the backdrop for this film, which uses live-action motion capture, animated in 3-D and rendered in high contrast black and white to mimic a graphic novel come to life. A cop (Daniel Craig) is on the trail of a scientist whose company exports eternal youth and beauty.

Nov. 10

"A Good Year" -- Russell Crowe is a London-based investment expert who moves to Provence to sell a small vineyard he inherited from his uncle. He encounters a California woman who also lays claim to the property, in this adaptation of Peter Mayle's novel.

"Babel" -- A tragic incident involving an American couple in Morocco sparks a chain of events for four families throughout the world in this ensemble film with Brad Pitt, Cate Blanchett and Gael Garcia Bernal.

"Stranger Than Fiction" -- Fiction and reality collide in this comedy starring Emma Thompson as a novelist struggling to complete her latest book, once she kills off her main character, Harold Crick. But, inexplicably, Harold (Will Ferrell) is alive and aware of her words in this comedy.

"The Queen" -- Helen Mirren stars as Queen Elizabeth II in this portrait of the royal family immediately after the death of Princess Diana.

"Fur: An Imaginary Portrait of Diane Arbus" -- Nicole Kidman plays the influential photographer in a film inspired by Patricia Bosworth's biography of Arbus.

Nov. 17

"Casino Royale" -- It's back to the future for Bond, James Bond, with Daniel Craig as 007 and Mads Mikkelsen as the villain in this adaptation of Ian Fleming's first Bond book. Judi Dench, Eva Green and Jeffrey Wright also star.

"For Your Consideration" -- Writer-director Christopher Guest spoofs actors and Oscar fever, with the help of stars Catherine O'Hara, Harry Shearer, Parker Posey and many of his regular players in this comedy co-written by Eugene Levy.

"Happy Feet" -- Animated comedy adventure about a penguin (Elijah Wood) who cannot sing, which means he may not be able to attract a mate, but he can tap dance. Hugh Jackman and Nicole Kidman talk, Savion Glover tap dances.

"The Return" -- Sarah Michelle Gellar plays a tough Midwesterner trying to learn the truth about her increasingly terrifying supernatural visions.

"Tenacious D in the Pick of Destiny" -- A look at how the Jack Black-Kyle Gass band became the self-proclaimed greatest on earth.

"Slow Burn" -- Ray Liotta is a big-city district attorney who has hours to figure out the truth about a homicide involving one of his assistants, who is claiming self defense.

Nov. 22

"Deja Vu" -- An FBI agent travels back in time to save a woman from being murdered and falls in love with her in the process. Denzel Washington and Paula Patton star.

"Deck the Halls" -- Talk about your odd couple. Danny DeVito moves into Matthew Broderick's neighborhood and creates havoc with plans to create a holiday light display so big, it's visible from outer space.

"The Fountain" -- Hugh Jackman plays a 16th-century conquistador, a modern-day scientist and a 26th-century astronaut, struggling through time and space to save the woman he loves. Rachel Weisz and Ellen Burstyn co-star.

"The Hoax" -- Richard Gere plays Clifford Irving, who was sentenced to federal prison for defrauding McGraw-Hill Inc. of $750,000 by selling them a faked autobiography of eccentric billionaire Howard Hughes.

"Let's Go to Prison" -- Nothin' says Thanksgiving entertainment like a comedy set in prison about showering with thugs, drinking toilet wine and sharpening shivs. Bob Odenkirk ("Mr. Show") directs and Dax Shepard, Will Arnett and Chi McBride star.

Nov. 23

"Bobby" -- Writer-director Emilio Estevez uses a mix of 22 fictional characters to tell the story of the 1968 night when Bobby Kennedy was shot and killed at the Ambassador Hotel.

Nov. 24

"Riding Alone for Thousands of Miles" -- Zhang Yimou film about a father who attempts to reconcile with his estranged son, dying of cancer, and finds himself tracking down a folk opera in rural China.

"American Hardcore" -- Inspired by the Steven Blush book, this documentary examines punk rock in America from 1980 to 1986 and how it shaped rock music and culture.

Also in November

"Fast Food Nation" -- Eric Schlosser's book has been turned into a dramatic feature starring Greg Kinnear as a marketing executive at a fast-food chain who embarks on a tour of feedlots, slaughterhouses and strip malls as word surfaces that the burger meat is contaminated.

"Deliver Us From Evil" -- A former CBS News producer persuaded a remorseless, defrocked priest named Oliver O'Grady to participate in the making of her documentary about his decades of sexual abuse in Northern California.

"Tideland" -- Terry Gilliam directs this adaptation of Mitch Cullin's novel about a girl who escapes from the harsh reality of her childhood into her active imagination. Jeff Bridges and Jodelle Ferland star.

Dec. 1

"The Nativity Story" -- Keisha Castle-Hughes, an Oscar nominee for "Whale Rider," stars as Mary in this retelling of the story of the birth of Jesus. The cast also includes Oscar Isaac and Shoreh Aghdashloo.

"Bug" -- Psychological thriller directed by William Friedkin, starring Ashley Judd as a lonely, fearful waitress and based on the Tracy Letts off-Broadway play of the same name.

Dec. 8

"The Holiday" -- In a plot that seems lifted from reality TV, two women from opposite sides of the globe meet on the Internet and swap houses for the Christmas holiday. From chick flick writer-director Nancy Meyers ("Something's Gotta Give," "What Women Want").

"Apocalypto" -- And the star of "What Women Want," Mel Gibson, directs this story set during the end times of the Mayan civilization. No matter what, its box office will be seen as a referendum on Gibson, now on probation for DUI.

"Unaccompanied Minors" -- When a blizzard shuts down an airport, five "unaccompanied minors" run wild inside and outside, trying to outwit officials played by Lewis Black and Wilmer Valderrama.

Dec. 15

"The Pursuit of Happyness" -- If the film is half as moving as the "20/20" report on Chris Gardner, this could be a holiday sensation. Will Smith, starring alongside his son Jaden, plays the real-life homeless dad who became a millionaire stockbroker.

"Eragon" -- Adaptation of the Christopher Paolini novel about a farm boy becomes the last of the Dragon Riders in a fantasy adventure.

"Blood Diamond" -- Chaos and civil war in 1990s Sierra Leone set the stage for the search for a rare pink diamond in this drama starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Djimon Hounsou and Jennifer Connelly.

"The Painted Veil" -- Naomi Watts, Edward Norton and Liev Schrieber star in this story, based on the novel by W. Somerset Maugham, about a British couple who find love amid a cholera epidemic in 1925 China.

Dec. 20

"Charlotte's Web" -- Julia Roberts and Dakota Fanning lead the ensemble in this adaptation of the best-selling children's book by E.B. White.

Dec. 22

"We Are Marshall" -- Matthew McConaughey plays a young coach determined to rebuild Marshall University's football program after a devastating plane crash killed 75 people in this movie inspired by real events.

"Night at the Museum" -- Milan Trenc's book for young readers is turned into a movie starring Ben Stiller as a security guard at a museum of natural history where the dinosaur skeletons and exhibits come to frightening life during his graveyard shift.

"The Good Shepherd" -- Robert De Niro directs and stars alongside Matt Damon and Angelina Jolie in this espionage drama about a Yale student who goes from the Skull and Bones to the precursor to the CIA during World War II.

Dec. 25

"Children of Men" -- Clive Owen, Julianne Moore and Michael Caine star in a thriller set in London in a time, one generation from now, when the world has fallen into anarchy on the heels of an infertility defect in the population.

"Black Christmas" -- A sorority house is terrorized by a killer who makes frightening phone calls before murdering the sisters during Christmas break.

Dec. 29

"Pan's Labryinth" -- A fascist regime in 1944 Spain provides the backdrop for this story of a dreamy girl living with her mother and adoptive father, a military officer charged with ridding the area of rebels.

Also in December

"Dreamgirls" -- Jennifer Hudson is already generating Oscar buzz for this adaptation of the Broadway musical that also stars Academy Award-winner Jamie Foxx, Beyonce Knowles, Danny Glover, Eddie Murphy and Anika Noni Rose.

TBA

"Dixie Chicks: Shut Up and Sing" -- Documentary tracking the female recording artists as they pay the price, literally and figuratively, for an anti-Bush comment.

"Breaking & Entering" -- Anthony Minghella wrote and directed this story about theft, criminal and emotional, starring Jude Law as a landscape architect whose state-of-the-art offices in a seedy part of town are repeatedly burglarized.

"Venus" -- Peter O'Toole and Leslie Phillips play veteran actors whose comfortable routine is interrupted and illuminated by the arrival of a grand-niece.

"The History Boys" -- Alan Bennett's Tony Award-winning play -- about politics, history, class and growing up -- makes the leap to screen.

"Candy" -- The title of the source novel ("Candy: A Novel of Love and Addiction") meant the narrator's girlfriend and heroin. Heath Ledger, an Oscar nominee for "Brokeback Mountain," stars with Abbie Cornish and Geoffrey Rush.

**Notes**

FALL ARTS PREVIEW: MOVIES/ WEEKEND MAG/ Post-Gazette movie editor Barbara Vancheri can be reached at [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Martin Short, left, and Tim Allen star in "The Santa Clause 3: The Escape Clause," scheduled to open Nov. 3.

PHOTO: Kirsten Dunst is "Marie Antoinette."

PHOTO: Daniel Craig is the new James Bond in "Casino Royale."

**Load-Date:** October 7, 2006

**End of Document**



[***FOR WHITE MEN, ANGER TAKING POLITICAL SHAPE THEY BLAME AFFIRMATIVE ACTION, BUT THE CAUSES OF THEIR ANGER MAY BE MORE COMPLEX THAN THEY SEEM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C6C0-01K4-91BP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 12, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2042 words

**Byline:** Donna St. George, INQUIRER WASHINGTON BUREAU

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

For Brian Gilhooly, the path to the top was blocked. He had been a firefighter for 12 years, a high achiever, and he was sure he'd be promoted. For John Kelly, the big complaint was about his son's chances to go to a stellar high school. He was furious to learn there was a cap for whites.

Last summer, these two middle-class white men from the southwest side of Chicago joined the national backlash against affirmative action, which has become an issue in Congress, on the presidential campaign trail, and in the legislatures of 16 states, including Pennsylvania.

Theirs is an anger that, until recently, was largely unspoken, dwelling in unseen pockets around America and flaring up mostly in corner bars and kitchen-table conversations. Now it has gathered political momentum: Some analysts view it as a swaying force in the 1996 presidential election.

In a polarizing political debate, white men are portrayed in one of three ways: as racists who don't want to make room for women and minorities; as angry victims of reverse discrimination; or as hard-luck souls who have lost ground in the faltering economy and are looking for someone to blame.

That doesn't capture the half of it.

There are white men motivated by all those factors - and many, by a blend of them. But it is clear other influences are at work: dashed expectations, opposing visions of fairness, and often a deep-seated fear - that the system itself has changed profoundly and they are no longer part of it.

"One of the major problems we have in understanding white resentment is we tend to treat it as a single thing when it's a compound of many different forces," says Jon Rieder, a sociologist at Columbia University's Barnard

College.

This amalgam of forces is especially vivid in Chicago, a quintessential old manufacturing city with a strong ***working-class*** tradition and an enduring racial divide. Here, generations of white workers came to expect they would have jobs that provided stability and the chance to advance.

Now, the old rules are gone. The new rules don't always work for them. Many say the burden of making up for past discrimination has fallen heavily on the shoulders of just a few - not white power brokers in three-piece suits, but the clock-punchers of the working world.

While California grabs the headlines for its attacks on affirmative action - by the governor, by university trustees, and by organizers of a ballot proposal - here, in middle America, the battle is unfolding.

Here, Kelly and Gilhooly are foot soldiers in a ballot campaign to change affirmative-action law in Illinois.

Here, a state senator, Walter Dudycz, is pushing a bill that would do the same thing - forbid the use of race and gender when deciding who gets a state job, a college spot, or a government contract.

And the attitudes of Illinois echo all over America - including in Pennsylvania, where State Rep. Ron Gamble is behind a bill to end preferential treatment. The bill has 14 cosponsors: two Democrats and 12 Republicans.

"All in all, racial prejudice remains a sad fact of American life," says James H. Kuklinski, a University of Illinois researcher who studies racial attitudes. "But it alone cannot explain the widespread outcry about affirmative action."

\*

In Chicago, the flashpoint was predictable. Into this city where whites had dominated the police and fire departments forever - and many jobs had become part of families - affirmative action arrived in 1973.

The idea was to reach out to minorities and integrate public agencies.

But to do so, the city used several methods of ranking test scores on the basis of race - and ended up pitting minority-hiring goals against test scores.

In whites like Brian Gilhooly, there grew a deep and abiding resentment.

Gilhooly joined the Chicago Fire Department when he was 22. Six years later, he took an exam for promotion to lieutenant. Gilhooly had studied for months. He'd gotten his associate degree in fire science. He was sure he'd make it.

The ruddy firefighter ranked 175th on a list of 2,059. But when rankings were adjusted for race, Gilhooly's number fell to 217 - which nudged him out of the running.

"It was like, they can't do this to me," he recalls. "This can't be." His father was a policeman - and made rank, three times. The promotion to fire lieutenant was then worth $6,459 a year in salary, and it was a step toward higher promotions.

Gilhooly made a mental note of all 42 men who were jumped ahead of him once the test scores were adjusted. He watched as they took pride in their new jobs. He felt robbed.

"There's just no room for advancement, and everybody hates each other over this stuff," he says.

He recalls a scene at the firehouse, when his daughter, Maeve, then 6, was visiting. The young girl eyed a black paramedic and whispered: "Daddy, is that the man who took your job?"

"She didn't know - all she saw was black skin," Gilhooly says. "It was a sobering moment."

With 16 years' seniority, he makes a good wage in the fire department - $46,000. His wife works in sales. He's doing better than a lot of people in America, though not better than his father - and not what he feels he deserves. He can't get over the idea that test scores aren't utmost.

City lawyers look at it another way, however: Minority firefighters tend to do less well on exams, and test experts say even the best-designed tests don't predict job performance - so that someone scoring 94 does not necessarily make a better lieutenant than someone with a 90. Certainly many minorities feel that Chicago's efforts are long overdue and haven't gone far enough.

Nicholas Russell, president of the African-American Firefighters League of Chicago, points out that of 148 recent lieutenant promotions, 29 went to blacks and 11 to Hispanics. "That's a harm to the whites?" he asks. "That's ridiculous. They're looking at it from a strictly personal view, not a historical view or a numerical view."

He says: "I would submit that the structure of white cronyism and political clout has been far more detrimental to these white firefighters than affirmative action."

Gilhooly says affirmative action in practice works just like political clout - "a system that benefits a select few." And when he heard other firefighters were behind a ballot measure to end racial preferences, he offered to help. Organizers need 660,000 valid signatures by May 8 to make the '96 ballot as a nonbinding referendum.

\*

What's happening in Chicago is going on all over the country: White men, mostly in their 30s or 40s, are venting opposition to affirmative action in political efforts.

In Oregon, it's Mike Marselle, 38, a computer systems analyst who is organizing a 1996 ballot initiative because, he says, "I don't want to be a second-class citizen. And I have a son. He's a bright young fellow. I don't think he should be denied educational opportunities or anything else because of his race."

In Massachusetts, it's Larry Mackin, 38, who says he took every police and fire exam Boston offered for 13 years. "Even with perfect scores of 100, I was passed over for lower-scoring minorities, including some who had criminal records," says Mackin, who is behind a referendum for the 1998 ballot.

In Georgia, there's State Rep. Earl Ehrhart, a 36-year-old Republican and minority whip who is pushing legislation. "I'm of a generation that is not going to be held culpable for the sins of the fathers," he says. "I grew up in integrated schools and I liked it. I refuse to be immolated for something I didn't do."

In Pennsylvania, there's State Rep. Gamble, 62, from the western suburbs of Pittsburgh, who hopes to get a vote on his bill soon. "The civil-rights laws, through liberals and social engineers, have been stretched into preferential treatment and discrimination against whites," he says. Gamble says he knows "eight or 10" victims of reverse discrimination.

Brenda Trolin, who monitors the issue for the National Conference of State Legislatures, says people in all 50 states have made inquiries on the issue. "I think the issue is going to be very hot in January, when 80 percent of the legislatures come back into session," she says.

\*

As the national flap about affirmative action started, Walter Dudycz was heartened. The world, he thought, was finally catching up with him.

Dudycz, 45, is a Chicago lawmaker who proposed a bill in the state Senate to end race and gender preferences. He is also a working Chicago cop, a burglary detective, who says he's watched "dozens" of white men get hurt.

"There's got to be a way where we can protect the rights of minorities and we can protect the rights of whites," he says. "We can't create one form of discrimination to correct another."

At summer hearings, the mild-mannered Dudycz faced angry crowds. He was booed and called a bigot.

"If I was a male black standing up against discrimination, I would be a civil-rights activist," Dudycz laments. "If I'm a male white standing up against discrimination, I'm a bigot."

Dudycz grew up poor, the son of Ukrainian immigrants. When he was hired by the Chicago Police Department in 1971, before affirmative action, an academy instructor asked his class for a show of hands: How many had been helped to get on the force?

"I was shocked," he recalls. "About half raised their hands."

Dudycz was helped neither by the old system - which he calls "clout" - nor by the policies that replaced it. "The government in Illinois has used affirmative action to create a new old-boys' network," he says. "They're just different boys."

For the "male white," he says, the frightening thought is: "What if I am not good enough to be in the top 80 percent and I'm 81 and I don't make it?"

"Because he fears it," he says, "he fights it."

\*

In national studies of white attitudes, James Kuklinski of the University of Illinois probed beneath opinions on affirmative action and found that anger about the policies could be traced to racial bias.

Most of the opposition, he and a team of researchers from five universities assert, comes from a view among many whites that affirmative action violates the basic American tenets of hard work and merit.

"Since the beginning, affirmative action has been presented as a cost-free proposition," reflects Tyrone Tillery, who studies the history of race relations at the University of Houston. "People were not told they would have to sacrifice for it."

To some extent, minorities and women do get a boost, experts say. But perceptions of how much are distorted by other forces.

There's the economy, with workers earning less.

And men are struggling with their changing roles: In 1995, they are not necessarily the breadwinners, the managers, the great succeeders.

They see America growing more diverse. The Chicago of 1970 was 59 percent white, 32 percent black, and 7 percent Hispanic. Twenty-five years later, whites are outnumbered by minorities - 41 percent to 57 percent.

They hear people around them - politicians, bosses, coworkers - blaming affirmative action as the reason whites can't get ahead.

In the end, "affirmative action is one thing they can take action on," says Christopher Jencks, a Northwestern University sociologist.

\*

The crisis for many white men is not that they have suffered a crushing loss, but that they worry they will - that the new system leaves out them and their children.

Take John Kelly, a Chicago salesman who tried to enroll his son at the well-regarded Chicago High School for the Agricultural Sciences, a magnet school on the city's last working farm. He was turned away, he says, with the explanation that he was late in applying and his son "probably couldn't get in anyway" because of a 10 percent cap on whites.

Kelly was enraged. His resentments worsened last summer, when Kelly encouraged his son to get a job to help pay his tuition. The teenager applied at a supermarket. He wasn't hired, but Kelly heard that four other youngsters, all black, were.

As Kelly talks, he gets hotter.

For Kelly, the resentment about being excluded seems to meld at some point with other complaints about government. He is sitting in a coffee shop, where a dutiful waitress refills his cup again and again, but he is deep in his story and hardly seems to notice.

"More and more," he says, "the problem is because I'm white - it's a line in the sand."

**Graphic**

CHART;

CHART (1)

1. Affirmative Action and the Changes at Two Departments (SOURCES: National

Conference of State Legislatures, City of Chicago, KRT; The Philadelphia

Inquirer)

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**End of Document**



[***One Chicago street tells Census story***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4013-WHW0-00C6-D4FC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2144 words

**Byline:** Rick Hampson

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

CHICAGO -- Western Avenue is the longest street in Chicago, the

spine in Carl Sandburg's "City of the Big Shoulders."

For 23 1/2 miles from Evanston on the north to Blue Island on

the south, it runs through neighborhoods with Russians, Indians,

Pakistanis, Poles, Germans, Arabs, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Croats,

Italians, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Vietnamese, Irish, blacks and

Jews.

The avenue is a sociologist's dream and a Census taker's nightmare,

as fascinating to observe and as difficult to tally as the rush-hour

crowds in the Loop.

Census 2000 aims to count everyone on Western Avenue and every

other street in the country. As a result of the national controversy

over that ambition -- particularly complaints about the 53 questions

on the Census' so-called long form, the longer of the two Census

forms -- USA TODAY spent several days talking to people along

Western about the big fuss over what once seemed a simple civic

duty.

The reasons people had or hadn't filled out and mailed back their

Census forms, which are due today, varied as much as the avenue

itself.

Some people said they had filed, some said they would, and some

said they couldn't be bothered. Some said they never got a form

in the mail, and some who did said they were confused or offended

by its questions.

In a city once so cognizant of the arithmetic of democracy that

even the dead were said to vote, fewer than half the residents

(47%) had responded to the Census, according to numbers released

Monday. That compared unfavorably with the state (62%), the nation

(61%) and other big cities such as New York (50%) and Los Angeles

(58%).

Later this month, about 500,000 Census takers will have to knock

on the door of every home from which no form was returned and

pose the questions. Going door to door costs taxpayers up to eight

times more than when people simply fill out and return the forms,

which is why the Census spent $ 167 million in advertising to urge

compliance.

In the middle-class neighborhoods at Western's poles -- polyglot

West Ridge on the north and Irish- and African-American Morgan

Park on the south -- the response rate was slightly above 50%;

in the middle, at a decimated housing project named Rockwell Gardens,

it was 3.5%.

Fearing that an undercount of poor people and illegal immigrants

will cost the city federal aid and legislative representation,

Chicago ran its own $ 1 million shadow Census promotion campaign.

But the Census was hardly the talk of Western Avenue. "I haven't

troubled me head about it," said Paul Callaghan, manager of Keegan's

Pub. "Around this place, it's a non-starter."

Even the prim, 60ish school crossing guard at 36th Street, in

her dark blue uniform and bright orange sash, acknowledged that

her form was sitting unopened more than a week after its arrival.

"I have many things to do," she said, "and filling out that

form is not high on my list."

Some people were confused by the seeming lack of a deadline. Some

people received two forms and didn't know they were only supposed

to fill out one. Some echoed complaints about the "long form,"

which is at the center of a national political issue: its questions

are too personal, too obscure and too many, they say.

West Ridge, Pratt Avenue

"I'm safe -- I mailed it this morning," reported Richard Ruff,

62. Each morning he comes to Fluky's, a restaurant decorated with

historic Chicago street signs, to drink coffee, read the newspaper

and chat with his friends.

He got the short form; his friend Don got the long one, and he

wasn't happy about the questions about his income. So he didn't

answer them. Another regular said he just dumped his form into

the trash.

The Census is an event that marks how things have changed. In

that sense it was a sad task for Pat Moore, a 60-ish woman sitting

at another table, who had to fill out her form for the first time.

Her husband, who always did it for them, died a few years ago.

To make matters worse, she got the long form. "It was too long,"

she said. "I looked at it and put it down and looked at it and

put it down." Finally, she mailed it but didn't fill out every

line. "Some of it was a little too personal, like income. With

computers now, it could fall into the wrong hands.

"Maybe I'm old-fashioned," she said with a sigh.

A mile south, in the bustling Indian business district at Western

and Devon Avenue, about a dozen people had actually climbed the

18 stairs to the Midwest Asian American Center to get a Census

form when none arrived in the mail.

"We're paying the taxes, and we should be getting the benefits,"

said Vandana Dalal, 48. "When it comes to educate our children,

this will be important. If you don't do the Census, how will you

benefit from it?"

Rosehill Cemetery

Two men stood across from the wrought iron fence of Chicago's

largest cemetery and explained why they hadn't filled out their

forms.

"Just haven't gotten around to it," said Lloyd March, 39, who

had stepped from the state welfare office at 5822 Western. "I

got it, but I haven't read it," admitted Jesse Palmer, 61. He

didn't sound as if he ever would.

Across the street, Rosehill Cemetery offered a reminder of a time

when elections and the Census were so important that even its

residents participated -- under the supervision of the Democratic

political machine.

Today, the local Census effort is a bit of a publicity stunt:

55 prizes of $ 1,000 to people who display Census posters in their

windows; 15,000 "Census Rap" cassettes; 6-by-8-inch mirrors

with "The Most Important Person in Census 2000" printed on the

face; barbers' smocks with the slogan "You're One" written in

reverse in English, Spanish and Polish.

Under the O'Hare El, Bloomingdale Avenue

Stanley McCane, 50, completed his Census form, but he knew all

about why some others hadn't -- he worked as an enumerator during

the last Census.

"They felt like it was Big Brother," he said. "They said the

information was too personal."

He paused. "Like the number of rooms in your house?"

Wicker Park, North Avenue

The area east of Western is gentrifying, which means fewer kids

and more pets. Andrew Gottlieb, 29, capitalized on the trend by

founding Laund-UR-Mutt, a place to bring your dog for a bath.

He got the long Census form more than a week earlier but hadn't

even opened it. What had he been doing instead? "Just about anything,"

he admitted with a guilty chuckle. "I read my Fidelity statement."

"I know I should fill it out, but I haven't," he added. "This

shows that it's not just homeless people and illegal immigrants

who don't return their Census forms. It's lazy white people, too."

A howl came from a dog at the back of the shop. "MAX, THAT'S

ENOUGH!" Gottlieb shouted over his shoulder. "Tomorrow's my

day off," he said. "Maybe I'll look at it then."

Ukrainian Village, Chicago Avenue

William Klowatyj, 79, was born under Lenin and was living under

Stalin when he left the Soviet Ukraine to come to the USA in 1952.

Perhaps that's what made him leery of the Census.

"Why they want to know how many rooms in house?" he asked while

sitting at a table in Ann's Bakery, where the clerks speak only

Ukrainian. "Do they want to raise the taxes?"

To complicate matters, he received two forms -- one at his Chicago

home and one at his place in Indiana -- and did not realize at

first that only the one sent to his primary residence should be

filled out.

A different kind of bread and a different perspective was provided

by Michael Fiore, 49, owner of an Italian deli a few blocks away:

"It's just another form. You just fill it out."

Rockwell Gardens, Jackson Avenue

Rockwell Gardens is Census 2000's worst-case scenario. In the

past year, several of the project's apartment houses have been

closed or demolished. Some residents scattered; others squeezed

illegally into the project's remaining towers. Either way, they

are unlikely to respond to the Census.

Ethel Washington, 68, who has lived in public housing all her

life, said she feared what might happen if she filed.

"What if somebody gets my Social Security number? They might

steal my identity." When it was suggested that the area will

lose federal aid if its residents are not counted, a man with

her laughed. "They never done nothing for us anyway," he said.

"Just this." He gestured to the 13-story red brick apartment

house on the next street, which was being slammed by a wrecking

ball.

Lashanta Bell, 20, hurried across the street with her 3-year-old

son, Shawn. Planning for Shawn's future is what the Census is

supposed to be all about, but his mother said she didn't get a

form, possibly because her mailbox had no door.

Would she ask for a Census form? She shook her head: "Waste a

time."

"As much as I love these people, I have to say most of them don't

care," said Salvation Army Lt. Marcos Ramirez, who works at a

community center in the project. "They've been programmed for

generations not to. Nobody's gonna throw them out of their building

or throw their kid out of school if they don't fill out their

form, so they won't."

And even the short form isn't so short if you're functionally

illiterate. Ramirez said he had filled out forms for residents

who couldn't. "The Census people must wonder why so many people

from this project have the same handwriting," he said.

Pilsen, Cermak Road

Pablo did not get a Census form because as far as the government

knows he does not exist. He entered the USA illegally last year

from Mexico to find work. He lives with a half-dozen other day

laborers on the second floor of an old row house in Pilsen, a

district once dominated by Czechs but now largely Mexican.

Contacted through an immigrant rights group, Pablo said he had

heard about the Census 2000 effort but considered it, if anything,

a threat. "If they count me, they can catch me," he said through

an interpreter.

He sends money back home to his wife, who is raising their three

children. He dreams of bringing them to Chicago someday. In that

case, he said, it would be important to be counted.

"But that," he said, "is too far away."

Beverly/Morgan Park, 111th Street

Barbara Thouvenell, 51, a real estate broker, couldn't wait to

fill out her form. Like most people in this leafy suburb-in-the-city

at Chicago's southern limits, she considers herself civic-minded.

"People here believe that they can make a difference. They don't

think (the Census) is just some stupid form."

She was ready to tell all: how many bathrooms she had, how many

bushes she had planted, the works. She lit a fire in the fireplace.

"I was ready to write all night."

Alas, she received only the short form, and the whole process

was over in a few minutes. "I wondered, "What's the big deal?'

"

TEXT OF INFO BOXES BEGIN HERE:

WESTERN AVENUE

East of Western Avenue, Devon Avenue is called Mohammed

Ali Jinnah Way; west of Western, it becomes Ghandi Marg. Gandhi

Electronics at Devon and Western has a sign proclaiming "*Mowimy*

*Po Polsku*" -- Polish Spoken. The neighborhood is about 40%

white, 25% black, 20% Hispanic and 10% Asian.

Bucktown/Wicker Park is one of the nation's largest communities

of urban artists and fastest-gentrifying neighborhoods. Settled

by Germans, Scandinavians and Poles, it became Hispanic in the

1960s. Now, young professionals are drawn to it.

Ukrainian Village is a center of Ukrainian life. But many

young professionals are moving in. Its heart is Chicago Avenue,

home to the popular Ann's Bakery and other Ukrainian businesses.

Rockwell Gardens, a mile west of the United Center, is

one of the city's most-troubled housing projects. The brick high-rise

towers that have proved to be breeding grounds for crime, drugs

and illegitimacy are being demolished. Several already have been

destroyed. Within five years, the rest will have met a similar

fate.

Pilsen was named after the city in Bohemia (today part

of the Czech Republic) by immigrants who settled after the Great

Chicago Fire in 1871. It was the city's best-known Czech neighborhood

but today is predominantly Mexican. Pilsen has been undergoing

gentrification.

McKinley Park, settled by New England farmers, is a ***working-class***

neighborhood where Hispanics, particularly Mexicans, are replacing

tight-knit groups of Poles and other Eastern Europeans.

Beverly and Morgan Park occupy the high ground on Western

Avenue economically and topographically. They're 30 to 40 feet

above the Chicago plain. These leafy residential enclaves feel

more like suburbs than city neighborhoods. Beverly, the more affluent

of the two, is known for an array of mansions on Longwood Drive

and a pleasant assortment of handsome single-family houses. Blacks

make up more than 60% of Morgan Park. Beverly is predominantly

Irish-American.

Crossing the language barriers

Census takers will be confronted with dozens of languages when

they begin their count this month in Chicago where officials fear

cultural barriers can leave some immigrants uncounted. Chicago

is so diverse that its schools offer bilingual education in 17

languages.

Arabic

Assyrian

Bosnian

Bulgarian

Cantonese

French

Gujarati

Hindi

Khmer

Korean

Mandarin

Polish

Romanian

Russian

Spanish

Urdu

Vietnamese

Source: Chicago Public Schools

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, color, Dave Merrill and Bob Laird, USA TODAY(Map); PHOTOS, color, John Zich for USA TODAY(8); Western Avenue, in the Wicker Park area The Rockwell Gardens project, looking east to downtown The Beverly area to the south The City that Works: Commuters wait for the morning train at Western Avenue, a 23 1/2-mile-long street that cuts through diverse neighborhoods. Diverse people going about their business: Stan Aleska takes a painting he just purchased to an art restoration shop on Western. Census apathy: 'I haven't troubled me head about it,' says Paul Callaghan, manager of Keegan's Pub. Around this place, it's a non-starter,' Neighborhood faces: Hussian Waly, left, and Abdul Munassar work at a Western Avenue poultry shop. Too busy: Andrew Gottlieb 29, founder of Laund-UR-Mutt, says he has other things to do rather than fill out his form: 'Just about anything.'

**Load-Date:** April 11, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Penn State's new leader;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MVR0-0094-536P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Spanier: No ordinary academic***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MVR0-0094-536P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 15, 1995, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** STATE,

**Length:** 2110 words

**Byline:** Lori Shontz, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Dateline:** STATE COLLEGE

**Body**

It was an offhand remark, just idle chatter between two young Penn State professors. They were talking about the incoming university president, and Graham Spanier said to Jay Belsky, ''If I were president, the first thing I'd do is move the president's house back to campus.''

Belsky remembers the comment now, nearly 15 years later, for a good reason.

Spanier returned to Penn State this month as the university's 16th president, just in time to move into the new president's house, which is on campus. Today, he will give his first ''State of the University'' address, a speech he plans to make annually.

When they were young teachers, Spanier talked Belsky into dropping in at an undergraduate party after a movie one night. Spanier's desire to live on campus as president, Belsky said, comes from ''the same spirit that made him want to go on over to that party. He wants to be among the university students rather than tower over them.''

It's that kind of approach that has made expectations so high for Spanier, 46, a father of two, college basketball fanatic and pioneering scholar on modern family relationships.

''He's one of the new generation of leaders,'' said William A. Schreyer, chairman of Penn State's board of trustees. ''You are not going to see a passive president. He's right up on the cutting edge.''

Spanier proved in his previous job that he is no ordinary academic.

As chancellor at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, he performed magic tricks at the College of Engineering and Technology's talent show, judged the slam dunk contest at the Haunted Husker Hoops festival and sang ''There is no place like Nebraska'' for a high-school recruitment tape. He even agreed to be collected as an item for the Farmhouse Fraternity's scavenger hunt.

No one at Nebraska was surprised. Spanier had set the tone his first day on campus, which happened to be Halloween. He crashed an academic affairs meeting wearing a gorilla suit.

That incident was widely reported in State College when Spanier accepted his appointment to the presidency on St. Patrick's Day. It caused a sensation: ''Did you hear? The new president wears a gorilla suit.'' It seemed to signify that Penn State, conservative home of plain, no-name football uniforms, was moving into a new era.

One change already apparent is a new attitude of openness.

In the past, the president's salary has been kept secret despite student protests; Spanier announced before he took office that his salary would be $ 250,000 per year.

He revealed that he and his wife planned to donate $ 100,000 to the school over a five-year period.

''He's not a stuffed shirt,'' said Belsky, professor of health and human development. ''What you see is what you get.''

A rising star

The 16-member search committee that recommended Spanier and several other candidates to the trustees hadn't heard about the gorilla incident. But Eva Pell, distinguished professor of plant pathology and chairwoman of the committee, told her colleagues another costume story.

While serving as provost and vice president for academic affairs at Oregon State University, the job he held before Nebraska, Spanier made a mistake in the graduation procedure. It was a small mistake, Pell said, but it caused a commotion. At the next faculty senate meeting, Spanier wore a mask.

''I'm wearing this mask,'' he said, ''because I have egg all over my face.''

Pell recalled, ''That impressed me. A lot of people aren't able to admit their mistakes.''

Penn State hired Spanier for more compelling reasons. When he became chancellor of Nebraska-Lincoln at 42, he already was considered a rising star in academia, and his performance there pushed him even higher in the firmament.

During nearly four years at Nebraska, Spanier introduced a new undergraduate general education curriculum, expanded the honors program and raised admissions standards. He instituted the Academy of Distinguished Teachers, to honor professors who excelled in the classroom, and he saw the university's research and development spending top $ 100 million.

He developed a dual-career program to find jobs for partners of faculty and staff in the community. That's an issue near to his heart: His wife, Sandra, is an English professor, an expert on Ernest Hemingway and other American expatriate authors. She will begin teaching in Penn State's English department in the spring.

Spanier also began the Faculty Associate Program at Nebraska, in which women and minority faculty members were assigned to part-time internships in the chancellor's office so they could see whether they would be interested in going into academic administration.

And Spanier filled two senior cabinet positions with women -- senior vice chancellor for academic affairs and vice chancellor for research.

Pell, the search committee chairwoman, liked those achievements and credentials.

But what impressed her most about Spanier was that he continued to publish academic and other articles even after he moved into administration.

His most recent article, ''Coincidence and Injustice,'' was published in 1994. It is a poignant account of his chance meeting with German tourists, who turned out to be running the cigar factory that his Jewish father had founded and was forced to flee during the Nazi regime.

He also published a scholarly article in his academic field, sociology, as recently as 1992, as part of a book about loss in relationships.

''That's almost beyond belief,'' said Pell, ''that he still has his pulse on the craft. That sort of captured our imagination.''

Uncommon scholar

Graham Basil Spanier started life as an unlikely academic.

Born in South Africa in 1948, he moved with his family to a ***working class*** neighborhood on the south side of Chicago the following year. His father, who fled to South Africa to avoid the Holocaust, left his first adopted country because its apartheid policy reminded him of Nazism.

Life was difficult for the Spanier family. His father labored unloading trucks, and his mother was a homemaker caring for three children. ''I was always hungry,'' Spanier said. ''It wasn't until I was into my teens that I ever felt I had enough to eat.''

When he was still just a boy, Graham Spanier began to take responsibility for himself.

At age 9, he started his own lawn-mowing business, and he followed that by working as secretary in a law office, radio announcer and assistant manager of a children's clothing store, all before he graduated from high school.

Spanier found time, too, to excel in the classroom, earning 27 college credits while he was in high school. He paid his own way to Iowa State University, intending to major in mathematics, but he got detoured by a sophomore family sociology class.

''I started making connections to my own life,'' he said. ''I knew then that I wanted to get a Ph.D. I wanted to be a professor.''

Money was still tight. One summer, Spanier worked four jobs: early-morning radio host, bank teller, evening radio host and late-night pizza chef. Despite the hours in the workplace, he took just three years to graduate with a degree in sociology and minors in psychology and mathematics.

''I've always been in a hurry to see progress,'' he said.

Spanier continued on the fast track, earning a master's from Iowa State in 1971 and a doctorate from Northwestern in 1973. He arrived at Penn State in 1973 as an assistant professor of human development and sociology -- at age 24.

''In those days, more like 30, 33 (years old) was the average,'' said sociology department head Frank Clemente, who arrived at Penn State the same year. ''I was 26, and I thought I was really something.''

Pioneering research

While at Penn State, Spanier did groundbreaking research on family demographics: divorce, living together, even mate-swapping. Previously, Clemente said, those areas had been studied in home economics -- if at all. In the 1970s, sociologists started to study them scientifically. ''Spanier was one of the first in that wave,'' he said.

Spanier started his move into administration at Penn State. By the time he left in 1982, he was an associate dean.

Spanier said he was inheriting a ''tremendous momentum'' at Penn State because of the work of the two previous presidents, Bryce Jordan, who served from 1983 to 1990, and Joab Thomas, who held the post from 1990 until this year. He said he was taking over a university with a tradition of excellence, a solid financial footing and a ''very fine administrative team.''

But he knows where Penn State needs to be improved.

One of his primary functions will be to try to get a larger appropriation from the Legislature.

Twenty years ago, Pennsylvania ranked in the middle nationwide in state funding for higher education. Since then, a gradual decline has put Pennsylvania near the bottom.

Consequently, Spanier said, Penn State's tuition, $ 5,188 per year for in-state students, is one of the highest in the country for a public university.

Among Big Ten schools, only Michigan's is higher. Among other land-grant and comparable public universities, only six schools are higher, and two of them are also Pennsylvania schools -- the University of Pittsburgh and Temple University.

''It's our responsibility as a public university to keep tuition as low as we can,'' Spanier said. ''That provides access for those who might not be able to afford any other kind of education.''

That means fund-raising will be a primary task for Spanier, because, as trustee chairman Schreyer put it, ''We can't count on Harrisburg.''

In the 1980s, former president Jordan headed the Campaign for Penn State, which raised more than $ 350 million. Penn State is preparing to launch a second, bigger campaign, and that's where Spanier's communication skills will be particularly important.

''You have to talk to a lot of different levels of people,'' Pell said. ''And you feel very much that he is a person you can talk to.''

Undergraduate focus

Other important areas for Spanier, Schreyer said, will be a renewed commitment to undergraduate education, working with the branch campuses, and maintaining a climate that is welcoming to minorities.

Penn State has struggled for years to attract minority students, and there are periodic flare-ups from the black or lesbian and gay student associations. Minority enrollment at Penn State is currently 6,086 students, or 8.8 percent of the enrollment.

Spanier has said he was passionate about improving the awareness and appreciation of different races, cultures and types of people on campus.

At Nebraska-Lincoln, he supported the faculty senate when it called on Congress to allow gays and lesbians to serve in the military. He wrote a letter saying so to Democratic Sen. James Exon, who responded that Spanier had overstepped his bounds. One member of the university's Board of Regents agreed with Exon, and said he disliked Spanier's liberal social agenda.

''I believe very deeply in issues of justice and equality,'' Spanier said. ''You will find I care more than anything else about people. I believe if you treat people right they'll be more productive and do a better job for you. If that's a social agenda, OK. I don't see that as a criticism at all, frankly. I take that as a compliment.''

Penn State is three times the size of Nebraska-Lincoln. Although Spanier is trying to maintain the same kind of schedule he had in Nebraska, he has had to make some changes.

At Nebraska, he had his own cafeteria card and ate in the university dining halls about once a week. At Penn State, he's going to try for once a month.

That's not to say Spanier is no longer accessible.

He released his e-mail address before he took office, and the student newspaper reprinted it this fall. He said he received at least 10 electronic mail messages a day on his computer, and that he tried to answer each one within 24 hours.

He seems to be serious about staying in touch. Take, for instance, his reaction when a group of professors calling itself ''Penn State 2000'' took out a full-page ad in the Centre Daily Times, calling on him to return Penn State from commercialization to its educational roots. The ad cost $ 840.

Spanier told a reporter, ''They can save their money and let me know directly what their concerns are.''

He didn't report for work on Sept. 1 wearing a Nittany Lion costume, as some half expected, but he did manage to schedule a racquetball match with an administrator, then play pick-up matches with two students on the next court.

''It's not unreasonable to wonder: 'Is this guy for real?' '' Belsky said.

But Belsky said he was the same Graham Spanier he hung around with 15 years ago.

''He hasn't changed. He's the same person. This job is a little bigger, but he's the same person.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: Graham Spanier; PHOTO: Post-Gazette: Penn State's incoming president, Graham Spanier, stands at the sundial on Old Main lawn.

**Load-Date:** September 17, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Storm center;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSY-HWC0-00J2-33M8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Both his employer and his union see flight attendant Danny Campbell as a problem. Northwest Airlines depicts him as a leader of union radicals in a suit over an alleged sickout. Union leaders resent his role in torpedoing a proposed contract settlement. But some union members think his independent streak would make him a good candidate for local president.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSY-HWC0-00J2-33M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 12, 2000, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 2499 words

**Byline:** Tony Kennedy; Staff Writer

**Body**

The first time flight attendant Danny Campbell got into trouble at Northwest Airlines was in 1995, when the company threatened to fire him for privately tape-recording a conversation he had with a boss.

     The story is complex, but Campbell made the recording to bolster civil charges he was pursuing against top officers of his own union, Teamsters Local 2000.

     Then, as now, the Detroit-based flight attendant simultaneously battled Northwest and the Teamsters. What's different today, and what makes him an important figure in the flight attendants' long struggle for a new contract, is that he has attracted a grass roots following and may run this year for president of Local 2000.

     Raised by his mother, a liberal-leaning Maine country-western singer, Campbell, 30, is an ambitious non-comformist whose head-butting with Northwest and the union have earned him both admiration and scorn. If there's a storm involving Northwest flight attendants, it's a good bet Campbell is in it.

   His detractors say he is irresponsible and too close to Teamsters for a Democratic Union (TDU), a faction that opposed the election of James Hoffa as Teamsters general president. His supporters, on the other hand, view him as a fearless crusader against corporate greed and a tireless advocate for flight attendants.

     "He attracts a lot of attention because he doesn't go along," said Anne Meyers, a Northwest flight attendant based in the Twin Cities. "That makes him an [independent] entity."

     Indeed, in the past eight months Campbell has been singled out as a dissident by both his employer and his union.

     In January, the company depicted him as a leader of "radicals" and "Internet terrorists" who incited an alleged New Year's sickout by flight attendants. Meanwhile, top Teamsters officials are angry with Campbell for working against them to help defeat a tentative contract agreement. Since the deal was rejected last August, a rift has widened between Campbell, who is secretary-treasurer of Local 2000, and Billie Davenport, the local union's president.

     Bob Crabbe, a Detroit base representative for Local 2000, said Campbell's independent streak and capacity for conflict grew out of his upbringing in a broken home in Windham, Maine. It helps explain why Northwest can't walk over him and why the international union can't control him, Crabbe said.

     "For Danny, it's about standing up to the oppressors and saying you can't do this to flight attendants," Crabbe said. "He doesn't look for conflict, but he's not afraid of it.

     "I know him as well as anyone \_ and that comes from his mother," Crabbe said.

     Gloria Jean Silke, who once was named entertainer of the year by the Maine Country Music Association, taught "liberal-humanist" ways to her son and backed him up when he got in trouble. Once, when Campbell was a school boy, he beat up a classmate who had sucker-punched him, Crabbe said. When the school principal came down on Danny, his mom stood up. "What would you do if I punched you?" she asked the administrator.

     Campbell said his mother wasn't anti-establishment, but somewhere he picked up a mistrust for institutions, including big business. One of Campbell's close associates at Local 2000, negotiating committee member Andy Damis, said he and Campbell agree that "money corrupts. The bigger the business, the bigger the disregard for working Americans."

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Sunday benefits

     Campbell recalls that as he was growing up, his mother was forever playing benefit concerts for underdog causes and for people who needed help. The Sunday concerts were his family's substitute for church.

     He said he was introverted and different from other kids. He was involved in ice skating and gymnastics, and he started working in hotels as a teenager.

     "You grew up in Maine, so you wanted to see the world," Campbell said.

     At 19, he became a flight attendant for Trans International Airlines, flying around the world on DC-8s in sometimes awful working conditions. He remembers being on duty for 30 to 40 hours at a time and having his schedule changed on a moment's notice. He said there was no union, and his fellow flight attendants were afraid to complain.

     "My first impression was, this group is so oppressed," said Campbell, who left Trans International to join Northwest in March 1990.

     Campbell's first brush with union politics at Northwest came in 1991 and 1992, when he took part in an organizing drive for the Association of Flight Attendants. The association lost a challenge to replace the Teamsters as the union for Northwest flight attendants.

     Then in 1994, he ran unsuccessfully for the elected office of base representative in Detroit. He protested the entire election, but finally dropped his fight when the union agreed to adopt some new "provisos" in future elections, he said.

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Open on issues

     By the time he became a candidate in 1994, he clearly was no introvert. In fact, one of his signature traits as a union officer has been his openness on all issues, including being openly gay.

     "We depend on Danny to tell us what's going on without the B.S. involved," Crabbe said.

     An example of his candor came last month when Davenport and three other members of Local 2000's executive board attacked fellow board members Campbell and Anne Toombs for an alleged racist remark in an e-mail that Toombs sent to Campbell last year. Toombs used the phrase "the dark side of the board," which Davenport and the others said was a racial slur against them because they are "Black, Egyptian, Native American Indian and Pacific Asian."

     Campbell freely distributed Davenport's letter and the response from him and Toombs. Both landed on the Internet, putting the issue squarely in the open.

     "As you surely know, the phrase, the 'dark side,' comes from a 1977 hit movie, 'Star Wars.' 'Star Wars' was about the struggle of a small band of rebels fighting to restore democracy and freedom to a galaxy under the hands of an oppressive dictator (the correlation should be abundantly clear)," Campbell and Toombs wrote.

     Then Campbell called for an investigation of how his private e-mail ended up in the wrong hands.

     "He's very genuine. Not fake," said Meyers, the Twin Cities-based flight attendant. "If you ask him a question, he'll tell you the truth. He's the only one who the flight attendants truly believe is on their side."

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Raising expectations

     Northwest flight attendant David Barrow-West described Campbell as "very charismatic" and "really well-intentioned," but said he is guilty of raising unrealistic expectations among the rank-and-file.

     "It's easy to say, 'You deserve it. If you want it, you can have it,' " Barrow-West said. "He needs to balance that passion with a little responsibility."

     In 1996, Campbell ran again for base representative and was elected. By that time, he was deeply involved in Teamsters for a Democratic Union. He said he was attracted to the organization, which had a ramshackle office in Detroit, after an international Teamsters official in 1994 told him that elections often were fixed.

     "For a young person like him, he has gained a hell of a lot of experience in a hurry," said TDU leader Ken Paff.

     Campbell isn't shy about his TDU connection, even though it makes him a target of harsh criticism.

     "TDU wants this local and Danny is their boy. That makes him feel important," said veteran Northwest flight attendant Mollie Reiley, a former vice president of Local 2000. "I believe he was carefully coached by TDU on how to take apart a local union and that's what he's doing."

     When Campbell and Davenport ran on the same winning slate in 1998 for their current jobs, they unquestionably were supported by the TDU. To this day, the remnants of a TDU-inspired member-to-member communication apparatus known as the Contract Action Team are still in place.

     The Contract Action Team "turned the union into a union and Danny has been a real part of that, of involving people," Paff said. "Within that group, he's a very important spark plug."

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TDU influence

     Davenport acknowledges TDU's influence on her administration, but distances herself from the group.

     "He's closer to TDU," Davenport said of Campbell. "We adopted some of their philosophies and they were helpful, but we were not a TDU slate. I'm sorry, but we belong to the members."

     For his part, Campbell denies being a tool of the organization but clearly considers Paff a hero of the ***working class***. He said he was drawn to the group because of its commitment to democracy through rank-and-file empowerment and he has remained dedicated to stamping out what he considers "top-down" union leadership.

     "When I die, my headstone will read, 'Democracy is Power,' " Campbell said. "I think [the international union] sees democracy as being too close to anarchy."

     Paff said Campbell's commitment to democracy for members of Local 2000 was particularly apparent last year when Hoffa strongly endorsed the tentative contract agreement that Local 2000 negotiators, led by Davenport, had reached in June.

     "Most people would have caved to pressures to go along with Hoffa," Paff said.

     Instead, Campbell aligned himself with a well-organized group of rank-and-file volunteers who urged rejection of the deal. As the ratification vote approached in late August, Hoffa took a swipe at Campbell by appointing an independent election officer to oversee the balloting.

     Normally, Local 2000's secretary-treasurer would have been responsible for the process. But the general president, in a July 20 news release, questioned Campbell's objectivity and fairness.

     "The International will ensure that the process is fair and void of unscrupulous participants," Hoffa said in the news release.

     Campbell considered the release a smear. In his view, he has been the victim of questionable balloting, never a perpetrator. But he emerged from the scuffle with Hoffa with undeniable grass roots popularity on the strength of a 69 percent "no" vote on the proposed contract. Ever since, there has been talk of Campbell running for Davenport's seat as president. The election is in November and candidate slates will be announced over the next couple of months.

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Potential race

     "My decision to run will be based on whether they [rank and file flight attendants] want me to run," Campbell said. "It's whatever they want."

     Whether Davenport will run for re-election is not clear. Certainly her prospects for re-election will dim if her negotiating team reaches a second tentative agreement that is not acceptable to the rank-and-file. Regardless, she currently is in no mood to encourage Campbell.

     "I'm not campaigning for Danny," she said when asked to describe his positive traits.

     Davenport was angry when Campbell broke ranks with her to speak out against the tentative agreement. She maintains that Campbell was the only executive board member who didn't want the rank-and-file to see the proposed contract. However, Campbell says his opposition to distribution of the agreement was based on the fact that the executive board would not vote on the merits of the deal. The proposed contract went to flight attendants without a recommendation from the executive board.

     "If the executive board decides by a vote . . . you don't go out and start bashing your board or bashing your negotiations committee," Davenport said.

     Memphis-based flight attendant Randy Thompson, a former member of the union's negotiating committee, said Campbell's "willingness to turn against team members" is a serious flaw. When Campbell is on the losing side of any issue, he rallies union members to bring pressure on the leadership, Thompson said.

     "He wants to be in charge," Thompson said.

     Campbell is not on the union's current contract negotiating committee, and his influence on the seven-member executive committee that controls the union has been diminished by a 4-3 split. Davenport \_ who is chair of the negotiating committee \_ and three of her allies are in the majority.

     An obvious sign of the growing rift between Davenport and Campbell came last month when Campbell wrote a letter to Davenport, to "set the record straight" on Local 2000 communications that he believed put him in a bad light.

     One communication, a bulk e-mail to flight attendants, implied that as secretary-treasurer, Campbell had the power to control income or expenses of Local 2000. The power rests with the entire executive board, he wrote. The e-mail that offended him, written Feb. 11, noted that the local union was running a monthly deficit of $25,000 to $30,000 and said that an intense review of expenditures would take place.

     Meanwhile, Campbell is a key target in Northwest's lawsuit against Local 2000 and 21 individuals in the union who the company claims incited a sickout by flight attendants over New Year's. At the initial court hearing, Northwest attorney Timothy Thornton depicted Campbell as an architect of "guerrilla assault" against the airline and as the leader of union "radicals."

     Campbell's computers were among those searched by Northwest as part of the company's investigation of voluminous Internet communications that railed against the company, the international union and some Local 2000 officials, allegedly inciting a sickout.

     Though the lawsuit is on hold pending the outcome of contract negotiations, Campbell has described Local 2000's response to the suit as "humiliatingly weak."

     Campbell's friend Crabbe, the union base representative in Detroit, said the lawsuit is another indication that Campbell is viewed as a threat by Northwest, the international Teamsters organization and other leaders of Local 2000.

     "The fear is that he wants to run and be the next president," Crabbe said. "That's seen by them as very dangerous."

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Danny Campbell

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- Born: Portland, Maine; March 19, 1969

- Home: Bellville, Mich.

- Education: Windham High School

- Career: 1988-1989, flight attendant for Trans International Airlines; March 1990-present, flight attendant for Northwest Airlines; 1996, elected Local 2000 base representative in Detroit; 1998, elected Local 2000 secretary-treasurer.

- Hobbies: Human Rights Campaign Fund volunteer

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Teamsters Local 2000

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- President: Billie Davenport

- Secretary-Treasurer: Danny Campbell

- Membership: 11,000 Northwest Airlines flight attendants

- Contract status: In fourth year of unsettled contract negotiations

- Election of officers: Top officers stand for election in November. Slates will be announced over the next couple of months. Davenport has not said whether she will run again; Campbell may run for president.

- Lawsuit: Northwest has sued Local 2000, Campbell, Davenport and 19 other individuals for allegedly inciting a sickout. The suit is on hold pending contract negotiations.

- Union finances: Month after month of deficit spending expected to be an issue in November election.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2000

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[***Grand Met's boy wonder fills Pillsbury megajob***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5360-002B-H0YV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 9, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Monday profile; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1896 words

**Byline:** Tony Kennedy; Staff Writer

**Body**

He helped strike a major deal at age 33 that provided Grand Met with a pile of money, then he helped plot the hostile takeover of Pillsbury.

"Ian Martin was the general and I guess I was his first lieutenant," Paul Walsh said in an interview last week.

Now, at age 36, he has vaulted into Grand Met's No. 1 job in Minneapolis and his boy-wonder traits of boldness, curiosity and financial wizardry are slowly being revealed to the larger business community.

Martin was the proven senior executive and Grand Met board member who was dispatched to Minneapolis to run things during and after the takeover. At a purchase price of $ 5.8 billion, the acquisition in January 1989 was by far the biggest deal London-based Grand Metropolitan PLC had ever made.

Three years later, with 58 percent of Grand Met's sales and 52 percent of its operating profits coming from its U.S. companies, Martin has returned to London with a promotion to chief operating officer of the company and chief executive of the overall food sector at Grand Met.

With that much riding on North America, Grand Met had a megajob to fill.

Barry Gibbons, 45, was already in charge of Miami-based Burger King, which Pillsbury owns. He continues to report to Martin.

To head Pillsbury's food businesses, Alpo Petfoods and GrandMet Foodservice USA - which have $ 3.7 billion in sales - the parent company chose Walsh.

Tony Scherber, who headed up Pillsbury sales under Walsh before recently retiring, said there was never any doubt who would succeed Martin at the Minneapolis headquarters.

"You could say that after Paul put the deal together to buy Pillsbury, Ian gave it to him to run," Scherber said. "He said, 'OK, young star, you did good work. Now let's see if you can run it.' "

Tom Haggai, chairman of IGA Inc., one of Pillsbury's biggest customers, said, "I think you will see Pillsbury have glory days under him.. He's going to write his own chapters."

The prelude already has been penned. Walsh, who looks a little like singer Phil Collins, has a disarming frequent smile and his British accent is so thick it buries some of his words. But the accent, like Walsh, is unpretentious. The only thing regal about him are the initials embroidered on the sleeve of his starched shirt.

Walsh joined Grand Met in 1982 as a financial planner. By reforming the financial-reporting system in the brewing division, he captured the attention of Martin and Sir Allen Sheppard, chairman of Grand Met.

Martin said that what caught his attention about Walsh was in financial matters "he always goes for the jugular vein. He is tremendously focused on the issues at hand."

In 1987, with Martin heading up Grand Met's U.S. operations of Alpo and Pearle Vision Centers, Walsh joined him in Montvale, N.J. Martin also had responsibility for Inter-Continental Hotels Corp. and Walsh was assigned to study the future of that business. His conclusion was that it sucked up too much cash and was too costly to expand.

"If the company wasn't prepared to pay the price to grow it, then why not sell it?" Walsh said.

He handled the negotiations with a Japanese buyer and raked in more than $ 2 billion in net after-tax proceeds. As soon as he and Martin closed the deal in Tokyo, they hopped a flight to New Jersey. The next day, Oct. 3, 1988, they flew to Minneapolis and launched their tender offer for Pillsbury's stock. By January they were in control.

"Heady days. Great fun though," Walsh said.

Martin and Walsh had long considered Pillsbury the primary target for Grand Met's expansion into the U.S. food industry. But they kept mum about the company's intentions until the hotel deal was sealed. They feared Pillsbury would try to mess up the hotel sale as a takeover defense.

"There was the possibility Pillsbury would do mischief," he said.

Not more than six people inside Grand Met were part of the takeover team. Walsh's role was to provide the financial analysis and help arrange financing. The team obtained interest rate caps from lenders months before the Pillsbury purchase, which led to borrowing money below prevailing market rates.

"He is a wizard, absolutely, with finances," Scherber said.

In his new job, Walsh doesn't have as much responsibility as Martin did. Not only is Burger King out of his realm, but Walsh is quick to point out that he shares joint chief operating responsibility for Grand Met's overall food sector with Peter Thompson in Europe. Thompson has direct responsibility for Haagen-Dazs worldwide and food sector businesses outside North America.

Walsh has direct responsibility for the much bigger North American food sector business. Including Haagen-Dazs' U.S. and Canada sales, North America accounts for 71 percent of Grand Met Food Sector sales.

Walsh has been the top operating executive at Pillsbury since July 1990, but he wasn't named chief executive officer of Pillsbury until Martin returned to London.

Walsh is managing the business in the tough, profit-wringing tradition of Grand Met, but he has managed not to awaken the mistrust spawned among employees at the time of the takeover. (In Martin's first year, there were massive layoffs and critics said Grand Met espoused the philosophy of managing employees with "a gentle hand around the throat.")

In fiscal 1991, Pillsbury's operating earnings increased 30 percent from 1990, while advertising spending increased 18 percent. Under Walsh's stewardship, the company has partly retreated from the low-margin flour milling business and he has spearheaded a $ 140 million plant modernization program, which is designed to cut $ 30 million in costs annually.

Under Walsh's battle cry that "new products are the lifeblood of the food industry," Pillsbury rolled out 65 new offerings in fiscal 1991 and Grand Met Food Sector was named new product company of the year by Prepared Foods magazine. Grand Met also beefed up its food service business recently by paying $ 120 million in stock to buy the frozen products division of locally owned McGlynn Bakeries.

In a gutsy move, Walsh also severed a long-standing agreement under which Kraft Foods brokered Pillsbury refrigerated dough products. Pillsbury hired more than 200 additional sales people to fill the gap. A source said previous management was afraid to end the relationship because it would open the door for Kraft to compete against Pillsbury in that business.

Despite his obvious forcefulness, Walsh is admired for taking his own success lightly and listening to those around him. Even though the food business is relatively new to him, he has enough natural leadership ability to make him effective at the top of a company that is driven by marketing.

"He neither has an ego nor paranoia that makes him want to be center stage," IGA's Haggai said.

A source who knows Martin and Walsh said the local business community was quicker to warm up to Walsh. Perhaps that is because Walsh - unlike Martin - gets around without a chauffeur.

"Paul's the kind of guy you could go out and have a beer with," the source said. "Ian was a little stiff."

Walsh grew up as an only child in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Manchester, England. His father was a pipefitter-turned-CEO of a small engineering firm. "He was always inclined for me to go into that business, but in actual fact I was hopeless with my hands," Walsh said.

Not totally. In high school, Walsh was a three-sport athlete: soccer, cricket and rugby. He continued playing rugby while in college and he still plays a mean game of squash.

Larry Perlman, president and chief executive officer of Control Data Corp., said Walsh is still full of youthful curiosity. As a Control Data board member, for instance, Walsh visited the company's Arbitron division to satisfy his interest in the computerized ratings business.

"He's really a very incisive thinker," Perlman said. "He gets to know things very quickly."

Michael Wright, chairman, chief executive officer and president of Super Valu Stores Inc., said Walsh is a perfect fit at non-snobbish Grand Met.

"I would suspect he does not come from the English gentry," Wright said. "These guys, Ian and Paul, these are all pretty good guys who came up the hard way."

The company biography of Walsh identifies him as "a qualified accountant" who attended Manchester Polytechnic - not exactly Oxford or Cambridge. His first job was as an accountant at a factory in his hometown.

Not surprisingly, Walsh contends that success is open to anyone at Grand Met who can meet "really specific performance criteria." He said he got noticed by "generally making a nuisance of myself."

"The culture at Grand Met is very much about winning - taking bold strokes and setting yourself certain targets and then doing everything in your power to meet or exceed them," he said.

To get a sense of Walsh's boldness, imagine him revving up the twin 420-horsepower engines on his 34-foot cigarette boat and streaming off into the Gulf of Mexico from his vacation home on Marco Island, Fla. To sense his gift of curiosity, imagine him stopping the boat when he's miles out to sea and fiddling with a global positioning device that uses satellites to track a vessel's precise location on the ocean (within 10 feet.)

"If these are the things people like myself can buy, imagine what the Pentagon has," Walsh mused.

Financial wizardry? Try understanding that Walsh had a childhood weakness for calculus and trigonometry.

"I would happily sit down and do quadratic equations, but I would try and play hooky on history, reading and all the rest of it," he said.

That hasn't stopped Walsh from being well-rounded. For instance, as a member of the Greater Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, Walsh has been active on education issues for children.

"Our staff thinks he pretty much walks on water," Chamber President Connie Levi said. "He's a very charming guy."

Walsh said he likes the Twin Cities as a place where he and his wife, Nikki, can raise their 10-year-old son, Dean Paul. But it's anyone's guess how long they will stay. The winters are long, property taxes high and the Twin Cities is short of the kind of cultural diversity he grew accustomed to in cities like London and New York, he said.

"I've always traveled throughout my career," Walsh said. "My philosophy is that you go where the opportunities are."

Paul Walsh

Born/May, 1, 1955, Manchester, England

Family/wife, Nikki, a former flight attendant from Manchester he met in London. Son, Dean Paul, 10, a student at the International School in Eden Prairie.

Home/Orono, since 1989

Education/Manchester Polytechnic, 1977, accounting degree.

Career/Joined Grand Met in 1982 as financial planner at Watney, Mann and Truman Brewers. He was promoted to chief financial officer of the division in 1986. A year later he was named CFO of Grand Met's Inter-Continental Hotels Corp., which he helped sell in 1988. He was a key member of the Grand Met team assigned to acquire Pillsbury and he was named chief operating officer of Pillsbury after the takeover. He was appointed joint CFO of Grand Met Food Sector in June 1991 and CEO of Pillsbury in January 1992. He is a board member at Control Data Corp., Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce and United Way of Minneapolis.

Hobbies/Family, power boating, squash, water skiing, baseball fan, international travel, beginning golfer and former rugby, cricket and soccer player. Has vacation home on Marco Island, Fla.

**Graphic**

Photograph

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[***For better or worse;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47JW-9CF0-00J2-34WN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HE ROCKED US ALL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47JW-9CF0-00J2-34WN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In eight days, Gov. Jesse Ventura will leave office as the best-known Minnesotan in the world, after a riotous four years of controversy, publicity-seeking, outside moneymaking, tripartisan gridlock and, yes, governance.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47JW-9CF0-00J2-34WN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Unconventional by anyone's measure, Ventura was a walking enigma who delighted in leaving political opponents guessing, in confounding the experts, in serving as the state's top official while also advancing his private career and having, on most days, the time of his life.

     Who can forget a man who said he wanted to be reincarnated as a 38DD bra? Who joked that he knocked back late-night beers with President Bill Clinton. Who asked the Dalai Lama whether he had seen the movie "Caddyshack" and Fidel Castro whether he had had a hand in the JFK assassination. Who offended most everyone with his tirades, but who also delighted as many with his astonishing plain talk and candor.

    Along the way, Ventura named what many considered a stellar cabinet, signed into law billions of dollars in tax cuts and rebates, advanced light-rail transit, staunchly defended abortion rights and gay rights, and sparked interest in politics and government among young, disaffected voters.

   His status as one of the state's most unforgettable politicians is assured, and Minnesotans will be retelling and embellishing tales about him for years.

     And arguing about him.

     Many political scientists and government experts say Ventura will not be regarded as one of the state's greatest or even more significant governors. Light rail and rebates of surpluses, for instance, already were underway under Gov. Arne Carlson.

      "In terms of achievement, I think he'll be at the bottom of the pack," said Hy Berman, a University of Minnesota historian, who said Ventura was hindered by a lack of persistence, something that is nearly always required for lasting policy change.

      Some even contend that Ventura did real damage to the state's institutions, especially public schools, and its political culture because of his thorough contempt for the give-and-take of politics and compromise, and his head-long rush to make money for himself off the office.

     Others say Ventura simply cannot be measured by conventional yardsticks. He set standards for forthrightness, independence, courage and disregard for prevailing winds, things that Minnesotans might expect in some degree from future leaders.

     For instance, in the post-Sept. 11 stampede by politicians to require students to pledge allegiance to the flag, Ventura was steadfast in his opposition. Citing the pressure that could be brought on children who declined to participate, he vetoed the legislation, saying it amounted to "political posturing by politicians who want to do something to say, 'Look how patriotic we are.' "

      Ventura loved to zig where others zagged. A no-brainer for most pols is the obligatory Day of Prayer proclamation. Ventura refused and instead last year granted a request by atheists to declare July 4th "Indivisible Day." It was another classic Ventura moment, drawing outrage from many, praise from others and another round on national talk shows.

     But an increasingly harsh chorus of political observers say Ventura also remained obsessed with advancing his personal interests, refused to do heavy lifting for his Independence Party or his causes, and generally coarsened politics through bullying tactics and constant verbal abuse of his adversaries.

     "The notion of government by amateurs is going to haunt this state for a long time, simply because things got so out of hand," said Karal Ann Marling, a professor of popular culture at the University of Minnesota and student of the governor's transformation into an icon. "I think he really did make the case for the career politician."

Other governors

     Greatness lies partly in the eye of the beholder, but, so far, Berman and other Minnesota historians are not inclined to put Ventura in the pantheon of the giants.

     Among Minnesota's gubernatorial luminaries are Farmer-Laborite Floyd B. Olson, a fiery third-party populist who in the midst of the Depression established the state income tax and promoted an openly redistributionist New Deal ethic, aggressively challenging wealthy and business elites.

     Republican Harold Stassen, who served from 1939 to 1943, modernized and professionalized the state bureaucracy and later helped found the United Nations. Other Republican and Democratic-Farmer-Labor governors who followed Stassen gradually set up and improved the state's low-cost postsecondary education system and improved and humanized mental health care, among many other advances.

     DFLer Wendell Anderson (1971-76) birthed the "Minnesota Miracle," which raised taxes but revolutionized school funding and transformed the relationship between state and local governments, making the former a permanent equalizer of revenues among the latter.

     Ventura's immediate predecessors, Republican Carlson and DFLer Rudy Perpich, won smashing reelections, which ensured larger impacts. Ventura was cursed with a recession near the end of his term. As the economy slumped, so did his approval ratings, and he chose not to run again.

     Still, "he got more done than most," said U.S. Sen. Dean Barkley, who recruited Ventura for his 1998 run and who was appointed by him to serve out the late Paul Wellstone's Senate term. In addition to light rail and property tax reform, Barkley said that Ventura, despite four years in the white-hot glare of the national media, "left as he came in. The office didn't change him one bit."

     "He never succumbed to special interests; he never pulled his punches, and he always told you what he thought," he said.

     Some observers say that he might have a hold on a segment of the electorate for years to come and that he demonstrated political clout right to the end.

     Ventura's attacks on DFLers and their Wellstone memorial service late in the 2002 campaign may have been crucial in helping Republicans sweep to victory in the blue-collar northern Twin Cities suburbs, an area that was Ventura's 1998 stronghold, said Bill Morris, a political scientist at Augsburg College and a pollster.

     "Independent of the job as governor, he has an amazing impact on a segment of the populace that probably amounts to about 20 percent" and that includes "younger, unengaged voters," Morris said. "He is a force to be reckoned with. That's not to say he was an effective governor. . . . The kinds of monuments governors leave just aren't there with this governor."

Pop icon

      From the moment Ventura strode into his inaugural party at the Target Center clad in a do-rag and Zubaz and proclaiming that for one night, "The Body is back," he grabbed the spotlight and never let it go.

      Over his term, he became a ubiquitous pop culture icon. The image of his his bald pate and large body \_ his outstretched form served as the "T" in Minnesota on some state Web sites \_ became a trademark of Minnesota.

      Marling, of the University of Minnesota, said that to many, the election of this Porsche-driving, ranch-owning former Navy SEAL, former actor, former pink-boa-wearing wrestler somehow symbolized a triumph of the common man.

      "He seemed to stand for something wild and free, but ordinary, too, as though his plainspokenness and vulgarity signified something about the rise of the ordinary Joe," Marling said.

      Public fascination began with his sheer physicality. At 6 feet 4, 250 pounds and fluctuating upward often, Ventura doesn't stand in a room so much as he wears it, and throughout his term he struck many school-age children as a comic book figure come to life.

      "He's a bit of a strange-looking dude," Marling said, with a bald head "the size of the Kensington runestone and a body all stuffed into a suit."

      "He always looked like Clark Kent, about to stand up and all those buttons would burst and there he'd be in his boa," she said. He carried about him, she said, an air of explosiveness, of utter unpredictability that made him a compelling figure.

      Barkley said the secret of Ventura's appeal to the public lay partly in his speech \_ a fractured syntax that proved a humanizing element, softening his bluster and giving the average Minnesotan a chuckle with his morning headlines.

      Example: On the occasion of his first invitation to the White House, in early 1999, when he and First Lady Terry Ventura danced near President Bill Clinton and First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, Ventura mused about whether he should have cut in on the president: "Oh, what I shoulda did!"

      Ventura may have been a novice at navigating the terrain of state politics, but he was an undisputed master at keeping himself in the national eye. A frequent guest of Jay Leno's and David Letterman's and on "Hardball" and a host of other national shows, Ventura eagerly made the most of his new status. He filmed cameo movie appearances, played a corrupt governor on his favorite soap opera, "The Young and the Restless," and tried his hand as a football commentator for the bawdy, short-lived XFL football league.

      He wrote three books while in office, including a tell-all autobiography in which he claimed, among other things, that a Nevada prostitute paid him for sex. He was the subject of at least a half-dozen more books, a made-for-TV movie and a Broadway musical (which never got off the ground). His media interviews numbered in the thousands \_ with everyone from the London Times to Playboy.

      Uniquely and seemingly infinitely marketable, Ventura crafted a broad line of products that took in bumper stickers, T-shirts, action figures, bobbleheads, key chains and even car air fresheners.

      Much of the money made went to charity, but the profits were always secondary to the primary goal: keeping Ventura's name out there and his celebrity profile at its peak.

Trains and taxes

      By his own reckoning, Ventura's greatest legislative triumphs came in light rail and property taxes.

      He was not the first to promote light rail. Projects had already been formulated and federal funding was in the pipeline. But Ventura made the issue a centerpiece and fended off mighty opposition from Republicans. He insisted on state funding and won. He didn't get to ride a completed rail line \_ a goal of his \_ but the Hiawatha line is nearing completion.

      Ventura took full advantage of the state's then-flush economy by leading the charge for more tax cuts and rebates. Rejecting out-of-hand the property tax rebates that had been sent out for two years previously, Ventura in 1999 came up with an audacious idea \_ a rebate on sales taxes that would itself be untaxed.

      Until then, rebates were considered taxable. Sales tax rebates, by some quirk, were not. A nervous IRS unofficially signed off on the notion, other states scrambled to replicate the idea and Ventura scored another coup, dubbing the checks "Jesse checks."

      With a seemingly unerring ear for what would resonate with average Minnesotans, Ventura also pushed hard for a hefty cut in vehicle license tab fees. Though it siphoned money from the trunk highway fund used to repair roads and bridges, and its benefits were tilted toward those with newer cars, the tab fee reduction was a hit with most Minnesotans.

      Ventura then aimed for an overhaul of the state's tax system that involved extending the sales tax to services \_ a move praised by tax gurus and virtually no one else. That effort failed, but Ventura did manage a significant reordering of the property tax system that took basic K-12 education expenses off the local property tax.

      Unfortunately, the change came at a time when the economy went into a nosedive. The collapse of the dot-com industry, a pileup of corporate accounting scandals and the Sept. 11 attacks shriveled budget surpluses and left schools claiming that they had been shortchanged.

      Ventura took the school establishment head-on, accusing teachers of being concerned only with their salaries and benefits. That kind of defiance toward interest groups became a hallmark of his governorship.

Ethical matters

     No other governor had a more rightful claim to being clean and independent of the multitude of special interests deemed by many to be the biggest stain on U.S. politics.

     All politicians have to wrestle with the uncomfortable situation of having their campaigns financed by a set of groups that seek legislation and favorable treatment.

     Except for a few corporate contributions for his inaugural celebration, Ventura never took money from corporations, unions and other interest groups. He often bragged that he never even talked to lobbyists.

     Ventura supported major bills that would have removed much of the money flowing into campaign coffers from private interests and replaced it with public money. His allies on that cause often grumbled privately that he spent little effort selling that idea to the public or the Legislature.

     Despite a badge of honor on ethical matters, Ventura was under constant attack on another ethical front \_ using the office to make money for himself on the side \_ and it undercut his claim to being a white knight.

      Berman, who has specialized in studying Minnesota's political history, said Ventura will be remembered largely as a celebrity governor \_ "the only one I know who went into this office with the idea he was going to milk it dry, and he made no bones about it."

      Barkley said no one should have been surprised by the amount of time Ventura devoted to marketing his persona. The very identity of Jesse Ventura was a figment, a creation of James Janos, a ***working-class***, high school-educated kid from Minneapolis who, after leaving the Navy, took a new name and set about acquiring a taste for high living.

      "He was a self-promoter his whole life," Barkley said. "He built Jesse Ventura from nothing." When he became governor, Barkley said, Ventura "had a lifestyle that a governor's pay couldn't maintain. He found ways to make money while being governor, and I don't think it detracted one bit from his public agenda, where the state needed to go."

      Through book deals, a guest referee appearance for his former pro-wrestling outfit and taking another major job as a commentator for the failed XFL, Ventura earned undisclosed millions of dollars.

     Critics warned that the moonlighting was an outrageous exploitation of an office given him by the people and an egregiously improper use of the time and energy that other every other governor had devoted entirely to the job.

     Ventura charged taxpayers for his security on some of these ventures, provoking frequent criticism from Republican and DFL leaders that he was using public money to advance his own interests.

'I, me, my'

     A perception that Ventura was self-absorbed \_ and only minimally interested in the principle of public service \_ grew with each year in office.

     Letters to the editor of the state's newspapers often described him as an adolescent, a juvenile, a less-than-fully developed adult who had not outgrown a puerile selfishness.

     Ventura seldom threw himself into any of his professed causes. His own Independence Party colleagues grumbled that he did little to advance candidates or fundraising.

     "With him the underlying theme always seemed to be, 'What will it get me?' " said Steven Wagner, a political science professor at St. Cloud State University. "It was always 'my' governor's mansion, 'my' budget,' 'my' troopers.' 'I, me or my' preceded most of his announcements."

     Said Steven Schier, a Carleton College political scientist and commentator: "He entered as a breath of fresh air, and he lived up to some of that promise. On the other hand, his own temperament and desire for personal enrichment often got in the way. . . . He didn't study hard enough, which made him utterly dependent on an albeit very competent staff."

     One of the harsher verdicts comes from Larry Jacobs, a University of Minnesota political science professor and frequent political commentator, who said Ventura was "constantly distracted by his own personal life, his vanity and his vindictiveness."

     Jacobs is among those who suspects that Ventura did lasting damage to Minnesota's culture and institutions.

     "I wonder if at the end of the day, Minnesotans are less trustful of their government because for four years he railed against the very government he was in charge of. . . . He spent a lot of time taking down our institutions."

     A somewhat gentler assessment comes from Norm Ornstein, a native Minnesotan who is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, a think tank in Washington, D.C.

     "He was more of a curiosity than anything else," Ornstein said. "Nobody is going to rate him an unmitigated disaster. But if you're looking for governors who left lasting imprints, or altering things . . . he doesn't quite measure up."

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    \_ The writers are at [*rdsmith@startribune.complopez@startribune.com*](mailto:rdsmith@startribune.complopez@startribune.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

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[***IS BUSH OVERPROGRAMMED?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YHV-1B30-0094-535P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IF HE IS TO WIN, HE MUST DISTINGUISH HIS PRINCIPLES FROM MCCAIN'S***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YHV-1B30-0094-535P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

For several years, George W. Bush assembled a campaign apparatus capable of backing his candidacy with even more marketing power, relative to competitors, than Ford Motor Company put behind the Edsel. Now he has 13 days, until South Carolina votes, to prove that he is not, like that car, a product designed in disregard of changing market forces.

Tuesday night he began his concession speech gracefully but then lapsed into a reprise of the stump speech that had helped propel him to defeat. This deepened suspicions that he is overprogrammed because his managers worry that his education, political and otherwise, ended before he was quite full to the brim.

McCain showed a sharply contrasting nimbleness when he declared New Hampshire's result "the beginning of the end for the truthtwisting politics of Bill Clinton and Al Gore." That is precisely the right message for South Carolina, probably the state most contemptuous of Clinton.

For weeks some Bush advisers pre-emptively rationalized a New Hampshire defeat as a kind of ratification by inhospitable Yankees. That is, defeat would confirm their success in presenting Bush as a religiously devout, tax-cutting Southern conservative. And Tuesday night the explanation of defeat was that McCain had succeeded in adversely defining Bush's tax cut, but Bush will do better in South Carolina. Yet even if Bush had received all the votes that went to Steve Forbes, the candidate who most stresses tax cutting, McCain would still have won easily.

Conservatism is about responding prudently to scarcities, of resources and virtue. Today conservatives think the crucial scarcity is not disposable income, but the principles of political leaders. If Bush is going to win the 13-day fight for the right to define conservatism, he must distinguish his principles from McCain's.

It is passing strange to construe McCain's insurgency as an eruption of true conservatism against the liberal Republican establishment - another round in the recurring rumble that began in 1912, when the party split between conservatives and progressives. In 1912 McCain's hero, Teddy Roosevelt, ran a thirdparty campaign, guaranteeing the defeat of the conservative incumbent Republican president, William Howard Taft.

Yes, until 1964 - thank you, Arizona, for Barry Goldwater - the Republican establishment was the conservatives' problem. But since 1964 conservatives have been the Republican establishment. Yes, McCain, like Reagan, attracts Democrats. But Reagan Democrats were mostly ***working-class*** conservatives. McCain Democrats waver between him and Bill Bradley.

McCain's great goal is an unprecedented and probably (depending on which president nominates the next Supreme Court justices) unconstitutional regulation of political speech by individuals, candidates and independent groups. McCain wishes that much criticism of the political class were illegal: "If I could think of a way constitutionally, I would ban negative ads."

Bush's flaccid objection to McCain's campaign reforms - merely that they would hurt Republicans - is probably wrong and certainly is disgracefully indifferent to a fundamental constitutional value. That indifference suggests obtuseness or intellectual laziness, or both, and gives those conservatives who care most about constitutional questions no substantial reason to prefer Bush to McCain.

McCain says he approves of all the current Supreme Court justices who were nominated by Republican presidents. They include David Souter of New Hampshire, who probably would be no obstacle to McCain's plans for rationing political speech by restricting contributions to candidates and issue advocacy by private groups. Among those who sold President Bush on nominating Souter, a New Hampshire native, was then-Sen. Warren Rudman, McCain's foremost New Hampshire supporter.

Rudman, whom McCain suggests might be his attorney general, says that when he was a senator in 1991 he would have voted against the confirmation of Justice Clarence Thomas if his had been the deciding vote in the bitter confirmation struggle. ("Once it was clear that he would be confirmed, I made a political decision.")

Clearly there are ample things for Bush and McCain to fight about in this game of capture the flag of conservatism.

McCain, the happiest political warrior since Hubert Humphrey, has demonstrated a military acumen for maximizing the power of limited resources by concentrating them. His infectious campaign merriment, the reverse of Bush's riskaverse style, reveals a spiritedness that would not allow presidential power to atrophy through disuse.

Bush has shown an aptitude pertinent to the presidency by preparing a continental campaign. He is a baseball person, acclimated to the rhythm of a long season, in which even the eventual champion does a lot of losing.

Soon - perhaps in 13 days - we will know whether he is more like the current Yankees, immune to long slumps, or the 1951 Dodgers, remembered for losing a large lead and the decisive game.

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Yasser Arafat came to Davos this year, and there were two people he insisted on meeting with: Bill Clinton of the United States of America and Steve Case of America Online.

I never got to ask Arafat whether he thought Bill C. was more important than Steve C. After all, AOLTime Warner has a market value exceeding the gross national product of most countries Arafat deals with.

It's no wonder that when you ask White House officials what the president did in Davos, they say he had a few "bilaterals" - meetings with other heads of state and business. When I asked the spokesperson for one of the giant technology firms what the company's CEO was doing in Davos, the answer was: "He's holding bilaterals" with other heads of state and business. Every day the line between companies and countries blurs a bit more.

Get used to it. As the walls around the world disappear, companies can increasingly compete everywhere. And when you can compete everywhere, in many businesses you must compete everywhere. This is making companies bigger than ever, whether it is AOLTime Warner, or Exxon-Mobil or Microsoft. World leaders, investors and the media are naturally dazzled by the sheer size and power that some of these companies are amassing.

But what happens to democracies when companies grow to size extra-extra-large, in order to compete globally, but democratic regulatory institutions - like the antitrust division of the Justice Department - remain a size small?

At a press lunch in Davos, Bill Gates was asked how Microsoft could have hired lobbying firms to try to defund the Justice Department's antitrust division, when it had a case pending before the antitrust division. Flashing anger, Gates said this was "an outrageous characterization - it's untrue … The only thing that we ever spoke out on in terms of funding is P.R. funding."

The Justice Department, Gates said, shouldn't be leaking or promoting "negative activities against U.S. companies overseas. I wasn't involved in any of the specifics of that, but to characterize that as defunding … is an outrageous thing."

This answer was disturbing on two levels. First, the notion that it was OK for Microsoft to engage lobbyists even just to reduce the public relations budget of the Justice Department's antitrust division - while Microsoft had a case pending before it - suggests a moral obtuseness that is, well, outrageous.

Second, the antitrust division of the Justice Department has no P.R. budget! It has one spokeswoman assigned to it from the Justice's central office of public affairs, and her salary and related P.R. expenses are paid by public affairs, and they amount to roughly $ 100,000.

Yet, according to The Washington Post, Microsoft's lobbyists, and several nonprofit foundations Microsoft brought to its headquarters on an all-expense-paid trip, tried to get the fiscal 2000 budget for the Justice Department's antitrust division slashed by $ 9 million - from Justice's request of $ 114 million (a modest increase so it could hire more lawyers) down to $ 105 million (so it would have to cut back activities).

Microsoft wasn't trying to reduce the antitrust division's ability to engage in P.R.; Microsoft was trying to reduce its ability to engage in antitrust - in a year when there had been a 30 percent increase in corporate mergers. As The Post noted, while corporate lobbying over policies is normal, it is rather unusual for a firm "to seek an across-theboard cut in a department's budget, especially in the middle of a major court battle."

Old problem - dangerous new twist. America's antitrust laws were initially motivated by two concerns, argues the Harvard University political theorist Michael Sandel - preventing big monopolies from overwhelming consumers and preventing big business from overwhelming democratic government. Those laws first arose when businesses grew beyond the control of state and local institutions, and therefore some federal power was needed to rein them in.

"Now business is growing to global dimensions, but governments are still national - so government is again struggling to keep pace," observed Sandel. "In a world without walls, we are going to have to come up with new ways for government to rein in the power of global corporations, and prevent them from buying up democracy. Instead of just being dazzled by these mega-mergers, there should be a nagging voice in us all asking: Is democracy going to be bought up too?"

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In the 1980 New Hampshire primary, when Ronald Reagan was trying to recover from his defeat at the hands of George Bush in the Iowa caucuses, his handlers were worried that the age issue (Reagan was then 69) might work against him. Reagan press secretary Lyn Nofziger set out to combat the danger by referring to him, in conversations with reporters, as the "Oldest and Wisest."

I thought about that during the closing days of this year's primary, when it became clear that Arizona Sen. John McCain, the oldest man in the field at 63, was likely to be the winner. More than any single issue - even his favorite, campaign finance reform - what appeared to be powering McCain over Texas Gov. George W. Bush and three other Republicans was the sense of maturity he conveyed, the sense that he had been tested in life, had come to terms with his own strengths and frailties - that he is, in short, a grown-up.

This impression was confirmed by two findings in the exit poll. McCain received 55 percent of the votes in the half of the New Hampshire electorate who said personal qualities were more important to them than any issues. Among the issue-oriented voters, he still led, but received only 42 percent of their votes.

The exit poll found that the qualities New Hampshire voters said were most important to them were standing up for one's own beliefs and being a strong leader, and McCain received an astonishing three out of five votes from people who focused on those characteristics.

But the most convincing proof of the dominance of the character issue came here, the day after the primary, when I visited with a group of juniors and seniors at Milford High School. I had met their teacher, Dave Alcox, early in January and he had invited me to visit his constitutional law class, the state champions in the annual "We the People: Citizens and the Constitution" competition, designed to foster students' understanding of the basic principles of our system of government.

Three of the nine class members I met in the school cafeteria had turned 18 and voted; the others also had been following the campaign with interest. None of them thought any of the candidates had particularly addressed issues of concern to young people. But still, almost all of them said, it's important to them who becomes president.

"A president can't automatically get all his policies," said Shaula Clark, "because they have to pass through Congress. But the reason the presidency was created was so everyone could have a figurehead - not like a king or queen but somebody that everyone can look to for direction, almost a morale booster, someone that everyone can identify with. Kind of a role model, who influences people's attitudes."

Then, speaking of McCain, she said, "He seems flexible [in his personality], but he has real principles. He's not just going to tell people what they want to hear."

Classmate Vanessa Chretien said, "I like to watch the candidates' composure in debates." She mentioned the moment when Alan Keyes asked McCain a question about what he would do if his teenage daughter were contemplating an abortion, and McCain, visibly fighting back his anger, said he was "not going to bring my family into this.' " "I liked that," Chretien said.

By contrast, Abby Parker said she and others in the class had gone to see Bush with his parents at a final-weekend rally, and were disillusioned by the candidate's all-toobrief remarks. "All he [the governor] said was, "Hi. Here's my dad. I'll do a good job because he did.' "

That rally, which could have been the high point of Bush's campaign, left many others in the big crowd unsatisfied; their comments conveyed a sense of unfulfilled expectations, a sense of incompleteness in the candidate himself. Bush is only 10 years younger than McCain, but their life experiences have been so different they seem a generation apart.

After the past seven years with a president of remarkable ability but stunning immaturity when it comes to personal conduct, voters are understandably determined to assure themselves the next occupant of the Oval Office is someone with demonstrated self-discipline. I have long believed that the character question would be more important in the presidential election of 2000 than it was in the 1998 congressional races - even though the impeachment controversy was then at its height. And that is proving to be the case.

New Hampshire Republicans and Independents have made McCain their choice, but many more states are still to register their views. Like these bright high school students, the voters are carefully weighing which of these men the country could look up to and respect as its president.

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George F. Will is a syndicated columnist for The Washington Post. Thomas L. Friedman is a foreign-affairs columnist for The New York Times. David S. Broder is a syndicated columnist for The Washington Post.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Kevin Frayer/Associated Press: SAVE OF THE DAY/New York; Rangers goalie Mike Richter, who will play for the North America team, slides; out of the net to make a save on 6-year-old Luke Esposito - the nephew of; Vancouver Canucks center Mark Messier - during practice yesterday in Toronto.

**Load-Date:** February 9, 2000

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[***Democrats woo middle class to try to win back white voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-53C0-002B-H13W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** News; CAMPAIGN COVERAGE; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2105 words

**Byline:** Tom Hamburger; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Washington, D.C.

**Body**

When Patrick Buchanan attacked affirmative action last month at the National Conservative Political Action convention in Washington, no group reacted more boisterously than the visiting students from Ohio State.

"This is going to play big on our campus," said a white undergraduate woman, applauding and whistling long after Buchanan finished his speech. "We are sick of being discriminated against in everything. We are losing out in admissions, scholarships and even hiring dorm counselors. The other candidates aren't talking about it. Pat is."

The students' anger over affirmative action reflects longtime white voter discontent with government policies on race-related issues. And Buchanan is one of the first candidates to take on the issue directly.

Although most of the 1992 presidential candidates aren't talking about race so openly, it lies at the center of all of their campaign strategies.

The reason is simple: Race-based appeals win votes. In 1988, when George Bush made an issue of the prison furlough of a black rapist, Willie Horton, his ratings soared.

Race pervades nearly all major issues of the campaign, from the economy to crime, education and trade. And candidates have found it useful to send race-loaded messages when discussing these issues.

The power of race explains, in part, why the Democratic candidates now are embracing the middle class so eagerly. They calculate that the middle-class motif can help them win back white voters who have defected in the past two decades to Republican presidential candidates. And they hope it will help them avoid being tagged exclusively as advocates of minorities and the poor.

The change in the rhetoric and approach of Democratic candidates has led, understandably, to disenchantment among black voters. But Democrats apparently are willing to pay the price. Some say the party's survival is at stake.

As political writer Peter Brown described it in a book released last fall: Democrats are in danger of becoming a "minority party . . . that will not win any presidential elections" unless they deal with the alienation of middle-class voters on issues related to race.

Brown, several political consultants and a Washington writing team, Thomas and Mary Edsall, made separate investigations of the exodus of white voters from the Democratic Party during the past two decades. Their dire conclusions for Democrats have received close attention from party leaders and have influenced this year's campaign.

The Democrats, they argue, have been losing white votes because the party is too narrowly based to form a majority coalition and too identified with minorities and special interests. Through unquestioning allegiance to civil rights nostrums and pressure group agendas, Democrats have become the party of taxes and big government in the eyes of voters, they write. And nowhere is this more evident than in policies that are related to race: school busing, welfare, crime, affirmative action and redistribution of income.

The books have drawn criticism from the left, but the analysis has been widely accepted by the political establishment.

Louisiana Sen. John Breaux, who once led the Democrats' Senate campaign committee, puts the dilemma as bluntly as any elected official: The party's problem is "that it's not getting enough white votes."

It's not surprising then that the candidates aren't focusing on the underprivileged or the needs of U.S. cities. Discussing the needs of city dwellers translates as catering to blacks. And that, Democrats have learned, means losing white suburban votes.

In 1984, polls showed that when Walter Mondale mentioned his theme of "fairness" during the presidential campaign, traditional white Democrats translated that as advocacy of income transfers to minorities. And they voted for Ronald Reagan.

In his book "Minority Party," Brown cites poll data from 1984 showing that "the middle class no longer saw the rich as the enemy. They saw the black underclass as the enemy."

To return voters to the Democratic fold, the authors contend that the party must no longer ignore the concerns of white, ***working-class*** voters and should stop dismissing those concerns as solely racist.

They argue in favor of seeing those alienated white voters as sincere, earnest and sometimes thoughtful on the issues of race - and fault Democrats for not addressing their concerns directly. Specifically, they say Democrats must confront the issue of preferential treatment for minorities.

Lawsuits forcing the hiring and promotion of minorities, the Edsalls write, have been "driving a wedge between formerly Democratic white workers and black . . . competitors." This aspect of affirmative action has pulled apart former allies in the Democrats' once-dominant New Deal coalition, the Edsalls say in their book "Chain Reaction: The Effect of Race, Rights and Taxes on American Politics."

Polls show that most whites have become advocates of racial equality (a change from the 1960s) and favor aggressive enforcement of civil rights laws. And they show that most Americans endorse some form of compensatory action to help disadvantaged groups, such as Head Start, job training and special education programs.

But a large majority of whites and more than one-third of all blacks draw the line at preferential treatment, suspending standards and adopting quotas or other devices that favor citizens on the basis of the color of their skin or their membership in a group. White voters believe that the playing field has been leveled and is now being tilted against them.

The most recent Star Tribune/WCCO-TV Minnesota Poll found that 62 percent of those surveyed believe giving preferences to qualified blacks is wrong because it discriminates against whites, while 23 percent favored preferential treatment.

With the exception of Buchanan, most of the candidates have evaded substantive discussion of the issue of preferential treatment - and so it festers. As a result, coded messages are substituted for real debate. And Americans are treated to the visceral politics of Willie Horton ads.

This year's code from the Bush campaign centers around racial quotas. Bush charges that the Democrats are "pro-quota" and that he is not.

To see why white Democrats were deserting the party in such great numbers, the Michigan Democratic Party decided in 1985 to hire prominent pollster Stan Greenberg. In Macomb County, Mich., a mostly white working- and middle-class community, Greenberg developed an understanding of what happened to what was once a Democratic stronghold.

In 1964, 74 percent of the county went for Lyndon Johnson. In 1968, only 55 percent went for Hubert Humphrey because George Wallace received about 15 percent of the vote. Since then, Macomb has gone overwhelmingly Republican in presidential elections. In 1984, Reagan received two-thirds of the vote. Bush received the same margin in 1988.

Greenberg, who is now a campaign consultant to Arkansas Gov. Bill Clinton, concluded that Democratic voters were going Republican "because the Democratic Party was preoccupied with the needs of minorities."

The Democrats were seen as offering no benefit to the middle class. "They no longer responded with genuine feeling to the vulnerabilities and burdens of the middle-class person."

Greenberg's language was blunt and his report produced extended controversy among state and national party leaders.

"These white Democratic defectors express a profound distaste for blacks, a sentiment that pervades almost everything about government and politics," his report said. "Blacks constitute the explanation for their vulnerability and for almost everything that has gone wrong in their lives."

He wrote that white voters in this representative county "reject absolutely any notion that blacks suffer special circumstances that would require special treatment by employers or government. There is no historical memory of racism and no tolerance for personal efforts to offset it."

Brown and the Edsalls read the report and found a gloomy message for the party of the New Deal. But Greenberg found hope - and a plan to get Democrats out of their presidential election rut.

Greenberg found that only a few of the alienated Democrats he studied in Macomb spoke positively about Republican values. Their move to Republican presidential campaigns developed from the sense that Democrats had failed them.

The new Republican coalition found unity in wanting to reduce social spending for the poor and reversing affirmative action, Greenberg said. But "they agree on little else," including the environment, government spending levels, holding down the minimum wage, Social Security and trade issues. These, suggested Greenberg, provide opportunities for Democrats.

To answer the concerns of the alienated middle class, Greenberg last fall called for Democrats "to rediscover broad-based social policy that sends a larger message: Democrats are for 'everybody,' not just the have-nots." His strategy for the party appeared in an article in the American Prospect, a journal of liberal political ideas.

Democrats, he said, "need to defend social insurance programs that reach the lower and middle classes rather than constructing safety nets that protect only the poor. Safety nets, however fiscally appealing, represent bad politics and a moral trap that ultimately separates the poor, as well as Democrats, from a majority coalition."

Democrats have become identified so much with failed social welfare programs that they are seen as no longer sharing middle-class values of hard work and family, he said.

Clinton, apparently seizing this, has been an outspoken advocate of welfare revision and requiring welfare recipients to find work and "take responsibility" for themselves. In doing so, he has broken a taboo in place since the 1960s that kept Democratic presidential candidates from criticizing welfare recipients.

Mondale has declined to talk about the effect that race may have played in his loss to Reagan in 1984. But at a recent Mondale policy forum, he offered some remarks, tinged with sadness, over what has happened to the civil rights revolution.

"We put together a coalition based on the removal of discrimination that captured the imagination of the American people," he said. "We claimed the moral authority and we were working together so that it was a win-win argument. We were all going to be better off.

"Then I watched all that turn sour. And I watched politicians almost have to decide, 'Are you going to run the black road or are you going to run the white road?' . . . What had been a sense of joy became a poison."

Breakup of the Democratic coalition

How issues of race and class broke the Democratic Party's New Deal coalition in presidential elections:

1948/ The issue of race breaks the Democrats' lock on the South when South Carolina Gov. Strom Thurmond (now a Republican senator) leaves the party to run for president on the States Rights ticket. With a segregationist platform, he carries Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and Alabama.

1964/ Barry Goldwater defines the Republicans as anti-civil rights with his opposition to the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and becomes the first Republican since Reconstruction to carry Southern states. And he does it with healthy majorities: Mississippi, 87.1 percent; Alabama, 69.5 percent; South Carolina, 58.9 percent; Louisiana, 56.8 percent, and Georgia, 54.1 percent.

1968/ Richard Nixon and George Wallace together collect 57 percent of the vote and set the framework for Republican success for the next 20 years.

1972/ The Republicans learned from Wallace how to reach Democratic voters. Speaking against school busing, liberalism and welfare, Nixon wins an overwhelming victory over George McGovern.

1976/ Jimmy Carter wins in the afterglow of Watergate, but conservatism is building.

1980/ Ronald Reagan is elected president with an assault on programs serving the poor. The Carter-Mondale ticket receives 26 percent of its votes from black Americans. The Reagan-Bush ticket receives 1 percent.

1984/ Reagan expands his base among white Democrats in his race against Walter Mondale by asserting "middle-class values and goals" and opposition to "reverse discrimination." The electorate is polarized along racial lines like never before.

1988/ The Bush campaign deploys symbols designed to reinforce the perception that Democrats are associated with crime, welfare, urban squalor and an eroding work ethic. White suburban and middle-income families go heavily for Bush.

Source: "Reaction: The Effect of Race, Rights and Taxes on American Politics" by Thomas Edsall and Mary Edsall.

**Load-Date:** March 10, 1992

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[***Division in Decatur Reporter sees a changed hometown in visit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XX0-6RR0-007M-42PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 14, 1999, Sunday, Lake

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**Section:** News;

**Length:** 2018 words

**Byline:** Amy Carr Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

DECATUR - I hadn't been back to Eisenhower High School since my graduation in June 1985.

Under normal circumstances, my return might have served as a chance to step onto the basketball court and get a good chuckle thinking about the pompom routines I performed there so many years ago.

It might have been the perfect chance to probe my favorite teacher, Mrs. Kistler, about all the good gossip she gleaned from those intimate journals she made us keep for a "creative writing assignment."

At the very least, I could have checked out my old locker to see if I had left any Jon Bon Jovi posters behind.

Of course, there was nothing "normal" about the Eisenhower I visited this week or about the circumstances surrounding my return to Decatur.

My school and my hometown are in the midst of a full-fledged crisis, and everyone, it seems, is watching.

Thousands are expected at today's march protesting the local school board's decision to expel six black students involved in a melee in the stands during a football game on Sept. 17. A seventh student involved in the fight withdrew from school before being expelled.

The "Save the Dream/Leave No Children Behind March" is intended to be a peaceful one, says Jesse Jackson, who has led the fight to get the students reinstated in the school. But with reports that the Ku Klux Klan and white supremacist Matt Hale intend to make appearances, city officials are bracing for what could be yet another explosive day in this typically quiet town.

What started as an issue of school policy seems to be escalating into something far greater. An 82 percent white community already depressed by years of labor disputes and high unemployment now finds itself gripped with racial tension that many fear could linger long after Jackson and the throng of national media have gone home.

"They have a way of stirring things up, and then they leave and we'll be left to deal with it in the community," says Randy O'Loughlin, a Decatur construction worker.

Race is being discussed a lot these days in Decatur, but most will tell you that isn't typically the case. That's true, to a point.

In all my years in Decatur, I never saw anyone wearing a white hood, and, most people I knew rarely even talked about race. That's not to say no one ever tossed around offensive racial slurs, but, for the most part, the subject worked its way into conversations in far more subtle ways.

There were neighborhoods whites didn't go to because "the blacks lived there." And there were the not-so-subtle nuances that popped up in commonly used phrases like, "I'm not racist, but ..." and "Some of my best friends are black, but ..."

The talk wasn't much different during my visit this week.

"Go talk to people at the mall," someone advised me, "although you'll probably get mostly Caucasians there."

"This may sound racist and I'm not," a 16-year-old girl clarified. "But (the students) did get in a fight and, if they were white, Jesse Jackson wouldn't be here."

It doesn't seem to matter how many times Jackson and the school board say this is not an issue of race. Throughout the community, the subject is more and more becoming a matter of black and white.

People talk about it in the donut shop across from the odoriferous A.E. Staley soybean processing plant, and it's all the buzz on the local radio station, W-SOY. You can hear it in the parks and at the water coolers.

Talking often can be healthy, but in a town where people try not to talk about race, all this new dialogue can be a scary thing.

"Some attention needs to be brought to the city because there is prejudice in this city and we've been hush-hush about it," says Shona Patterson, who works at the popular Del's Popcorn Shop downtown. "I'm really scared about the white supremacists. We, as a community, need to quit being one-sided."

\* \* \*

Nowhere was this racial tension more visible this week than at Eisenhower itself.

I arrived at Eisenhower Wednesday to find a building that more closely resembled a walled compound than the school I so fondly remembered.

White supremacist threats had prompted school officials to close all three Decatur high schools on Monday and Tuesday. By Wednesday, school was back in session for a half day, but no one was taking any chances.

In the morning, more than 60 police officers lined up - one every 8 feet - across the school parking lot. Students were forced to show photo IDs to get inside the building. No one was allowed to go to the bathroom during class and extra monitors patrolled the hallways to make sure no one was out of place.

When I tried to enter the school later that afternoon, I was greeted only by a series of locked doors. Padlocked chains wrapped around barbed-wire fences blocked access to the football field and rear doors to the school.

Students, who saw me as a reporter, not as an alum, stood at the windows yelling, "Go home! Go home!"

There was a brief glimmer of hope when Mrs. Baldwin, my former gym teacher, stepped out from around the corner. She smiled, said she remembered me and then apologized, saying she couldn't help me get in the school. Seconds later, she was escorted away by a security guard.

This was not the school I remembered.

It's not the school 17-year-old Jason Williams remembers either - and he's a student there now.

The two-year expulsion and the school board's zero-tolerance policy toward violence may show the world that Decatur isn't going to stand for disciplinary problems, but Williams says this is the first he and other students have heard about it.

"Eisenhower wasn't that strict. They are trying to be strict now. They are trying to act like they are strict and that's why they expelled those kids and it wasn't like that," Williams says. "They act like we are Columbine High or something. I think all this focus on Eisenhower is going to spark something to happen."

Many local residents support the school board and its zero-tolerance policy.

"People say this isn't Columbine," says Sarah Johnson, 32. "Well, they're right, but I don't want it to be either."

All the attention on the expulsions is stirring up new problems and giving people a false view of Decatur, says John Sherrerd, a 16-year-old junior at Eisenhower.

"Every little town has violence," he says. "The news is making it seem like we're a suburb of Chicago. We're not. We're just Decatur, Illinois, and nobody knows where we are."

\* \* \*

To clarify, Decatur is smack-dab in the center of Illinois. Located roughly 180 miles south of Chicago, it's doubtful even the most optimistic urbanologist would ever classify the city as a suburb of anything.

Decatur has been in the news before. There was the price-fixing scandal at agri-business giant Archer Daniels Midland in 1996 and, of course, the prolonged labor disputes at Caterpillar, Firestone and Staley in the early 1990s.

Some say Decatur gets a bum rap because it's only in the news when something goes wrong.

"We have a lot of good things in Decatur that no one ever talks about," says Lou Ann Jacobs, a former city council member. "We have a lot of good kids here."

Others say the negative publicity is well deserved.

"Decatur is not a very friendly town to be in," says Steve Spears, who is 24 and unemployed. "The job situation here in Decatur has got everybody here on edge."

The job situation is better than it was in the 1980s, when the city posted double-digit unemployment rates. But at 5.6 percent, Decatur's unemployment rate still outpaced the state's 4.6 percent average last year.

There may be jobs, but high-paying jobs are getting harder to come by. Fathers who retired early after putting in their 30 years at Caterpillar now worry their sons will never be able to retire comfortably. New technology has made many factory positions obsolete and organized labor has lost some of the power it once had.

Growing up, we talked endlessly about getting out of Decatur. Chalk it up to small-town angst or to actual problems in the city, but we all wanted to leave.

I left, and so did many others. In the 1980s, 10,000 people bailed out of Decatur, reducing its population to roughly 84,000.

The talk of leaving hasn't changed, says Conrad Sims, a 32-year-old United Parcel Service employee.

"Everybody wants out," he says. "I've been waiting 12 years for a driving job that pays $ 50,000. That would be good money around here. I just didn't think I'd have to wait 12 years to get it."

Like other cities, Decatur has wrestled in recent years with a growing gang problem. It's the "gang-bangers," locals say, that drove police to put an end to a Decatur tradition: cruising Eldorado.

Eldorado (pronounced El-dor-RAY-do) is the main drag through town. In its hey-day, teens found ridiculous amounts of pleasure in driving up and down the strip and, occasionally stopping in a parking lot to hang out. People did it for years, but police finally cracked down.

"We used to grab a six-pack and sit in a parking lot on Eldorado and wait for people to come by, but you can't do that anymore," says Jason Largent, 23. "Now people drive around drinking and driving."

Jackson maintains that it was this fear of gangs that prompted many locals to rush to call the Eisenhower fight a "gang-related" incident.

People saw a group of black youths in a fight and assumed it was a gang, an assumption Jackson says simply isn't true.

\* \* \*

Some of this fear of crime and unemployment angst has always been there. It's merely more pronounced today.

Some say the same could be said about racism in Decatur.

"It's always been here. It's just building up," says Michael Fonville, who is black. "It hasn't been a problem recently, but this might stir things up."

Fonville supports Jackson's efforts to get the seven students back in school, but such support seems heavily divided along racial lines.

"I don't think he had a right to come in and disrupt Decatur the way he has. I think he's upset the whole system here," says Ann Kramer, a white grandmother, as she enjoyed a smoke and a cup of coffee at the C & L Donut Shop. "He needs to leave Decatur alone."

It's a popular sentiment at the heavily blue collar donut shop, waitress Kim Douglas says.

"(Customers) don't like Jesse Jackson. They want him to go back to Chicago," Douglas says. "Now the KKK is talking about coming here. (Customers) like that idea."

Jackson says he isn't in Decatur for popularity points and he continues to maintain that the issue is not about race.

"Some people are glad we're here. It depends on who you are talking to," Jackson says. "The parents of the students seem to be delighted we're here."

School officials already have reduced the expulsions to one year and agreed to let the students attend alternative school in the interim. But Jackson and state schools Superintendent Glenn "Max" McGee continue to push for a further compromise under which an independent review panel would evaluate the students' performance at an alternative school in January to determine if they could re-enter the school system.

Jackson is adamant the students be evaluated individually and not as a group.

Many people passed judgment on the teens after seeing a videotape of the fight and hearing that the students collectively missed more than 350 days since they've been in high school. But Jackson contends it's wrong to judge the entire group based on the actions of a few, and points out that one of the students is co-captain of his school's basketball team, maintains a 3.5 grade point average and is on track to receive college scholarships.

"The state and federal government have a real obligation to intervene and make sure (the students) are protected and the people of this community are protected once we are able to lance this boil," Jackson says, "because it is not an issue of black and white. It is an issue of wrong and right."

Regardless of who is right and who is wrong, one thing remains certain: The people of Decatur just want things to be "normal" again.

"We all would like it to get back to normal - whatever normal is," says Debbie Helm, who operates a mobile sandwich trailer outside the Staley plant. "Normal is pretty nice."

Amy Carr is a features writer who lives in Carol Stream.

**Graphic**

Amid a crush of media, the Rev. Jesse Jackson leaves a press conference in Decatur. While the expelled students attended a Rainbow-PUSH Coalition rally in Chicago, Jackson said he hopes the Decatur school board will resolve the issue this weekend and accept a plan by the state school superintendent to allow the students to attend alternative school. Daily Herald Photo/Bill Zars decatur-4ne1112decbz The odoriferous A.E. Staley soybean processing plant is a key employer in ***working-class*** Decatur. But unemployment continues to plague the city. decatur-6ne1112decbz Some Decatur residents say they want Jesse Jackson to stay out of the town's business. Others welcome him. decatur-9ne1112decbz Decatur teens John Sherrerd, left, and Jason Williams say fights have always been a fact of life at their school, but the penalty has never been as severe as that recently meted out by the school board. Daily Herald Photos/Bill Zars decatur-8ne1112decbz Waitress Kim Douglas, left, pours coffee for Ann Kramer at the C & L donut shopin Decatur. Douglas says customers want the Rev. Jesse Jackson to leave town. Daily Herald Photo/Bill Zars decatur-12ne1112decbz Eisenhower High School in Decatur was open for just one day last week, amid concern about the expulsion of six students followed by a two-day scheduled holiday. Daily Herald Photo/Bill Zars GRAPHIC: The events in Decatur

**Load-Date:** November 17, 1999

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[***NINE HOURS OF 'UTOPIA';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47CP-09B0-0094-554B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***STOPPARD TRILOGY SCORES A TRIUMPH, BUT MAGGIE AND JUDI ARE DAMES AT SEA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47CP-09B0-0094-554B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** CHRISTOPHER RAWSON, POST-GAZETTE DRAMA CRITIC

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Theater here is like an abundant English trifle, composed of so many flavors and textures that every mouthful offers something new. On the recent Post-Gazette Show Plane visit, I helped myself to as much as I could, which, with the aid of a couple of trilogies performed at unusual times, added up to 11 plays in six days.

That's what a drama critic does, of course -- stock up on experience to broaden knowledge of theatrical history and possibility, including keeping up with new and established playwrights and actors. As to plays, London is one of the main suppliers of the theatrical pipeline which leads (usually via New York) to Pittsburgh.

But the pipeline is rarely direct. I review plays in London not because these same productions will come to Pittsburgh, nor because Pittsburghers are likely to see them in London or, later, New York (though many do). But the plays themselves eventually do come here, staged by Public, City, Playhouse, Quantum, colleges or Little Lake.

And, of course, London is one of the world's great theater centers. What happens there is news.

With more than five dozen plays to choose from, you can't expect a pattern. But this trip did have one. After a day spent at the National Theatre with the largesse of the Tom Stoppard trilogy -- three separate plays taking nine hours, with an average of 30 actors per play -- the rest of the time I saw mainly two-handers. The players were generally special, including Maggie Smith-Judi Dench, John Hurt-Penelope Wilton and Woody Harrelson-Kyle Mac-Lachlan, but still, it was as though the massive Stoppard undertaking had sucked up so much energy that two-character plays were the only alternative.

There's also an object lesson there about the risk-averse finances of commercial theater compared to the publicly supported National.

And an artistic lesson, too. Some of these other plays, even by great playwrights, were disappointing. That's news, too.

That said, we begin …

David Hare, "The Breath of Life"

Biggest stars first: A play starring Dames Maggie Smith and Judi Dench is news, and David Hare is prolific and estimable. It was he who sent Dame Judi to Broadway a couple of years ago with "Amy's View"; he was there himself recently in his own one-man account of the Israeli-Palestinian tragedy, "Via Dolorosa"; and his considerable three-decade record includes "Plenty," "Racing Demon" and "Skylight."

It's a track record to command respect, if not perhaps affection, so I'm diffident about my judgment that "Breath of Life" lacks exactly what its title names -- the zest that should give it life. Aside from the laudable aim of putting these two wonderful actors on stage together for the first time, what willed "Breath of Life" into being? It's an encounter between two women in their 60s connected only by a man who has left them both -- one his wife, one his mistress, although you may not guess which was which. The post-mortem creeps along, sparked by gradual revelations but with little dramatic conflict between these two women in the here and now.

What there is in Howard Davies' production seems generated mainly by Smith and Dench's powerful stage intelligence. Smith has the better of it, snapping off cynical insights, though her jabs at America don't seem to fit a character whom you'd expect to be wary of facile wit. It feels like Hare talking. But it's not as bad as fitting Dench to a role that asks for upper-middle-class conventionality. She's like a great runner forced to walk, bristling with muscles she cannot use.

At times, they sizzle -- how could they not? But the play never achieves necessity. Perhaps, freed of acting brilliance in a subsequent production, patterns and themes will emerge, making sense, for example, of the Gauguin theme of the poster -- more than the obvious sense of the Gauguin quote used as epigraph in the text: "Life being what it is, one dreams of revenge."

For now, one sees the play for its actors -- and who would pass that up?

At Theatre Royal, Haymarket, through Dec. 21.

Brian Friel, "Afterplay"

Here is a greater playwright in a minor vein. "Afterplay" has a touching premise but little more. Two Chekhov characters -- Andrey Prozorov, the hapless brother in "Three Sisters," and Sonya Serebriakova, lovelorn niece to "Uncle Vanya" -- meet 20 years later in a seedy cafe. Very tentatively, in 70 minutes, they strike up a small friendship. We can guess how their lives have changed, post-Revolution. And that's it. John Hurt and Penelope Wilton play with great sensitivity, but it is a very wispy thing.

To do Friel credit, he wrote it to go with either of two other Chekhov adaptations, "The Yalta Game" and "The Bear: A Vaudeville." With that intended companionship, it might resonate more.

At Gielgud Theatre.

Tom Stoppard, "The Coast of Utopia"

That's the end of the bad news. The Stoppard trilogy is a triumph -- smart, expansive, rich in discoveries about the past and lessons for the present, clever, full of heart. Nine hours about 19th-century radical Russian intelligentsia are not going to have wide appeal, but Stoppard is a wonderfully resourceful and inventive playwright whom one follows wherever his questing mind takes us. He's like Sondheim, his work often proving caviar to the general but essential manna to his devotees.

I chose to see the three plays all in one Saturday at 11, 3:15 and 7:30, but I wish I'd had the leisure to see them spaced apart, the better to absorb their wisdom and history. Stoppard focuses on an interlocking crew of Russian opponents of the medieval autocracy of the czar, most of them landed aristocrats (who else had the resources to live in exile and keep struggling?). Central are eventual anarchist Mikhail Bakunin; critic and journalist Vissarion Belinsky; compassionate, pragmatic philosopher Alexander Herzen; and novelist Ivan Turgenev.

In "The Voyage," set in Russia, 1833-44, we meet the hopeful young men and their families. Stoppard creates one of his time-bending structures: Act 1 is at the Bakunin estate, 1833-41, where the men keep taking refuge to debate, while Act 2 is in Moscow and St. Petersburg, 1834-43, filling in the events about which we heard earlier. Bakunin consumes philosophies like tea cakes; his father represents dying 18th-century liberalism; and the nonaristocratic Belinsky is the hero.

The other two plays proceed chronologically. "Shipwreck" covers 1846-52 and is set in Russia, Germany, Paris and Nice. The emergent central figure is Herzen, deliciously nondoctrinaire in a time of fanatically evolving doctrines. The great event is the failure of the Europewide revolutions of 1848, especially in Paris. "Salvage" covers 1853-65 and is set primarily in London, where Herzen establishes his extended family and hosts radicals, revolutionaries, emigres and nostalgics of every stripe.

However moved to bring Russia out of medieval obscurantism into the modern West (a project paralleled today!), these men mix strength and folly, like any others. By play's end, Russia has at least freed its serfs (just about when America freed its), but we see the new, hard young men who will lead to the actual Russian Revolution still 50 years in the future.

Magician Trevor Nunn marshals the vast resources of the National's Olivier Theatre, especially a gigantic curving rear wall on which designer William Dudley projects video scenery, for an epic full of intimate detail. This matches Stoppard, who writes at such length because he balances the sweep of international ideas and events with personal lives. He must, because that is Herzen's humane legacy: To ground politics in real life.

"Utopia," of course, means "no place." I take it that Stoppard's overall title alludes to this, to Russian history (where the drive for a warm-water port long determined foreign policy) and to Shakespearean romance ("The Winter's Tale" invents a coast for Bohemia, which has none), all suggesting the impossibility of grand dreams that must be dreamed nonetheless.

Oddly, from an American perspective, America never enters the story, even though we are also the philosophic heirs of this tumult, brought to our shores by the waves of immigration that followed the post-1948 crackdown. But if anyone does this astonishing trilogy, it will be American colleges and maybe an occasional festival that can sell it as an event.

At National Theatre through Nov. 23.

Caryl Churchill, "A Number"

This mercurial playwright goes from strength to strength. "A Number" has a bitter sci-fi feel, like her previous "Far Away" (only now getting its New York premiere), but that is political, this, personal. Salter, a man in his 60s (the rumbling, powerful Michael Gambon), has a series of scenes with his son (Daniel Craig), who has just learned that he was the result of cloning. But was he the original or the copy, and how many are there?

Salter shifts and evades, but as the son leaves and re-enters, we gradually meet three of "him" -- the original, 40, who was mentally disturbed and institutionalized; the one, 35, who thought himself Salter's "real" son; and another, also 35, representative of who knows how many more. Stephen Daldry directs a gripping 65 minutes, thoughtful, moving and deeply disturbing.

"A Number" is the marquee attraction in the Royal Court's main house, but as part of a Churchill festival it was accompanied by earlier and smaller pieces. I saw two: "Identical Twins" (1968) and "This Is a Chair" (1997). "Identical Twins" is a clever 50-minute piece, parallel autobiographies by twin brothers that are intriguing and then tragic. Teddy and Clive speak sometimes in unison -- a creepy effect, with the name of the other brother breaking the unison flow -- and sometimes not, their views and experiences sometimes opposed but always intertwined.

"This Is a Chair" is a bleak, Pinteresque acting exercise less than 15 minutes long -- seven crisp scenes in which banal, insidious sketches of real life are played against projected titles that speak portentously of globalization, animal rights, climate change and the crisis in the Middle East. The banal exposes the emptiness of the inflated rhetoric, but those global issues also reveal the cosmic presence in the banal. Splendid.

At Royal Court through Nov. 16.

Nicholas Wright, "Vincent in Brixton"

Pittsburgh makes travel richer, and vice versa: This new play by Nicholas Wright ("Mrs. Klein," "Cressida") is all the richer as a bookend to Steven Dietz's new "Inventing Van Gogh," recently at City Theatre. Whereas that explored the last few months of Van Gogh's life, this shows him at 20, when he lived in London for two years as a salesman in his family's art dealership, well before turning painter himself.

Wright has mastered the evidence of Vincent's letters to Theo and imagined a plausible affair of the heart, fitting it neatly into what is known. We see Vincent in his boarding house in Brixton, a ***working-class*** suburb, among his landlady, her daughter, an earnest young working man and Vincent's sister, who arrives from Holland to check up on him. Although the play never stirs deeply, it is unfailingly interesting, with a touching eccentricity that seems to emanate directly from its unconventional hero and from the sensitive National Theatre staging by Richard Eyre. Young Dutchman Jochum Ten Haaf is an awkward, thorny Vincent, and Clare Higgins a feeling, emotionally shaded landlady.

At Wyndhams Theatre.

Martin McDonagh, "The Lieutenant of Inishmore"

What a tonic! You may know the young McDonagh from "The Beauty Queen of Leenane" or "The Cripple of Inishman," but not even their grisly, anti-romantic humor prepares you for the gothic black humor of "Lieutenant." The setting is one of those sweet, peat-soaked cottages out of Synge or John B. Keane, inhabited by an inoffensive old man and a feckless youngster, but the action is wildly funny revenge, love, death and dismemberment. The title character, who serves in a splinter of a splinter of the I.R.A., has a terrible temper, so when his cat is killed, others must also die to placate his wrath -- and all, according to some merciless logic, so that Ireland can be free! Add an equally amoral young woman and the result is a rollicking, blood-soaked satire.

At Garrick Theatre.

John Kolvenbach, "On an Average Day"

My rule is not to see American plays in London. (Not that even God could possibly get a ticket to Glenn Close in "A Streetcar Named Desire.") I broke the rule for this new play by a young American because it was one of the few shows running on Sunday, but I'm glad I did. The British critics might condescend to it as a "diaper play" (what they consider America's dramatic obsession with dad), but I'm an American and it worked for me. Woody Harrelson and Kyle MacLachlan are long-separated brothers -- Harrelson the twitchy one facing trial for assault, MacLachlan is the calm one who seems to bring succor. But he is deeply neurotic, too, and what he brings is his own deep despair. As they argue over the legacy of Dad, there are specific parallels to Shepard, Miller and O'Neill -- all the greatest diaper dramatists -- but Kolvenbach and his actors make you care. There's even a glint of hope at the end.

Just closed: America should see it soon.

If you go

The best way to buy tickets in advance is direct from the theaters, to avoid the sizable fee tacked on by ticket brokers. To phone England, dial 011-44 followed by the area code (e.g., for central London, it's 20, not the 020 listed).

The best Web site for the West End (London's Broadway) is [*www.officiallondon*](http://www.officiallondon) theatre.co.uk. There's an even more comprehensive list of plays with capsule reviews in the weekly "Time Out," available from Borders bookstores and elsewhere. Both list phone numbers. The National Theater's Web site is [*www.nationaltheatre.org.uk*](http://www.nationaltheatre.org.uk), and the Royal Shakespeare Company's, [*www.rsc.org.uk*](http://www.rsc.org.uk).

You also can wait until you arrive, since few London plays sell out in advance as hits do in New York. There's a half-price ticket booth centrally situated in Leicester Square, open at noon for matinees and 2:30-6:30 p.m. for evening shows.

The Post-Gazette has two London theater tours most years, a fall Show Plane and a smaller Critic's Choice Tour in the spring (this year, March 1-8). For details, call 412-441-3131.

**Notes**

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**Graphic**

PHOTO: Ivan Kyncl: (For two photos) Tom Stoppard, above, wrote "The Coast of Utopia," three sequential but self-contained plays that include "Voyage," now at London's National Theatre. As "Voyage" marches through time, the audience encounters the Bakunin sisters, portrayed by, clockwise from left, Lucy Whybrow, Eve Best, Anna Maxwell Martin and Charlotte Emmerson.

PHOTO: Ian West/Associated Press: Dames Judi Dench and Maggie Smith in a rehearsal for David Hare's "The Breath of Life," before it opened Oct. 15 for a limited run at the Theatre Royal Haymarket in London.

PHOTO: John Haynes: Brian Friel's "Afterplay" stars Penelope Wilton and John Hurt as characters from two different Chekhov plays who strike up a friendship. It's playing at the Gielgud Theatre.

PHOTO: Alastair Muir: "Vincent in Brixton" by Nicholas Wright stars Jochum Ten Haaf as Vincent Van Gogh at age 20, when he lived in London for two years, and Clare Higgins as his landlady. It's at the Wyndhams Theatre.

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[***RENDELL FINDS BROTHERLY LOVE IN PHILADELPHIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:471X-0930-0094-52FR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** JAMES O'TOOLE, POST-GAZETTE POLITICS EDITOR

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**Body**

Ed Rendell is charging across the Ritz-Carlton lobby, late, as usual, for a fund-raiser upstairs.

They're holding the elevator for him, but he doesn't hesitate to accommodate a woman who asks him to stop by the table where a group is celebrating her mother's 65th birthday. Under the lobby's vast Romanesque dome, he walks over with a broad smile and a line of shameless Blarney.

"They told me that someone was celebrating a 65th birthday. That can't be right. No one here looks anywhere near 65."

The Main Line matrons swarm like a Brownie troop on a Back Street Boy.

"Oh, look who it is!"

"It's wonderful to see you, mayor."

"Can we get a picture with you?"

They love the guy.

A few hours earlier, and a few blocks away, Rendell was ambling across Logan Circle, at the head of the city's annual Puerto Rican Day parade. As he carved figure eights in the air with a small Puerto Rican flag, he tried to coax a cheer out of the crowd.

"I'll say 'Viva;' you say 'Puerto Rico,' " he instructed.

"Viva!"

"Puerto Rico!"

"Viva Ed Rendell," one parade-goer shouted.

"Keep it up; even the Republicans are going to vote for you," said Ken Reimer, a Republican from the city's Fairmont section.

To follow Rendell across the city he governed for eight years is to confirm the towering poll numbers that are the foundation of his bid for governor. In this city and in its suburbs, he is immensely popular.

That's how he was able to win the Democratic primary in a landslide despite losing most of the state to Auditor General Bob Casey Jr. His lead in this race against state Attorney General Mike Fisher, portrayed in every published poll, is similarly grounded in his support from those who have watched him -- live at 6 and 11 -- during his term in city hall and the years he served as district attorney before that.

Beyond its effect on the political arithmetic of the race, Rendell portrays his mayoral record as evidence of the soundness of the policies he says he would bring to state government. Among the central questions about Rendell as a potential governor are these: Just how good a mayor was he, and to what extent is it reasonable to see Philadelphia's past as Harrisburg's future?

Dire straits in Philadelphia

During a debate in Wilkes-Barre last week, Rendell displayed characteristic confidence in dismissing the state's fiscal problems as "nothing" compared with the budget crisis he overcame in Philadelphia. At one level, that's true. Despite a looming deficit, Pennsylvania is not, as Philadelphia was, on the verge of bankruptcy. Its bond rating, unlike Philadelphia's, is still safely above junk bond status.

But as bad as Philadelphia's budget crisis was, Rendell was able to approach it with some tools, including the leverage provided by a state-created fiscal oversight panel, that he would not have if elected governor.

Rendell promises, among other things, to reform the state's school funding system, shore up its prescription drug program for the elderly, and balance the budget. While he's offered some specific plans for how those big-ticket goals can be accomplished, for the most part, he's asking voters to trust him -- to trust, based on his record in Philadelphia, that he'll be able to manage his way to a more efficient government.

Rendell's first term, chronicled in Buzz Bissinger's highly praised book, "Prayer for the City," was dominated by his struggle to resuscitate a city "that people were ready to measure for a body bag," Rendell said. The city had been losing jobs and people for four decades.

When he captured city hall on his second try in 1991, the city was on the verge of bankruptcy. Rendell was staring at a deficit of than $200 million, even though his predecessors had raised taxes 19 times in the previous decade.

Recalling those days in a recent speech before a group of city managers, Rendell said he had to tell Philadelphians, "Hey, they screwed this baby up even worse than I told you during the campaign."

His first year, 1992, was dominated by acrimonious confrontations with city unions who were being asked to tighten their belts to help the city return to solvency. In addition to financial savings, the Rendell administration aimed at regaining management control over its workforce in a city where, according to one oft-repeated horror story, the changing of a light bulb at the Philadelphia Airport came under the jurisdictions of three separate unions.

"I made it clear that work rules, management rights, were as important to me as wages," Rendell said.

The results of the negotiations were contracts with initial wage freezes, then modest increases in later years. Workers gave back holidays. The city's health care costs were cut. No workers already on the payroll suffered wage cuts, but salaries were reduced for newly hired police and firefighters. Coupled with management initiatives, including privatization of a variety of city services, Philadelphia managed to balance its budget by the end of Rendell's second year in office.

Back in the black

Rendell was praised for achieving the grail of solvency, but he also earned enemies.

"He came in with a superb set of advisers and his own ability to really understand the implications of the fiscal issues," said Anita Summers, an emeritus professor of public policy and management at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, who was an occasional adviser to the Rendell administration. "He had the ability to see what had to be done if the city was not going to be excluded from Wall Street."

Frank Rizzo Jr. a Republican councilman and the son of the late, legendary Mayor Frank Rizzo, doesn't begrudge Rendell credit for righting the city's finances, although he insists that other politicians might have done as well.

"The city was in very bad shape, we all know that," said Rizzo. "Rendell surrounded himself with very competent people and he did well. Ed Rendell has to be thanked for what he did in Philadelphia but don't forget, the city's problems were obvious. I think a Mike Fisher, or someone like my father, could have done a good job under the circumstances, too."

While nudging the budget into the black, Rendell was eventually able to shave a few tenths of a point from the city's wage tax. He did support increases in two other taxes, a hotel tax earmarked to support convention business and a tax on liquor sold by the drink with the proceeds going to the city's strapped school system.

Rendell contends that even the city workers who took part of the burden of the return to solvency approved of his overall approach. He cites exit polls that showed that a majority of those workers voted for him in his 1995 re-election victory. But some union leaders were less forgiving.

Bissinger recounts a meeting in August 1992, in the midst of the city labor negotiations, when a group of national labor leaders, including former United Steelworkers President Lynn Williams and Thomas Donahue, the secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO, traveled to Philadelphia to attempt to pressure Rendell into a more conciliatory line in the negotiations.

In telling them why he felt he could not, Rendell said, according to Bissinger, "We are losing our middle class, our ***working class***, to other places. We have to increase our tax base or we are finished. The city will become Detroit without the automobiles."

Ed Keller, the president of the statewide American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, cited those negotiations as his union took the unusual step of endorsing a Republican, Rendell's opponent, Fisher. Keller said he would never forget, "what Rendell did in 1992."

The head of Philadelphia's Fraternal Order of Police, Richard Costello, displayed a similarly long memory on a recent afternoon as he endorsed Fisher in a news conference a few blocks north of city hall.

Now Fisher, a former prosecutor with a long track record on crime issues, would have been a plausible candidate to be endorsed by the group in any case, but Costello made clear that this was payback time against Rendell.

The former mayor, he charged, had "total disrespect for police." As evidence, he offered the demonstrably untrue assertion that Rendell had never visited police officers wounded in the line of duty. "Prayer for the City," opens with one such visit. The day after Costello's news conference, The Philadelphia Daily News printed a photograph of Rendell leaving the hospital after a similar visit.

Rendell gets a better reception elsewhere in this city.

On a Sunday afternoon, he's strolling through South Philadelphia's Italian Market bustling with shoppers and tourists.

"Hey Ed, Ed. Look where I'm wearing you," a young woman calls out from the sidewalk. She turns halfway around to display two Rendell stickers affixed to the denim stretched taut over a healthy derriere.

Laughing, he says, "You're going to get me in trouble."

Munching on a bowl of meatballs, Rendell is touring the market with Councilman Frank DiCicco, who backed Casey in the primary but who extols Rendell's record now.

"His administration really revitalized the city, including the neighborhoods like this," DiCicco said. "He helped us get the sewers, the new electric and now we have the new canopies [over the food stalls and shops]."

DiCicco is rebutting one of the frequent criticisms of Rendell's tenure here -- that he may have brought development to the business and commercial precincts of Center City but at the cost of neglect of the city's neighborhoods.

That's a case that Fisher makes relentlessly, as Casey did before him. Fisher has argued that an anti-blight program and a war on abandoned cars pressed by Rendell's successor, Mayor John Street, are evidence of needs that Rendell failed to address.

"All those abandoned cars didn't show up the day Street was sworn in," Fisher has observed.

Street rejects that characterization of the record of the mayor, with whom he forged a partnership in his prior post as city council president.

"That's unfair; that's not right," Street said of the GOP criticism as he marched not far from Rendell in the Puerto Rican Day parade. "When Ed Rendell came in as mayor and I was council president, the city was in crisis. It took us four or five years before we could get to the point where we would even have a capital program. … Ed Rendell did what the people wanted him to do. He balanced the budget and revitalized the city. Ed Rendell had a different mandate than I do."

Street argued that Rendell's support in the neighborhoods belied the charges of neglect.

"The proof of the pudding is in the tasting," he said. "In the northeast, almost every ward leader was against him [in the primary against Casey.] He carried every ward."

The other major line of attack on Rendell's record involves the still-woeful condition of the Philadelphia school district. Rendell argues, accurately, as far as it goes, that test scores went up in early grades during his term in office, and that full-day kindergarten came to the district on his watch. But neither he nor anyone else would argue that the test scores, still among the lowest in the state, are adequate. The financial problems of the district are inarguable, but Rendell contends that the financial situation is not just a Philadelphia problem but a statewide issue with nearly a third of the state's 501 district also facing deficits.

The Wharton School's Summers, who thinks Rendell was a superb mayor overall, concedes, "He was slow to pick up on education. Once he did, he did well, but it came late in the game."

Relentless salesmanship

So what does this overall record suggest about how Rendell would perform if elected governor?

On one key proposal, a plan to increase in the state's share of school funding, he's asking voters to invest a big share of trust in his management ability. To come up with the estimated $1.5 billion he would need to fulfill his plan, he's relying on $500 million from legalizing slot machines at racetracks. He says he's confident that he can capture the remaining billion -- not to mention whatever he would need on top of that should the state's deficit persist -- through the kinds of management saving he achieved in Philadelphia.

Rendell acknowledges, however, that he doesn't know where those savings would come from.

"I can't know that until I get in there," he said recently, "but it's there; believe me, it's there."

One thing he would not have in Harrisburg to provide negotiating leverage is the Pennsylvania Intergovernmental Cooperation Authority, the state-created board that began to oversee Philadelphia's finances shortly before he took office. The authority put the state's credit behind the city's debt. It also required the city to come up with a plan to cure its structural deficit, creating pressure for reform akin to the leverage the International Monetary Fund applies to third world debtors.

"One thing Ed Rendell had as mayor that he would not as governor, is PICA," Edward Turzanski, a professor of political science at Philadelphia's LaSalle University. "That was a very effective tool in getting concessions from labor unions and others. The city of Philadelphia, as Rendell found it, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania are different in the amount of fat that can be pared away without affecting performance," said

Summers said Rendell's ability to get things done in Philadelphia was abetted by its strong-mayor form a government.

"He had the ability to work skillfully with council, particularly with John Street, but at the state level, you've got the whole Legislature. That's a much more diverse group, representing much wider constituencies. [Rendell's] negotiating skills will stand him in good stead, but it's a more difficult challenge from that standpoint."

Summers, in a point echoed by other observers of Rendell's mayoralty, said that other skills that would be transferable from the Delaware to the Susquehanna are Rendell's energy and salesmanship.

"He's relentless," said Turzanski. "Like him or dislike, he was everywhere. He's hands-on; he'll be promoting the state nonstop."

Before Rendell took office, City and State Magazine said that Philadelphia's finances were in the worst shape of any of the nation's large cities. This summer, Governing, another publication that scrutinizes local governments, rated its overall fiscal and management condition as a solid B. The decades-old hemorrhage of jobs from Philadelphia continued through Rendell's first years in office, but by his second term, the city was adding jobs for the first time in years, many of them in the new hotels and office projects attracted to a revitalized Center City.

Rendell was less successful in reversing its population slide, however. While Center City and some other neighborhoods saw growth, census figures showed that residents continued to move from the city throughout the 1990s.

Another quality that Rendell will carry to whatever role the future holds for him is confidence. As he spoke to a meeting of municipal managers gathered in the city's glittering convention center, chief among the myriad construction projects that were a hallmark of his administration, he told the officials, "I got a lot of credit for what we did in Philadelphia, and, truth to tell, I deserved a lot of credit."

**Notes**

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[***'SAINT PAUL SUNDAY MORNING';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6KV0-002B-H4CW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***McGlaughlin's mix of casual style and classical music makes show a hit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6KV0-002B-H4CW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Fourteen years ago, Bill McGlaughlin ushered members of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra into a cramped studio and tried to explain the concept behind his new radio show, "Saint Paul Sunday Morning."

"We're playing chamber music in people's living rooms," he said. "It's Sunday morning. They're still in their bathrobes. After we play, we talk. That's about it."

"Saint Paul Sunday Morning" is now the most popular classical music show on radio, running on 223 stations and reaching an estimated 600,000 listeners.

McGlaughlin's chamber-music-in-bathrobes speech helps define the style of the show but hardly explains why the world's greatest concert virtuosos, from baritone Thomas Hampson to pianist Garrick Ohlsson, flock to St. Paul in midwinter for minimal fees just to gab on a public radio show that plays Sunday mornings - as early as 7:30 a.m. in California.

On one gray day in mid-February, the great cellist Lynn Harrell and the young Russian-born pianist Yefim Bronfman, who already has been compared to the young Arthur Rubinstein, nervously tuned up in front of microphones in Minnesota Public Radio's Studio M (full name: the Maud Moon Weyerhauser Studio).

Suddenly McGlaughlin, bearded and dressed in casual striped shirt and workaday slacks, bounded in, threw his arms around Harrell, then Bronfman, and exclaimed, "My dear, dear friends. How good to see you again!" Both beamed, relaxed and fell under the spell of McGlaughlin's outgoing charisma.

These two virtuosos had traveled long distances to reach downtown St. Paul, and this clearly was more than just another radio show to them. To Harrell, "it's nothing less than the foremost radio show of this generation." And the main reason, Harrell acknowledged, is the musical embrace of McGlaughlin.

"Bill's on our wavelength," said Harrell. "My colleagues all feel he's created a wonderful, warm, down-to-earth program while maintaining very high standards. He knows how to bring the most out of us, conversationally and musically. Bill inspires us."

That's the informal "Bill," not the formal "William." When the 51-year-old McGlaughlin (Mic-glock-lin) stands in front of his own orchestra, the Kansas City Symphony, which he's conducted for nine years, he will be decked out in full formal dress, honoring symphonic tradition. But one suspects he rips the tux off as soon as the last bow is taken, in favor of more contemporary, utilitarian gear. He's known around KSJN for wearing wild Hawaiian shirts during his radio tapings. Definitely an unsartorial Bill.

Vocally, too, he's Bill. No polished, classical deejay voice here. Certainly no concert-world British elegance or Germanic rumble. McGlaughlin is Philadelphia through and through, his talk fast, clipped and edgy, his language riddled with hipster's jive - it's a "gig," never an engagement, a musician has "chops" and a cadenza can be "cool."

McGlaughlin sends most classical music stereotypes reeling, which seems as refreshing to his listeners as to his guests.

The show - which in the early days featured local groups and "our house band," the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, of which McGlaughlin was associate conductor - has reached a point where producer Mary Lee is besieged daily by managers trying to get some of the greatest classical musicians of our time onto the show - any time. It can mean a lot to a performer, a prestigious show gobbled up by those classical music fans who buy records and attend concerts and find McGlaughlin's blend of informed enthusiasm, musical erudition and hail-fellows-well-met bonhomie captivating.

It's an unlikely success story. At a time when classical music radio increasingly is adhering to a top-100 mentality, "Saint Paul Sunday Morning" presents meaty and not always easy repertoire. On this day, Harrell and Bronfman toss off such things as the rare Sonata for Solo Cello by Hindemith along with the Sonata in G minor for Cello and Piano by Rachmaninov and Schumann's fascinating Arabesque for piano.

McGlaughlin's response to each piece is typical, a hushed "Magnificent," an enthusiastic "Marvelous!" an unbelieving "WOW!" He can gush (for which he gets the most criticism), but it's not faked. McGlaughlin is a true enthusiast, a fan, and he goes with his untempered primary responses.

Of course any boob can get on radio and go adulatory, strewing "marvelous" and "fantastic" all over the floor. McGlaughlin doesn't stop with enthusiasm. He's also curious, a prober and a teacher.

Without using a musicological word, McGlaughlin and guests can poke around in the music, marveling over compositional tricks, figuring out why it works so well, and make you see it with fresh excitement.

Harrell and Bronfman lay down a daringly dynamic version of Beethoven's Sonata No. 5 for Cello and Piano and soon they're discussing Beethoven's friendship with a French cellist, the Congress of Vienna and Metternich, how an "ugly" line of pianism (Bronfman's word) plays into the agonizingly beautiful melody on the cello and how the final movement goes beyond romantic and becomes "Cubist, like Picasso, but written in 1815" (Harrell's observation). It's dizzying, dazzling but never pedantic as personal passions bound into ideas and push toward revelations. (This show will air April 2 on KSJN, 99.9 FM, in the Twin Cities.)

McGlaughlin, especially, loves that kind of discussion, linking Beethoven with the modern. He delights in programming contemporary music that the conventional wisdom says is suicide on radio. The program even has commissioned three works: a piano quartet by Aaron J. Kernis, a harpsichord sonata by Kenneth Frazelle and, coming up, a work for string quartet and bass by a special McGlaughlin favorite, virtuoso double bassist Edgar Meyer. Meyer has played with jazz groups and The Chieftains, as well as the Emerson String Quartet, with whom he will premiere the new work May 14.

McGlaughlin, the oldest of six kids in a ***working-class*** family in Philadelphia, certainly didn't set out to become a musician. "I didn't know what being a musician meant," he said.

He came to music late. He fiddled with the piano and trombone in high school, but at Temple University he began to take education classes. He began studying trombone with Henry Charles Smith of the Philadelphia Orchestra (who later was a longtime associate conductor of the Minnesota Orchestra) and soon was doing freelance work with other symphony musicians and filling in with the orchestra. At 23 McGlaughlin became a full-time member under Eugene Ormandy's leadership.

Along with his other activities, he did some teaching in local parochial schools. "They didn't have money for music so they'd pay us a few bucks. I led a high school glee club and marching band. It was perfect; they couldn't play, and I couldn't conduct. We were made for each other. I still hate marching bands with a passion."

Friendships with William Smith, associate conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and with William Steinberg, under whose baton McGlaughlin played with the Pittsburgh Symphony for six years, piqued his interest in conducting, though he had no academic credentials in the field.

"I was watching the best," said McGlaughlin, "but realized if I wanted to conduct I'd have to create my own orchestra." He did that in Pittsburgh, pulling together a bunch of young players and inexperienced kids and calling them the Pittsburgh Camerata. That was the extent of his background when he applied to become Exxon Arts Endowment conductor with the rebuilding St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, then a hot property under new, dynamic conductor Dennis Russell Davies.

"There I was, with all these guys with master's degrees in conducting from Juilliard, auditioning for Dennis," he recalled. Davies, who shared McGlaughlin's love for casual clothes and modern music, told him his baton technique wasn't sophisticated but that he had a good ear for music. And he hired him. McGlaughlin stayed from 1975 to 1982, through the first two years of Pinchas Zukerman's tenure. Both Davies, as pianist, and Zukerman, as violinist, have been frequent visitors on the show.

In the Twin Cities, McGlaughlin learned his conducting craft and also valuable lessons on management (he was on the board of the new music group Zeitgeist and the University Film Society), how to raise funds, how to deal with boards, what made education programs effective and what didn't, all skills that put him in good stead when he took over in Kansas City.

The orchestra had gone out of business in 1982 and restarted from the ground up but was being resisted by Kansas Citians. McGlaughlin's outgoing charisma, infectious enthusiasm and ability to explain, illuminate and communicate music of all kinds is credited with turning around the orchestra.

It's McGlaughlin's sincere love for and curiosity about all kinds of music that make "Saint Paul Sunday Morning" so different. A program of medieval music easily could be followed by the Modern Jazz Quartet or Thomas Hampson singing Stephen Foster or Peruvians playing traditional instruments. McGlaughlin delights in presenting music about which he knows nothing so he can learn about it with his audience.

"I just ask them to play it, then tell me what it's called," he said. "It's about hearing, and we try to help people hear more. It's fascinating to me, like having a huge choice of ethnic restaurants. It makes you aware of the global village and the extraordinary range of sounds out there."

Each show is as spontaneous as it can be. Nothing is scripted. McGlaughlin even makes it a point not to see his guests until show time, "because when you do, they tell a great story and when you ask them to retell it on the air it sounds self-conscious and artificial," he explained. "We aren't actors."

The hardest part is when musicians get nervous about playing and talking. "I don't know what it is," said McGlaughlin, "some left-brain/right-brain stuff, maybe, but playing and talking come from a different part of the soul. It's highly personal and idiosyncratic. I think it helps that they're being interviewed by a practicing musician who can recognize the subtle, spectacular things they do. I can use insider knowledge to open them up."

McGlaughlin, who, along with producer Lee, decides on guests, has rejected some because he felt they would be too stiff. He won't say who he's kept off, but will say who he'd like to get: "Alfred Brendel, though to do so we may have to tape in Europe, and Gidon Kremer, who's so busy, and Martha Argerich and the tenor Peter Schreier."

He'd be excited by those guests, but then, he's usually excited by his guests.

"Some days I can't believe I'm doing this," he said. "My god, the Emerson Quartet, the Guarneri Quartet, and this kid from Philly is sitting next to them! Sometimes I can't believe I really get paid to sit and talk with these guys. It's just unbelievable."

Bill McGlaughlin

Age/ 51. Born in Philadelphia, the oldest of six children.

Residence: Kansas City, Mo.

Family/ Divorced; daughter, 30, computer graphics artist, Washington, D.C.; son, 28, marine biologist, Santa Cruz, Calif.

School: Temple University, bachelor's and master's degrees in music, emphasis on trombone performance.

Past work: Associate conductor of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra from 1975 to 1982. Also was a trombonist with the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Pittsburgh Symphony, and conductor of the Eugene (Ore.) Symphony, the Tucson (Ariz.) Symphony and the San Francisco Chamber Orchestra.

Current work: Conductor, Kansas City Symphony, since 1986, and host of "Saint Paul Sunday Morning" for 15 years.

Coming to a Sunday Morning near you

"St. Paul Sunday Morning" airs at 9 a.m. on KSJN, FM 99.5. Here are some upcoming program highlights:

Magic flute

Today/ Michala Petri on recorder, with Lars Hannibal on guitar and lute. Music by Telemann, Vivaldi, Thomas Koppel, Ibert and others.

Scholars' songs

March 26/ The Tallis Scholars, Gramophone Award-winning British a cappella voices, sing Renaissance music.

Cello and piano

April 2/ Cellist Lynn Harrell and pianist Yefim Bronfman do Beethoven's Sonata No. 5 in D major for cello and piano, Hindemith's Sonata for solo cello, Schumann's Arabesque in C-major for piano, Debussy's Sonata and Rachmaninov's Sonata in G-minor for cello and piano.

Japanese variations

April 30/Pro Musica Nipponia ensemble performs contemporary music on traditional Japanese instruments.

On-air premiere

May 14/ Emerson String Quartet with bass Edgar Meyer performs Meyer's "Quintet for Bass and Strings," commissioned by "St. Paul Sunday Morning."

Jazz classics

Legendary jazz pianist Marion McPartland performs classics by Jerome Kern, Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, Mary Lou Williams and others.

**Graphic**

Photograph

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[***Finally fighting for herself;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6PY0-002B-H3C9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***As she helped others, Hilary's world collapsed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6PY0-002B-H3C9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

By the time she was elected a Hennepin County commissioner two years ago, Sandra Hilary had fallen into and clawed her way out of many of the very pitfalls of life the county tries to fix every day for its citizens.

She'd grown up with an alcoholic father. She'd dropped out of school at 16. She'd been a teenage mother, an abused wife, a drunk. She'd spent a night in jail. She'd seen alcohol ensnare her son.

But by 1983, the year she ran for the Minneapolis City Council, Hilary had changed her life. She'd dried out. She'd gone to college. She'd led her neighborhood association. She had a good job. And she had the moxie to stand up, admit her mistakes and tell the Third Ward that she could do better at City Hall.

Yet in 1992, just as this hard-fought recovery appeared to peak with her election as a commissioner, her personal life was collapsing. A spiral of gambling, debt and deceit was consuming her.

Last Friday, Hilary was cleared by the attorney general's office of breaking any law governing public officials. But the report criticized her judgment for taking a loan guaranteed by a nightclub owner.

She said she hopes to testify at the Legislature about compulsive gambling, possibly this week.

Despite a career built on helping others, Hilary was unable to help herself. She could tackle her problems, but never their underlying causes. Interviews with dozens of her friends since she disclosed her problems in May point to a series of family crises in the past few years that undermined her stability.

In the first interview on her life that she has granted since her collapse became known publicly, Hilary agreed.

"I'm really a marshmallow. I'm tough when I'm fighting for other people or an idea. I haven't been very tough in fighting for myself," she said during the two-hour interview, occasionally dabbing at her eyes.

"If I'd walk into a room, I'd say, 'What's the problem, how do I fix it?' " But taking on the burdens of public life and of her extended family was just too much, she said, and left too little time to nurture herself.

For a public official, emotional isolation can be a roadblock to unburdening. "Who are you gonna tell? Who are you gonna talk to? Especially in a political environment where anything you tell is going to be used against you down the road," she said. "There was no place for me to go. . . .

"Something had to give; that's the way I see it now."

Hilary's rise in public life sometimes is recounted in a way that romanticizes her ***working-class*** roots in north Minneapolis. But those roots, which include her father's unemployment during the Depression, were far from romantic.

Frank Paar was a Works Progress Administration laborer when Sandra Marie Paar was born in 1938, the oldest of four children. He battled alcoholism, which cost him a job as a firefighter. He later drove trucks, and some of Hilary's fondest memories are of riding with him.

In 1979, a year after her father's death, she penned her thoughts about his scrappiness, his paranoia, his combination of an eighth-grade education and book learning:

"It's hard to remember you love someone while they are driving you crazy. I used to think our family problems were unique; now I know that where alcoholism reigns everyone is pretty crazy."

In time, Hilary would also use alcohol as a salve, as would her son, Michael, who has also recovered.

Her toughness is inherited from the women in her family. One grandmother would walk from 33rd and Aldrich Avs. N. to Lowry Hill to buy a loaf of bread, saving the 5-cent streetcar fare. Her mother, Aurora, was an unselfish woman who delivered four children in six years. Although a practicing Catholic, she sought relief from Planned Parenthood in an era "when the ground would open up and swallow you" for doing so. "That took some strength," Hilary said.

Hilary grew up impatient and ready to break the rules. She dropped out of North High School at 16, despite the entreaties of a counselor who told her parents that she was too bright to quit. She took a bank job, but quit when she got pregnant.

The father was Tom Hilary, an extraordinarily handsome man two years older whom she'd known since childhood. His family had suffered enough in the Depression to live in the Sumner-Olson housing projects. The two married in 1956 when she was 18 and he was in the Air Force. He also drank, eventually spending 27 days at the state hospital in Willmar for treatment. By the time she sought a divorce, in 1965, she was waiting on tables at Little Jack's restaurant for $ 280 a month. A judge found that Tom Hilary "had on numerous occasions struck plaintiff with force and violence."

Greg Finzell, who worked on Hilary's first campaign, recalls her expressing regret years later about her relationship with her husband and son: "She didn't talk about it much, but she was pretty honest that when she was drinking she was not there for her family."

Hilary's shift from a life dominated by small daily struggles into a wider political world demonstrates the axiom that all politics are local. She was an avid gardener at the house on Dupont Av. N. that she shared with her mother, and she also frequently collected trash that blew down her street from three unkempt houses.

"I'm sick of looking at the whole mess," she complained to Mayor Don Fraser in a letter dated May 7, 1980. Citing government attempts to renovate blighted areas, she said, "If we can't motivate people to pick up their own garbage, mow their own lawns and not break the newly planted trees, then all the money in the world won't help." She had called her alderman and inspectors several times without result.

Hilary was taking other steps toward activism. She joined the Hawthorne Area Community Council and almost immediately became its leader. She found that her frustration with City Hall was shared by others as they worked on issues such as housing, crime and pollution. By 1983, with Alderman Pat Daugherty up for reelection, their frustration with him boiled over and Hilary reluctantly ran. It was a battle against the North Side's tradition of DFL ward politics.

"You weren't running just against Pat Daugherty or an individual, but you were running against an old political machine," said Finzell, who was the community council's staff director. "People didn't take that lightly. People walked in with an understanding that it was a very uphill battle and there would be some very serious consequences to pay if it didn't succeed."

She was unable to wrest DFL endorsement but pressed ahead. The DFL primary was the crucial test. She won by only 85 votes, but it was tainted by her campaign's imitation of the DFL's powerful sample ballot. Daugherty complained, and the Minnesota Supreme Court agreed, ordering a new election. This time she beat Daugherty by 138 votes.

Carol Watson, an early supporter, said, "Sandy has grown a lot. I think she's gained a lot of poise. She had some rough edges."

Hilary is prone to asking the impertinent question, and breaking logjams in long-winded discussions.

"She'll just say, 'This is a bunch of bull. Let's talk about what it takes.' She's not afraid to be politically incorrect," said Billy Binder, a former mayoral aide.

By 1990, when Commissioner Sam Sivanich said he'd retire, supporters urged Hilary to run. She declined because of her mother's failing health. She was in an emotionally trying period. Her ex-husband died in 1986 of a brain tumor. A nephew died on a metro freeway in 1990 when a pickup truck rammed his car into another. The same week, cancer was diagnosed in another nephew. Her mother died in mid-1991, the period when Hilary started to hit the casinos heavily.

"My aunt was the main anchor. She was trying to take care of everyone," said Laurie Holbrook, Hilary's niece and goddaughter. "My aunt comes across as a very strong-willed person, one who doesn't need a lot of support," she said. "Nobody could possibly handle all of that."

Karen Wright, Hilary's aide at the time, recalls that she got an inkling that slot machines were taking over her boss' life. It was in the thick of Hilary's 1992 campaign for the Hennepin County Board. One Saturday in the summertime, Hilary failed to show up for an 8 a.m. breakfast with minority contractors. Wright recalls campaign workers frantically trying to find her, calling her house and being told by her son to try Mystic Lake Casino. They found her there.

Later in the campaign, Wright went to Hilary's home on Fremont Av. N. to prepare for a political strategy session. Hilary, a chain smoker, had scattered black and gold matchbooks from the casino all over her living room. Wright scooped them into a drawer. Relatives and others began mentioning that they'd seen her at the casino.

"Everything started clicking. The creditor calls started - the money problems," Wright said. She and others confronted Hilary. "We walked away from that thinking that she supposedly wasn't going to gamble anymore."

But Hilary already was in deep, borrowing to cover her habit. She could sense almost from the beginning that she was hooked. It wasn't the lure of money that attracted her, it was the action. "I couldn't afford to gamble any more than anyone else. I had the credit, but I couldn't afford it. But when you walk in, you don't think about it."

An attorney general's report released Friday details the devastation that gambling had on Hilary's finances, the monetary house of cards she built to stave off creditors, the bad choices she made about whom to borrow from. It left her owing thousands to people, including her sister, Gloria Lutz, and Helen Miller, a retired Little Jack's waitress who dipped into retirement savings without knowing she was supporting a gambling habit.

Hilary's bankruptcy papers propose repaying them at 14 cents on the dollar. "I feel terrible about it. If I could undo it, I'd undo it in a minute," she said.

Her heavy gambling lasted until August 1993, although she wagered at least $ 1,100 after that. When a reporter confronted Hilary last May about rumors that she'd run up big debts from gambling, she confirmed them with remarkable calm. She filed bankruptcy two days later. Some associates immediately urged her to seek inpatient treatment. She resisted and settled on an outpatient program that consumed 16 hours a week for four weeks, then aftercare.

Outward self-confidence has been the hallmark of the flame-haired Hilary. Her side of a dialogue is elliptical, heavily accented with her hands. When her face is in repose, it reveals all the cares of a hard 57 years. When she smiles, it is dazzling, and the years fall away.

Despite her gambling, none of her political enemies has accused Hilary of neglecting constituents or her duties as commissioner. But she still is in deep trouble politically. Anyone running against her for commissioner next year can pick from ready-made issues: uncontrolled gambling, financial irresponsibility, poor judgment, unfiled and unpaid taxes.

The irony of Hilary's life is that despite being ahead of the curve in experiencing the travails of life to which society now devotes enormous attention - dropping out, teen pregnancy, physical abuse, alcoholism - she never sought help from the county. But in a way that perhaps no other Minneapolis politician can match, her experiences give her an instinctive understanding of what people with problems need.

For a time recently, she had to ride the bus to work, and it renewed her connections with life's underdogs. "It put me in touch with so many things," she said.

And she says she's learned "to relax and not be responsible for the whole damn deal. I was a person who thought it was my job, my responsibility, to make the world better, that I don't have a choice in that. I can take a deep breath and try to live. Life is crazy, how it works out, how you can be more optimistic after the end of something like this than before you started it."

As a reporter rose to leave, she added in a whisper: "I'll be all right."

**Graphic**

Photograph

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[***A life on the street: Leroy Lewis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X6H-DX41-2R00-50MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Kia Gregory

Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

First of two parts.

Forty-three minutes past midnight, a crackle pierced the summer air. For a moment, Leroy Lewis, perched on a concrete wall beside a rowhouse in his Juniata Park neighborhood, talking to two friends, dismissed the sound as leftover fireworks.

When Lewis, 19, turned to look, he saw a young man, his baseball cap tilted low, moving from the alleyway across the narrow street, pointing a gun, hunting.

"The next shot was me looking at him," Lewis recounted later. "I just seen a whole bunch of fire."

Lewis took off, dipping behind parked cars, as bullets cut through his stomach, his buttocks, an ankle, a shoulder, and a thigh. His friends were also hit, one in the chest, the other in a thigh.

As Lewis collapsed a block away on some rowhouse steps, shot six times, one thought filled his mind: "I'm going to die."

Hours later, as chief trauma surgeon Amy Goldberg scanned the list of patients rushed into Temple University Hospital's emergency room overnight on July 9, 2008, one name stood out.

"Not again," Goldberg thought.

Ten months before, on Sept. 1, 2007, she had stitched and stapled together Lewis' stomach, ripped open by a bullet.

Goldberg, 48, remembered how Lewis had worked hard to recover, in the hospital for weeks, visiting the trauma clinic for months, calling her Miss Amy. Lewis admitted to hospital staff that he'd sold drugs, on and off. But unlike many gunshot patients - brooding, itching to get back to the street - Lewis, then 18, said he wanted to change

Now here he was again. Goldberg, who had completed her residency at Temple 16 years earlier, couldn't help but wonder, "How long before he is lost for good?"

Three perilous ages It is a haunting question about one of Philadelphia's most exhaustive, expensive, frustrating, and mournful problems:

From 2004 through 2008, 8,314 shootings in the city produced victims. Of the victims, 623 were 19-year-olds, more than any other age group. Add 18- and 20-year-olds - 1,071 more victims - and those in this three-year bridge to adulthood were 17 times more likely than other Philadelphians to be shot.

Eighty-four percent of the 18-, 19- and 20-year-old gunshot victims were African American males.

Why is this age group most at risk?

"I don't know if anyone has the answer yet," said Sam Gulino, the city's chief medical examiner, who is conducting a study of 15 years of youth homicide data.

"From a commonsense standpoint, it's the first time kids are out of school, so a large portion of their time is not structured by activities. If you have a 17-year-old who is cutting school, there's the school or DHS to intervene. When you're 19, none of that stuff exists."

When he was 19, the voids in Lewis' life were daunting but not uncommon: a single-mother home, a dismal education, little job experience, self-doubt, a lack of motivation, a need to take care of himself and be respected as a man, and his frustration of not knowing how.

"Some of these guys don't know how to catch a bus out of their neighborhood," said Darryl Coates, executive director of the nonprofit Philadelphia Anti-Drug/Anti-Violence Network. "And when they walk out the door, and guns, drugs and violence are all they see, and are exposed to, what do we expect? We have to show our young people there's all these opportunities out there, and what they look like."

Most programs focus on juveniles in the city's Department of Human Servies system or young probationers. But "to meet the needs of this 19-year-old who's on the cusp," said Deputy Mayor of Public Safety Everett Gillison, "the only programs right now are few and far between. This is the hardest nut to crack."

On Lewis' path to adulthood, he made his choices often marred by an impatient temper. He became a delinquent and a drug dealer, a kid easy to write off.

"A lot of people aren't going to give this young man sympathy," said sociologist Elijah Anderson.

Anderson, a Philadelphia native, an author, and a Yale University professor, has studied black urban culture in the city for three decades.

"A lot of that has to do with the fact that the young black male, what he represents as a stereotype, is an alienating figure. People want to blame him for what's happening."

The bottom line, said Scott Charles, trauma outreach coordinator at Temple University Hospital, is "we can moralize it all we want. But if we don't change his circumstances so he can be more stable, there's nothing to make him less likely to come back to us."

"The violence," Charles said, "can stop here if we give him the tools that he needs. If not, violence in the city is going to increase exponentially."

What happened to Lewis between the ages of 18 and 20 - shot twice in less than a year, careening between life as a man-child and as a corner drug hustler - reveals the battle young men like him, without discernible skills, face in navigating their futures. For some, outcomes are predictable. They end up dead, or in jail. For Lewis, no one could predict the troubles to come.

Trauma of being shot While Lewis lay in a hospital bed in July 2008, a chest tube helping him breathe, Charles phoned Doris Spears, the case-management supervisor of PIRIS, the Pennsylvania Injury Reporting and Intervention System, to tell her that Lewis had been shot a second time.

PIRIS, a pilot initiative, began in April 2006. With a $1.3 million budget, the program aimed to catch gunshot victims ages 15 to 24 when they were most apt to listen: while in a hospital bed.

At three hospitals, outreach workers like Charles referred patients to the program, run out of a Center City office. Once enrolled, gunshot victims were guided by case managers through a labyrinth of social services to help prevent them from being struck by gun violence again. More than half of those in the program, PIRIS data found, had left high school without a diploma, and 67 percent were unemployed when they were shot.

Surviving a bullet can be a time to rebuild a life - or a prelude to more violence. After surgeons like Goldberg stitch them back together, many patients return to the neighborhoods, friends, and lifestyles that got them shot in the first place. Mental-health experts say many of these walking wounded suffer the same mental distress as combat veterans in Iraq and Afghanistan, stress that often goes unchecked and untreated.

In fact, "most people who have been shot develop post-traumatic stress disorder," said Paul Fink, a psychiatry professor at Temple University's School of Medicine and chairman of the city's youth homicide committee. "Being shot is a real trauma, and people have a great deal of difficulty overcoming it."

Feelings of fear and helplessness become barriers to finding a job or returning to school, he said. Anger fuels the urge to retaliate, the need to return to the neighborhood bigger and badder. Gunshot victims struggle "with the idea that you're going to be killed, that you're going to be shot again, that your life is over," Fink said.

The first time Charles referred Lewis to PIRIS in September 2007, after he'd been shot in the stomach, Lewis rejected the program. Frustrated that after weeks he hadn't connected with a case manager, Lewis demanded that Charles rip up his PIRIS paperwork. Lewis refused to reconsider. It was the same self-defeating behavior that Charles had seen in gunshot patients many times before.

"You can't expect him to get motivated if he doesn't know what direction to run in," Charles said. "He needs more than a job. He needs someone to help him with adulthood."

Ten months later, Charles updated Spears, PIRIS' case-management supervisor. Lewis was back in the ER, he told her, shot six times. Goldberg, the trauma surgeon, 5-foot-2 with dark, spiky hair, stood nearby, listening to Charles' half of the conversation. At one point, overcome with concern, she leaned over and yelled into the phone: "You're taking him!"

Three days later - with a tenuous reconnection to PIRIS in place - Lewis was discharged.

'It's about the block' A month later, on a warm afternoon in early August 2008, Lewis sat hunched on the tan sofa in his mother's living room, accented with family photographs and African art.

Sunlight peeked through the drawn curtains, beyond which lie the tree-lined streets and redbrick houses of Juniata Park, a diverse, ***working-class*** community north of Kensington.

"I don't like to be seen outside," Lewis said, swatting his sister's orange kitten with his socked feet.

Lewis, a lean 5-11, wore a billowy white T-shirt and blue jeans. A white do-rag covered his short dreadlocks. A tattoo on his right hand read "Black," his nickname on the street for his mahogany skin.

With his mother at her job as an aide at a nursing home, and his younger siblings away for the summer or at day care, Lewis spent most of his time in his room, watching BET, listening to the Notorious B.I.G. or Lil Wayne, or sleeping, waiting for his life to take a turn.

As he opened up to a reporter, he leaned in, his brown eyes cast toward the floor. He spoke in polite tones, and sometimes displayed the grin of a shy, awkward teen.

Since he was 16, when he managed to graduate from high school, Lewis said, he'd dealt drugs on and off. Standing not far from his home, in an alley overlooking neighbors' kitchens and back bedrooms, he sold crack, marijuana, and pills. He wouldn't discuss the source of the drugs he sold, sticking to a no-snitching code, telling his story and no one else's. But it was clear from what he said that he had been a vendor, not a supplier. He described his world then: "Doing dumb stuff, like what regular teenagers do. Buyin' a whole bunch of clothes and sneaks, drinkin', and smokin' " weed.

The shootings, 10 months apart, had little to do with other, he said.

"It's about the block," he explained. "They try to get the money I have."

The shooting in September 2007 was over a debt, he said. Lewis was walking to the corner deli with a girl when he ran into a drug dealer who owed him money.

Lewis couldn't remember how much, maybe $100. More so, he wanted the respect the debt had cost him. "What's up?" Lewis demanded. The 18-year-old blew him off.

Nights later, when they saw each other on the north side of Hunting Park Avenue, insults were exchanged, and a fight erupted outside a neighbor's home. As the two wrestled to the ground, Lewis said, he felt a "real hard punch" as a bullet burrowed into his abdomen. A bystander had shot him in the stomach.

The police report reveals only the barest facts: "Complainant was shot at the above location and transported to Temple hospital by private auto. Complainant received a gun shot wound to the stomach. Complainant is in critical condition. . . . There are no known witnesses. . . ."

Wounded, riding in a friend's dark sedan, Lewis said, he felt his body growing warm. Vomiting, writhing in pain, he screamed to Temple ER doctors: "Get this out of me." After surgery, an infection required his incision to remain open for weeks, leaving a gaping wound. The shooting and the entire ordeal are indelibly marked by a jagged scar from his sternum to his navel.

What led to the second shooting is harder to discern. That July night in 2008, Lewis stood in the alley where he dealt drugs, hunched over a pile of money in a dice game. He had cleaned up, and as the players dispersed, he gave one pouter a $20 consolation. The teen handed it back, using the money to buy a "couple of jays," from him, Lewis said.

He left but returned moments later, this time looking for "wet," marijuana dipped in embalming fluid. "I don't have it," Lewis said he had told him, "but I know where I can get it."

Lewis phoned someone and placed the order. While they waited in the alley, on the side of a rowhouse, 43 minutes after midnight - Lewis thinks the whole thing may have been a setup - someone opened fire. The shooter's rage may have come from the dice game, or an argument over a smacked cigarette two weeks before, or the constant eruptions over who controlled the alley's trade. No one knows anymore.

The six shots, marked by nine dime-size bullet wounds, have left Lewis with a limp; his left foot shattered, achy, and weak; and lingering thoughts of betrayal.

Now the prisoner of his own living room, he was tired of the block, tired of a life going nowhere. He wanted a job, he said, and the chance to study business at community college so he could go into real estate like his grandfather in Brooklyn, N.Y., where he had grown up.

A few days earlier, Lewis had shared these goals with PIRIS case manager Tinisha Scott. Scott, 28, saddled with 10 other clients, said she'd return in a week to develop a plan, leaving Lewis somewhat encouraged.

He did not have a driver's license, and he'd held only one job, housekeeping part time at the nursing home where his mother works.

"I don't really believe nothing until I see it," Lewis said. "But I'm just thinking and hoping I could be able to pursue what I want to do with their help. I truly don't wanna be outside."

Surviving gunfire twice, he felt like a marked man.

According to police records, no one was arrested in the first shooting. Lewis figured that when his assailant got out of jail - he was incarcerated for another crime - "we can just settle it like men," Lewis had assured guys in the neighborhood. "Rumble in the street in front of everybody if need be."

In the second shooting, the 18-year-old arrested by police was not convicted. None of the witnesses, including Lewis, bothered to come forward. But that wasn't why Lewis was afraid. He believed neighborhood rivals and wannabes would view his death as a prize, like winning a giant teddy bear at a fair.

"There's just so much hatred," Lewis said of the streets. "They gonna look at me like, 'Who do he think he is?' and they gonna try."

Whether Lewis was being pursued by hooded gunmen, or paranoia, remained to be seen.

As Lewis talked, his cell phone rang often, his mother, calling from her job, checking, worrying.

"Hi, Mommy," he answered.

"OK, Mommy," peppered his conversation, and for the moment, Lewis sounded like a little boy.

After he hung up, he explained: "She scared. She scared for my life out here like I'm scared for my life out here. She feels as though it's not going to be no third chance."

Growing up in Brooklyn Lewis remembered his mother, Paulette Lewis, raising four little boys on her own, rarely let them play outside their three-bedroom apartment in a Brooklyn rowhouse his grandfather owned.

The family was close-knit, and *every night*, Lewis said, nodding for emphasis, members gathered at his grandparents' nearby home for Bible study.

His grandfather, a doorman most of his life, was a deacon at First Born Assembly Pentecostal church. Lewis described him as a man of quiet strength "who doesn't talk, who's about doing." His grandmother led prayer meetings.

In raising her boys, his mother didn't spare the rod, Lewis said. "Oh, Ma Dukes didn't play," he snickered, using his nickname for her.

His mother worked as a health aide when she could, caring for elderly people in their homes. Around their basement apartment, money was tight.

Lewis, the third oldest, the chatterbox, loved hearing his mother read to him. He has little memory of his father - his spitting image, relatives like to tell him. From his mother, he has pieced together the story of a man who ran the streets, courted trouble, and got deported to Jamaica when Lewis was 3.

About three years later, his mother's boyfriend, a childhood friend, Cecil Waldron, moved in, and came to know Lewis as a good kid who had "a lot of pent-up frustration."

Looking back, Lewis believes that growing up without a father, the rigidness of Bible study every night, the lack of material things, and the constant punching matches with his brothers all touched him.

When he acted up in school or disobeyed his mother at home, where she would dismiss him as "hardheaded" or "just like your father," Waldron pulled him aside, trying to offer discipline and direction.

"They were looking for a father," Waldron said. "They wanted a father."

Waldron, who worked in a nursing-home laundry, bought Lewis and his brothers clothes, took them to the park to play and ride bikes, and sat with them at the kitchen table for homework. "As long as the schoolwork is done," he'd tell them, "you're going to get what you deserve."

Remembering Waldron, Lewis said: "He did more for me than a father would. He gave me boundaries."

A broken family But when Lewis was 10, Waldron and his mother broke up. She moved to Philadelphia to stay with an aunt, bringing with her Lewis, his younger brother, and the baby girl she'd had with Waldron. Lewis' two older brothers stayed in Brooklyn with their grandparents.

"Once I came to Philly, everything just went downhill for me," Lewis said. He missed his brothers, his grandparents, everything he had in Brooklyn.

The family moved twice, with Lewis attending two different schools. With each move, he became more disruptive. By sixth grade, he had settled into Benjamin Rush Middle School in Northeast Philadelphia, where he struggled with math.

"I just couldn't get it, and I figured if I couldn't get it, no one was," he recalled with a chuckle.

In math class, Lewis threw paper balls, talked back, talked to everyone. He enjoyed the attention, the tough-guy reputation he earned in fights.

It all ended one afternoon in the hall, in a scuffle between Lewis and a math teacher over a basketball. The teacher said Lewis had hit him, which Lewis denies.

School officials acted swiftly, and Lewis' days of disrupting classes at Benjamin Rush Middle School were over.

A family court judge ordered him to Stillmeadow Inc., a now-closed juvenile residential facility north of Scranton, the first in a chain of alternative schools that would make up most of the rest of his education.

"I thought it would have been good for him," his mother said, looking back. "What I saw, he got worse."

Shallcross, a disciplinary school in Northeast Philadelphia, was next. During his year there, Lewis said, he was constantly suspended for fighting and upsetting class until he "got kicked out." So in the fall of 2003, his mother sent him to his grandparents in Brooklyn, to live under his grandfather's biblical lessons, hard work ethic, and stern gaze.

Lewis, then 14, welcomed the return. As for his grandfather, Essert Cameron, he said he had wanted "to see if I could make something out of him."

His grandfather enrolled Lewis in Samuel Tilden High School, and gave him chores: Take out the garbage, mop the floors, clean the yard.

One Saturday, seeing his brother and cousin enjoying television while he worked, Lewis complained: "Why is everything me?"

"That just turned me off completely," his grandfather said. On top of it, his grandfather learned that Lewis, still struggling with math, was skipping classes to hang out with his friends.

"I wanted him to have good friends," his grandfather said. "Friends that would help him, not drag him down. But he didn't listen."

After the school year, he sent his grandson back to Philadelphia to his mother.

A graduate at 16 In June 2005, at a Community Education Partners-run disciplinary school, Lewis learned that, with his New York credits, he had enough to graduate. He was 16.

At his tiny ceremony, in a dull auditorium, he and seven other students marched to the stage in black caps and gowns while relatives looked on from folding chairs.

"It felt good," Lewis reminisced. "I felt like, 'Wow.' "

Out of school, with no job experience and college just a distant concept, Lewis hung out in the neighborhood as the summer waned. He soon met up with a friend from disciplinary school. The two had promised to meet up when they were released - "kick it on the outside," Lewis said.

The summer was a constant state of recess: on corners, hanging with friends, cracking jokes, drinking beer, smoking marijuana, and flirting with girls, late into the night. Some friends flashed their drug money. Others let Lewis and his friend watch the pace of the drug game firsthand, the ease and the speed in which that money was made. Lewis and his friend saw opportunity, and before long the two started selling crack cocaine together.

Lewis found he could pocket as much as $600 a day.

"It was all she wrote after that," he said. "I didn't want to go to school. I didn't want a job. I didn't want to work for nobody. I wanted to get my own money."

He also felt the fraternity of hanging with "my boys," some friends already selling drugs.

"It's like they're with you," Lewis said. "And the girls come around, and the cars. It's like a family."

Lewis treated his friends to dinners at Red Lobster, drinks at neighborhood bars, and road trips to Baltimore's Inner Harbor; he indulged himself in trendy clothes, expensive sneakers, and a dirt bike - things once out of his reach.

Disgusted, his mother gave him an ultimatum: Stop selling drugs or leave the house.

Lewis left.

"I pretty much stayed on the streets," he said, working a corner of the alley, overshadowed by a bustling commercial street, from early morning until the dark hours of night. "It was addictive money," he said. "I wasn't too much worried about the consequences. I was just getting money."

Lewis would pop into a friend's home to grab a bite, wash up, and change clothes, then return to his corner. The fast money lasted for months, he said, until police busted him for drug possession. A family court judge sent him six hours away to VisionQuest in northwest Pennsylvania, a program geared to troubled youths, which Lewis called "boot camp."

"It felt like a vacation to me," he said.

He enjoyed the drills, the cadences, and the horseback rides. But "guys were always trying to push you." Fights erupted over stares, bumps, cigarettes.

One day in late December, in the break room, Lewis and some guys were sitting around the television while another group played pool, trash talking, laughing, and sinking balls.

"Quiet the f- down," Lewis said he had yelled.

"Nah, we ain't quieting down," a pool player fired back. "Turn the TV up."

That was it.

On his feet, Lewis asserted, "You can see me in my room." He was prepared to settle the silly disagreement with his fists, as he had so many times before. If he let this guy punk him, he felt, others would rush to follow.

A brawl ensued. According to Venango County Court records, Lewis and two other males jumped the pool player, splitting his lip.

Lewis pleaded guilty to simple assault, and was sentenced to six to 231/2 months of probation. It was a month after his 18th birthday; it was his first adult record.

Back home in 2007, and sick of the block, sick of the cops and the stickup boys, sick of his mother in his ear, sick of a life going nowhere, Lewis got his first and only job: housekeeping at the nursing home where his mother worked.

A month later, trying to collect an old drug debt, he was shot in the stomach, his first encounter with Goldberg and Charles at Temple University Hospital. After Lewis gave up on PIRIS, he went back to selling drugs on the block.

"I was just so down and hurt," he recalled. "I just didn't care anymore."

Ten months later, standing in the alley where he dealt drugs, his dice game winnings in his pocket, he was shot again, six shots that left multiple wounds.

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Tomorrow Leroy Lewis longs for success but must deal with more violence on the streets, and with his own paranoia.

**Graphic**

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[***RICHIE THE FIGHTER EXPOSES A CHIN / PHILLIPS' WEST PHILADELPHIA AND VILLANOVA ROOTS MADE HIM TOUGH AND CONFRONTATIONAL. HIS ENEMIES NOW SMELL BLOOD.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V730-01K4-93Y2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Whatever else Richie Phillips is - and he has been called everything from a bully to a liar to baseball's best bargainer in leading major-league umpires for more than two decades - he is foremost a Philadelphian.

For better or worse, Phillips is a product of his hard-bitten hometown, a chip off the old West Philadelphia block where he grew up. He is, like Philadelphia, big, tough and often impossible to control or decipher. And like this city, he is both fascinating and in need of an image makeover.

The names, places and institutions that play a part in the story of this gruff son of a city police officer read like an index to Philadelphia's history in the second half of the 20th Century. Some evoke nostalgia; others, like Phillips himself, anger.

St. Tommy More. Frank Rizzo. The North Wildwood Beach Patrol. Villanova football. The Eagles. Our Lady of Angels. Howard Porter. Arlen Specter. Ed Rendell.

Silver-haired and physically imposing, this 58-year-old lawyer is called "The Bear" by friends and enemies. And as he claws to save the union he organized, he is, as always, part intimidator, part salesman and a large part politician.

"I know this sounds crazy," said Charlie Johnson, a teammate of Phillips' on Villanova's Sun Bowl-winning football team in 1961. "But I always swore that The Bear would end up being mayor of Philadelphia, That's the kind of politician he was around the locker room. A very flamboyant guy."

Phillips, who was not available for comment, enjoys nothing so much as a good scrap. And it doesn't matter whether it's with contractors whose work failed to satisfy him, baseball commissioners, judges or employees at his Center City law office and the Delaware County air-freight company he operates.

When he coached Villanova's freshman football team to a 22-0 victory over Army in 1964, his West Point counterpart, Tom Cahill, angrily accused him of running up the score. Phillips didn't deny it.

"I'm not an easy person," Phillips conceded in 1990. "I have disputes with lots of people."

He has earned himself a Main Line lifestyle and a notorious reputation by taking whatever life hurls at him and firing it back even harder. As everyone from Cahill to former baseball commissioner Fay Vincent has learned, you can't insult Richie Phillips.

"If you're dealing with Richie and you think you can get under his skin, forget about it," said Bob Capone, a Villanova fund-raiser who played with Phillips on Wildcats teams in the early 1960s. "Nobody's got thicker skin than him."

He has needed it this summer. Phillips is under fire from a dissident union faction. His decision to have umpires submit their resignations in an attempt to gain leverage for a new contract turned out to be a disastrous negotiating ploy. Baseball's leaders, smarting from years of defeats to a union they view as out of control, were only too happy to accept 22 of them.

"He made an egregious error," said Charles Craver, a labor expert at George Washington University's School of Law. "I think he believed that the public would support the umps. But it quickly became clear that they didn't care. In terms of a potential labor disaster, it's analogous to the air traffic controllers situation."

Phillips' next fight will be for control of his factionalized union. There are at least a dozen or so mostly American League umpires who want him out. Baseball officials have made it clear they'd prefer to deal with someone else. His loyalists remain firmly behind him, but it likely will require a court or the National Labor Relations Board to sort things out.

"I know there are guys who hope Richie is gone," NL umpire Steve Rippley said Friday. "But if those same guys had stood behind him and the union, we wouldn't be in this situation right now."

The well-publicized backfire has made Phillips and his membership a national target of derision. David Letterman cracks snidely about umpires. Disgruntled members of Phillips' now-divided union verbally attack him. And on web sites such as "Jerk of the Week" and "Manure," the name Richie Phillips appears prominently.

In the past, when Phillips had a problem, he would hop on the Metroliner, spend a few hours alone in baseball's Park Avenue offices with the commissioner or a league president, and almost always come away with what he wanted. Loyal umpires saw him as a fierce protector. Critics say he bullied people such as Vincent and former NL president Bill White to get what he wanted.

"He never minded being the villain as long as he had a solid membership behind him," said one former umpire who asked not to be identified. "But now that his support has cracked, Richie has retreated to the shadows."

In recent weeks, while he tried to shove himself and the umpires out from between a rock and a hard place, Phillips, stung by his failure, moved out of public view.

"Richie is a guy who likes to push the envelope," Capone said. "But this time I think he's pushed it too far."

Richard Gregory Phillips grew up on North Farson Street in West Philadelphia. His father, Herman, was a city police officer who instilled in his three children the importance of making a buck. Phillips always had a job or a scheme, sometimes both.

Like most kids in the Italian-Catholic neighborhood, he attended Our Lady of Angels School at 49th and Master. One of the parish's older youngsters was a slick talker whom Phillips admired - A. Charles Peruto, the legendary defense attorney.

It was at the now-shuttered church, filled with statues of the Virgin Mary, St. Emedio and others, that, as he likes to tell the story, Phillips found his calling. The future labor leader persuaded the parish's altar boys to strike when a new priest reduced the money they could accept for working a wedding.

By his own reckoning, he won that one big.

A bright student, Phillips went on to St. Joseph's Prep but left after a year for St. Thomas More, the neighborhood high school. He graduated in 1958. While alumni from the defunct school remain remarkably tight-knit - "St. Tommy Forever More" bumper stickers adorn cars throughout the region - Phillips is not among them.

"We've tried to get him to speak or to attend some of our functions, but for some reason he won't," said Buddy Altarelli, who edits a St. Thomas More alumni newsletter.

Throughout those years, Phillips and his older brother, Herman, later an orthopedic surgeon who was on the Eagles' medical staff before his death in 1992 at 56, worked as lifeguards in North Wildwood, N.J. His parents had a summer home there and for a time operated the kitchen at a popular local tavern, The Little Club.

He was, by all accounts, a conscientious lifeguard, one also adept at schmoozing with the ***working-class*** families who populated North Wildwood's beaches.

"He just loved that job," said Ted Aceto, the former Villanova athletic director and a Phillips' teammate. "Years later, you'd run into Richie and he'd mention that."

Phillips went on to Villanova where, under coaches such as Frank Reagan and Alex Bell, successful football teams were being built out of feisty Catholic League players. His cousin, Dave DeFilippo, was an assistant coach there, and while Phillips was a walk-on, he eventually earned a scholarship.

He was a hardnosed offensive lineman, a guard and tackle, whose greatest gift was gab.

"I have to laugh now when I read references to Richie as being 'a former football star at Villanova,' " Johnson said. "To the best of my knowledge, he was on the third team, second team at best. I'm not saying he didn't contribute, because he did. He practiced hard. But he was certainly no star."

Phillips, however, was a locker-room presence. Many teammates thought he talked a better game than he played. But then as now, they were impressed with how he got things accomplished. Though only a reserve, he wasn't afraid to speak before a big game.

"We were going to play Rutgers when they had Alex Kroll and a pretty good team," Johnson recalled. "Well, in the locker room before the game, Richie told [Coach] Bell to sit down. He gave this great speech, telling us there was no way we were going to lose. And we won."

Phillips introduced out-of-town teammates to Italian food, taking them to restaurants on Philadelphia's back streets. He even organized his own concerts, luring musicians and singing groups to the Lancaster Avenue campus.

"Richie always thought like an entrepreneur. I remember once a couple of guys said, 'Wouldn't it be nice if we had some team jackets?' " Johnson said. "Next thing you know, Richie had them made up and was selling them."

Phillips graduated in 1962 and went on to Villanova's law school.

Phillips, who liked to quote from the Declaration of Independence in closing arguments, quickly established himself as a good defense attorney. He caught the eye of the city's up-and-coming district attorney, Arlen Specter. He was hired as an assistant DA in the homicide unit, working with, among others, Rendell and eventually heading the department.

"You could see even then," said Fred Voigt, the head of the election watchdog group, the Committee of Seventy, who also served on Specter's staff, "that this was a guy with some ambition. Richie always knew how to count."

His father, who died in 1992, had worked under police commissioner Rizzo, and when Phillips was an assistant DA, the future mayor pressured him to stay away from prosecuting police problems. Phillips instead brought to trial a city police officer accused of killing a man in a bar fight. Though he lost the case, he had made an enemy in Rizzo.

Phillips stepped into the sports world in 1971. Howard Porter, a star basketball player who had led Villanova to the national championship game that spring, had been talking with several agents. By the time of the NBA draft, Porter was trapped in a legal morass.

While still in school, Porter had signed a secret deal with Pittsburgh of the old American Basketball Association and was negotiating with the NBA's Chicago Bulls. Pat Williams, then the Bulls GM, recommended that he contact Phillips.

Phillips untangled the mess and got Porter a fat contract with the Bulls. In the process, Phillips made a name for himself in professional basketball. He left the DA's office and took on some 76ers - Hal Greer, Wali Jones - as clients.

In 1976, he helped organize the NBA's refeees and, a year later during the playoffs, led them on a successful strike. He won for them pay hikes and improved working conditions but, as usual, made enemies.

In a dispute involving his handling of union finances, the NBA referees dismissed him in 1984. Several of them were incensed when Phillips charged them $300,000 for his role in the 1983 negotiations. They demanded to see the union's books, and a nasty court fight ensued.

The baseball umpires, many of whom earned less than $20,000 at the time, asked Phillips for help in 1978. He took them on a bitter seven-week strike in 1979.

"Let's face it, if we hadn't had somebody like Richie back then, do you think anyone would have listened to us?" asked the retired umpire. "We needed and wanted someone to get in baseball's face. That's Richie's strong suit."

But by the mid-1980s, there were splits in the union.

"Richie was a dictator," said Joe Brinkman, a 21-year American League umpire. "He did things without consulting the board or the members."

Jerry Dale, a former umpire, questioned Phillips' handling of the finances. The National, a national sports newspaper that has since folded, printed a story in 1990 that contended Phillips was the subject of a federal investigation. Phillips sued, saying that the union, and not he personally, had been the target of unfounded charges by some disgruntled members. That case is scheduled to go to trial later this month.

"I think that a lot of these things are because Richie didn't have a good accounting of the money," said Jerry Crawford, the umpires union chief. "Not that he was doing anything dishonest with the money. He's taken steps to fix that."

In recent years, Phillips rescued Pilot Air Freight, a financially troubled company in Lima, Delaware County. In doing so, he took control of the firm, which, among other things, ships the umpires' gear from one city to another.

Now one of the anti-Phillips faction has told the New York Times that he has requested copies of the union's financial statement. Dave Phillips, no relation, contends that several umpires, including Crawford, are on Pilot's payroll.

"Richie gathered all the umpires and told them that they could do some off-season work for Pilot if they wanted," said Rippley, a Phillips backer. "It was PR stuff, speaking engagements, that kind of thing. Now the guys that didn't do it are complaining."

Dave Phillips and others contend that Richie Phillips has shut out those umpires who disagree with him, surrounding and insulating himself with loyalists.

"I'm a union member and I'm not being consulted," Brinkman said. "With a good union, even when there is a difference of opinion, you know what's going on. But either you are on Richie Phillips' side or you're not. And if you're not, you don't know what's going on."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Richie Phillips signals "no comment" at federal court last week. The union head is trying to save jobs for 22 umpires he persuaded to resign. (CHRIS GARDNER, Associated Press)

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[***STAR TRIBUNE 100;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46NX-THH0-00J2-34PV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***12-Month Update;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46NX-THH0-00J2-34PV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Companies that can take a punch;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46NX-THH0-00J2-34PV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In spite of the pummeling dealt Star Tribune 100 companies since the dark days of last September, many are standing tall.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46NX-THH0-00J2-34PV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Terrorist attacks, war, recession, scandal \_ the past 12 months have seen it all.

     Throw in the slippery residue from the burst of the telecom/dot-com bubble, and the investor landscape looks as desolate as an Afghan mountainside.

     As nearly everyone who has a 401(k) plan knows, the major indexes are down in double digits. Since Sept. 4, a week before the Sept. 11 attacks, the Standard & Poor's 500 index has fallen 19.1 percent. The tech-heavy Nasdaq composite index has lost 25.7 percent.

   But Minnesota's largest companies have fared well by comparison. Among our Star Tribune 100 list of Minnesota's largest public companies (ranked by revenue), 38 have gained or held ground while 57 are down. Nearly two-thirds of the Minnesota companies are outperforming the Standard & Poor's 500 index.

     A year after the World Trade Center attacks, the Bloomberg/Star Tribune 100 has lost 10.4 percent. Although the losers outnumber the winners, the past year has certainly demonstrated that Minnesota's corporate heavyweights can take a punch.

     "We have a mix of industries such as medical products and services, food, specialty retailing and capital equipment that smoothed out the economic swings and associated changes in share prices," said Dianne Orbison, president of Advantus Capital in St. Paul. "These companies provide valued products that consumers want even as times get tougher."

     You might not need to upgrade your PC or buy a new cell phone, but you can't wait too long for that St. Jude Medical (up 7.4 percent) heart valve, or to paint your house with Valspar (9.6) coatings or order checks from Deluxe Corp. (36.7) so you can bank seven days a week at TCF (7.2).

     "Many of these local companies have been overlooked until the last year as the market was focused more on the high-growth technology and telecommunications sectors of the market," Orbison said. "That left behind many well-run and more steadily growing companies that are prevalent in our local economy."

     Mark Thompson, the chief stock picker at Minneapolis investment management firm Riverbridge Partners, tips his hat to Peter Frechette as one reason why Riverbridge's flagship stock portfolio returned 18 percent to shareholders in 2001 and continues to outpace the sagging major stock market indexes in 2002.

     Frechette is the chief executive of usually unheralded Patterson Dental Co. of Mendota Heights, whose shares have gained 36.5 percent since Sept. 4. Frechette & Co. do know how to grow, take market share and make money in a way that has tripled the stock price in the past five years.

     "It's not the cheapest stock around anymore," Thompson said. "But I'm not selling it. It's a steady performer. It may go down some. But it will be good to own for another five years."

     Patterson also is a pretty good proxy for the drivers among the Bloomberg/Star Tribune 100 index of Minnesota's largest companies. 3M Co., the diversified global manufacturer (which has a large dental products group, by the way) is up 19.2 percent.

     More than a third of the Minnesota companies are up since September 2001 \_ a month that began with hopes for an economic rebound and ended amid the horror of the terrorist attacks on New York City and Washington, D.C., and a market decline that only recently bottomed.

     Some winners, such as Select Comfort, Sportsman's Guide and Digital River, are rebounding from precipitous declines in 2000 and 2001. And Alliant Techsystems, up 46.1 percent compared with last year, is a munitions maker for the Pentagon that has benefitted from the war on terrorism.

     Beyond that, the Minnesota gainers are paced by stalwart, not sexy, companies with solid businesses and managements.

     "Fastenal, Bemis, Graco, Valspar, Ecolab," said Tom Mahowald, equity research director at American Express Financial Advisors. "These are stable companies with disciplined models and an industrial flair to most of them. There's an expectation as the economy strengthens they will be among the first to benefit. They are also staples: clothing, machinery, specialty chemicals."

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The losers

     To be sure, we've had our losers. The worst-hit companies include Northwest Airlines (down 51.3 percent), which like all airlines has been plagued by heightened security concerns among vacation travelers and the failure of business travel to rebound to post-attack levels.

     Metris Companies (down 83.8 percent), a credit-card lender to the ***working class***, is beset by high default rates and a business slowdown in the first recession of its eight-year history.

     Computer Network Technology (down 36.1 percent) and Datalink (down 48.6), are companies that provide data-storage services for customers that haven't made significant office-technology commitments for three years.

     ADC Telecommunications (down 68.6 percent) and Rural Cellular (down 94.4) both are outfits pummeled by the telecom depression \_ a sector that three years ago was considered an endless gusher of profits.

     Only two years ago, David Kidwell, the former dean of the University of Minnesota's Carlson School of Management, was publicly warning that the state had missed the digital revolution of Silicon Valley that was making paper millionaires of 25-year-old software programmers.

     Minneapolis-based Retek Inc., a promising software maker that serves bricks-and-mortar retailers, is down 81.3 percent.

     In the long run, we may wish we were more of a technology hotbed. But lately, the market has gravitated to Minnesota-style diversity and stability.

     "Donaldson, Toro, Graco . . . these are venerable companies that can take a punch," said Clint Morrison, a veteran regional analyst who works for U.S. Bancorp Piper Jaffray. "They tend to underperform when the market is exciting and the stories are flying about high-tech and the dot-coms. They are mundane manufacturers, and they don't run up as much in the good times."

    This year's winners tend to be run by experienced managers with good reputations. You don't see the folks who run Toro, Medtronic or Valspar being led away in handcuffs on CNBC.

     "Conservative, consistent," Thompson said. "That's what the market wants now. I think the theme runs for awhile."

     Maybe. But markets are cyclical.

     "I would argue that now's not the time to get into some of these winners of the last year or two," Morrison said. "They're selling at a higher multiple than their historic earnings-growth rate."

     As usual, it's easier to tell where the market's been than where it's going.

The crystal ball

     Many fundamental analysts (who watch company earnings and economic trends) as well as technical analysts (who watch historic market patterns to predict the future) think that the market hit bottom in late July.

     Barring an outbreak of war in Iraq or an oil-price spike, there's a growing consensus that we are a slow-growth economy and that corporate earnings are going to pick up slowly. The theory among optimists is that the worst is over and that there could be a continued rise in the market this fall. The moribund telecommunications sector will take longer to rebound.

     "This has been a historic decline," said Phil Dow, director of equity strategy at RBC Dain Rauscher. "The decline, on a total-return basis \_ including dividends \_ of the S&P 500 from March of 2000 through July 23 was a 46.6 percent decline. That's worse than 1973-74, when it was 45.1 percent. It was 51.2 percent during 1937-38."

     Analysts also look at price-to-earnings ratios. Dow said the S&P 500 is trading at about 18 times projected 2003 earnings, down from 30 times a couple of years ago. Strip out the technology and telecom companies, and it's trading around 14 times.

     "I'm an investor, not a trader," Dow said. "And I own ADC and it hurts right now. And telecom will recover last when the market recovery comes.

     "But when the economy recovers, Medtronic, Cisco Systems and Intel and even ADC are going to be worth a hell of a lot more than they are today. I'm not smart enough to buy stocks just before the good run happens. So I just want to own these stocks in my retirement plan."

     Big pension funds as well as some individual investors are starting to buy more than they're selling, according to the Investment Company Institute and other industry indicators that show the outflow from stocks and stock funds was reversed in recent weeks.

     Mahowald said he thinks that General Mills, Target and Northwest Airlines, losers during the past year, will rebound with even modest economic strengthening.

     Morrison likes some beaten-up names such as Computer Network Technology and Zomax, which are trading close to their liquidation values and which have good business franchises and should do well in a tech rebound.

     But many investors were scorched by the Worldcom, Qwest and Enron disasters. They will return to the market slowly, if at all.

     "The market is still nervous, short-term-oriented and interprets everything negatively," Morrison said. "I'm looking for fundamentally good companies and where the story will improve over the next six to 12 months. You have to look longer-term, gulp and buy something even where there's some uncertainty over the next quarter."

   Thompson believes the S&P 500 could rise another 10 percent. But stock picking will be increasingly important, he said. He and others look for upside from Hormel, Target and General Mills, proven performers with strong franchises. Thompson likes Techne Corp., a gateway stock to the emerging biotechnology industry.

     "We had 15 years of excess demand in the market until 2000," he said. "I don't think the market has a lot of downside, and I think we're in a rally. But that also will bring out sellers who are still underwater from 1999. We'll be testing lows again. If I'm right, the supply of money into the market will be consistent and you'll get a flattish to single-digit return over the next couple of years. It will drive you nuts.

     "To make good money, you will have to own good names."

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Squaring off against adversity

Extreme and extraordinary risks surfaced in the past 12 months, from acts of terror to war to recession to corporate scandals. Still, among Minnesota's 100 biggest public companies, 37 have seen their shares rise and 62 are outperforming the Standard & Poor's 500. Here's a sampling. The volatility measure (beta) indicates whether the company's risk is considered above average or below average when compared with the Standard & Poor's 500, which has a beta of 1. Alliant Techsystems,for example, has below-average market risk (0.33) while ADC Telecommunications has above-average market risk (1.69).

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                          Share price change   Volatility

                            change since       (beta

- Still standing              9/4/2001         coefficient)

Alliant Techsystems Inc.      46.1%            0.33

Elaboration: Defense companies do well in time of war.

Patterson Dental Co.           36.5            0.61

Elaboration: Health care companies are insulated from market shocks.

3M Co.                         19.2            1.00

Elaboration: Global diversification is a good thing.

- Knockdowns

Best Buy Co. Inc.             -46.1%           1.05

Elaboration: Fears abound that consumers will stop spending.

Northwest Airlines            -51.3            1.58

Elaboration: Attacks briefly grounded the industry; security concerns persist.

ADC Telecommunications        -68.6            1.69

Elaboration: The telecommunications-industry depression continues.

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ST100 gainers and losers since September

     Since Sept. 4, 38 of our Star Tribune 100 companies have held or gained ground - 26 with double-digit percentage increases. Fifty-seven companies from our list suffered share losses, 45 in double digits. Nearly two-thirds (62) of the companies outperformed the Standard & Poor's 500. The companies are ranked in order of percentage change.

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   GAINERS                    Aug. 30    9/4/01

   Company                    close      % chg.

1 Select Comfort Corp.       $ 4.08     242.9

2 Sportsman's Guide Inc.       7.56     228.7

3 Digital River Inc.           7.78      66.2

4 Christopher & Banks Corp.   29.10      56.4

5 CNS Inc.                     6.05      47.6

6 Polaris Industries Inc.     73.35      47.6

7 Alliant Techsystems Inc.    68.22      46.1

8 Deluxe Corp.                45.46      36.7

9 Patterson Dental Co.        47.70      36.5

10 Imation Corp.               33.30      35.3

11 Department 56 Inc.          12.79      33.9

12 UnitedHealth Group Inc.     88.35      29.9

13 Navarre Corp.                1.32      28.1

14 Osmonics Inc.               13.90      27.8

15 Donaldson Co. Inc.          37.82      27.1

16 Rehabilicare Inc.            3.81      27.0

17 Toro Co.                    55.75      21.8

18 Regis Corp.                 25.56      20.3

19 Bemis Co.                   52.98      20.3

20 3M Co.                     124.67      19.2

21 Apogee Enterprises Inc.     11.99      17.0

22 Pentair Inc.                43.44      16.3

23 G&K Services Inc.           32.04      14.8

24 Ecolab Inc.                 45.04      12.7

25 Nortech Systems Inc.         7.41      12.3

26 Amer. Medical Sys. Hldgs.   22.34      11.7

27 Valspar Corp.               40.54       9.6

28 Graco Inc.                  25.49       9.2

29 Hawkins Inc.                 8.95       9.1

30 Fargo Electronics Corp.      7.55       8.6

31 Chronimed Inc.               5.02       8.0

32 St. Jude Medical Inc.       37.21       7.4

33 TCF Financial Corp.         48.60       7.2

34 Fastenal Co.                35.22       6.3

35 Communications Systems       6.40       5.8

36 Delphax Technologies Inc.    3.70       5.7

37 H.B. Fuller Co.             26.95       0.5

38 Int'l Multifoods Corp.      20.85       0.0

LOSERS                         Aug.30     9/4/01

Company                        close      % chg.

1 Arctic Cat Inc.             $14.95      -0.3

2 Target Corp.                 34.20      -1.9

3 Tennant Co.                  37.30      -2.4

4 Dura Automotive Systems      13.70      -2.8

5 Supervalu Inc.               20.77      -4.0

6 HMN Financial Inc.           18.00      -5.8

7 General Mills Inc.           42.09      -5.9

8 Allete Inc.                  24.90      -6.7

9 Otter Tail Corp.             26.45      -7.8

10 Transport Corp. of America    5.81      -8.5

11 PepsiAmericas Inc.           14.32      -9.3

12 Medtronic Inc.               41.18      -9.3

13 Techne Corp.                 28.39     -10.3

St100/Bloomberg Index          105.45     -10.4

14 Appliance Recycling Ctrs.     2.95     -10.6

15 MTS Systems Corp.            11.58     -10.6

16 C.H. Robinson Worldwide      27.59     -11.7

17 Hormel Foods Corp.           22.83     -11.9

18 U.S. Bancorp                 21.49     -12.4

19 Innovex Inc.                  2.57     -12.6

Dow Jones Indus. Avg         8,663.50     -13.3

20 Possis Medical Inc.          12.60     -14.3

Russell 2000 Index             390.96     -16.3

21 Velocity Express Corp.        2.84     -16.5

22 Ceridian Corp.               16.07     -17.6

23 PW Eagle Inc.                 3.90     -18.2

24 Valuevision Media Inc.       14.23     -18.3

S&P 500 Index                  916.07     -19.1

25 Hutchinson Technology        15.71     -19.3

26 Hickory Tech Corp.           14.50     -19.4

27 Entegris Inc.                 9.03     -22.2

LOSERS                         Aug.30        9/4/01

Company                        close         % chg.

Nasdaq Composite Index       1,314.91        -25.7

28 Norstan Inc.                  3.00        -26.8

29 Medtox Scientific Inc.        8.01        -27.5

30 St. Paul Companies           30.42        -27.6

31 A.S.V. Inc.                  10.26        -31.4

32 Famous Dave's Of America      6.28        -31.4

33 Mesaba Holdings Inc.          6.00        -35.1

34 Computer Network Tech.        6.18        -36.1

35 Tower Automotive Inc.         7.97        -37.8

36 RTW Inc.                      0.91        -38.9

37 Zomax Inc.                    3.81        -39.5

38 Analysts International Corp. 2.99        -40.2

39 Nash Finch Co.               20.93        -41.1

40 Ault Inc.                     3.05        -42.9

41 Buca Inc.                     8.74        -43.2

42 Best Buy Co. Inc.            21.20        -46.1

43 Datalink Corp.                3.60        -48.6

44 Northwest Airlines Corp.     10.17        -51.3

45 Wilsons The Leather Experts   8.03        -56.5

46 Plato Learning Inc.           7.86        -59.4

47 Xcel Energy Inc.              9.66        -65.1

48 ADC Telecommunications        1.28        -68.6

49 FSI International Inc.        4.40        -68.7

50 Digi International Inc.       2.35        -74.2

51 Stellent Inc.                 5.02        -76.1

52 BMC Industries Inc.           1.10        -76.5

53 Retek Inc.                    4.89        -81.3

54 Metris Companies Inc.         4.00        -83.8

55 Intelefilm Corp.              0.11        -89.1

56 Pemstar Inc.                  1.00        -92.1

57 Rural Cellular Corp.          2.04        -94.4

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Note: Provell Inc. is in Chapter 11 bankruptcy. Ontrack Data International and NRG Energy were acquired. There is incomplete price history on Lawson Software (an initial public offering) and Paper Warehouse.

**Graphic**

CHART; ILLUSTRATION

**Load-Date:** September 4, 2002

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[***ANOTHER TRANSFORMATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P3T0-0094-53GC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

From its outward appearance, the Cooper Power Systems factory here is like many other factories that were once the backbone of industrial America. It has the same brick and corrugated metal facades, a patchwork of old buildings nestled among newer ones. It has a union hall down the street. And there are ***working-class*** homes that overlook the plant on a hillside above.

But this place is nonetheless unique. It is the last American-owned factory of its size to build the huge power transformers that energized the postwar growth of America's cities and suburbs. The companies that built these products for generations -- General Electric, Westinghouse, McGraw Edison -- have abandoned the business for more lucrative fields. Other overseas conglomerates -- ABB Asea Brown Boveri, Siemens -- have stepped in.

On Nov. 23, Cooper will join the parade of U.S. conglomerates that have chosen to step out. That's the date the unit of Cooper Industries of Houston, Texas, will close the plant for good unless a buyer emerges. The factory as recently as May employed 700 people, and was once Washington County's largest employer with a payroll of nearly 4,000.

Steve Holik thinks the pending loss of the Cooper plant is a crying shame. The transformers assembled at the plant were the mastodons of their age -- highly engineered boxes of steel, wire and coolant. They were custom-made, bulky and so heavy -- several hundred tons -- that they required massive space in which to construct and test them and oversized railroad cars to move them.

''I've never built one the same. Every job was different. It's not something you could standardize,'' says Holik, who for 30 years fabricated metal tanks that surround the transformer's electromagnetic innards.

In many respects, the pending closure of the Cooper plant represents lights out: for the workers who toiled there, and for the industrial era it once symbolized.

''I can't understand for the life of me why people are getting out of this business. There's got to be money in transformers,'' says Sam Amorose, a retiree who was a leader of the United Steelworkers union at the plant when it bustled under the ownerhip of McGraw-Edison.

Producers of electric generating and transmission equipment depend for the most part on investor-owned utilities now jittery about the future. Utilities in America are looking for ways not to spend money, turning to conservation and efficiency rather than new construction.

''The transformer market in the United States has been declining steadily,'' says Raj Anand, manager of business development for Siemens Energy and Automation Inc., a unit of Munich-based Siemens AG. Siemens makes large transformers the size of Canonsburg's products at a plant in Germany and smaller ones in the United States.

''Growth is stagnant,'' adds Kenneth Hall, manager of power delivery programs for the National Electrical Manufacturers Association, a trade group. ''Utilities aren't building new substations and transmission lines.''

Some experts say the sluggish market conditions have been exacerbated by the Energy Act of 1992, which has spurred cost-cutting among utilites. But signs that the large power transformer industry were in trouble came well before Congress passed its legislation. Some of the U.S. players that had dominated the industry packed their bags years earlier.

GE, under the profit-driven regimen of CEO Jack Welch, was the first to bail out, selling its large transformer interests to Pittsburgh rival Westinghouse, but staying in medium-sized transformers found in shopping centers, skyscrapers and small substations.

Then Westinghouse itself consolidated, halting production at its huge shop in Sharon, Mercer County, in the mid-1980s and moving large transformer work to facilities in Muncie, Ind. Sharon had employed 9,000 four decades ago.

Westinghouse formed a joint venture with ABB in the electrical generating business a few years later and by 1990 had sold out, leaving the Swiss-Swedish firm with its Muncie transformer division site, the largest in this country. ABB also bought Combustion Engineering, another U.S. player in the power generating business.

The consolidation is continuing. Reliance Electric, whose North American Transformer plant competed with Cooper in some products, is merging with General Signal Corp., it was announced in September. Reliance cited the need for muscle to compete in foreign markets.

MagneTek, formed in 1984 out of the Magnetics Group of Litton Industries, is also negotiating to sell its electric power and transmission business. Siemens, the German company, is said to be the suitor.

Not surprisingly, the companies that have gotten out claim that making transformers is bad business. Donald Povejsil, who as a corporate vice president of strategic planning at Westinghouse helped engineer the company's exit from transformers, contends it was a smart move. He says the market had shrunk to a third or fourth of what it was before the oil embargo of the 1970s cut energy growth from 7 percent a year to 2 percent or lower.

''I frankly can't understand why anybody would want to be in the business,'' Povejsil asserts.

American companies also had difficulty penetrating foreign markets in part because utilities in other countries are often government owned or controlled and generally favor local manufacturers.

''The problem in the power transformer business has always been that during the years when utilities were buying it was not a bad business. But utilities buy in cycles and there was always a lot more capacity than was needed,'' says Mel Goetz, a former Westinghouse executive in power products.

''When utilities stopped buying, the cycle would turn down and you'd get terrific price cutting. Prices would nose dive at the bottom of the cycle. Nobody made any money over a long period of time.''

The cyclical nature of the transformer business, however, hasn't kept foreign companies from buying what's left of the U.S. industry. Siemens, ABB and a few others are convinced that the world market will at least support them -- and they're determined to be the survivors as the business consolidates. The key is to be a world player capable of taking advantage of growth in electricity consumption in other countries, including China, India and Taiwan, says Anand of Siemens.

''To survive,'' he contends, ''a company has to be global and have a long-term approach.''

In the meantime, some observers worry that consolidation could force utilities one day to be dependent on foreign suppliers who may not be able to quickly respond to energy disasters. Skilled engineers and assemblers eventually will leave the work force.

''The capacity of existing plants beyond Cooper is limited,'' says John Gauthier, a transformer expert with a trade group representing equipment makers. Yet utilities don't seem worried. They say there are enough manufacturers to ensure competitive bids and enough manufacturing capacity to absorb any business Cooper might leave behind. ''It eliminates one more supplier but there are other suppliers out there,'' says Jim Wilker, manager of electrical equipment engineering for the Pennsylvania Electric Co.

If the market ever improves, however, Gauthier argues that it could take six months for a foreign supplier to manufacture a huge power transformer and several months to ship it by ocean. They're too heavy to be airlifted.

''As we eliminate this capacity, we increase the potential for an inability to respond in a timely fashion to man-made or natural disasters. It's not without impact,'' Gauthier adds.

While market tacticians argue about the ups and downs of the market, there's no denying that the power transformer was a thing of power. A steel-encased container about as big as a railroad boxcar, power transformers do exactly what the name implies -- they transform power, amplifying the voltage coming out of generating plants, and enabling electricity to be transmitted over long distances. They can cost millions of dollars.

One of Canonsburg's products, a 20-foot high transformer powerful enough to run 6.5 million 100 watt light bulbs, is being stored as a spare in the switchyard of West Penn Power Co.'s Hatfield generation station near Masontown, Fayette County. The station -- and its three operating transformers -- can power a city of 1 million residents.

Some transformers were so big that retired assembler Joe Fickulak remembers using a 40-foot extension ladder to tighten electrical fixtures, vacuum out moisture and fill the transformer with coolant the texture of syrup.

''Everything was made there, the tanks, side frames, everything … and bushings, we made the best in the world,'' says Fickulak, recalling the days before 1985 when Cooper acquired the plant from McGraw-Edision.

He also remembers asbestos fibers everywhere and liberal use of PCB -- polychlorinated biphenal -- which served as an insulating medium before its manufacture was banned in the 1970s as a suspected carcinogen. ''I didn't know it was PCB,'' Fickulak says. The toxin still remains on the property.

Today, a slimmed-down work force of about 200 people is working around the clock under a bonus system to complete existing orders for new equipment and repairs by the time the plant closes.

Dennis Crile, president of the largest United Steelworkers union local at the plant, doubts that Cooper will find a buyer for the plant's cavernous 1.25 million square feet of space, and avoid the loss of jobs that pay $ 13 to $ 14 an hour on average.

The union can't raise the $ 25 million plus it would need to operate the business, excluding buildings and equipment, while waiting for the market to turn upwards, he says, jokingly waving his contribution, a $ 20 bill. Meanwhile, equipment used to manufacture the transformers is being sold off.

''You need machinery and equipment to work with,'' Crile says, sitting in a cramped union office soon to be converted for career counseling. ''You're not going to get a prospective buyer to look at a gutted factory.''

Cooper put the Canonsburg plant, once Washington County's largest employer, up for sale in April, saying the large power transformer business was depressed and not generating profits high enough to meet investment goals.

Initial survival hopes dimmed when A. Leonard Ghilani, a former manager who had expressed interest in its purchase, backed away and took a job with Smit Transformers, a Dutch competitor that recently began building transformers in a small repair shop purchased from Westinghouse in South Carolina.

Ghilani concluded that a plant backed by private investors could not stand alone in a marketplace without the support of a bigger company. Its competitors generally offer a portfolio of electrical equipment.

''Canonsburg is a very sophisticated operation and it makes some of the finest transformers in the world but what it needed was the synergy of a larger company in the business behind it … another Cooper,'' Ghilani says.

Cooper and Andrew ''Lefty'' Palm, the district director of the United Steelworkers union, separately say they continue to seek a buyer although David Watson, Cooper's vice president of personnel, admits that the prospects are diminishing.

''We're looking to pull a rabbit out of the hat,'' Palm says. ''Cooper doesn't have the patience to hang in there with it. They're going to cut and leave. That's sad.''

Union officials criticize Cooper for eliminating old-timers who knew the business and for using contractors to supply parts once made in-house. They say Cooper bailed out while it appeared to have a backlog of business. A flurry of orders were canceled once the shutdown was announced.

''If this company is so broke, why did they cancel so many'' orders, says assembler, Ray Shook. ''Since April 26, they have worked seven days a week, 12-hour shifts. We have plenty of work to go another year.''

Shook believes Cooper simply wants to make the plant an example to workers at its other industrial facilities in retaliation for a 103-day strike in 1991 over health-care benefits. Cooper says the decision was simply market driven.

Canonsburg, however, hopes the site will not remain fallow. It has gone through other transformations, having housed Pennsylvania Transformer, McGraw-Edison and then Cooper. Before the 1950s, the property was used by Alcoa, National Can and Radio Corp. of America.

''We're still looking for somebody to buy this place,'' Amorose says. ''Canonsburg workers are dedicated people experienced in building transformers. I know.''

KRTBN

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Robert Pavuchak/Post-Gazette: Some workers say Cooper Power is closing to teach unions a lesson; the company blamee a sluggish market.; The 20-foot-high transformers produced at the Canonsburg's plant can run 6.5 million 100-watt light bulbs.

**Load-Date:** October 5, 1994

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[***Cargill's quiet man;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WNN-J500-00J2-320G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Warren Staley, Cargill's understated new CEO, knows his company well, but faces challenges that could strain the most seasoned executives.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WNN-J500-00J2-320G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The man and the company seem a match.

     Like Cargill Inc., its new CEO, Warren Staley, has a reputation for being quietly powerful, ambitious and competitive.

     Though invisible to consumers, Minnetonka-based Cargill has a hand in almost everything Americans eat and drink, from bonbons to beer. And in his 30-year career with the company, Staley has participated in almost everything Cargill does, from food processing to free-trade advocacy.

     The nation's largest private company has turned to the reserved Staley at a pivotal moment in its 134-year history, one marked by rapid technological change, poor financial performance and public skepticism about Cargill's intentions. Cargill has faced more dire situations \_ it has had two brushes with bankruptcy \_ but perhaps never a time when the challenges were so many or complex.

   The decisions made by Staley and his executive team will not only shape the future for Cargill's 5,000 Minnesota employees and 80,000 worldwide, but also profoundly affect the nation's farm economy and its dinner tables.

     Outside of Cargill, the 57-year-old Staley, who became chief executive last week, is unknown.

     "He must be a very private person," said an official at Cornell University's business school, who looked through years of the school's magazine and couldn't find a mention of one of its most successful graduates.

     In interviews, though, it became clear that Staley brings a varied, complex perspective to the job.

     The man who will head the company often accused of threatening the family farm spent part of his youth taking care of hogs and knows firsthand the rigors of farm life. He navigated hyperinflation in overseas markets during the '80s, the reverse of Cargill's current dilemma: a collapse in commodity prices that have hammered its profits.

     Though he's known for being analytical, he admits his decision to join Cargill had as much to do with a love interest as it did career planning. Finally, while he is part of a tradition of promotion from within at Cargill, Staley is obsessed with studying outside business practices to strengthen the company.

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Challenges ahead

     As Staley \_ only the third non-family member to head Cargill \_ takes over, the company faces challenges that could strain the most seasoned executives.

     The Justice Department has delayed approval of Cargill's bid to buy rival Continental Grain, a deal that has triggered protests about corporate concentration in agriculture. It's rare for a congressman to oppose a home-state company, but U.S. Sen. Paul Wellstone has lobbied against the acquisition.

     Cargill's plan to get out of the seed business was thwarted this year when it admitted to misappropriating genetic seed material from rival Pioneer-Hi-Bred. The confession killed its first attempt to sell the division, and the company is looking for a new buyer.

     Meanwhile, Cargill's farmer customers are angry that they are receiving marginal or negative returns on their crops due to historically low prices for such commodities as corn and soybeans.

     Cargill's own results have been punk. In the nine months ended Feb. 28, operating profits shrank 62 percent from the previous year, a year in which profits had declined by 43 percent.

     Bigger long-term issues loom. Communications and technological advances have been shrinking the food chain, allowing farmers and food companies to communicate directly and eliminate the need for middlemen who don't add value. These concerns, in part, are driving the Continental merger, through which Cargill is seeking to create an ultraefficient grain-shipping network. They also drove Staley's decision to have all senior managers drop their day-to-day schedules and spend time exclusively on long-term planning.

     Amid all the change, Staley must keep fourth- and fifth-generation Cargill heirs content with their dividend checks. (About 100 MacMillan and Cargill family members are believed to control about 85 percent of Cargill; the rest is held by an employee stock ownership plan and by senior management.)

     The man who must drive so many changes at Cargill has, like his predecessors, worked there almost his entire life.

     "In that respect, he is still one of the old school," said Heinz Hutter, a retired past president of Cargill and another of Staley's mentors.

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Cool and 'even-keeled'

     Staley's office contains few personal effects. It is his iron-black hair and rapid-fire bass voice that stand out in an interview.

     Staley is perhaps the most reserved member of Cargill's senior executive team, notable at a company known for being low-key. But that's a good thing.

     "As the Chinese say, you don't buy a dog for its barking and you don't value a person for how colorful his speech might be," Hutter said.

     Known for being cool under pressure, Staley bristles at the label "low-key."

     "Even-keeled," he suggested as an alternative. "When you're a senior [management] person, you don't want to get too excited, or overdo it, and you don't want to get too upset with people."

     The Midwestern reserve has deep roots.

     Staley came of age in the 1950s in Springfield, Ill. He lived in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of flour millers and railroad workers in a city surrounded by a sea of corn.

     His father grew up on a troubled farm, never went to high school and shoveled coal for the railroads most of his life.

     "He had huge, enormous arms and shoulders," said Staley, who is slight in build. "I knew I never wanted to talk back or mess with him."

     During summer breaks, the young Staley was sent to the farms of his mother's family in Kansas.

     "It convinced me never, ever to be a hog farmer," Staley said with a laugh. "It's different today. But back then you had to slop the hogs. You mixed up the barley and the feed in a bucket and you took the bucket out and you put it in the trough. And while you're trying to do this, the hogs would knock you over. You had to go up to the barn at night to get the feed. There were rats up there. For a city boy, I didn't like that idea."

     Aunts and uncles and cousins have sold land to each other over the years, making for a larger tract. But Staley \_ unsentimental about farming \_ thinks his family's farm is still too small to be competitive.

     High-school summers in Kansas led him to Kansas State for college, but as far away from farming as he could get. Staley earned an engineering degree, mostly paying his way by waiting tables and working summers at Illinois Bell. Money also came from playing bass fiddle in a dance band with his fraternity brothers. The band played weekends at the officer's club of nearby Fort Riley.

     After a stint as an entry-level engineer for Standard Oil in California, Staley went to the East Coast for an MBA at Cornell.

     It was during a break from Cornell in 1966 that he first came to Cargill and a summer job in data processing.

     "Somebody suggested Cargill," he said. "It was totally random."

     Or, perhaps, it wasn't. Staley concedes he wanted to be close to his college sweetheart, Mary Lynn Haymaker, who lived in Edina. A year later, they were married.

     His decision also may have been influenced by the fact that his eventual father-in-law was a longtime Cargill manager.

     Indeed, nothing about Staley seems random.

     Before plunging into the Cargill culture, Staley took off with his bride for a Latin American adventure. But it was no lark \_ he joined a Ford Foundation project in development banking in Cali, Colombia.

     "I was curious what it was like living somewhere else," Staley said. "I just grew up working. That's what people in my neighborhood did and that's what people on the farm did.

     "I got through all my education and [took] no foreign language. So I'm saying, 'Holy Cow \_ what's it like?' "

     Two years later, in 1969, Staley began his career in earnest at Cargill as a management trainee. He never left, following a path seemingly meant for a future CEO. He circulated from corn milling to animal feed, from England to Argentina, from head of North American operations to president and chief operating officer last year.

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Quiet ambition

    "My goal starting out at Cargill was to be part of the senior management team. Everything was here \_ international, financial. There weren't that many companies at that time that had all those dimensions," Staley recalled.

     In those days, senior managers at Cargill had coffee every morning and discussed prospects. When a spot opened up in Argentina, Gerald Mitchell, now a retired vice chairman, recommended Staley.

     Staley was scheduled to return to the States after a tour in England. He went to Argentina instead.

     "It indicated one of the great assets of Warren and his wife. They never turned the company down or had any hesitation about any assignment we asked him to take," Hutter said.

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Inflation and corn syrup

     Staley had already proved himself.

     His first test was corn syrup \_ the sugary liquid that is a common substitute for sugar in foods and beverages.

     Working under Mitchell, Staley was among the key managers who built a corn syrup plant in Ohio. That helped vault Cargill in the 1970s from a newcomer to one of the world's top three corn syrup producers.

     The project also was one of Cargill's first efforts to evolve from a raw commodities trader to a food processor.

     In Argentina, Staley was country manager. The '80s were a period of hyperinflation in the Argentine economy; prices rose 50 percent a month.

     The assignment put Staley on stage before the most important Cargill audience \_ its owners.

     "I first got to know the family when I was in Argentina," Staley said. "I used to be invited back [to Minneapolis] frequently to explain how we were going to keep from losing the family fortune \_ 'Who is this young man, and does he have any idea what he's doing?' "

     The answer was yes.

     "We spent 80 percent of our time worrying about the survival of the company for three years while I was there," Staley said. "It was nerve-racking."

     Some at Cargill speculated that Staley got the CEO job \_ replacing Ernest Micek, who announced his retirement this spring \_ because other senior executives were sullied by the back-to-back disasters in Cargill's swashbuckling financial unit. That unit lost a combined $320 million over the past two years by lending to mobile home buyers and investing in Russian financial instruments.

     In fact, Staley was one of the unit's greatest supporters. His Argentine experience was actually a dry run for what later became the financial markets group, first staffed by many people who helped Staley weather hyperinflation. Staley was part of the management team that approved last year's big Russia bets.

     He still defends the financial unit as "a tremendous success."

     "We knew exactly what we were doing, and the doomsday scenario came home," he said of the Russian debacle. "It's the biggest credit default in the history of the world. So you have to put it in perspective."

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Worrying about tomorrow

     As CEO, Staley said he's ready to worry.

     "I've learned as I've progressed on to the senior management team that you don't spend as much of your time on today," he said. "You spend your time worrying about tomorrow. Worrying about the changes in this world."

     Staley's agenda is ambitious. He wants to modernize, streamline and refocus the entire 29-division conglomerate, according to an 11-year strategic plan approved by Cargill's board in February.

     Staley's first move last week was to relieve the entire senior management team of day-to-day duties. Staley asked the team to focus on the future and training the company's future leaders.

     The changes ahead are fuzzy at this point. "We're in a discovery phase," Staley said.

     But the company says it aims to provide broader solutions to its farmer and food company customers, rather than just selling them products. Risk management services \_ buffering customers from price shocks \_ is one of the areas Cargill is looking at.

     Staley plans to update and combine the back-room operations of Cargill's various divisions, which largely operate as autonomous companies. At the same time, he'll review all of the Cargill empire, seeing which pieces fit and which don't.

     Then he wants to push Cargill to innovate. "We're adopters and users of technology, but not inventors," he said. "We need to innovate more.

     "I love the kind of work we get to do here. All the different elements. It drives some people crazy 'cause things don't always go well. I just happen to like it."

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Warren Staley

     - Born: May 14, 1942, Springfield, Ill.

     - Family: Married, three children, ages 27, 25 and 22.

     - Education: B.S. in engineering, Kansas State University, 1965; MBA, Cornell University, 1967.

     - Career: Summer internship at Cargill Inc. in 1966, full-time since 1969. Worked in corn syrup, Latin America and animal feed divisions. Became president of North America division in 1993. Elected to board of directors in 1995. Promoted to president and chief operating officer in 1998. Elevated to CEO on June 1.

     - Interests: Used to play bass fiddle in a band, now spends more time on hotel treadmills. Spanish speaker, golfer.

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New fields of endeavor

     Cargill's far-flung operations embrace everything from chocolate and steel to canola oil and egg patties. Much of the food Americans eat has either been traded or processed by Cargill, but the company has found itself struggling to increase profits and is pursuing new strategies for business growth.

     - Biotechnology: Cargill's labs are transforming corn into fibers that can be used in clothing, from golf shirts to wedding dresses.

     - Food: Cargill's food-processing operations are making dishes, such as microwaveable pot roast, that can be sold directly to consumers in supermarkets.

     - Consulting: Like IBM before it, Cargill is hoping to sell itself as a business partner rather than just a vendor, tailoring new products for farmers and food companies.

     - Grain: Cargill aims to expand on its traditional base by buying rival Continental Grain's grain unit, giving it more scale and leverage to profit on the traditionally razor-thin margins of grain trading.

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Rollercoaster profits

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While Cargill Incorporated's sales have been stable since the mid-1990s, profits have swung dramatically as the agri-giant faced droughts and gluts in its commodity business. Still, profit margins are thin at one or two percent.

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Annual results for fiscal years ended May 31#

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Sales

(in billions)

(See microfilm for chart.)

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Profits (in millions)

(See microfilm for chart.)

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# Fiscal 1999 results are annualized, based on sales of $34 billion and profits of $94 million through the first nine months of the fiscal year. The fiscal 1999 profit figure is from continuing operations, and does not include a one-time gain of $685 million from the sale of Cargill's international seed business.

**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 9, 1999

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[***Digging up the dirt;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P750-0094-52F4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Singel and Ridge staffs at work on political 'attack ads'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P750-0094-52F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

In offices here a scant three blocks apart, political staffers euphemistically known as ''opposition researchers'' have spent the summer writing unauthorized biographies of the two major candidates for governor.

Along the Susquehanna River, in the brightly lit basement offices of Republican Tom Ridge, the ''propellerheads'' -- so called for their capacity to churn through abstruse data -- are sifting through the history of Lt. Gov. Mark S. Singel. Their job: disregard the good, and underscore the bad -- and anything that can be presented as bad.

In a three-story row house on Second Street, members of Democrat Singel's staff are giving similar scrutiny to Ridge -- leafing through 12 years of congressional votes, culling the ones they think can depict the Erie congressman as a tool of the powerful and an enemy of the working people of Pennsylvania.

In a campaign where the two major-party candidates are in stunning agreement on a number of the flashpoint issues by which many voters do their initial sorting out -- death penalty, abortion, taxes -- one task for Ridge and Singel in the coming campaign, which traditionally begins in earnest today, will be to use that research to tear the opponent apart.

The political biographies Ridge and Singel write won't be printed on paper. They will be published 30 seconds at a time, in television ads soon to flood the commercial breaks of the 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. news. They are the so-called attack ads that everyone professes to hate, but that no candidate is willing to eschew. Because they work.

Using polls and focus groups

During the relatively quiet summer months, the Ridge and Singel camps have been collecting the stray facts around which to build those spots. They have tested their findings with polls and focus groups, trying to determine which of their findings most resonate with the electorate.

Are voters enraged when they learn that Tom Ridge missed nearly 30 percent of his congressional votes this year? Does their blood boil when they are told that Mark Singel cast a tie-breaking vote to send the state Senate on a five- month vacation, just so Democrats could stay in power?

Before it's over, a third video biography could emerge. It remains to be seen whether Singel, or, more likely, Ridge will feel compelled to go after Peg Luksik, the conservative, independent candidate for governor.

Ridge's campaign manager, Mark Holman, at this point figures that Luksik is better ignored unless she shows unexpected strength.

It's been 76 years since an independent or third-party candidate won more than 3 percent of the vote in a Pennsylvania gubernatorial election. If Luksik seems destined for similar irrelevancy, Ridge and Singel will ignore her, as they are certain to ignore the other minor candidates this year -- Tim Holloway of the Patriot Party and Patrick Fallon of the Libertarian Party.

But if Luksik picks up steam, look for Ridge to pick up his figurative pen, as Luksik's conservative, anti-abortion platform probably would hurt the Republican Ridge the most.

Absent that, the job of writing the nasty biographies is restricted to the Democrats and the Republicans.

Here are the early galleys:

Singel as lightweight 'frat boy'

It was 10 days ago, inside the Capitol offices of Republican State Senate President Pro Tempore Robert Jubelirer, that Tom Ridge's young staff took soundings on the subject of Mark Singel.

Mark Holman, Ridge's campaign manager, Stuart Stevens, his media consultant, as well as press secretary Ellen Yount and policy analyst Charles Zogby, listened attentively as caricatures of Singel were sketched by some of his Republican opponents in the Senate.

''Frat boy,'' said one.

''Immature,'' was the one-word summary of another.

Ridge's staff nodded as the partisan assessments flew, each one welcomed by a campaign eager to give Democrats a reason to abandon their party's nominee. The Republican's forays into negative advertising (the politicians prefer the more delicate term ''comparative'' advertising) are likely to echo the themes of that meeting -- characterizing Singel as an innately political creature with a flip-flopping record on crucial issues such as abortion and the death penalty.

Tom Ridge, a moderate Republican running against a moderate Democrat in a state with a 500,000 Democratic registration edge, would attempt to do what every politician tries to do: define his opponent in the minds of voters before Singel could do it for himself.

Mark Singel, in the Ridge strategy, will be depicted as a political lightweight whose major ambition has been for higher office, a great entertainer whose convictions shift with the polls.

Stevens, the Ridge media director, offered a visual metaphor for the way Singel will be depicted: ''I want to know which person on that staff is paid to put the weights in his pockets so he doesn't float to the ceiling.''

Leave the governor out of it!

In the early going, Ridge's staff has directed attention at two instances in which Singel has changed his mind on an issue: abortion and the death penalty. Going into office, Singel opposed both. Since then, he has changed, saying he would not support further restrictions on legal abortion in Pennsylvania and, in his stint as acting governor, signing an execution warrant for a death row inmate.

''Singel's flip-flops have been on the life issue and on the death issue,'' claimed Holman, sitting in a roomy basement office at Ridge's state headquarters in Harrisburg.

''On public policy issues, issues change with time. But the issues I've talked about are fundamental,'' Holman said. ''Singel's tenure as acting governor has given him what little credibility he has, and it's during that time that we'll focus on what he didn't do as governor.''

Another consensus that has emerged within the Ridge camp is to go after Singel for a 1986 campaign promise to create 150,000 new jobs each year in Pennsylvania. Job creation is notoriously hard to document.

But the 150,000-job issue points to a tricky area for the Ridge campaign: how to attack Singel's role in the Casey administration without attacking the governor too directly. Despite consistent polls showing that voters are dissatisfied with the way things are going in the state, Casey has enjoyed a surge of popularity, fueled at least in part by public sympathy for his battle against what was thought to be a terminal disease climaxed by his dramatic heart-liver transplant.

The theory so far in the Ridge camp has been to tie Singel to isolated matters connected to the Casey administration, but not in such a way to awaken the partisan anger of a retiring governor who, so far, has done little to help Singel.

''I can't imagine any circumstances where we would attack Casey,'' Stevens said.

He and his colleagues will have no similar scruples about Casey's former running mate.

Ridge as Washington insider

Singel's forays into negative campaigning are likely to ignore Ridge's personal history. That would be playing to Ridge's strength. Ridge's resume exudes accomplishment: born to a ***working-class*** Erie family; scholarship to Harvard; led a squad of men in Vietnam, won the Bronze Star and the Combat Infantryman's Badge; worked his way through law school; served as a prosecutor.

Instead, Singel's biography will fast-forward to another accomplishment: Ridge's election to Congress and his record in Washington, D.C.

These days, the Democrat's polls suggest, hailing from Congress is the political equivalent of having an anvil around your neck. Singel knows it. ''I don't think we need Washington solutions to Pennsylvania problems,'' he said of Ridge just hours after the primary election.

Singel will spend the next two months pouring light on isolated votes Ridge cast in Congress, seeking to portray him as an ally of the affluent and an enemy of working Pennsylvanians.

In his 12 years in Congress, Tom Ridge has compiled a moderate/conservative voting record, getting mixed ratings from virtually every interest group in Washington, from the ACLU to the American Conservative Union.

The independent Almanac of American Politics describes Ridge this way: ''He is not always market-oriented on economics, is sometimes dovish on defense and foreign policy, is liberal on some cultural issues and tradition-minded on others.''

In short, it's the voting pattern of a moderate Republican, the type Pennsylvania voters seem to feel comfortable with -- conservatively oriented, but not an ideologue.

Errand boy for the wealthy?

But while Ridge's congressional voting record may look moderate through a cumulative prism, and certainly through a Republican one, there are certain Ridge votes among the 5,000-plus he has cast that can be pulled out, left naked and made out to be a sustained attack on the hard-working people of Pennsylvania.

That's the story Singel will write.

Neil Oxman, a Democratic consultant who is not associated with the Singel campaign, put it bluntly: ''How do you define Tom Ridge? As a guy who has been screwing you for 12 years.''

Ridge voted against the family leave bill, a populist measure requiring larger businesses to give workers unpaid leaves to care for newborn or ill family members.

He voted in 1990 in support of President George Bush's capital-gains tax reduction, the keystone of Bush's economic plan. Democrats portrayed it as a tax break for the wealthy.

In 1992, Ridge voted with House Republicans in a procedural vote to kill an extension of unemployment benefits. He voted for the extension on final passage, but don't look for that to appear in Singel's biography.

Singel will also focus on Ridge's record as a member of the House Banking Committee, with particular attention to the bailout of the savings-and-loan industry, and the extensive campaign contributions Ridge has received from financial institutions.

''He consistently voted to let off the S&L crooks and stick taxpayers with the bill,'' asserts Ed Peavy, Singel's director of communications.

The potent absenteeism issue

Look, too, for Singel to hit Ridge hard on absenteeism.

Through the first half of 1994, Ridge missed nearly 30 percent of the votes in the U.S. House because he was out on the campaign trail.

Singel knows first hand how effective that issue can be.

Back in the 1986 campaign for governor, Casey and Singel were behind in the polls, trailing Republican William W. Scranton III and his running mate, Allegheny County state Sen. D. Michael Fisher.

Then Casey began running advertisements attacking Scranton's absenteeism. Scranton, who was lieutenant governor, had few formal duties except to preside over the Senate, yet had been regularly absent.

''How can you move Pennsylvania ahead if you don't go to work?'' Casey asked repeatedly.

Within weeks, the two were dead even, and Casey and Singel went on to win.

Singel has not forgotten that experience. His surrogates have already held two press conferences at the Capitol, calling attention to Ridge's absenteeism.

Of course, Singel spends as much time campaigning as Ridge. Maybe more. But Singel's job has few defined duties, while the House roll call votes serve as a public time clock for Ridge to punch in.

When Ridge doesn't vote, it's on the Congressional Record for all the world to see. If Singel is paying less attention to the Pennsylvania Energy Office, no one will know the difference.

The candidates on the issues

Here's a glance at the positions of the major candidates for governor on some key state issues:

Abortion -- Ridge supports legalized abortion, but said he would keep the abortion restrictions in Pennsylvania's law. He also opposes taxpayer funding of abortions. Singel supports legalized abortion; would attempt to repeal the required 24-hour waiting period in Pennsylvania's law; and supports taxpayer funding of abortion. Independent candidate Peg Luksik and Tim Holloway of the Patriot Party both oppose legal abortion. Luksik has said she would try to expand restrictions.

Assault-Weapon Bans -- Singel has tried to lead the charge on banning assault weapons. Ridge previously opposed a ban, calling it a ''feel-good'' measure of little effect, but has since become a reluctant supporter. He voted for a ban in congress as part of the crime bill. Luksik and Holloway both staunchly oppose a ban.

Death Penalty -- Ridge and Singel both support it.

Private-School Vouchers -- Ridge favors vouchers, which would, in one form or another, give parents their share of state education funding as a credit against private-school tuitions. Singel opposes such vouchers but favors choice within the public-school system.

Riverboat Gambling -- Singel supports its legalization. Ridge has expressed reservations about expanding gambling, but has said he is open to looking at the issue.

Taxes -- Ridge and Singel have both called for further reductions in state business taxes. Singel has also called for a slight increase in an electric company tax, and new taxes on lobbyists and polluters, to help pay for some of his programs.

Teacher-Strike Bans -- Ridge and Singel both oppose taking away teachers' right to strike.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), PHOTO: Lt. Gov. Mark S. Singel; PHOTO: Rep. Tom Ridge; PHOTO: John Beale/Post-Gazette photo: Mark Singel prays at his parents' home in Johnstown Saturday. The family gathered for breakfast to celebrate Singel's mother's birthday.; PHOTO: John Beale/Post-Gazette photo: Tom Ridge escapes a thundershower last Wednesday as he met with participants of Senior Fest at PPG Plaza.

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[***THE LAW THAT CHANGED AMERICA THE GI BILL WAS SIGNED 50 YEARS AGO TODAY, IMPROVING THE VETERAN'S LOT FOREVER.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P1Y0-01K4-942G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

When Joe Barrett was growing up in the Swampoodle neighborhood of North Philadelphia, he didn't know a soul who'd been to college. "Except a priest," he says. But Barrett himself went to college, free, as a veteran of World War II.

One thing made it possible: the GI Bill.

"It covered everything," Barrett remembered. "They paid your tuition, and then they gave you $65 a month to live on. I took $20 of that and gave it to my mother - $5 a week for board - and I took care of myself with the other $45."

Instead of working in a factory, the life he had expected, he went on from Villanova University to become a reporter for the old Evening Bulletin. He used the GI Bill a second time for a low-interest loan on a house in the leafy suburb of Havertown.

The GI Bill of Rights, signed into law 50 years ago today, changed millions of lives in similar ways.

Officially called the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, the bill was signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt two weeks after D-Day, as American soldiers were dying by the thousands in France.

Today, it is regarded as one of the most far-reaching acts of Congress in this century, rivaled only by the creation of Social Security. The GI Bill enabled eight million World War II veterans to go to college or training school and four million to become homeowners - helping to elevate much of a generation from the ***working class*** to the middle class, a status that most have passed on to their children and grandchildren.

The result was a social revolution in postwar America - the rise of an educated workforce, the opening of colleges and universities to the masses, the development of the suburbs. All of those things might have happened without the GI Bill. But not as fast and not as much.

Michael Bennett, author of a forthcoming book on the GI Bill, said, "It was the revolution that people lived through and didn't realize they were in the middle of."

\*

America had a long, sorry record of letting veterans down. After each of the nation's wars had come economic recession, as factories that had made the guns and ships cut back. Washington didn't seem to care. Some aid was given to the wounded and disabled, but assistance was often slow and inadequate.

"The veterans who returned from World War I were dumped on the street," said Bennett. "Many of them peddled apples; many of them rode the rails."

The American Legion, a vast organization of World War I veterans, was determined that the soldiers of World War II would get a better break.

In 1943, when pressure for the legislation began to build, veterans were already coming home from war - as casualties of the fighting in North Africa, Sicily, Guadalcanal, New Guinea. The Legion at first wanted only a $500 bonus for each discharged veteran as a "thank you" to tide him over until he could find a job.

"Hundreds were being released weekly without a cent in their pocket and no provision for support or care," Warren Atherton, the national commander of the American Legion, recalled years later.

In a letter to Legion posts, he asked for case-studies of men who had been neglected. The organization came up with 1,536:

Case 9. Paralyzed on Guadalcanal and sent home to his dependent mother. Army pay stopped and no more was done.

Case 12. Totally blind and discharged in June 1943. Nothing further had been done for him on Nov. 29.

Case 13. Discharged to his family insane in April. He had not been examined for compensation in November.

"Even a convict who is discharged from prison is given more money and a suit of clothes," Atherton said. "The veteran, when he is discharged from a hospital or separation center, is given neither."

Most in Congress were ready to vote for the $500 bonus, at least as a start. But a tough opponent controlled the key House committee on Military Affairs: Andrew Jackson May, a Kentucky Democrat.

"America's boys didn't go to war for money - for dollars!" May said on the House floor. "They went out of patriotism. And America is grateful to them. Why, when a boy dies, America gives him a flag to drape over his coffin."

The bonus bill died in May's committee.

It was then that the Legion - allied with populist Hearst newspapers in most major cities - took its campaign to the public. In all 48 states, Legionnaires rallied people to send telegrams and write letters to Congress.

At the same time, the Legion raised its demands - not merely a bonus for each veteran, but free education, housing loans and up to 52 weeks of unemployment pay at the rate of $20 a week, a tidy sum in the 1940s. The bill even included a provision for educating "war orphans."

Handouts for bums and loafers! Socialism! Another New Deal boondoggle! That's how some opponents saw it. Given the chance, they said, too many veterans would sit on their duffs to collect the $20. They had a derisive name for them: the 52-20 Club. A real patriot, they said, would stand on his own two feet.

Three influential veterans groups - the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled American Veterans and the Military Order of the Purple Heart - opposed the bill at first. In a joint letter, they urged Congress "not to be stampeded into hasty and possibly unwise legislation."

But the public was for the bill, making that clear in a blizzard of telegrams. Both the House and Senate passed versions early in 1944, and the legislation went before a joint House-Senate committee to work out differences.

The fate of the GI Bill came down to a vote among the seven House members of the conference committee. Three were ready to agree to a joint version with the Senate. Three were not, and one, Rep. John Gibson, was ill down in Georgia.

Go get John Gibson! The word went out. But Gibson couldn't be found. Georgia stations called to him over the air; the state police stopped cars along highways.

Finally, Gibson called in. "You bet I'll get to Washington."

Eastern Airlines held a plane for him, while police provided a motorcycle escort. At 10 o'clock that night, as the conferees were to give up and go home for good, Gibson walked in and cast his vote for the joint version of the bill.

The rest, as they say, is history.

\*

Turn the calendar ahead to the fall of 1946. The war had been over a year, and most soldiers had come home. George Huganir, then an assistant registrar at Temple University, remembers the line of fit young men, in sport coats and ties, that ran down Broad Street from the admissions office in Conwell Hall.

In 1937, just 2,742 students had enrolled for Temple's fall semester. In 1945, the number leaped to 8,133. Two years later, it reached 10,900 - nearly four times the prewar number. Most students were veterans.

"Many of these GIs were Depression victims who did not intend to go to

college; the GI Bill opened the gates to upward mobility for them," said Huganir, later head of the sociology department and dean of the graduate school.

Quite a few Temple students, he said, were the sons of Kensington textile workers, who without the GI Bill might have hoped to follow their fathers into the mills - but could not, because the mills were closing or moving to the South.

Clifford Brenner, recently retired spokesman for Philadelphia Gas Works, was an Army veteran at Temple right after the war. The ex-GIs, he said, were serious students, not inclined to sophomoric high jinks.

"We had all aged a few years. We were anxious to get on with it - to make up in some way the three years we spent in the service."

He had transferred to Temple from Penn State, having decided he'd rather commute from his home in Philadelphia than live in the barracks-like dorms thrown up at State College. For Penn State, too, was in the midst of a GI boom. Its enrollment doubled in just two years - from 5,779 in 1945 to 12,546 in 1947.

If the 16 million veterans of World War II had descended on the labor force at one time, the result would have been economic chaos, said David R. Segal, a University of Maryland sociologist.

"There was a realization that colleges and trade schools could be used as a buffer to absorb large numbers of veterans - hold them off for two, three or four years - so they would come into the labor force more gradually."

The GI Bill paid up to $500 yearly in tuition. But since no college in America charged more than $500, that amounted to a free education.

It was a huge benefit not only for the GIs, but also for colleges, which had struggled through the war with few students.

The Rev. Francis X. McGuire, then president of Villanova, said, "It was like finding money in the street." Schools didn't even have to get the money

from the student; the government paid it directly.

Before the war, he said, Villanova had been a small men's school that catered to people with money. "There weren't many people from the rowhouses who went to Villanova in those days."

After the war, rows of bunk beds had to be set up on the Field House floor to accommodate the influx.

Similar scenes played out on nearly every campus.

\*

The veterans had seen enough of the world. Most of them were ready to get married and settle down.

But America's housing stock was inadequate. Through 15 years of Depression and war, little housing had been built, and what did exist was aging.

The GI Bill produced a construction boom without equal in American history. It did so by partially guaranteeing mortgage payment if a veteran defaulted. The risk to lenders was thus reduced, and they poured millions into the marketplace.

With little cash down and a low-interest loan, the veteran could now afford a home of his own. Tens of thousands were built where land was cheapest - in the suburbs.

"The GI Bill really did help build the suburbs, because it encouraged new housing," said Arthur Loeben, director of the Montgomery County Planning

Commission.

William and Mary Wixted used their benefits to the maximum. He had been in the Eighth Air Force in World War II; she had been a WAC.

"We used the GI Bill twice," William Wixted recalls. "The first time, we purchased a home in Philadelphia on my GI Bill. And then we purchased our second home in Cherry Hill using her GI Bill."

Wixted also completed college at La Salle on the government, but that was a separate benefit. He's now a retired chemist, and he and his wife still live in the Cherry Hill house.

The GI Bill, he said, "has had a tremendous impact on our lives."

\*

Fifty years after its passage, the bill remains in place. Reservists and peacetime veterans may now participate.

The housing loan program, run by the Veterans Administration, is much the same. But educational benefits have "eroded and eroded," said American Legion spokesman Phil Budahn.

The latest GI Bill, adopted in 1984, pays up to $14,400 for tuition and fees. But four years of college costs $16,000 on average. At private colleges, the average is $44,000.

Servicemen and women also now must pay $100 a month their first year in the military if they ever want benefits. "We don't really do for them what we did for the World War II veteran," Budahn said.

"What we did for the World War II generation lingered for decades," he said. "The investment that we made is still paying."

**Notes**

WORLD WAR II - FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, 1944-1994

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. William and Mary Wixted, both veterans of World War II, used the GI Bill

twice. They bought this home in Cherry Hill, where they still live, in 1956.

Earlier, they purchased one in Philadelphia. (The Philadelphia Inquirer

, CHARLES FOX)

2. The Wixteds posed for this photograph in 1944.

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**End of Document**



[***HIGH AND DRY ABOVE A TIDE OF DIVERSITY ALONG BOATHOUSE ROW, A CALL FOR MINORITY OUTREACH HAS THE CLUBS AWASH IN CONTROVERSY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NXC0-01K4-94SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Amy S. Rosenberg and Gwen Knapp, INQUIRER STAFF WRITERS

**Body**

When Nehemiah Godizano first decided he wanted to row, he took a logical route. He went to the city's historic and glorious Boathouse Row and knocked on doors.

It was 1980 and Godizano was 20 years old, a former competitive swimmer. He had grown up in neighborhoods around Ninth and Luzerne, 22d and Hunting Park, 20th and Tasker.

The first person to answer a Boathouse Row door looked him over and apparently did not see the talented athlete who would take to rowing and go on to coaching. What that person saw, apparently, was a black man knocking on the doors of a place where he was not welcome.

"I got a good half-hour conversation about why I really didn't want to row," Godizano recalled.

Undaunted, Godizano tried another boathouse. Eventually, he found his way to Undine Barge Club at 13 Boathouse Row. He has rowed there for 14 years. And he has found a home for himself on Boathouse Row.

But more than a century after many of these boathouses were built, the strip of land along the Schuylkill's east bank remains overwhelmingly the domain of white rowers.

And while Philadelphia is considered a mecca for rowers and has nurtured its share of world-class and Olympic athletes, the city lags way behind other cities in community outreach and youth rowing programs.

Now, however, pressure is building for change - both within the private

clubs of Boathouse Row and from outside agencies such as the Fairmount Park and Human Relations Commissions.

"Somebody has to coax these people and push them towards what they should be doing all along," said Fairmount Park Commissioner Richard Gibson, who represents City Council President John F. Street on the panel. "They've got to drop their barriers or get off their river."

Gibson has been the most vocal in calling for changes on Boathouse Row: He has accused the clubs of discriminatory conduct in their membership policies and has proposed that the boathouses - which sit on public land - be required to recruit minority members and begin community outreach programs.

Plans are in the works for members of Vesper Boat Club to start the city's first public high school rowing team since the 1950s, at Benjamin Franklin High School on North Broad Street.

Vesper members also have set an informal goal of 10 percent minority membership. And the club is sponsoring an introductory rowing course through the Community College of Philadelphia's adult education program. Should a student go on to join Vesper, the $112 course fee can be applied to membership costs, which usually range from $300 to $350 a year.

"We're sitting on park property in a public park in a city where . . . half the population is minority," said Chuck Colgan, a Vesper Club veteran.

For many years, Colgan ran a summer rowing program known as Camp Dimension for city children out of an old tugboat house on West River Drive. Lack of money and space - the tugboat house also is home to a program for rowers with disabilities - brought the program to a halt.

"They're not coming to us on their own," he said. "There's not two dozen black rowers on Boathouse Row. It's a shame. I think it's obvious that we have to do something."

Not everyone would agree that bringing minorities and city children to Boathouse Row should fall to the boathouse clubs, most of which are run with volunteers and are filled to the brim with high school, college and amateur teams.

"I think we are anxious to have people who are compatible with us," said Albert Doerin, president of University Barge Club. "That really is a question of having them be people who are interested in rowing as an avocation and who are executives or professionals working in town.

"We're doing our best to maintain the boathouses, one of the main icons of the city. Between that and conducting rowing programs and regattas, I think that's about as much as we can do. I don't think we're social agencies."

At the Fairmount Park Commission, the issue has been smoldering for months. At its last meeting, the commission adopted minority participation and anti- discrimination guidelines for all of its leaseholders.

William Mifflin, executive director of the commission, has been trying to encourage the clubs to recruit minority rowers. He has begun to talk to Colgan and others about setting up a rowing program for city children.

When La Salle High School was looking to lease new space on Boathouse Row to replace its old home at the now-demolished Plaisted Hall, Mifflin would not agree to lease the school space at the city's Canoe House until school officials agreed to run a community youth program.

But the other clubs operate on informal leases or agreements set up long ago. None pays any rent. At the direction of the Park Commission, Mifflin sent a letter to each of the clubs requesting information on membership rules and bylaws. Only half of the dozen clubs bothered to respond.

Although the clubs in Philadelphia own the buildings that they occupy - and spend their own money to maintain them - the land underneath these buildings remains park property.

And that is what prompted the Park Commission to file a complaint with the Human Relations Commission after a blackface incident at a 1993 Halloween party at the Penn Athletic Club Boathouse. The party was given by the Villanova Law School rugby club.

The investigation is expected to include a broader look at the standards for membership and rental employed by the boathouse clubs.

Mifflin said he hopes to formalize the lease agreements with the clubs and hold them to a higher standard of diversity and community outreach.

"If you just left it up to the clubs themselves, I don't know if there's enough of an incentive for them to develop these programs," Mifflin said. "It's a tough group. It's a good-old-boys network. And they're not without their political support."

Gibson has even blasted the annual Dad Vail Regatta - a major college competition that takes over Kelly Drive for a weekend each spring and draws tens of thousands of spectators - for being virtually all white. He also has suggested that the Dad Vail be canceled if it does not involve more minority rowers, coaches and vendors.

This kind of talk does not go over well on Boathouse Row.

"I'm not really sure what they expect of us," said Edward Pressman, the president of Undine Barge Club. Back in the 1950s, he was one of its first Jewish members. "I think they have a real misconception of what goes on down here. It's a real shoestring operation. We barely make it through each year."

Pressman and representatives of other clubs said their members are far from elitist - many are ***working class*** and live in the surrounding city neighborhoods of Fairmount and Brewerytown.

Pressman said members of his club would be happy to volunteer as coaches for a community rowing program sponsored by the city. But it would be unrealistic, he said, to ask the clubs to run the program.

"The community or the city doesn't want to pay for it," he said. "If they think we can take in 60 kids and hire a coach and supply the equipment - we can't even keep the roof from leaking."

Eric Clinksdale, an African American who rowed at Drexel University and helped run Camp Dimension, said the only way to integrate the sport is to introduce rowing to city children at a young age.

But, he said, there remains on Boathouse Row a suspicion about the impact of such a move.

"People believe that minorities will destroy the properties, destroy the value, destroy the sport," he said. "A lot of parents would have trouble with their kids rowing with minorities."

Veteran rowers feel Boathouse Row traditions are a bit under siege - especially with Plaisted Hall recently demolished and a new recreation center planned for the spot that does not include rowing.

In addition, longtime plans by St. Joseph's University to build a new boathouse that would include a community program have run into numerous roadblocks, including an Art Commission that would not agree to its design.

"The amateurs have kept this tradition alive for 150 years," said Jack Galloway, the president of the Dad Vail Regatta.

"In no way would I say the clubs are elite or discriminatory," he said. "The allegations are really harmful. There have been serious insinuations about our character."

All the pressure from Fairmount Park, while generating some grumbling around Boathouse Row, also has helped break down some resistance to ideas about community outreach that have been talked about on Boathouse Row for years.

Four years ago, John B. Kelly 3d, whose father and grandfather were both legendary rowers, tried to start an inner-city rowing program with the Police Athletic League. The idea was "not enthusiastically embraced by all members of the club," he recalled. In the end, the idea was done in by transportation and insurance problems.

In recent weeks, he and Vesper coach Michael O'Gorman set out on a new project: to revive rowing in the city's Public League. Kelly remains inspired by his grandfather's story of being barred from the 1920 Henley Regatta

because he was a manual laborer - such workers were believed to have an unfair advantage over gentlemen in athletic competition. John Sr. vowed that his son would return and win the race someday. He did.

"I'd love to put together a crew of inner-city kids, take them to Henley and shock those guys, like (local Catholic crews) have in the past," said Kelly, who has solicited donations to try to start the Benjamin Franklin High team. "I like the idea of another Philadelphia group putting the English in their place."

Even those with the best of intentions say rowing has not been a sport that has had much success in recruiting minorities.

"You have all these inner-city kids whose role models are professional athletes, basketball players, football players," Godizano said. "None of them are rowers. They don't have a psychological yearning to come into a sport like rowing."

In Pittsburgh, rowing was revived several years ago after a century of no boathouses. Michael Lambert, director of the Three Rivers Rowing Association, said the rowing program was designed from the start to appeal to the general community and to include minorities.

But even without the traditions of an established rowing community to overcome, the program has had mixed success attracting minorities.

"The racial breakdown is still abysmal, to put it bluntly," Lambert said. "We still suffer under the image of an exclusive organization even though we're not."

Most rowers become involved in the sport through a high school or a college team. The high schools that have teams in Philadelphia are mostly private, Catholic and suburban schools. There are expenses and logistical problems that make it a complicated sport to introduce to beginners and in underfunded schools.

Still, on Boathouse Row, it is not hard to find people interested in

helping with a community outreach or youth rowing program.

"I'm dying to develop a community program in Philadelphia," said Frank Rowe, a member of Undine who is a national champion single sculler and an Olympic contender. "I think rowing's a great sport and everyone should have a chance to get involved."

But there has yet to be an overall plan to bring these people together in a joint effort along the lines of Pittsburgh's or Boston's.

In Boston, there is an extensive Community Rowing Association, as well as a program known as YoRow aimed at city youths. Run by the Charles River Regatta Trust, YoRow is funded mostly by private and philanthropic donations. There are similar programs in Washington, Seattle and Wilmington.

Even with all the talk, Ed Lucas, the head of the Schuylkill Navy, the umbrella group of the Boathouse Row, said he has yet to be approached with a concrete plan for such a program in Philadelphia.

And he said the signals are mixed from the city because schools that have proposed community programs - La Salle, St. Joseph's - have been rebuffed in their efforts to build boathouses that would accommodate such a program.

Lambert, of the Pittsburgh association, has been asked to come to Philadelphia to help establish a community rowing program. He said he is anxious for Philadelphia to do so because of its international reputation in rowing circles.

"For a city like Philadelphia to be taking the bull by the horns would have a huge impact on the rest of the country," he said. "If Philadelphia creates public access, if Philadelphia has minority and socioeconomically disadvantaged and a whole variety of people rowing, it will serve as a model."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. Since he first arrived on Boathouse Row 14 years ago, Nehemiah Godizano

(right), who rows with the Undine Club, has seen few other African

Americans take up oars on the Schuylkill. He and others are now trying to

change Boathouse Row's racial homogeneity. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON

CORTES)

2. Using the University of Pennsylvania boathouse, Undine coach Jim Barker

(plaid shirt) supervises a practice that, except for Nehemiah Godizano

(left of Barker), is made up of white rowers. While the city is a leader in

rowing, it lags others in efforts to diversify boathouses. (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, RON CORTES)

3. Although Nehemiah Godizano (left) is now a Boathouse Row regular, on his

first trip there he was rebuffed because of his race.

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**End of Document**



[***GREAT NEWS FOR COUCH POTATOES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CCD-PJ90-0094-53F8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

You could spend the entire summer watching nothing but TV shows on DVD. Or you could find inspiration in a "Miracle" or the top acting turns of 2003 in "Mystic River," "Monster" and "Cold Mountain" (starring Oscar winner Renee Zellweger, below). Or you could simply bask in the sight of Johnny Depp with bed head and the heebie-jeebies in "Secret Window." More movies will certainly be added to the summer release schedule, but this represents a good start.

HOT PICKS

"MIRACLE"

At the risk of making this sound like it's not a fun movie (because it is), we turn the floor over to actor Noah Emmerich, who waxed poetic about the triumphant 1980 Winter Olympics. It was a gloomy time, marked by the Cold War, long lines for gasoline and hostages in Iran, and yet "somehow this magical group of young kids unified the country and raised the spirit of the country and reminded us of what Americans are capable of doing with commitment and tenacity" (May 18).

"MYSTIC RIVER"

Although not a flawless film, it was named the No. 1 movie of 2003 by many critics. Like "Ben-Hur" it is an Oscar rarity; it won Academy Awards for best actor and supporting actor. Sean Penn and Tim Robbins lead an excellent cast under the guidance of director, producer and composer Clint Eastwood. June 8.

"THE STATION AGENT"

Peter Dinklage was seen by more people in "Elf," but this movie earned him a Screen Actors Guild nomination for "outstanding male actor." His competition: Sean Penn, Johnny Depp, Ben Kingsley and Bill Murray. So, when you rent the romantic comedy "50 First Dates" (both come out the same day), take this one home, too, and luxuriate in its small scope but rich characterizations (June 15).

"COLD MOUNTAIN"

If you're a regular David Letterman watcher, you heard Ruby's line, "If you need help, here I am," literally dozens of times. Letterman would play it and then repeat it back, mimicking the unvarnished Southern accent of Renee Zellweger's character. She won an Academy Award for supporting actress, although this deserving movie largely got the cold shoulder in awards competitions (June 29).

"SECRET WINDOW"

A summer with no Johnny Depp movie? Last year, of course, we had "Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl." While John Turturro is no Orlando Bloom (and vice versa), Depp is always fun to watch even in an adaptation of a Stephen King novel that may have you leap-frogging to the end before the director intends (June 29).

May 18

"MIRACLE" -- This PG-rated movie chronicles the "Miracle on Ice" hockey game in the 1980 Winter Olympics, when a team of American amateurs faced the heavily favored Soviet veterans. Kurt Russell does an inspired, spot-on job as coach Herb Brooks, and the cast includes Patricia Clarkson as his wife and Noah Emmerich as Craig Patrick, now Pens' general manager.

"PAYCHECK" -- A 1953 story by Philip K. Dick inspired this sci-fi thriller starring Ben Affleck as a reverse engineer who devotes weeks or years to a job and then has his memory of that period erased for a fat fee. In this better than expected mind-bender, he ends a years-long job with only a batch of seemingly unrelated objects.

"TORQUE" -- A biker framed for murder tries to elude the FBI and the criminals who want the motorcycles he took from them, which are more valuable than they appear. Cast includes Ice Cube, Martin Henderson, Monet Mazur and Jay Hernandez.

"CASEY KASEM'S ROCK & ROLL GOLDMINE" -- A five-volume set salutes the British invasion, soul years, Elvis, "San Francisco sound" and 1960s.

"THE REAGANS" -- This is the movie starring James Brolin and Judy Davis that was made for CBS but ended up on Showtime in November 2003. DVD extras include audio commentary with the executive producers and director, an interview called "James Brolin on being a Republican" and extended scenes.

Also: "You Got Served," Chris Stokes' movie about dueling hip-hop dance teams; two-disc set of "The Good, The Bad and the Ugly" with 18 minutes of new footage; two-disc edition of "The Great Escape"; "The Providence Collection," a four-disc set with 14 hours of most memorable episodes; second seasons of "Smallville," "The West Wing" and "Star Trek: Voyager"; "VeggieTales: A Snoodle's Tale" and "Steamies vs. Diesels & Other Thomas Adventures."

May 25

"THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RETURN OF THE KING" -- Although there is no fourth picture to promote, the special extended edition won't be out until the holiday. In the meantime, a two-disc set will feature the movie that swept the Academy Awards, plus behind-the-scenes specials, featurettes, theatrical trailers, TV spots and a preview of the coming "LOTR" based video game.

"WELCOME TO MOOSEPORT" -- Gene Hackman and Ray Romano are opponents in the race for mayor of Mooseport, Maine. Romano is a plumber, Hackman is the former president of the United States and Maura Tierney is the woman being wooed by both in this only mildly interesting comedy.

"BUBBA HO-TEP" -- B-movie god Bruce Campbell stars as an aged Elvis Presley, alive but not so well in a Texas nursing home where strange things are happening. Ossie Davis, meanwhile, plays John F. Kennedy.

"CLUB DREAD" -- Broken Lizard, the comedy troupe from Super Troopers, is back with this horror spoof set at a tequila-soaked vacation resort.

Also: Oscar-nominated documentary "The Weather Underground"; "Herman Wouk's The Winds of War" on DVD; and first seasons of "Northern Exposure" and "Boy Meets Boy," third of "Cheers" and "Frasier" and sixth of "Buffy the Vampire Slayer."

June 1

"MONSTER"-- It's like an extreme makeover in reverse. One-time model and ballerina Charlize Theron wears an extra 30 pounds, contact lenses, false teeth, gelatin on her eyelids (to make her look tired) and skin-mottling makeup to play prostitute turned serial killer Aileen Wuornos. Her turn won her an Academy Award and if you want to compare her to the real woman, new to DVD this day is "Aileen: Life and Death of a Serial Killer."

"MY BABY'S DADDY" -- Eddie Griffin, Michael Imperioli and Anthony Anderson are housemates whose girlfriends all have babies at the same time, forcing them to grow up in this lame comedy.

"EUROTRIP" -- The folks responsible for the gross-out comedy "Road Trip" head to Europe this time. In rated (R) and unrated versions, it stars Scott Mechlowicz, Jessica Bohrs, Jacob Pitts, Michelle Trachtenberg.

"THE COMPANY" -- Neve Campbell does all of her own dancing in this Robert Altman movie about a fictional Chicago troupe. He used members of the Joffrey Ballet in this film with dazzling dance numbers but a story that feels thin, especially for the master of the rich mosaic.

"CATCH THAT KID" -- In this mildly entertaining but fairly forgettable remake of a Danish film, three preteens plot to rob a bank so one can bankroll the surgery that will allow her father to walk again.

"SPIDER-MAN DELUXE EDITION" -- You guessed it. This three-disc set has a sneak peek at the sequel due in theaters this summer, plus sample levels of a new video game, along with the first movie, more featurettes and a free ticket to see "Spider-Man 2" at participating theaters.

Also: "Ali: Director's Cut," with footage added by Michael Mann plus new commentary; "Starship Troopers 2: Hero of the Federation," direct-to-video sequel to Paul Vorhoeven movie, directed by Phil Tippett; special editions of "Trainspotting," "Cop Land" and "Flirting With Disaster"; and "The Dukes of Hazzard: The Complete First Season" and "Coupling: The Complete Third Season."

June 8

"MYSTIC RIVER" -- Three friends who grew up in ***working-class*** Boston -- and drifted apart after one was molested -- are reunited years later by even more brutal events. Sean Penn and Tim Robbins took Oscar's top acting honors with Kevin Bacon expertly handling the third and less showy starring role.

"ALONG CAME POLLY" -- It's yet another humiliation comedy for Ben Stiller, who plays a man averse to risk who falls for a woman (Jennifer Aniston) who thrives on it. This connect-the-dots comedy gives its supporting players -- Philip Seymour Hoffman, Bryan Brown and Alec Baldwin -- the funniest, freshest material.

"CITY OF GOD" -- Four Oscar nominations for this Brazilian drama delayed its video release while it enjoyed another go-round in the theaters. Based on a true story, it depicts the rise and fall of Rio de Janeiro's most dangerous slum and its inhabitants.

"FIELD OF DREAMS 15th ANNIVERSARY EDITION DVD" -- A two-disc set has many extras, including deleted scenes and roundtable featuring Kevin Costner, Johnny Bench, George Brett and Bret Saberhagen talking about baseball, dreams and other topics.

"IN JULY" -- Moritz Bleibtreu ("Run Lola Run") stars in this romance as a young physics teacher in Hamburg who plays life by the rules until he falls in love with a Turkish girl and impulsively decides to follow her to Istanbul.

Also: "The Perfect Husband: The Laci Peterson Story," TV movie starring Dean Cain; "Merlin Special Edition," DVD of popular 1998 miniseries, with extras; "Six Feet Under: The Complete Second Season," "The Dead Zone: The Complete Second Season," "Tour of Duty: The First Season," "Who's the Boss: The Complete First Season," "A-Team Season One," "Quantum Leap Season One," "Just Shoot Me: The First & Second Seasons" and "M\*A\*S\*H: Season Six."

June 15

"50 FIRST DATES" -- Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore are reunited in this romantic comedy about a marine biologist and a woman whose short-term memory is wiped clean each day. It doesn't take the easy, cheesy way out, but it relies too heavily on crude jokes about walrus genitals, steroids, marijuana and the like.

"THE STATION AGENT" -- Although barely 90 minutes and small in scope, this is a rich portrait of an unlikely trio who become friends. Peter Dinklage is a dwarf who takes up residence in an old train depot, Bobby Canavale is the talkative operator of a catering truck and Patricia Clarkson is a local artist with a large hole in her life and heart.

"TUPAC: RESURRECTION" -- This exploration of the life of the late rap star Tupac Shakur, made in cooperation with his mother, uses his words and music along with home movies and previously unseen concert footage.

"TOUCHING THE VOID" -- Director Kevin Macdonald's blend of drama and documentary tells the true story of a week in the lives of two twentysomething men who faced the best -- and worst -- in themselves during a climb in the Peruvian Andes. On the way down, one falls and breaks several bones in his right leg, setting the stage for a story that would be unbelievable were it not true.

"TEACHER'S PET" -- In this big-screen adaptation of the TV series, Nathan Lane speaks for Spot, a talking blue dog who wants to become a "real boy," even if it means dealing with a mad scientist. Supplying other cartoon voices: Kelsey Grammer, Jerry Stiller and Debra Jo Rupp.

Also: "Monk -- The Complete First Season," "Dead Like Me Season One," "The Joe Schmo Show: Season One Uncensored," "Nip/Tuck: The Complete First Season," "Xena: Princess Warrior -- Season Four" and "The Simpsons: Season 4."

June 22

"BAD SANTA" -- Billy Bob Thornton calls this a Christmas movie for lovable losers and, we might add, adults who can tolerate a department-store Santa who smokes, drinks, uses the f-word with abandon and spends Christmas Eve cracking safes. Thornton and diminutive Tony Cox are con men whose holiday heist plans go awry when a store security man (Bernie Mac) suspects funny business and a misfit kid latches onto Santa.

"LOST SKELETON OF CADAVRA" -- Writer-director-star Larry Blamire re-creates beloved clunkers such as "Plan 9 From Outer Space" and "Robot Monster" with meticulous detail and affection.

Also: "Scooby-Doo and the Loch Ness Monster," a new, original full-length feature.

June 29

"COLD MOUNTAIN" -- Charles Frazier's book about a deserting Confederate soldier's odyssey home -- to the woman he loves -- comes to vibrant life courtesy of director Anthony Minghella and actors Nicole Kidman, Jude Law, Oscar-winning Renee Zellweger, Kathy Baker, Natalie Portman and Philip Seymour Hoffman.

"SECRET WINDOW" -- Johnny Depp makes this adaptation of a Stephen King novel far more watchable than it has any right to be. He's an eccentric writer in the middle of a contentious divorce who is being stalked at his remote lake house by a psychotic stranger (John Turturro) who keeps insisting, "You stole my story."

"BARBERSHOP 2: BACK IN BUSINESS"-- This sequel returns moviegoers to Chicago's South Side where the barbershop has been a fixture since 1958. But a chain salon across the street threatens the hometown hangout in this movie that is sporadically hilarious, often when it allows Cedric the Entertainer's Eddie to riff on Mariah, Michael, Monica and others.

"THE PERFECT SCORE" -- Scarlett Johansson and Erika Christensen star in this story about six high school seniors who decide to steal the answers to the SATs so they can get into the colleges of their dreams. This is best early on, when focusing on the tyranny of testing but then it turns into a routine caper comedy with a morally acceptable ending.

Also: "Die Mommie Die," comedic revision of '60s melodrama starring Charles Busch; "30th Anniversary Special Edition Blazing Saddles"; "South Park: The Complete Fourth Season," "Wonder Woman: The Complete First Season," CSI Miami -- The Complete First Season" and "Dawson's Creek: The Complete Third Season."

July 6

"THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT"-- As one writer said at the time of its release, Ashton Kutcher punked the critics when his time-travel thriller came in No. 1 its first week. He plays a college student who, using journals he kept as a boy, is able to re-enter his past in an effort to change it for the better. Often, though, he just makes things worse.

"MONSIEUR IBRAHIM" -- Omar Sharif stars in this well-reviewed story of two people -- an elderly Muslim shopkeeper and a young Jewish boy -- who form a bond of friendship and together confront life's painful and joyful rites of passage.

Also: "The Charlie Chan Chanthology," a six-disc set with "The Chinese Cat," "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service," "The Jade Mask," "Meeting at Midnight," "The Shanghai Cobra" and "The Scarlet Clue."

July 13

"THE BARBARIAN INVASIONS" -- Canadian director-writer Denys Arcand won the 2003 Oscar for best foreign film with this story of a dying man (Remy Girard), his estranged son and old friends and lovers who come to his bedside to share fine food, laughter, intellectual discourse and reminiscences one last time.

"AGAINST THE ROPES" -- Meg Ryan plays a fictionalized version of Jackie Kallen, the most successful female manager in the history of boxing. The movie, largely set and partially filmed in Cleveland, strips the story to the basics: A manager who is the wrong gender and race and a brawler (Omar Epps) who may have the goods to become a champ. It's about as deep as the sheen of sweat on a boxer's brow.

"NEVER DIE ALONE" -- DMX and David Arquette star in this Ernest Dickerson film noir about a criminal's violent death and the life story he leaves behind on audiotape.

"DREAMERS" -- Bernardo Bertolucci earned a rare NC-17 rating (for explicit sexual content) for this coming-of-age story about French twins and their new American pal in turbulent 1968 Paris.

Also: Special edition DVD of original "The Manchurian Candidate" with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey and Angela Lansbury and "V: The Complete TV Series," and "Hercules Season Four."

July 20

"CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE DRAMA QUEEN" -- Lindsay Lohan, now on screen in "Mean Girls" and a recent host (at age 17) of "Saturday Night Live," plays the title role of this tepid release. She's a 15-year-old aspiring actress who -- oh, the humanity -- is forced to move from New York to the Jersey suburbs.

"THE HUMAN STAIN"-- Miscasting sank this adaptation of the Philip Roth novel about a college professor whose reputation and career go up in flames after he calls absentee students "spooks." If the presence of Anthony Hopkins as a light-skinned black man passing for white weren't enough, the movie casts Nicole Kidman as a troubled janitor.

"AGENT CODY BANKS 2: DESTINATION LONDON" -- Frankie Muniz's teen spy is sent to London to save the world leaders from a mind-control device that has fallen into the wrong hands. He has to masquerade as a clarinet prodigy at a summer music academy where he meets a British girl who proves his match.

"DIRTY DANCING: HAVANA NIGHTS" -- A teenage girl (Romola Garai) on vacation with her family in Cuba in 1958 meets the dancer of her dreams -- but then Castro takes over. Original dirty dancer Patrick Swayze turns up in a cameo.

Also: "Crimson Gold," a provocative portrait of Iran from the director of "The Circle" and "The White Balloon," and "Boomtown: Season One."

July 27

"THE FILM NOIR CLASSIC COLLECTION" -- Warner Home Video is bundling five movies (also being sold separately): "The Asphalt Jungle," "Murder My Sweet," "The Set Up," "Out of the Past" and "Gun Crazy." DVDs feature commentaries from directors Robert Wise and Martin Scorsese and actor James Whitmore along with other film noir experts.

**Notes**

SUMMER TIMES Barbara Vancheri can be reached at [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Sean Penn finally won his Oscar, for his performance in "Mystic River," coming out on DVD on June 8.

**Load-Date:** May 13, 2004

**End of Document**



[***USA basks in the luster of its heavy medal push***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:458N-F0Y0-010F-K084-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 25, 2002, Monday,

FINAL EDITION  Correction Appended

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**Section:** BONUS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2456 words

**Byline:** Vicki Michaelis

**Dateline:** SALT LAKE CITY

**Body**

SALT LAKE CITY -- Figure skater Brian Boitano was one of only five U.S. medal winners at the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary.

Speedskater Bonnie Blair won two, one of them gold. The others each won one. It was the USA's lowest medal total since 1964.

"I don't remember it being embarrassing," Boitano says. "I remember thinking, 'Wow, I was one of two gold medalists.' "

The U.S. Olympic Committee, if not embarrassed, was at least spurred into action. Teamed with the national federations of Olympic sports, it began committing millions of dollars to support athletes and hire coaches -- and signed sponsors to pump in millions more. It also required Salt Lake to build world-class facilities before picking the 2002 U.S. bid city.

The quantum medal leap has occurred. U.S. athletes won 34 medals here, 10 gold.

"This is definitely an exclamation mark, saying, 'Hey, we're the U.S. and we're here to play,' " says U.S. speedskater Derek Parra, who won a gold and a silver medal.

America finally has its winter winners, too many to remember all at once. They've made medal ceremonies all-red-white-and-blue affairs. They represent different minorities. They excel in daring new sports.

"It's so exciting," Boitano says. "There's a new person's face on TV every day. I'm like, 'Who is that now?' It's really cool."

The USA, which hasn't finished higher than fifth in winter medals since 1984, was only one medal shy of winning the most here of any country. Germany had 35. If it hadn't been for all the controversies, the USA's rapid rise in the medals race would have been one of the overriding topics.

"If you're American, you'll look back on this as those Games where America did really well," Olympic historian David Wallechinsky says.

The '88 winter medal take, which placed the USA ninth in the medals race behind countries such as the Netherlands and Finland, set into motion a focused approach. An advisory board, headed by George Steinbrenner, convened to figure out how to help U.S. athletes do one thing: win.

Sarah Hughes of Great Neck, N.Y, who last week won the top prize of any Winter Olympics, the women's figure skating gold medal, was barely 3 years old when the board had its first meetings.

Her performance, and those of the other U.S. athletes at the Salt Lake City Olympics, is exactly what the board had in mind. They've nearly tripled the USA's highest-ever winter medal haul of 13, achieved at the '94 and '98 Olympics.

At one point, the USOC set 20 medals as its "home-run" goal for 2002. Officials made that a public goal last spring. Privately, coming into the Games, they knew what they had. They were thinking 26.

"Twenty was always a conservative number," says Jim Page, the USOC's managing director of sport performance. "It hasn't been a huge surprise."

Last Wednesday, the USA won five medals in one day, including three golds. That was just one medal shy of the '88 total.

"It's wonderful. Unbelievable," says Jim Morris, a Steinbrenner Commission member who's been watching the Games from his home in Indianapolis.

The commission in 1989 suggested the USOC focus on not just getting athletes to the Olympics but getting them to the top of the podium. America loves winners. Fans feed it, sponsors know it, the USOC had to cater to it.

"I'm sure that was always a principal goal of the USOC, but this stated it straight out, flatly," Morris says.

Measuring gains

The gains were incremental but evident: Eleven medals in 1992, then the 13 in '94 and '98. More telling was the rise in top-eight finishes: 35 in '94, 51 in '98. U.S. athletes were on the brink of breakthrough on home soil, in what some USOC officials dubbed the "no-excuses Games."

As the Games unfolded, U.S. athletes made more good headlines than they did excuses. They had 75 top-eight finishes in Salt Lake, more than any other country.

"It's been magic here the last two weeks," U.S. snowboarder Chris Klug says.

On Feb. 15, Klug, who two years ago needed a liver transplant to save his life, won an unforeseen bronze medal in the parallel giant slalom. Two days later, speedskater Chris Witty, who was diagnosed with mononucleosis in the weeks before the Games, set a world record en route to winning the 1,000-meter race. Three days after that, skeleton athlete Jimmy Shea, a third-generation Olympian, carried the spirit of his recently deceased grandfather once again to Olympic glory.

"From an American point of view, the Olympic spirit is alive and well," says Dawn Mann, a spokesperson for Olympic sponsor General Motors.

In addition to winning a record number of medals and wrapping the whole experience in sentimental gauze, the 2002 U.S. Olympians have advanced the evolution of the USA's Winter Games performance.

From the first-time success of minority athletes to increased U.S. dominance in the newer Winter Olympic sports to the U.S. depth demonstrated by some surprise wins, the stage has been set for future respectability.

Bring on new role models

Fourteen years after figure skater Debi Thomas won a bronze to become the first black athlete to win a Winter Olympics medal, several minority athletes made a mark in Salt Lake City.

Parra became the first Mexican-American to win a medal. On the same day he won his gold, bobsled brakeman Vonetta Flowers became the first black athlete to win a gold medal in the Winter Games.

Speedskater Jennifer Rodriguez became the first Cuban-American to win a Winter Olympics medal, with two bronzes. Asian-Americans Michelle Kwan, a figure skater, and Apolo Anton Ohno, a short-track speedskater, also won medals.

On Saturday, Garrett Hines and Randy Jones, in Todd Hays' silver-medal-winning bobsled, became the first African-American men to win medals in a Winter Games.

"I hope it opens the doors to children of all races," Parra says. "I hope it challenges them to try a sport that they aren't used to."

Parra is the poster boy for how the USOC would like to expand its winter sports pool. Traditionally, the pool has been limited to kids growing up near winter sports facilities and/or those whose parents could afford ice time, lessons and the expensive equipment required for many winter sports.

Parra grew up in San Bernardino, a ***working-class*** city near Los Angeles. He wrestled and played football when he was young, then took up in-line skating as a teenager and was good enough to make a career of it. He followed an in-line rival, KC Boutiette, into speedskating when he realized that would be the only way to become an Olympian.

Without his in-line sponsorships and endorsements, he struggled until Olympic sponsor Home Depot gave him a part-time job for full-time pay. In the last year, he's spent many hours training at the Utah Olympic Oval, for home-ice advantage.

"I really show that anything is possible, no matter where you come from in this country," Parra says.

Rodriguez, an in-line skater who grew up Miami, also followed the lead of Boutiette, who is now her fiancee. In addition, Ohno, raised by a single father in Seattle, is a former in-line skater.

While the influx of in-line skaters into speedskating isn't the result of a conscious recruiting effort by the USOC, Olympic officials now see in-line skating as a way to find future Winter Olympians.

"It's just a whole lot easier for more kids to get involved in in-line because you don't need an ice oval," Page says. "It's a great sport for the urban environment, where you might get more minority athletes involved."

Flowers, from Alabama, was a former track and field athlete recruited by U.S. driver Bonny Warner to try bobsled. She didn't see snow until age 6. She didn't jump into a bobsled until age 26. But last week she helped put a new face on the Winter Games.

"I'm willing to bet in the long run it is a trend," Wallechinsky says of minority athletes competing as U.S. Winter Olympians, "because sports works on role models. Now you have role models."

New sports steal the show

At the 2002 Games, U.S. athletes were even more dominant in the newer Winter Olympics sports, which have helped boost their medal total over the last decade.

Five years ago, the U.S. Ski and Snowboard Association set a goal of 10 medals for its athletes in 2002. They won nine. If not for the snowboarders and freestyle skiers, they would have fallen far short.

U.S. snowboarders won five medals, including a sweep in the men's halfpipe, after winning two bronze medals in '98, the first time snowboarding was an Olympic event.

"It just suits our youth culture so well," Page says of snowboarding. "I think that's a sport we're going to do well in for a long time."

Says halfpipe gold medalist Ross Powers: "Snowboarding was started in the USA, and there are so many good snowboarders in the USA. I guess we've kind of been leading the way."

Freestyle skiers won three medals in Salt Lake City, with Joe Pack's silver in aerials, Travis Mayer's silver in moguls and Shannon Bahrke's silver in moguls. Pack, like many other 2002 U.S. Olympians, credited being able to train at the facilities built for these Games. USOC officials expect the availability of those facilities to help train future Olympians.

"This is definitely a Mecca for freestyle aerials as well as moguls," Pack says.

Aerials were added to the Olympics in 1994, moguls in 1992. U.S. athletes have been particularly successful in moguls, winning five medals in the last 10 years.

Such successes have been a counterweight to the USA's continued lack of Olympic success in Alpine skiing. While speedskating proved to be the biggest medal trove in Salt Lake City, providing 11 medals, Bode Miller was the only U.S. Alpine skier to medal. He won silvers in the combined and the giant slalom.

"We're disappointed, but we're not discouraged by any stretch of the imagination," U.S. Ski and Snowboard Association president Bill Marolt says. "Bode, because he's such a charismatic character, I think he's going to generate a ton of interest in alpine skiing."

U.S. athletes generated a lot of ink in two sports added to the Olympic program this year: skeleton and women's bobsled.

In skeleton, they won three of the six medals available, including gold on the men's side by Jimmy Shea and on the women's side by Tristan Gale. Flowers and driver Jill Bakken won the gold medal in women's bobsled.

"In women's bobsled and skeleton, we clearly got a jump on the rest of the world because we were at home here in Utah," Page says.

Save room for surprises

When the U.S. medal favorites faltered, and even when they didn't, their teammates rose to the occasion, signaling promising depth in some winter disciplines.

Though Ohno, a multiple medal favorite, disqualified out of the 500 Saturday, teammate Rusty Smith won an unexpected bronze.

Hughes was the one left standing on the top step of the podium when favorite Michelle Kwan, seeking the gold she narrowly lost in '98, literally fell out of contention.

Hughes' win, combined with a fourth-place finish by 17-year-old Sasha Cohen, set up continued U.S. dominance of women's figure skating for years to come.

"It just shows that you don't make predictions in skating, because who knows?" says Hughes, who was fourth after the short program and, as an additional disadvantage, skated first of the top four skaters in the final.

Hughes' upset victory, stunning as it was, was matched by Bakken and Flowers, who were in the USA II bobsled.

For the past two seasons, Jean Racine, the driver of USA I, was ranked No. 1 in the world. She and brakeman Jen Davidson seemed such a sure thing that sponsors signed them up to the tune of $ 500,000. But this season it all unraveled.

Struggling for top-five finishes, Racine decided to dump Davidson in a highly publicized split that had Davidson filing an appeal. Racine's new partner, Gea Johnson, pulled a hamstring just days before the Olympic competition. Bakken and Flowers stepped into the breach, winning gold while Racine and Johnson were fifth.

"A lot of people saw us as the 'other' team, and we wanted to prove them wrong," Flowers said.

In men's bobsled, Hays went in as the favorite to break a 46-year U.S. medal drought. He did, winning silver in the four-man event. The surprise: Long-suffering U.S. driver Brian Shimer was on the podium beside him, with a bronze.

"I've been in this sport 16 years," Shimer said. "I did it on my last run in my last Olympics. This is a fairy-tale ending."

Where does it go from here?

The challenge now becomes making sure these aren't the USA's fairy-tale Games. No one will know for certain if the country has reached a Winter Games watershed until the closing ceremony for the 2006 Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy.

"I'd be very curious to see four years from now if the United States can win 30 medals," Wallechinsky says.

Home countries typically do well at their own Olympics then experience a drop-off. The USA's 1988 low point came only eight years after a 12-medal haul at the 1980 Winter Games in Lake Placid.

The way to avoid a slip in performance, as the Steinbrenner Commission surely would note if it were to reconvene, comes down to one key element: money.

During the last four years the USOC, knowing the success of U.S. athletes could help ensure the success of the Salt Lake City Olympics, committed an extra $ 18 million for equipment, coaches and athletes stipends through a program called "Podium 2002." Sponsors excited over the exposure a home Games can offer signed on by the dozens.

With no U.S.-hosted Games on the horizon, those resources could dry up. The hope is that the USA's sheer success at these Olympics will translate into sponsorships that aren't dependent on where the Games are held.

"We're already getting more calls about sponsorships," says U.S. Speedskating President Fred Benjamin, "so we're very hopeful."

Says Wallechinsky: "Turin will be a turning point. If Americans are glued to their TV sets at the next Winter Olympics, the corporations will go, 'Oh, it's not just when it's in the U.S.' "

At least one Olympic sponsor, Samsung, already is confident U.S. fans will be watching in the future.

"Given the strength and success of the U.S. team, my sense is you'll see more people tuning in to watch the Winter Olympics," says Pete Skarzynski, senior vice president for Samsung Telecommunications America.

The USA still has work to do, though, before it can be as consistently strong as countries such as Germany. Once again, the USA went without medals in any of the Nordic disciplines -- cross-country skiing, biathlon and Nordic combined.

"If we're going to contend Games after Games to be overall medal-winners, we're going to have to medal in the Nordic events," Page says.

That may be a topic for whatever advisory boards are formed in the wake of these Games.

Not out of embarrassment but out of a taste for success.

Contributing: Michael McCarthy

**Correction**

A story in the Feb. 25 editions should have said the U.S. Ski & Snowboard Association met its goal of 10 medals in the Salt Lake City Olympics.  
**Correction-Date:** February 26, 2002, Tuesday

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Jay Capers, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Rob Schumacher, USA TODAY (2); Not losing a step: Sarah Hughes, 16, dancing to You'll Never Walk Alone in Friday's exhibition, has proved the USA is ready to continue its success in women's figure skating. Keeping the spirit going: Jimmy Shea celebrates victory in the skeleton, holding a photo of his grandfather, Jack, a 1932 Olympian killed in a car accident in January. No limits: Vonetta Flowers and Jill Bakken won the women's two-man bobsled competition. Flowers said she hoped her victory would be an inspiration to kids of all races.

**Load-Date:** March 4, 2002

**End of Document**



[***AN ELITE TRUST IN PHILA. ACCUSED OF COSTLY BETRAYAL A FAMILY BLAMES GLENMEDE TRUST FOR A $100 MILLION LOSS. THE TRUST DENIES IT'S AT FAULT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NSN0-01K4-9107-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 6, 1994 Thursday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1866 words

**Byline:** L. Stuart Ditzen, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

On the morning of Sept. 11, 1990, B. Ray Thompson Jr., one of the richest men in Knoxville, Tenn. - but soon to be less so - received an unexpected telephone call.

The news was troubling, Thompson recalled later, but its full impact did not register for some time. When it did, he said: "I felt like I just came out of a bank robbery. I felt like, you know, I had been mugged."

It was a mugging, as Thompson sees it, that cost him and his family many millions of dollars. And he blames the Glenmede Trust, one of Philadelphia's most cloistered and elite financial institutions. The trust administers investment accounts for wealthy clients.

On that September day, an official of the Glenmede Trust called Thompson to inform him that Glenmede had undertaken a massive stock sell-off to yield nearly $1 billion for its oldest and largest client, the Pew Charitable Trusts.

The transaction - cashing in a huge block of stock in a Texas-based oil company - was done exclusively for the Pew trusts, a giant philanthropic machine in Philadelphia.

B. Ray Thompson and his family also were clients of the Glenmede Trust, and they owned $150 million worth of stock in the same Texas oil company. They were not included in the stock deal. Thompson contends that the stock dropped steadily after Pew trusts sold out, but that Glenmede never advised him to sell. He and his family lost $100 million.

In a lawsuit pending in U.S. District Court here, Thompson, 65, whose family made a fortune in the coal business and sold out to the Philadelphia- based Sun Co. in 1979, accuses the Glenmede Trust of betrayal.

"Glenmede, with its sophistication, knew what would happen when they bailed out," Thompson testified in a deposition earlier this year. "And they didn't protect the Thompsons, they just bailed out. They had the same fiduciary responsibility to me, to my family, that they did to the Pews. They didn't live up to that fiduciary duty and they betrayed the Thompsons."

The Glenmede Trust, which advertises only for clients of "substantial" wealth and pledges its expertise in "the preservation of capital," denies any wrong toward Thompson or his family.

Glenmede's lawyers contend that because of legal complexities, Thompson could not be included in the same stock deal it arranged for the Pew trusts. Glenmede insists that Thompson could have avoided much of his loss by selling his stock on his own.

Thompson says he didn't sell his stock because Glenmede never advised him to sell.

Thompson charges in his lawsuit that Glenmede favored the Pew trusts, which contain the Sun oil fortune, above its other clients.

Thomas W. Langfitt, president of both Glenmede and the Pew trusts and a defendant in the lawsuit, replies: "I don't think it's true. . . . If the

average Glenmede client might feel that we would disadvantage them to benefit the Pew Charitable Trusts, that could have a chilling effect. There's absolutely no evidence of that whatsoever. In fact, it's a nonissue."

Interwoven in the legal dispute are histories of two fabulously successful

families, one in Philadelphia, one in Knoxville. Both made fortunes in the energy business. Both set up large philanthropic institutions. Eventually their businesses merged.

And their wealth was entrusted to a common guardian.

\*

The patriarch of the Thompson family was B. Ray Thompson Sr., son of a Tennessee sawmill operator. Through hard work and a twist of world events, he ended up one of the richest men in America.

Thompson arrived in Knoxville in 1941 with a wife, two sons, no job and $2 in his pocket.

He got a job as a coal salesman and eventually, joined by his sons, became a mine operator.

For 30 years, it was little more than a hand-to-mouth existence, according to B. Ray Jr. "You could not ever make a profit. All through the 1950s and 1960s, we lived on depreciation."

That changed radically when the oil crisis paralyzed the United States in the early 1970s.

There was a sudden demand for coal. Prices soared.

"In the space of a couple of years, the price of coal went from $7 to $31 a ton," said the younger Thompson, who ran the family-held Shamrock mine in

Kentucky. "We began rapidly expanding."

By the end of the 1970s, the Thompsons had amassed one of the largest privately held coal-mining enterprises in the nation - Elk River Resources Inc. - with operations in Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia and Tennessee. They employed 1,500 workers. They held leases on 200 million tons of coal reserves. Their net income was flowing at more than $20 million a year.

It was at the peak of that success that Sun Co., the oil giant, acquired Elk River Resources in 1979, paying the Thompsons five million shares of Sun stock worth $330 million.

When B. Ray Thompson Sr. died in 1987 at 81, he left his wealth to charity, to be doled out by the Thompson Charitable Foundation of Knoxville.

He also left a legacy of goodwill at Sun Co., where he had made many friends in the ranks of management.

"We liked the Sun people," said the son in an interview. "That relationship translated to Glenmede."

\*

The Glenmede Trust was created in 1956 by the heirs of Joseph N. Pew, who founded Sun Oil in 1886.

Joseph Pew's four children became Philadelphia's wealthiest and most philanthropic citizens. They formed a series of trusts, endowed with their Sun stock. The Pew Charitable Trusts became one of the largest philanthropic empires in the nation. They own $3.6 billion in assets. They give away $190 million a year.

Glenmede's original purpose was to administer the Pew trusts. In time, Glenmede took on other wealthy clients, like the Thompsons.

James J. Binns, lawyer for B. Ray Thompson Jr., says in legal papers that when Sun acquired the Thompson coal business, "it was agreed . . . that Glenmede would provide special expertise, guidance and advice to the Thompsons with respect to their investments, particularly in Sun and related companies."

Glenmede's lawyer, Barbara W. Mather, has denied any such unwritten obligation.

In 1981, B. Ray Thompson Sr. set up investment advisory accounts with Glenmede for his grandchildren.

The accounts for the five children of B. Ray Thompson Jr. contained $43 million worth of stock in Oryx Energy Co. in September 1990.

\*

In the spring of 1990, Thomas Langfitt, president of the Glenmede Trust, was troubled.

The Pew trusts were not making a large enough income from their huge stock holdings in Oryx Energy Co. of Dallas.

Two years before, Sun Co. had "spun off" its domestic operations into an independent, publicly traded company that became Oryx.

All Sun stockholders received a share of Oryx for every share they held of Sun. That meant that the Pew trusts held some 25 million shares in Oryx and were, by far, Oryx's largest stockholder.

Oryx was paying a 2.6 percent dividend, which was not enough for the Pew trusts.

The trusts needed to make income of at least 5 percent. The law requires them, as with all charitable organizations, to give away the equivalent of 5 percent of their assets each year.

With income of less than 5 percent from Oryx, the Pew trusts faced the possibility of having to sell off some assets.

Langfitt said in an interview that he "opened a dialogue" with Oryx about the Pew trusts' need for a higher stock dividend.

Oryx refused to boost its dividend.

Glenmede and Oryx then began private negotiations for Oryx to buy back the Pew shares.

The outcome of those talks, on Sept. 11, 1990, was a buy-back by Oryx of 18 million shares of its own stock for the market price of $53.75 a share. Total price: $968 million.

The buy-back was exclusive to the Pew trusts. No other Oryx stockholder was included. The deal was announced on the day it was carried out.

At the time, Oryx stock was riding high, as were other oil stocks, because the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, a month before, had sparked fears for Mideast oil supplies.

After the buy-back, Langfitt said, Glenmede advised other clients who owned Oryx to hold the stock. "The feeling was that Oryx's prospects were quite good."

B. Ray Thompson held.

Two weeks after the buy-back, Oryx stock had dropped from $53 to $47 a share. Two weeks after that, it had dropped to $41. A year later, it was $35. A year after that, it was $25. In recent weeks, the stock has been selling around $17 a share.

Thompson contends in his lawsuit that Oryx was forced to go deep into debt and sell off assets to buy back its shares from the Pew trusts, leading to the decline in its stock.

The buy-back sparked several other lawsuits in addition to Thompson's. A class-action case by Oryx investors was filed in Texas. And several Pew heirs, whose private trusts are administered by Glenmede, filed suits in Philadelphia and Montgomery County Common Pleas Courts.

Lawyers for Glenmede - and officials of Oryx - argue that the fallen stock price is due to cheap oil, and is consistent with a general decline in oil stocks.

That the Oryx buy-back was a wonderful deal for the Pew trusts is undisputed.

Langfitt speaks of the result as "extraordinarily successful."

Glenmede put the nearly $1 billion it received from Oryx into higher- yielding investments. As a result, the Pew trusts have been earning an extra $35 million a year.

With the added income, Langfitt said, four new programs have been inaugurated - one to aid small cities, another to fight poverty in the Mississippi Delta, a third to engage young people in solving environmental problems, and a fourth to preserve ***working-class*** neighborhoods.

And what of the Thompson family interests?

B. Ray Thompson Jr. and his family held 2.8 million shares of Oryx. At the buy-back price of $53.75, the shares were worth just over $150 million. Now, at $17, they are worth less than $50 million.

"We could not include the Thompson interests or any others," Langfitt said. "We were precluded from doing it, legally."

Glenmede's lawyers, Langfitt said, advised the firm that the buy-back had to be restricted to the Pew trusts for tax reasons. They say it was kept secret to avoid the possibility of insider trading.

Thompson could have sold his Oryx stock at any time, Langfitt said, adding: "He made it very, very clear that he did not want to sell his shares."

Thompson denies that. He says he held his Oryx stock because Glenmede never told him to sell.

"I looked at Glenmede for advice and all they simply had to do was to tell me to sell that stock," he testified in his deposition. "I never recall any recommendation to sell those shares. On the contrary, I recall receiving information on an occasional basis of Oryx's performance and what a good stock it was."

Thompson rankles at Glenmede lawyers who label him in legal papers "a sophisticated investor" and argue that he, not Glenmede, is to blame for his losses.

"I'm not a sophisticated investor," Thompson says, noting that he made his money mining coal. "I'd never traded in the stock market. In fact, I'd never owned a share in a publicly held company until we took shares in Sun in 1979. We relied on Glenmede."

He does that no longer.

In September 1992, shortly before filing suit, Thompson cut all ties with Glenmede.

His suit, seeking compensation for the losses and punitive damages, is expected to go to trial this spring before U.S. District Judge Herbert J. Hutton and a jury.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. B. Ray Thompson Jr., with his lawyer, James J. Binns, says that a stock

buy-back arranged by Glenmede to benefit the Pew Charitable Trusts resulted in

a huge loss for him. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON TARVER)

2. Thomas W. Langfitt, president of both Glenmede and the Pew trusts, denied

that Glenmede favored the Pew trusts above its other clients.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***PICTURES OF ITALY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VTF-PC50-0094-50NX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TITIAN, TINTORETTO AND DONATELLO COMPETE WITH THE CANALS FOR UNFORGETTABLE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VTF-PC50-0094-50NX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***BEAUTY IN VENICE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VTF-PC50-0094-50NX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

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**Byline:** JESSICA KOWAL, NEWSDAY

**Dateline:** VENICE, Italy

**Body**

On a plain wooden bench, in the cool quiet of a marble-walled church surrounded by a half-dozen other souls, I sat back to consider my visit to Venice, this most mysterious and seductive of Italian cities.

Maybe others wanted to spend their vacations in traffic jams of gondolas on the canals a few blocks away. But not me. Nor did I want to buy a T-shirt from the vendors, feed the pigeons in Piazza San Marco or squeeze past hundreds of people cramming the city's energetic shopping streets.

Wanting to get lost in Venice, I successfully sought out-of-the-way nooks and crannies that drew me away from the hordes and offered glimpses of phenomenal beauty.

Paintings by Titian and Tintoretto that would be stars at American museums but are hidden in otherwise unremarkable churches. Churches overflowing with art, like the Basilica dei Frari (or Friars), where a man wept in the fourth pew before a wood sculpture of St. John the Baptist by Donatello. Synagogues in Venice's Jewish ghetto that were literally hidden to avoid attention from the city's powers-that-be.

And the panoramic view of the city and surrounding islands from the bell tower of the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, where the monks take you up the elevator for about a measly 3,000 lire (about $ 2).

Truth be told, most of these sites are listed in any number of guidebooks, but many tourists either don't have the time, or don't take the time, to see them.

My tour guide and host for the trip, without whom I would never have known or cared much about the artworks I saw, was my good friend Frederick Ilchman. He is a Ph.D. candidate at Columbia University and a scholar of the Venetian Renaissance painter Tintoretto.

For an introduction to the city, he took me jogging through the back streets and ***working-class*** neighborhoods of the northern section of Venice near his apartment on the Fondamenta dei Sartori (Quai of the Tailors). The natives never looked twice at the two sweaty Americans in bright T-shirts. Our shoulders skimmed the brick walls of apartment buildings as we jogged through what my friend called "the narrowest street in Venice."

Frederick pointed out the architectural sights. "That's the church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, with a recently restored facade," he called out. "That's a barge with sludge from the canals. That's San Michele, the Cemetery Island." Two miles later, we stopped on a bridge along the Riva degli Schiavoni (Wharf of the Slavs), several hundred yards from the crowded Piazza San Marco. A private water taxi passed below. The sun set red and orange. The onion-shaped domes of the church of the Salute, Venice's greatest baroque church, and the golden ball of the Venetian customs house were in the distance.

Over two days, Frederick took me to some of his favorite churches, where much of the best art is. Venice, my friend explained, is one of few cities where masterpieces still occupy the churches and spaces they were created for and largely escaped the ransacking of Napoleon and damage from the two world wars. The Italian government owns all the works, and the churches can't sell or even lend them without the cultural ministry's approval.

This means that Tintoretto's two 44-foot-high paintings (among the tallest canvas paintings in the world) still frame the altar in the church of the Madonna dell' Orto (Madonna of the Garden), a church that wasn't even on my Streetwise map to the city.

To the left of the altar is "Israelites at Mount Sinai," in which Moses receives the Ten Commandments and nonbelievers collect jewelry to sculpt the golden calf. To the right, also painted in the early 1560s, is the darkly painted "Last Judgment," showing a swirling collection of souls damned to hell. Another Tintoretto, "Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple," originally painted as organ shutters, hangs on the church's right wall near the painter's grave.

Another find is the church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli (St. Mary of the Miracles). The small, 15th-century painting of the Madonna and Child on the altar is said to be the source of miracles and healings. We wandered in before 5 p.m., when the organist was practicing. The church, with its cool interior and simple wood pews, is a favorite for weddings.

Because of patrons' beliefs in the power of the painting, and their abundant donations in its honor, the church is covered inside and out in expensive, glowing marble, one of two (San Marco is the other) Venetian churches to afford such luxury. Save Venice Inc., a New York-based group that restores Venetian artworks, spent millions to renovate the church, and last year, the scaffolding was finally removed.

Now revealed are the gray "butterfly" patterned marble walls, created by slicing marble and flipping the matched pieces over side by side. Six stories up, a vaulted ceiling covers the expanse of the church, filled with wood panels painted with Old Testament prophets and oracles.

I also enjoyed the Frari, a vast brick Franciscan structure with elaborate decoration and which dates to 1330. The red Verona marble on the floor is full of fossils of ancient sea creatures. This church also holds the most important Renaissance paintings of any church in Venice - enough of a draw for my friend to visit the place weekly.

The high altar at the front of this T-shaped church is surrounded by smaller chapels sold to individual families who commissioned works of art to fill them.

The Donatello statue was purchased by Florentines to honor their patron, St. John the Baptist, who appears with his hand upraised, mouth open, gaunt from years in the wilderness. The church also holds three depictions of Mary from different centuries. One is a wood panel of the Madonna and Jesus, painted by Paolo Veneziano in the 1330s.

Another is a 1488 triptych, or three-panel painting, by Giovanni Bellini, which places the same figures, glowing with light, in a convincing 3-D space. Finally, Titian in the early 1500s painted the "Assumption of the Virgin" for the high altar, bringing a sense of motion to what used to be a plain wood panel. Mary, no longer a flat figure, appears to be blown to heaven, her rosy red and blue robes twisted by the wind.

I also went to visit a half-dozen churches that were dark and unremarkable, save for one or two masterpieces that cost me only 10 minutes of time to find and enjoy. The church of Santi Apostoli is wedged next to a hardware store. It holds a jewel of architecture: a chapel designed by Mauro Codussi, an important architect around 1500, and a mid-18th-century painting of "The Last Communion of Saint Lucy" by Tiepolo.

In the nearby church of San Salvatore, one can see Titian's "Annunciation," painted in 1564 in creams and pinks and blues, illustrating perfectly Venetian painters' approach to rich colors. Titian, or Tiziano, as he's called in Italy, "is caressing every shape into being," my guide explained. Save Venice also has restored a second Titian painting, "The Transfiguration," in which three apostles recognize Christ as divine.

Of course, churches are not all one finds in Venice.

In Venice's Jewish ghetto, I took a 40-minute tour that begins at the Museum Ebraico (tickets are 12,000 lire, about $ 7). This small section of the city was the segregated home - and the origin of the term "ghetto" - of as many as 5,000 Jews in the 1500s, when Venice was seen as more tolerant than much of Europe. Only 33 Jews, all Orthodox, live in the ghetto now. (About 200 Jews live in Venice, 35,000 in all of Italy.)

The five synagogues in the ghetto, called scuolas, or schools, were built on the top floor of existing buildings and were hidden from prying eyes on the outside. Each of the three synagogues I saw had drapery-covered "windows" around the room; only one window, if any, was visible from the street.

To "keep alive" each synagogue with so few people, the members rotate among them for different holidays and ceremonies throughout the year. The Levantine synagogue, given to the Jews in the 1500s, is used for Rosh Hashanah and Succoth and for weddings.

Twenty feet away in the square and three stories up, we toured the Italian synagogue, built in 1575 by Roman Jews. Christian artisans built an elaborate pulpit that towers over the room and is used to celebrate the day before Passover, our guide said. Moving down the street from the Gheto Nuovo (New Ghetto) to the Gheto Vecchio (Old Ghetto), we next visited the 17th-century Spanish synagogue, up a marble staircase on the second floor. This Sephardic synagogue, for Jews who came mainly from Turkey and Greece, also has a massive pulpit flanked on each side by a grand staircase and an elaborately baroque ceiling in black and white.

Frederick also took me to see the Scala del Bovolo, a fairy-tale spiral staircase off the Campo Manin. For a few thousand lire, we climbed five stories for a red-rooftop view of the city.

I found a quiet place to write in my journal on the Fondamenta del Traghetto San Maurizio, a 50-foot-long cobblestone resting place alongside the Grand Canal. Gondolas and water taxis carrying families who had been to the beaches on Lido Island floated by. At 7 p.m., an elderly woman in a knitted pink cap emerged from a nearby building and, stopping at one end of the small square, reached up to touch a bas relief sculpture of Mary mounted in the wall.

We took a vaporetto, one of the water buses that constantly come and go from stops on the main canals, across the Giudecca to San Giorgio Maggiore, an island with a Benedictine monastery. Each boat ride costs 6,000 lire, or about $ 4; the better buy was a 24-hour tourist ticket for 18,000 lire (about $ 10) which gave me the incentive to plan my boat rides for one day.

The church holds several gorgeous Tintorettos, including "The Last Supper" and "Moses and the Gathering of the Manna," in San Giorgio Maggiore, but the treat was the view from the campanile, or bell tower. Walk into the church (open mornings and afternoons but, like most Italian churches, with a siesta break), past the altar and to the left, where you'll find the elevator manned by a few monks in street clothes.

One day, I planned my own out-of-Venice adventure via vaporetto. I caught the Number 52 boat for the five-minute ride to San Michele, the Cemetery Island, which appears in films like "Wings of the Dove."

Cemeteries are fascinating expressions of a culture's reverence for the dead, and in Italy they also reflect the impact of the country's art history on everyday life and death. Grave sites often include photographs of loved ones and statues relevant to their lives: for many women, a miniature of Michelangelo's Pieta from St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican; for a gondolier, a bronze statue of a gondola and its rower mounted on the marble gravestone; for children, a statue of the angel Gabriel perched over their tiny graves. A few tombstones had mosaic images of the dead.

From Cemetery Island, it was a quick boat ride to the island of Murano, where many tourists visit well-known glass factories. I skipped the factories and stopped instead at the Santi Maria e Donato church, founded in the Seventh Century and rebuilt in the 12th, where the floor is a rapturous mosaic of gray, orange, blue and green tiles placed in radial, flower-like patterns.

I also took the longer 45-minute boat ride from Murano to the small island of Torcello to see the golden mosaics in the church of Santa Maria dell' Assunta.

The 12th-century Byzantine-era mosaics were worth the trip. The masterpiece is a towering mosaic on the back wall depicting the Last Judgment, created centuries before Michelangelo's fresco in the Sistine Chapel. Surrounded by angels and devils, Christ sits in the center, a river of fire flowing from his seat into hell.

The Santa Fosca church next door on Torcello is older and quieter, with a wood dome, marble columns and a carved Jesus behind the altar. Saint Fosca's mummified body is also there in a glass and marble case beneath the altar. Outside the churches, in the small grassy square, is a marble armchair called the seat of Attila. If you sit there, it is said, you will be married within a year.

I didn't realize how successful I'd been at finding uncrowded places and things to see until I sat at a cafe table in what is typically the most jam-packed spot in all of Venice - the Piazza San Marco in front of the Basilica di San Marco. But I was there at 7 a.m. on a Wednesday. While I watched the pigeons and took photographs of the near-empty square, friends read aloud from the crucial tourbook for intellectuals, John Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

During business hours, tourists queue up to tour the church. But I had discovered a valuable secret: The doors on the left side of San Marco open for the morning mass. The worshippers in the side chapel were mostly nuns and the elderly. As the priest intoned the daily prayers, I stood at the back of the candle-lit room, among two dozen people having a near-private audience with one of the world's greatest cathedrals.

If you go …

The best time for a tourist to go to churches is just as they open and just before they close. Churches in Italy are open at different times, often from 9 a.m. to noon, and then 3 to 7 p.m. If you want to see the Piazza San Marco in all its glory, go at 7 a.m.

For the best view of art, bring binoculars into dimly lit churches. You'll see the brushstrokes much better. Some churches have machines asking for 500 lire to turn the lights on a masterpiece. Spend it. It's less than 50 cents, and you'll be amazed at what you see.

At any religious site, you must wear modest clothing. No short-shorts or revealing tops for women. Some churches also ban cameras and video cameras.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3) MAP, MAP: (No caption) PHOTO: Jessica Kowal/Newsday: The spiral staircases; of the Scala del Bovolo, off Venice's Campo Manin.; PHOTO: Jessica Kowal/Newsday photos: The cemetery on the island of San Michele; includes mosaic images and photos of the deceased.; PHOTO: Jessica Kowal/Newsday photos: Carved heads and other details adorn the; columns of the Ducal Palace in Venice.

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[***UNITED WE UNDERSTAND;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D7P0-0094-232G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***EIGHT TEEN-AGERS FROM DIVERSE RACIAL AND CULTURAL BACKGROUNDS FORGE A BOND;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D7P0-0094-232G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WHILE CREATING A MURAL TO BRIGHTEN UP THE WEST END***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D7P0-0094-232G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 3, 1993, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SUNDAY MAGAZINE,

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**Byline:** JANE CRAWFORD

**Body**

For eight teen-agers in the West End, ''What I did on my summer vacation'' could fill a book … and a wall.

That the wall is the side of a garage, next to an auto supply store, down the block from a gas station and across the street from a parking lot is of no consequence.

It was the making of The West End Wall of Cultural Pride that brought these eight very different teen-agers together and launched them into a summer they could not have expected when school let out in June.

In a project initiated and supervised by adults, the youngsters proved that art can be a unifying experience. For one month starting July 6, until the work was over, ''They laughed and had a great time. The last day we had pizza and they all went to the Regatta together,'' said Robert Qualters, artistic overseer of the project and a professional mural artist.

The 12-panel mural (each piece is 4 feet by 8 feet) was the brainchild of Marlene Demarest, for two years branch manager of the West End branch of The Carnegie Library. She wanted to ''brighten the West End,'' an area of the city with old homes, businesses and churches.

She felt that the ***working-class*** neighborhood could use some color and fun. And now, at least on the wall of the Neptune Street garage that houses the library's bookmobiles, it's got some of both. The mural, dedicated yesterday, depicts Pittsburgh, and more specifically the West End, in various stages of its long history.

For five weeks this summer, the students -- three white, three black and two of Asian descent -- were paid about $ 400 each to work in the basement of the West End AME Zion Church on Main Street to create their very own multi- cultural masterpiece. They designed and painted the mural, dividing the work load themselves, each one specializing in certain parts of the project.

Demarest and Qualters made the rounds at some local high schools in order to find painters for the project. Art teachers recommended students who were then invited to participate.

There were few guidelines -- the main one being that the project had to deal with different cultures. The students also were asked not to portray any culture in a derogatory way or to use symbols of violence.

''The kids formed a voting group on all the issues,'' Demarest said. They first brought in sketches, which were scrutinized with Qualters' supervision, then they chose what they would put on the boards.

Qualters guided the young artists, helping with his technical expertise as well as such things as color choice. ''What impressed me was Bob as a teacher. He stood with all the kids around, their ideas coming from their hearts. He was very gentle with them,'' Demarest said.

''Everybody worked on everybody's board at some point. There was an immense amount of sharing and willingness to trust their ideas to somebody else's skill. The sharing is what held that group together, and it's what makes it a great mural.

Maileah Vue, 19, did most of the painting on one whole panel of the mural. It colorfully depicts an American Indian boy, a black boy and an Asian girl -- sort of a self-portrait, she said. An exact likeness would have been contrary to her Laotian culture. It is believed that if a person's picture is publicly displayed, spirits could come and touch it, and make one sick, Vue said. The pictures she painted represents ''people of all different races on one board in peace. I tried to make them look calm and happy,'' she said.

An accomplished artist, Vue worked on the project with her brother, Teng. They were both born in Laos but have spent most of their lives in the States, arriving here in 1979.

Maileah doesn't remember much of the family's journey, but tales from her parents have filled in some of the blanks. The family crossed the Mekong River in inner tubes, flew first to Texas, spent a short time in Missouri and then joined her relatives in Pittsburgh.

Now Teng and his parents have moved on to Wisconsin while his sister remains here to continue her studies at Carlow College.

Teng, 15, who said he ''didn't really want to get up that early,'' managed to arrive at 9 a.m. every weekday for work on the mural. He took care of drawing Spider-Man and a train with yellow-helmeted men working nearby, along with the tracks. There is also a man fishing in a pond. Teng's inspiration for the tracks were the ones back in the woods near his old house.

Alex Foulds, 15, a sophomore at Langley High School, who lives in Elliott, worked on the city section of the mural, the part where Spider-Man is climbing up a building. He wanted to do the cityscape, so Qualters sent him to the West End overlook, and he sketched the scene from that vantage point. He then added the buildings to boards, which were cut out to form the top of the mural.

Foulds said he lives near the overlook and often sees that view of the city -- a view he likes because of the PPG buildings -- and others Downtown. Qualters was his instrument for learning more about the technique of painting. ''He was a nice guy. When people got stuck, he helped us out,'' Foulds said. As for the effect of the mural on residents and visitors to the West End, Foulds feels there is the possiblity for a sense of unity. ''Maybe people will get along a little better. They can see that different people worked on (the mural) and we got along,'' he said.

The mural was funded by The Pittsburgh Foundation and Open Doors, a city agency designed to encourage the relationship between communities and schools in off-school hours.

Qualters' involvement came about after Demarest saw a mural on the side of the PNB building in Homestead, a project he had worked on with students from Woodlawn School in Munhall. When Demarest saw the grant proposal put out by The Pittsburgh Foundation for multi-cultural arts expression, she immediately thought of Qualters, who was named ''Artist of the Year'' in 1985 by Pittsburgh Center for the Arts. His murals can be seen at Mercy Hospitals and West Penn School for the Blind, among other local spots.

He accepted the offer because he liked the project, ''and I got paid.''

All sorts of sociological, historical and artistic implications may be drawn from the final product -- interpretation is in the eyes of the beholder.

Qualters likes what he sees. ''I think it's wonderful. It's very high quality, and you can see individual styles.''

The benefit to the community is obvious. And now with the mural up, each time the student artists pass by they will see the fruits of their labor. But they will also, in a more private way, relish their shared experience.

''One of the students didn't relate very well to the other kids at the beginning, but when he became responsible for something, he really opened up and worked with the other kids,'' Qualters said. ''It was just exactly what the grant wanted it to be, I think. It's about as multi-cultural as you can get.''

Other students had no problem getting in the swing of the project -- one of them just about took over.

Qualters said Parris Hugley, 19, of Chartiers, and a student at California University of Pa., is an articulate young man who emerged as the group leader. ''His vision, perhaps, was the strongest. He had a sense of the whole thing and how it should work,'' Qualters said.

Hugley is proud of the group's work on the mural because of its message that all kinds of people can join together to accomplish a goal. ''There is a lot of prejudice in Pittsburgh -- it's very strong,'' he said.

He said he has experienced racism firsthand and is aware of the hurt and anger it can inflict. That's why he concentrated on unifying the group -- talking with the Vues about their culture (''they even taught me some Laotian words,'' Hugley said), and spending time with Becky Hershberger (''she never had a black friend''). He said that Teng had had trouble with black teens picking on him because he was different. ''He met me and Lester and then he had a different attitude,'' Hugley said.

Another student was holding back from the group at first, but not for long. ''She was kind of shy but I broke her out of that, made her laugh and had her help me with stuff. I gave her a chance to know me,'' Hugley said.

His responsiblities included ''checking that everybody cleaned up, keeping things moving and laughing.''

The learning experience took various forms for Hugley's fellow artists, Janice Kelly, Lester Holmes and Hershberger. ''I had never touched a paint brush in my life,'' said Holmes, 17. A resident of the West End, he came to the library one day to type a paper and the next thing he knew, Demarest had recruited him.

Holmes helped with prepping the boards, and did one of the eight portraits (Hershberger's) of the mural artists that will hang near their finished work. He also took on an interesting sideline job -- as the project diarist. His written history of the project is on view at the library. ''It helped prepare me for college and made me think of journalism as a career,'' the 6- foot tall senior at Perry Traditional Academy said while spinning a basketball on his fingers. But he's not giving up on the NBA just yet.

Kelly, of Elliott, became known as the ''Bob Ross of trees'' -- a joke referring to the public television artist who ''teaches'' people to paint landscapes. Kelly's specialty became drawing the many trees throughout the mural. She is studying art in a Job Corps program in Philadelphia. She also drew a large and dramatic Neffertiti figure.

''This taught me to work with other races,'' she said.

Hershberger, 17, a senior at Canevin High School, who lives in Sheraden, found a lot that was new. ''I really never knew anybody of another race,'' she said. ''But, everybody was just the same.'' It was fun for her and she said she didn't think of it as a job. Her contribution was work on two steel mills, a necessity when depicting the history of Pittsburgh and the West End.

While the students got along well and created something positive, that doesn't happen with all young people in the city. Bruce Blackburn knows that only too well. He is a student minister at the West End AME Zion Church and a counselor for juvenile delinquents at Circle C, a boys' group home on the North Side. As an adult supervisor on the mural project, he was struck by the dichotomy of the groups with which he was working.

''It's good working with positive kids. They're fun and outgoing. I believe these kids (on the mural project) were brought up in a good family environment, and they can use this experience in the future.'' He believes that most of the Circle C boys have not had the same opportunities.

For Charles Baux, 16, of Westwood, the mural provided an opportunity to become involved in an art project. He said he enjoys drawing, but it was his first time painting.

''It didn't matter that we were paid,'' said Baux, an aspiring cartoonist. ''It was a good experience for me, at least, and I would have done it without getting paid. I'd gladly do a project like this again.''

Baux worked on the trains with Teng Vue. While Vue took care of the older trains, Baux painted newer ones. ''The mural shows the movement from the old into the present and what's in store for the future,'' Baux said. He explained how in the past there were steel mills, but things change. ''Pittsburgh was left with nothing, and it rose to become another kind of important city in America with high technology.''

Qualters believes the project wasn't just a learning experience for its participants.

''Aside from the obvious benefit to the community of having their own wall, the people see they can work with each other. I think the kids knew this all the time.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: From left, Teng Vue, Janice Kelly, Lester Holmes, Charles Baux and Becky Hershberger collaborated with four other students to create The West End Wall of Cultural Pride, a multicultural project completed during the summer.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***An enduring racial divide in Michigan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8RV0-002B-H26G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Byline:** Wayne Washington; Steve Berg; Staff Writers

**Dateline:** Detroit, Mich.

**Body**

As a candidate, Bill Clinton spoke of racial harmony to the blacks of Detroit and to their white neighbors in the surrounding county. Months later, with Clinton in office, nothing has changed, and suspicion and cynicism abound.

Two of the most compelling moments of President Clinton's push toward the White House last year occurred on each side of Eight-Mile Rd., an otherwise unremarkable street that serves as frontier between the city of Detroit - mostly black, mostly poor and terribly crime-ridden - and suburban Macomb County - nearly all white, fiercely middle class and eternally vigilant in its suspicion of anything black and anything Detroit.

At Pleasant Grove Baptist Church, in a bleak neighborhood of steel bars and broken glass, candidate Bill Clinton had asked black Detroit to reach across Eight-Mile Rd., to embrace even those whom they might consider white racists.

Hours earlier, he had made a nearly identical plea at to suburban whites at Macomb Community College. He promised "a new Democratic Party" based on hard work and mainstream values - but only if whites would "go beyond race . . . you've got to agree that we're going to do it together - no more racial division."

Clinton's emotional words were applauded on both sides of Eight-Mile Rd. He was praised for his courage. In November, 83 percent of blacks nationwide and 40 percent of whites united to elect him president.

But nine months later, with the Reagan-Bush era a fading memory, race relations are not noticeably better. Not in Detroit. Not in most places.

Despite a reservoir of patience and goodwill from most blacks, Clinton's dealings with black leaders have run hot and cold. And key white voters - most of them blue-collar suburban conservatives of the kind found in Macomb County - are, if anything, more discouraged about Clinton and more cynical about chances for racial harmony.

A white woman pushing a baby stroller through a shopping mall wore a T-shirt that summed up the hard-bitten attitude: "DETROIT," it said, "WHERE THE WEAK ARE KILLED AND EATEN."

Pleasant Grove Baptist's pastor, the Rev. Odell Jones, isn't mad at his friend Bill Clinton. He would just like the man who so comfortably and courageously addressed his congregation during the campaign to show the same courage on issues of race now that he's president.

"I come here to challenge you to reach out your hand to them," Clinton had said that day, "for we have been divided for too long." Those words resonated through Jones' modest church. But there has been little reaching out on either side.

Certainly, Clinton's city of symbolism, Detroit - like so many urban areas where poverty is profound and the racial divide is deep - hasn't begun to change. Boarded-up buildings dot the landscape. Police cars are omnipresent. The city has the distinct look of a place emptied and disheveled by an ill wind.

It was supposed to be different.

Clinton represents what blacks say is a welcome generational shift from the Reagan and Bush years. He was the man who eschewed the "us" and "they" approach to politics, which he said Republicans had used to divide the country and conquer votes.

But a few issues - the ill-fated nomination of black law professor Lani Guinier for a civil rights job in the Justice Department, the abandonment of his campaign pledge to allow Haitian refugees into the country more easily, Clinton's seemingly easy retreat on his economic stimulus package, his arguably lukewarm support for funding "empowerment zones" in depressed urban areas - have made some blacks doubt the level of the president's commitment to help the nation transcend its racial divide.

"As a candidate, he didn't run from issues. He faced them," Jones said.

The frustration many blacks feel toward Clinton was illustrated at the NAACP's national convention in Indianapolis last month.

Vice President Al Gore, dispatched to stitch the wounds the Guinier fiasco caused, was politely received by delegates. An hour earlier, Rep. Kweisi Mfume, D-Md., who gave voice to recent black frustration, had been enthusiastically embraced.

"Following the election, Clinton seemed to spend more time catering to [Kansas Republican Sen. Bob] Dole than to those who elected him," said Rev. Wendell Anthony, an NAACP delegate and the pastor of Fellowship Chapel United Church of Christ in Detroit. "He is the president of the entire country, but we believe his commitment [should be] to those who helped elect him."

Odell Jones' daughter, Yvette, speaks for many blacks who are more cynical about the Clinton presidency. While Clinton has tried to make it easier for gays in the military in response to the support he got from gays during his campaign, blacks haven't been similarly rewarded for their loyalty, she said.

"You don't hear much about civil rights," said Jones, who is working for one of several Democrats trying to become Detroit's next mayor. Still, like many other blacks, she still backs the president: "Basically, I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt."

Appointing blacks to the Cabinet and to other high posts has tempered frustrations, many blacks say. One of those appointees, Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary, passionately urges blacks to stick with Clinton. Likewise, St. Paul's Urban League president, Willie Mae Wilson, sees blacks standing by the president.

"A lot of people were angry because we felt that he should have let Lani go in and go through the process," Wilson said. "That's still our opinion, but I'm not sure people are going to remain stuck on that."

There are issues not about color that will determine how Clinton is viewed by blacks and whites, rich and poor, said Clarence Sutton, a black Twin Cities insurance agent.

"People need health care," he said, "whether they make five grand a year or five hundred grand a year."

But ushering in sweeping change in race relations could prove to be even tougher than altering the health care system. Guinier said at the NAACP convention that Clinton can bring racial healing, but she seemed less than optimistic that he will.

"My view is that Bill Clinton has the capacity and the compassion to be a racial healer," Guinier said. "I hope he lives up to that challenge."

Measuring Clinton's performance on race won't be easy. Many black leaders will watch for spending commitments and new programs. But they may be disappointed because budgets are tight and because Ross Perot's emergence has altered the balance of power in national politics. Thus, many blacks know that measuring Clinton's commitment and progress must move beyond pie charts and bar graphs toward something more enduring.

"How do you measure whether Martin Luther King was successful?" said Jimmie McBryde, a supervisor at General Motors in Detroit who was in charge of security for Clinton's campaign stop at Pleasant Grove. "It's measured through time."

Time, many blacks say, is on Clinton's side.

John Moore, who runs an economic-development program in Detroit, said it's too early to judge Clinton's performance on racial healing.

"For what's been going on for the past 12 years, it's not going to be changed in seven months," he said.

On the eve of last year's Democratic convention, Clinton sat for an interview with PBS' Bill Moyers, who asked him if there was a single issue from which he would never retreat. Clinton didn't hesitate. "Racial equality, the absence of discrimination," he said. Why? Because without racial harmony, the United States won't be able to compete with Japan and Germany. And besides, he said, "the country is not a good place to live when people are so divided."

But Moore said it will take more than Clinton's rhetoric and good intentions. "He can't go from A to Z by himself," he said. "It's up to everybody to reach out."

Racial harmony is a hard sell in Macomb County, a grid of tidy, ***working-class*** streets lined with the usual array of pizza parlors, car dealerships and modest postwar ramblers with pickups and fishing boats parked out front.

Ninety-six percent of the people here are white. Many are the sons and daughters of Catholic immigrants who came to the east side of Detroit 70 years ago to work for Chrysler and General Motors, then fled the city beginning in the '50s and especially after the riots of 1967. The city many of them left is now 76 percent black.

In the county, auto factories still employ one-third of the work force. But that's down from 45 percent a decade ago. As with much of blue-collar America, Macomb's prosperity is slowly eroding. Increasingly, better jobs and better dreams are available elsewhere.

To hear residents tell it, most of their economic troubles can be blamed on unfair foreign competitors. Most of their social problems can be blamed on Detroit, which often means blacks, most especially an impoverished black "underclass" they view as lawless and welfare-addicted, and a black city government establishment led by Mayor Coleman Young, whom they view as corrupt.

Their feelings for Detroit are bittersweet, an aching blend of contempt, remembrance and regret. Sometimes they drive through the neighborhoods of their childhood, appalled by the spray-painted, boarded-up homes, the broken glass, the despair. Sometimes they visit Eastland Mall, once a fashionable place on Eight-Mile Rd., now infamous as Michigan's favorite venue for car thieves. And they vow never to return.

The southern edge of Macomb, brushing Detroit, is turning shabbier. Crime and violence are on the upswing. Their children are being infected, they fear, by the spread of a black-dominated street culture and its perceived ties to the agonizing inner-city problems that so dominate the news and the local political agenda. Detroit's culture seems increasingly alien, they say.

Gil DiNello remembers Clinton's campaign speech in Macomb, where he scolded white voters, exhorting them to reach across Eight-Mile Rd.

"I don't believe we have any hope of doing what we have to do in America unless we can come together across racial lines again," Clinton had said.

"Yeah," DiNello says now, "we'll reach across with our hands full and they'll reach across with their hands empty. They're not giving anything in return."

What could they give? he was asked. "Responsibility," he answered, by which he meant less crime, fewer teenage mothers, fewer gangs, less violence, less City Hall inefficiency and corruption. If that happened, he said, business would again be willing to invest in Detroit. Jobs and prosperity would have a chance of returning. As things now stand, suburban taxpayers view Detroit as a waste of time and money.

"There are a lot of beautiful people in the city and some of them are working to keep their neighborhoods together and I don't care if they're black, white or Hispanic or whatever," DiNello said. "But that's not the dominant root of Detroit. It is a riff-raff city. After awhile you look at this thing next door to you and you just want to forget it."

DiNello, 54, is a state senator and a veteran of 21 years in the Michigan legislature. A conservative Democrat for nearly all of his career, he became a Republican after Clinton's victory last fall, thus roughly matching Macomb County's political evolution.

In 1960, Macomb gave Democrat John Kennedy one of his largest suburban victory margins - 63 percent. But by 1984, Walter Mondale would win only 33 percent of the county's vote, despite the influence of the automaker's union. Last fall, Bush outpolled Clinton there 43 to 37 percent.

For now, Clinton gets little attention in Macomb County.

"This county was very excited about him during the campaign, but now that he's in office, there's a remarkable lack of debate," said Catherine Ahles, 42, a vice president at Macomb Community College. "It's not that people don't care. It's just that they don't quite know how to assess him yet. So they're silent."

Their antipathy is instead directed toward Young, retiring this fall after 20 years as Detroit's mayor. To many in Macomb, Young symbolizes Detroit's decline. Their opinions of him reach far beyond the normal political criticism.

"He's built his popularity on his ability to affect the mannerisms of the black Detroit street class rather than aspiring middle class," said Ahles. "In speeches he uses very black English. The f-word is not a stranger to Coleman Young's public remarks. He's seen as a rough character. The pattern of behavior that allows him to connect so well with the electorate is the same pattern that has so alienated him from the middle class and the suburbs."

Some in Macomb are optimistic that new leadership in Detroit will improve city-suburb, black-white relations. Others fear tougher times ahead.

Now, much of the city is focused on a murder trial that brings the Rodney King beating to mind; three former police officers, all white, are accused of beating a black drug suspect to death.

"You can't continue to have this anarchy in the central cities," said Ahles. "But where is the line between maintaining law and order and preserving the human rights and dignity of people? I think it has the potential to be more divisive than anything else right now. And I don't see it on any politician's agenda, including Bill Clinton's."

**Graphic**

Photograph

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[***HE IS PENN STATE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TSH-4K80-0094-52VV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IN A SENSE, JOE PATERNO HAS STAYED IN SCHOOL HIS ENTIRE LIFE. . .AND HE NO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TSH-4K80-0094-52VV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***REGRETS ABOUT IT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TSH-4K80-0094-52VV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** LORI SHONTZ, POST-GAZETTE SPORTS WRITER

**Body**

The story takes place in Merida, Mexico, but it could have happened just about anywhere. Kay Kustanbauter, executive director of the Nittany Lion Club, got off a tour bus. She was wearing, as usual, a Penn State pin. One of the locals saw the pin, smiled and said, ''Joe Paterno.

Not Penn State. Joe Paterno.

Kustanbauter wasn't surprised; many times, she feels the same way herself. ''I can't separate Joe and Penn State," she said. ''Not just Penn State football, but Penn State University.

This week, when people are talking about Paterno they're talking Penn State football. The 71-year-old Paterno, head coach of the Nittany Lions since 1966, is one win away from 300 victories, an achievement accomplished by only five other college football coaches, only three in Division I-A. The milestone alone sets him apart, but the way he has reached it makes him even more unique.

No one has won 300 games quicker. No one has won all 300 games at the same Division I school. And no one has combined success on the athletic field with influence off it quite the way Paterno has. At what other university is the newest athletic facility on campus named after a former president (the Bryce Jordan Center) and the newest addition to the library named after the football coach, who has donated money toward its improvement?

Paterno has tried to push the university as hard as he has pushed his football team. He asked alumni and friends to donate more money and then set an example himself; he and his wife, Sue, donated $ 3.5 million to the university earlier this year, earmarked for programs in the liberal arts, the library and a new spiritual center on campus. His Grand Experiment of the late 1960s, in which he saidwho were actual students, resulted in two undefeated teams and a reputation for doing things the right way that rubbed off on the entire university.

And when invited to speak to the Board of Trustees after winning his first national championship in 1982, Paterno took the opportunity to blast the lazy professors and lousy academic programs that sullied Penn State's reputation. He challenged Penn State to search for its intellectual soul.

Said Edward P. Junker III, president of the Board of Trustees, ''In the time he's been here, Penn State has gone from a regional public college to an international public university.

That's not a coincidence. Paterno has taken the Penn State name far and wide, made plain blue and white uniforms synonymous with the school and made most people forget that he's really a city kid from Brooklyn, N.Y., who went to college at Brown and wanted to grow up to be a lawyer or a judge.

''He has extraordinarily adopted Penn State as his school," said Edward Hintz, a trustee who chairs Penn State's current capital campaign. ''He still has important ties to Brown. But he has made Penn State his school.

Ask Paterno about the milestone, and he will cringe. He doesn't want to talk about it; he'd rather discuss Bowling Green, whom the Nittany Lions play tomorrow and should certainly beat to give Paterno his 300th victory. (Coincidentally, Paterno's 200th victory came against Bowling Green 11 seasons ago, in the only other game the teams have played.)

''I don't want to sound like I am not grateful for the fact that we are going to have an opportunity to win 300 games," he said. ''I don't want to sound like a big phony up here that it isn't something that I am one of these days going to sit back and think it was great. There are so many people that make these things happen, like good football players and the coaching staff. I have guys on my staff that I have recruited out of high school and have been with us since then.''

Yet most of these people will give credit to Paterno, who has inspired an unprecedented loyalty to his staff. Quarterback coach Dick Anderson, Penn State Class of '63, has coached under Paterno for 22 seasons. Defensive backfield coach Tom Bradle, Penn State Class of ' 79, has been a coach for 20 years, all under Paterno. Offensive coordinator Fran Ganter, Penn State Class of ' 71, has spent all 28 of his coaching years at Penn State, and he is considered the heir apparent.

Receivers coach Kenny Jackson, Penn State Class of ' 84, returned to coaching after an NFL career and has spent six years with Paterno. Defensive coordinator Jerry Sandusky, Penn State Class of ' 66, has coached with Paterno for 31 seasons.

And then there's the guy on the staff with the least seniority, the tight ends coach/recruiting coordinator, a 1990 Penn State graduate who lettered in football. He has, one could say, more experience with Paterno than anyone he's the coach's son, Jay.

Both Sandusky and Ganter have turned down head-coaching opportunities to work under Paterno, who never criticizes his assistants in public and often praises them. Penn Staters don't question such unwavering dedication. As far as they're concerned, everyone is simply following the example of Paterno, who defined himself in 1972 when he turned down a million-dollar offer from the Boston Patriots to stay at Penn State.

''He's had opportunities to go anywhere he wanted to go, whether coaching or political things, running a major corporation or doing anything he wanted," Kustanbauter said. ''And he chose to stay at Penn State. The Patriots' offer came in the fall of 1972. Owner Bill Sullivan put together a proposal that, for the time, was staggering - coach.general manager, part owner. A four-year contract with a $ 200,000 home, a two-car garage (and two cars) and a salary that would eventually total $ 1 million.

After 22 years at Penn State, starting as an assistant in 1950 and after seven years as a head coach, Paterno earned $ 35,000.

The NFL job would make Paterno and his family Sue and five children financially secure for life, and he accepted the job. But the next day, after a sleepless night, he changed his mind.

''When is it right for a guy to say good-by to a place he loves, the place he found his wife, where his kids lived all of their days?" Paterno wrote in his autobiography, ''Paterno: By the Book." ''And my other kids those young, tough, thick-necked, fragile-hearted football players the ones who grow and ripen before your eyes before they go off to cut their own pathways in the world?

One of the many people amazed and impressed by that decision was Junker's mother, Mary. She wrote a note to Paterno, saying how much she appreciated that he was able to keep everything in perspective. Said Junker, ''He flipped over the note, as he does so often, and he wrote, 'Dear Mary, it's because of you and Barbara [Junker's wife] and Ted that Sue and I decided to stay at Penn State.' I can't tell you how many people my mother shared that note with.

That action, combined with the success of Paterno's Grand Experiment, cemented Paterno's reputation which, depending on your point of view, can be labeled as angelic or holier-than-thou.

Paterno conceived of the Grand Experiment early in his career.

''Something made me itch toward a different kind of goal not football that puts winning first, but first-class football played by students who put first-class lives first," he wrote in his autobiography

''Maybe I wanted to re-create at this more-or-less ordinary state university, for these kids of more-or-less ordinary farm and ***working-class*** family backgrounds, something like the excitement that made most days at Brown University wonderful for me the books, the bull sessions, the sense of wonder and anticipation, all that and football, too.) At the time, almost no one thought it was possible to have a winning football team without cutting academic standards. Paterno proved them wrong. The Nittany Lions went undefeated in 1968 and 1969, although they were denied national titles because Eastern football was thought to be a lesser version of the game played in the South and the West. and they did so with real students.

''I think that differentiated Paterno from, if not all, then just about all of the coaches in the country," Junker said. ''It's trite to say it, but it definitely made him a living legend as far as Penn State is concerned.

The living legend is, everyone expects, winding down his Penn State career. His standard refrain ''Five more years" has been altered. Paterno said he plans to coach four more years, but that he will re-evaluate after two. If he's ready to retire, he will likely name an associate head coach to ensure a smooth transition. If he's still healthy, still having fun, he'll plan for another four more years.

As for what Paterno would do without football, no one is quite sure.

He's a detail guy. He passed the Jordan Center every morning on his way to the football offices, and every day he jotted down some notes sometimes, constructive criticism - on how the construction was progressing. He passed a copy to the athletic department. Hintz remembers following him down the hall to a meeting once, on a day Paterno was in a hurry because practice was coming up. Paterno stopped to adjust a crooked picture on the wall.

''I think it's in the best interests of the Paterno family if he continues to coach," Hintz said, laughing.

But there are signs that Paterno is slowing down. Making the donation to Penn State showed that he is taking stock of his financial situation. He has delegated more authority to his assistant coaches, although not, as he said with a laugh, quite as much as they would like. He has three grandchildren now, and those close to him say he smiles and laughs more than he ever has.

''I have been very, very fortunate with all of the decisions I have made in my life," Paterno said.

Now, what about ?

As the executive director of the Nittany Lion Club, Kay Kustanbauter spends much of her time dealing with donors and attending alumni functions. Probably as much as anyone affiliated with Penn State, she gets questions about Joe Paterno. She said the most popular have changed through the years.

The first question: Why the white socks? Easy. Because Paterno wears athletic shoes on the sideline, so he needs to wear thick athletic socks. The socks show simply because Paterno also rolls up his pants. When he was making $ 20,000 a year and supporting a wife and five kids, he wanted to dress in his best pants for work, but he didn't have the money for weekly drycleaning. The habit has stuck.

The second: Why the whale pants? A little harder. Paterno ducked into a store at Stone Harbor one summer to escape autograph-seeking tourists, and to occupy himself he pulled a pair of pants off a table. They had whales. When his wife couldn't find his good pants one Saturday morning, she pulled that pair out of a drawer. Penn State won, and the whales became a legend.

ON THAT WEEKEND

Joe Paterno won his first game as a head coach on Sept. 17, 1966, a win over Maryland. Other stories making headlines that weekend:

College football: Pitt loses to UCLA, 57-14, as QB Gary Beban passes for two scores . . . Quarterback Steve Spurrier passes for three TDs and kicks two field goals as Florida routs Northwestern, 43-7.

Baseball: The Pirates pull within 2 1/2 games of the Dodgers in the NL pennant race with a 9-5 win over L.A. as Donn Clendenon hits a three-run homer to rally the Pirates. . . . The Giants' Willie McCovey hits three homers in a 6-4 win over the Mets.

Business: The Dow Jones Index reaches a high of 822.93 that week.

Entertainment: ''The Man Called Flintstone'' starring Fred and Barney debuts. . . . A James Bond double feature - ''Goldfinger'' and ''Dr. No'' plays at the Gateway Downtown. . . . CBS debuts its Sunday night TV lineup ''Lassie'' at 7 p.m., ''It's About Time'' at 7:30, ''The Ed Sullivan Show'' at 8, ''Gary Moore'' at 9, ''Candid Camera'' at 10 and ''What's My Line'' at 10:30. . . . James Brown headlines a Sunday night show at the Civic Arena.

News: The gubernatorial race between Democrat Milton Shapp and Republican Raymond P. Shafer heats up. . . . The Marines and North Vietnamese troops engage in a heated battle. . . . Tom Foerster resigns as assistant city director of lands and buildings to devote full attention to his state legislative duties.

THE STORY BY NUMBERS A by-the-numbers look at Joe Paterno, who goes for his 300th win tomorrow against Bowling Green:

Years as head coach: 33 (1966-1998)

Record: 299-77-3 (.789 winning percentage)

Bowl record: 18-9-1 (.643 winning percentage)

National championships: 1982, 1986

Undefeated seasons: 1968 (11-0), 1969 (11-0), 1973 (12-0), 1986 (12-0), 1994 (12-0)

Longest unbeaten streak: 31 games (30-0-1 1967-70)

Lifetime: Records vs. Division I-A's winningest teams: Michigan (3-2), Notre Dame (8-5), Nebraska (2-3), Alabama (4-8), Texas (3-2), Ohio State (4-5) Tennesee (2-2), USC (4-2)

Win No. 100: Nov. 6, 1976, 41-20 over North Carolina State

Win No. 200: Sept. 5, 1987, 45-19 over Bowling Green

First-team All-Americans: 53

Graduation rate: 80 percent for players who played four years.

Overall: 403-125-7 (.753) in 49 years at Penn State - 33 as head coach and 16 as an assistant.

THE 300 CLUB

Joe Paterno, in his 33rd season as head coach, would be the quickest coach to reach the mark. Football's 300-game winners, their last schools, number of wins and the season they reached 300: Coach Last School

Wins Reached 300

Eddie Robinson Grambling State 408 40th season

John Gagliardi\* St. John's (Minn.) 343 45th season

Paul ''Bear'' Bryant Alabama 323 36th season

Glenn ''Pop'' Warner Temple 319 41st season

Amos Alonzo Stagg Pacific 314 54th season

\*-active

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), CHART, PHOTO: Associated Press: Joe Paterno, as associate football coach at; Penn State in 1965 above, will be only the sixth coach in college football; history to win 300 games if the Nittany Lions can beat Bowling Green Saturday.; PHOTO: Bob Donaldson/Post-Gazette:; PHOTO: Associated Press: The 1982 national championship.; CHART: (THE 300 CLUB)

**Load-Date:** October 3, 1998

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[***Cornering, safety, power shine on this model;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8T00-002B-H416-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***But driver needs to be ready for twisting, turning and some racy competition***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8T00-002B-H416-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** John Gilbert; Staff Writer

**Body**

Getting into the car is not only difficult, it's darned near impossible. You almost need to be a contortionist to angle yourself up, in, through and down into the driver's seat.

Once there, you're impressed by the support of the wraparound seat. This is the first car I've test-driven in years that had the type of safety harness that I maintain all cars should have: over-the-shoulder straps on both sides, latched together with a lap belt. Once secured, you feel as if you are ready for anything.

Even before you start the engine, you're aware of the safety characteristics of this vehicle. Many manufacturers boast of their crash-test safety and their hidden struts and bars of reinforcement, but this car blatantly puts it out there for you to see and feel: a thick, solid network of bars that form a roll cage around the full interior.

The car must be criticized for not using its interior space very well. While there is room for four people in that space, only the driver has any degree of comfort. Of course, if you're the driver, that's all you need.

Flip a switch, push a button and the engine snarls to life. Oh, sure, the neighbors would complain that this beast is too loud, but it throbs with power. Gauges are minimal. In fact, you can only see two of them at a glance. One is for oil pressure, the other for water temperature.

The automatic transmission's shift lever has a firm feel, and is simple to operate. Pull the lever straight back; when it clicks in, you're set to go. The car's power is ample enough that it trembles with potential, and when you hit the throttle, it responds instantly, sending you surging ahead.

As for cornering, the car is amazing. You go into a hairpin curve, stab the brakes hard, then plunge your right foot to the floor - full power, and the car simply zooms around the curve as if it were on rails.

So what is this car, some ultramodern, experimental safety vehicle? Well, it's a 1966 Chevrolet Impala. But this is no garden-variety '66 Impala. It is an extraordinary Elko Speedway "Thunder Car" Impala, built from stock parts, with a 350 V8 and required two-barrel carburetor.

The particular car was No. 46, of Looney Toon Racing. It is built, owned and normally driven by Chuck Siedow of Vadnais Heights. He's one of about 25 Thunder Car racers at the Elko track, a 3/8 -mile asphalt oval that is banked at both ends that you're uncertain whether there are four 90-degree corners or just two 180-degree hairpins.

The test drive came about when Elko Speedway decided to hold an eight-lap media race. They invited dozens of newspaper, radio and television folks, but only four of us took them up on the offer. At Elko, the pecking order is this: The swiftest are the Late Model racers, then comes the Sportsman class, then the Thunder Cars and finally the Bombers. The higher the class, the more modifications you can make, but expenses rise commensurately.

For the media event, track owners Bob and Duane Fredrickson selected Thunder Cars. In that class, a tremendous amount of work might go into the car, but if you make the engine too powerful, a "claiming rule" allows any competitor to plunk down $ 150 and take your engine, or swap engines with you for $ 50. The engines are nearly equal in competitiveness, and while it's virtually a gentleman's agreement that nobody claims another racer's engine, the rule does help to prevent anyone from spending too much on modifications. Siedow works all day at Northland Tool Co. in Maplewood, which he owns, and spends most of the rest of his time on his race car. He can cheat on that a little. His company, which builds plastic injection molds for everything from car parts to computer components, shares a building with Maplewood Auto Clinic, which does mechanical repairs. The two outfits run a pair of Thunder Cars as a team, and they keep them at the two shops, where they can do practically anything needed to build and maintain race cars.

"Chuck probably works more than 40 hours at work every week, and then works that much time on the car, too," said Barry Weeks, one of his employees and a part-time pit crewman.

When they first went racing, somebody at the track looked at the bright paint job on the ***working-class*** car and said, "You guys must be Looney Toons." They took advantage of the name, lettering the cars and drawing Looney Tunes cartoon characters on them, and painting eyeballs over the headlights. The whole scheme gets them the clear-cut favorite's role from the kids in the stands.

The Thunder Car class requires a wheelbase between 114 and 116 inches, which pretty well limits them to 1960s or early '70s cars. The class consists almost entirely of mid- to late-'60s Chevrolets, although Ford and Chrysler products are eligible. Seeing a track full of '60s-vintage Chevies shows how popular and plentiful they were.

Back in the '60s, you had to be stubborn to be a car fanatic. First off, being a car fanatic in the '60s meant you were an American car fanatic, because Volkswagen Beetles were about the only foreign cars seen in large numbers. That was before the Japanese started sending cars to the United States that eventually redefined the standards for such things as workmanship, quality control and technology.

So everybody drove "Detroit iron," a nickname that was appropriate, because by the late '60s, U.S. automakers were headed into a decade that might best be described as enormous. Not for workmanship, quality control or technology - just size. Cars got bigger and bigger until people either had to lengthen their garages or let the bumper stick out. Engines got bigger, too, and horsepower figures rose.

In retrospect, those huge 1960s' cars have considerable charm. People go to great pains and excess to restore them to original condition and take them out once in a while for a little boulevardiering. I have no quarrel with people who want to do that with their "classic" cars or street rods, but I don't believe they have as much fun as the folks who pull on helmets and hit the track at Elko.

Siedow helped on the crew a few times and got hooked when the fellows at Maplewood Auto Clinic bought a car and raced. Last summer he bought a Thunder Car himself, a '66 Chevy four-door. He had a good time, but by the end of the season realized that the car's rusty frame had nearly disintegrated.

So Weeks was dispatched on a mission to South Dakota, where, after checking several junkyards, he found a rust-free 1966 Chevrolet frame. He brought it back, and Siedow started from the frame rails to build No. 46. Weeks and Siedow work on both cars together, sharing parts and ideas.

Naturally, the interior has only one seat, which greatly inhibits passengers for test-drive purposes, so we'll mark the car down in points on rear-seat room. But the multi-point roll cage makes the car extremely secure for those occasional but inevitable bumps and jostles with other cars.

The 350 V8 in Siedow's car remains "stock," but has enough swapped parts in it to qualify as a 1964, '66, '68, '69, '72, '73, '76 and '92 engine, with other years included but forgotten. The car will rev up to about 6,400 RPM, and while it's not the fastest car in the field, it's not the slowest, either.

As for the "test," the toughest part was climbing in and out - the doors are welded shut. It helps to pop off the removable steering wheel and grab the edge of the roof before doing whatever it takes to wiggle in feet-first. It makes you realize how small those window openings really were back in '66.

Buckle in and strap on your helmet. Hit the starter switches and the thing snarls to life, big-time. The biggest surprise to an unsuspecting novice is probably the incredible sound that an unmuffled 350 makes. Shift the automatic into gear, touch the throttle, and we pull out of the dark pit area, up a short chute and suddenly we're on the walled-in asphalt of the track.

Two of the four cars used in the media race were the Looney Toon team cars, and when I asked Siedow if his was the fastest, he said, "No way." When I pressed him, he said his teammate's car was faster, and it had a stick-shift. That wasn't what I wanted to hear, since the Fredricksons had given me the special privilege of starting last in the four-car field. A couple of radio guys, Wild Bill Satre from (appropriately) "Thunder 104" Radio and Jeff Johnson from Northfield radio station KYMN were in the front row. Bill Hammond, a Star Tribune copydesk chief and racing enthusiast, was on the inside of Row Two, with me on the outside.

From back there, my plan was to lay off the gas and lag behind a bit coming into the north turn, then hit the power hard coming onto the main straightaway, in hopes of zooming by the front-row guys on the outside as the green flag falls. But just as we're lining up, Siedow walks up and says: "Whatever you do, stay away from the outside groove - it's slippery up there."

So much for Plan A. That put me at Plan B, which was, basically, improvise.

We fired up and came around on the pace lap. Kenny-the-Flagman threw the green and we all went for it. Johnson and Wild Bill, up front, were the models of race-starting decorum, staying side by side down the straightaway, understandably leaving plenty of margin between each other.

They reminded me of Nigel Mansell, who was leading this year's Indianapolis 500 when a caution flag slowed everything down with a dozen laps to go. He came by in perfect form on a restart, not knowing that Emerson Fittipaldi was coming on like gangbusters behind him. As the green flag signaled the restart, Fittipaldi shot past Mansell and stayed there to win the race. So while Johnson and Wild Bill "Manselled," I simply "Fittipaldied" them.

Coming onto the straightaway with a lot of momentum, I stuck the nose of Chuck's Chevy in between them. My momentum carried me a half-car-length past the pole-position car and beside the outside car. I didn't want to swing down into the inside groove too soon, so I stayed in the second groove. That created a problem for the outside car, which had to slow down to negotiate the turn.

As Siedow had suggested, I stabbed the brake hard with my left foot as I reached the turn, then immediately hit the gas, hard. The Looney Toon Chevy shot through the gap and came out of the turn in first place. It was exhilarating. The roar of the engine was deafening, which helped block out whatever announcer Jim Burns might have been yelling into the public-address microphone.

Siedow also said: "There's a rear-view mirror, but don't look at it. It'll just screw you up." However, after three laps, some old road-racing instinct caused me to peek at the mirror. It divulged a yellow car, just off my right rear fender, as I accelerated down the back straight. So I never looked again, just focused on cutting down to the inside white line of each turn, stabbing the brake, then hitting the throttle right away. The car was set up so that a firm stab on the brake pedal not only took away the speed, but caused the car to settle to the right on its beefed-up suspension. And that allowed the car to launch itself back up to speed when I hit the gas.

The car easily ran the line I aimed it at, and about the time I got really comfortable, the white flag signaled one more lap. My attention was only partially distracted when I saw one of the cars lumbering through the infield. I didn't know that Johnson, who had been driving the car I'd spotted in my mirror, had spun out. Nor did I know that Wild Bill had gotten, well . . . wild, and blown his engine. When I took the checkered flag, Hammond came in second.

Hammond thinks we should just tell people that the Star Trib had a 1-2 finish, that it isn't necessary to explain that there were only four of us in the race, or that the other two blew a motor and spun out. I figure it was a perfect finish: For once, the writer came in first and the copyeditor second.

And I never divulged my secret advantage in that Looney Toons car. Nobody knows I'm a lifelong Daffy Duck fan.

1966 Chevrolet Impala

Turn-on/

Good power and exceptional handling.

Turn-off/

Hard to get in and out; no stereo.

Bright idea/

Great custom graphics.

Subtle touch/

Strong, impressive roll-bar network.

Bottom line/

Just keep turning left.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** July 19, 1993

**End of Document**



[***A HORTICULTURAL HERITAGE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W0K-2JV0-0094-507F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HEIRLOOM VEGETABLES ARE A BOND WITH KITCHEN GARDENS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W0K-2JV0-0094-507F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***OF GERMAN IMMIGRANTS TO PENNSYLVANIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W0K-2JV0-0094-507F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 5, 1998, Saturday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

**Length:** 2229 words

**Byline:** PATRICIA LOWRY, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In the summer of 1833, Peter and Mary Heck left Burbach, Germany, for America. With them came their five children: Henry, Caroline, Margaret, Christina and Peter. For the next eight years, the Hecks farmed on rented land, eventually saving enough money to buy 150 acres in the southeast corner of Butler County's Oakland Township.

The land "was then covered with the primitive forest, in the midst of which [Peter Heck] erected a log cabin and began the work of making a home for himself and family." So says the 1895 "History and Biography of Butler County," which is full of the pursuits of men clearing land, building houses and churches, joining political parties, going to war, serving on school boards and militias. Women are remembered for the men they married and the children they bore. For Peter and Mary Heck, it is a lifetime condensed into 237 words.

And it is all I know about my great-great-great-great grandparents. They are a single paragraph on a page, and names carved on a tombstone in a Lutheran cemetery on a hilltop surrounded by cornfields. Their daughter Caroline is buried there, too, with her husband, George Lohrey, another German-born farmer, who bought 50 acres from the Hecks, set up housekeeping just across the road and, somewhere along the way, changed his name to Lowry.

Who were these people? Each summer the question carries me back to Butler County, where I trace the roads my father walked, and his father before him. Peter and Mary's log cabin is long gone, and George and Caroline's frame house burned years ago, replaced now by a contemporary log house. With the farms no longer in the family, we go back to make a connection to the land. The Lowrys' barn, Dad says, was just to the left over there, on the other side of the stream, and just below the barn was a patch of wild strawberries. Between the house and the road was Grandma's garden, exactly where that pumpkin patch is now, on the only level piece of land close to the house. And likely where, more than a century ago, Caroline's garden grew.

What did it look like? What did she grow?

By the time I came along, the German food ways in my family were all but lost, although I do remember my city-bred, German-Irish grandmother making schmierkase - cottage cheese - and her fondness for limburger cheese. She always had a little tomato-and-pepper garden in her Shadyside back yard, but if any of my ances tors traveled from Germany with seeds in their steamer trunks, that was lost to history. If I wanted to know more, I would have to look beyond the family, to Beaver and Lancaster counties, to the traditional vegetable gardens of the Harmonists, Amish and Mennonites, and to those who are planning the survival of their old-fashioned varieties long into the future.

\* \* \*

In the 18th and 19th centuries, Pennsylvania German women planted their gardens in a square or rectangle of four raised beds, surrounded by a rough picket fence tall enough - and staked deeply enough - to keep out cattle, pigs, goats, rabbits and anything that might have a notion to burrow its way in. Vegetables were planted in neat rows, and perennials and herbs in a separate bed around the perimeter, just inside the fence.

The raised-bed, four-square design wasn't unique to Germany. The ancient Romans planted their vegetables in long, narrow raised beds, and the four-square plan had been used all over Europe since the Middle Ages. But it was the Pennsylvania Germans who brought it to America in the 18th century, and it was they who held on to it longer than any other ethnic group, right into the 1930s in Lancaster County.

Today, in the farmland surrounding Ephrata and Lititz, Blue Ball and Lancaster, there are beautiful, bountiful kitchen gar dens at the sides and fronts of Pennsylvania German homes. On summer mornings and evenings, you can still see Amish and Mennonite women in long dresses and aprons weeding and harvesting rows of beans, cabbages, carrots and tomatoes. Always the gardens have bright strips of annuals at both ends, in the rows closest to the road and to the house - salvia, cosmos, marigolds, petunias, even, in one case, the towering, tropical castor bean plant. And always the gardens are tended by women, as they have been for centuries in America and Germany and Switzerland, where some Pennsylvania German families, like the Hecks, originated.

Here in Western Pennsylvania, the New Wilmington Amish carry on the same tradition, although a driving tour reveals their gardens tend more to practicality than beauty, with fewer flowers.

Pennsylvania Germans "have maintained a proximity to the soil that is anchored to it not only by occupation but by religious attitudes," writes food historian William Woys Weaver in his 1997 book, "Heirloom Vegetable Gardening." A landmark work, it traces the lineage of 280 varieties of vegetables, some sharing Weaver's own Pennsylvania German and Quaker heritage.

"Protestantism anointed the kitchen garden with a ***working-class*** worth, with religious boundaries and a moral vision that made it impervious in many ways to the decadence of shifting styles and tastes," he writes.

The gardens remain, but the raised beds, four squares and picket fences of pioneer days are gone, made obsolete by mechanical tillers and livestock fences. To see a traditional Pennsylvania German garden today in eastern Pennsylvania, you have to go to the Landis Valley Museum near Lancaster, a collection of buildings and landscapes interpreting Pennsylvania German rural life in the 18th and 19th centuries.

A stone's throw from a late 1700s log house is a four-square garden with raised beds and narrow dirt paths enclosed by pickets. The paths form a cross, symbolic of Christ, and where they meet, at the center of the four beds, grows a yucca plant. Ger man Protestants planted yuccas in the centers of their gardens, while German Catholics grew rosemary there, symbolic of the Virgin Mary. Traditionally, the center also might have held clumps of peonies or rhubarb.

Why did Protestants favor yucca? No one seems to know for sure, but Maggie Posselius, who plans the garden, suggests it might have something to do with one of the plant's nicknames, Candles to Heaven, a reference to its tall, lily-like white flowers.

Posselius chooses plant varieties by researching old diaries, seed catalogs, farm almanacs and other sources, sometimes illustrated. Weaver also is a resource: "He has an incredible wealth of knowledge and is willing to share it," Posselius says.

In one of the four beds, Scarlet Runner Beans - grown for their pretty red blossoms as well as for the beans - climb up stalks of broom corn, whose silk is used to make brooms. The big round heads of Swiss Giant Coloma Leeks tower over almost everything but the corn and hollyhocks, including the Munchen Bier Radish, a long, thick, tapered white radish that Germans like to eat with beer.

The perimeter bed is a mix of herbs, perennials and some vegetables. There's everything from southernwood, wormwood and tansy, all used as insect repellents, to rhubarb and bronze fennel. About 80 percent would have had medicinal uses, Posselius said.

In two greenhouses and on two acres behind the village, the museum's Heirloom Seed Project propagates plants with a Pennsylvania German history. Of about 750 seed orders last year, about a third came from sister institutions, the rest from individual gardeners around the world.

One of Landis Valley's customers is Old Economy Village in Ambridge, which also has a traditional four-square, raised bed garden that emulates the kitchen gardens of the Harmony Society. These German immigrants followed their leader, Johann Georg Rapp, to America, settling at last in the village they called Oekonomie in 1825.

To the Harmonists, who believed Christ would walk among them at the Second Coming, the garden was a physical representation of Eden, just as it was - and is - for the Amish and Mennonites. The Harmonists were skillful and passionate gardeners, evident today in Father Rapp's floral garden - the region's most elaborate and best-preserved historic garden - and in the kitchen garden that occupies part of one quadrant of the floral garden.

Old Economy today comprises just four acres, or one and a half blocks of the town's original 12 blocks. Outside the restored village museum lie 78 brick or frame Harmonist houses, each of which had its own garden.

William Passavant, visiting the society in 1840, was much impressed with the Harmonist gardens:

"A large garden is attached to every dwelling, and these, besides the greatest abundance and variety of kitchen plants, are filled with the most beautiful flowers and shrubs. Besides the garden, every family has a small yard which is planted with the finest plum and pear trees, and most of the houses have grapevines trained on the sunny side. In Lancaster County, you can still see the occasional grapevine trained on the side of a house or porch. At Old Economy Village, many of the buildings have grapevines trained along their second stories, producing an abundance of Concord, Catawba and Fox grapes.

Today, the Old Economy kitchen garden is larger than the Landis Valley garden, and its raised beds, in mid-August, are more fully planted, with squash, Swiss chard, cabbage, peppers, spinach, onions, yellow beans and other vegetables.

But it's not as historically accurate as the Landis Valley garden, as one entire bed is given over to annual flowers for drying, something a pioneer housewife who depended on her garden to feed the family likely wouldn't do.

And most of the Old Economy vegetables are modern varieties.

"We were growing a lot of stuff from old varieties and they just don't produce," said Dean Sylvester, who plans and plants the Old Economy gardens with help from volunteer master gardeners from Beaver County. The Western Pennsylvania unit of the Herb Society of America plants the adjacent medicinal and dye garden.

Ray Shepherd, Old Economy's consulting director, is in the middle of a two-year research project to learn more about Georg Rapp's house and garden with the goal of refining the interpretation.

Sylvester buys three tomatoes from Landis Valley: the sweet, succulent, low-acid Pink Brandywine; the Howard German, shaped like large, poblano peppers, and the Amish Paste, a large, meaty tomato good for sauce-making.

The Amish varietal name usually doesn't indicate an Amish-bred variety, Weaver writes in his book, but a sort of Amish seal of approval a variety the Amish, who were great seed-savers if not plant breeders, have adopted.

Weaver, a master gardener who raises traditional Pennsylvania German vegetables and other varieties in 21 raised beds next to his Federal-style 1805 house, is one of many organic gardeners who are reviving interest in the heirloom varieties - and in the historical, aesthetic and agricultural merits of the traditional raised bed design. He also supplies heirloom seeds to historic gardens in Europe and America through the Seed Savers Exchange in Decorah, Iowa.

\* \* \*

I asked Weaver what Caroline might have grown in her garden.

"It would have been a mix of things," he said over the phone from his home in Devon, Montgomery County. "Probably some local heirloom varieties that were well known to that person, because they were things that worked. There probably would have been some German varieties, beans or cabbages, for example. They work very well in America because Germany is a cool country.

"She probably got the Landreth & Sons seed catalogs," out of Philadelphia. "They were printed in German and they had recipes, and they carried German varieties that the other companies didn't. There would have been dry beans for making soups and pole (snap) beans for pickling. "Maybe she even made the bean schnittel, shredding and pickling the [snap] beans like sauerkraut."

And cabbages, of course, both red and white. "And if she was a German at heart, she would have had kale overwintering under hay or baskets, the curly kale that's real wrinkly and dark green, called gruenkoln.

"Beets and turnips for sure, lots of turnips, and probably the Egyptian or Detroit beets, and also carrots. And there might have been some Native American varieties, like Ohio pole beans or Logstown squash."

In the same family as zucchini, the Logstown squash is orange-yellow with green stripes and splotches. When mature, it's about 18 inches long, "hard as a rock and makes a great rattle." It has been traced to the Logstown Indian settlement, near present-day Ambridge, but today it's almost extinct.

"I only know one man who grows it, in Lancaster County, and it's not even pure anymore. As for tomatoes, "A lot of local varieties have popped up in Western Pennsylvania. One was popular in Greene County - Dr. Neal's, found in a greenhouse in Du Bois. It was introduced in Bellefonte in 1869 and is still popular among some gardeners in your area.

\* \* \*

The Strasburg onion, also called Yellow Dutch, was preferred by the Pennsylvania Germans. Maybe Caroline used it to make Zwiwwelkuche, an onion pie made with a pizza-like dough and topped with onions, slab bacon, sour cream and caraway seeds. The recipe is on page 96 of Weaver's 1993 book, "Pennsylvania Dutch Country Cooking. I made it in memory of all the German grandmothers I will never know: Caroline, Mary, Barbara, Philomena, Appolonia, Maria, Anna Marie, Christine.

It was gut.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), PHOTO: Landis Valley Museum: At the Landis Valley Museum near; Lancaster, Mila Pilz and Megan Bartges tend to a traditional Pennsylvania; German garden, which consists of a four-square garden with raised beds and; narrow dirt paths enclosed by pickets. The paths form a cross, symbolic of; Christ.; PHOTO: Bob Donaldson/Post-Gazette: (for two photos) The shed doorway at Old; Economy frames the traditional four-square, raised bed garden that emulates; the kitchen gardens of the Harmony Society, a group of German immigrants who; settled in Ambridge in 1825. The pink Brandywine tomatoes above are from the; Old Economy Garden.; PHOTO: Dean Sylvester harvests tomatoes in the garden of raised beds at Old; Economy.

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[***NWA's image suffers as strike's shadow grows;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TF3-DFH0-009B-P3GK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***The Minnesota Poll finds that although most fliers say Northwest Airlines provides good or excellent service, many say service has declined, and most Minnesotans side with pilots and mechanics in the current labor disputes.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TF3-DFH0-009B-P3GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Byline:** Tony Kennedy; Staff Writer

**Body**

Northwest Airlines' image has drastically worsened since late 1991, and public sympathies lie more with unions than management in the carrier's ongoing conflict with labor, according to the latest Star Tribune/KMSP-TV Minnesota Poll.

As the airline faces an Aug. 29 strike deadline by pilots, 28 percent of respondents said their overall impression of Northwest was poor - by far the most negative response to any of the companies named in the poll.

Ramsey County resident Carole Feray, a poll respondent, said Northwest's high fares, Twin Cities market domination and labor problems all contribute to her bad impression of the airline.

"I feel like quite a prisoner here of Northwest," said Feray, a former Texas resident who misses flying on low-fare Southwest Airlines.

"If I can avoid Northwest, I avoid them," said poll respondent Ron Machacek, 57, of Rochester. "But we're pretty well stuck with them."

In November 1991, when Northwest was seeking $ 837.6 million in public financing to build maintenance facilities in Minnesota, 51 percent of Minnesota Poll respondents viewed the airline as excellent or good. In the latest poll, that percentage dropped a whopping 20 points to 31 percent - the lowest good or excellent rating of any of the companies asked about in the poll.

The 1991 poll measured the public images of companies such as Cargill Inc., Dayton Hudson Corp. and 3M as well as Northwest. According to the latest poll, only Northwest's image has worsened in Minnesotans' eyes. The highest marks in the latest survey went to General Mills Inc. - not included in the 1991 poll - which was viewed as excellent or good by 81 percent of respondents.

Northwest spokeswoman Marta Laughlin said the airline's image problem in Minnesota obviously is linked to a deterioration of service. People best remember their last travel experiences, and bad service probably has swayed public attitudes against management on labor issues - especially in a state where unions are well accepted, she said.

"We're not performing up to service standards as we should," Laughlin said. "I think we are going to have a lot of work to do to win back the respect of our customers. It won't happen overnight."

Laughlin added that Northwest hopes people take into consideration that the airline gives more than $ 1 million a year to charities and maintains the state's largest private payroll - more than $ 2 billion a year.

Given two choices in the statewide poll, 62 percent of respondents said they believe Northwest pilots and machinists deserve what they're asking for in contract negotiations because prior employee wage concessions saved the company from financial trouble. Only 19 percent said the unions are asking for so much that it would hurt Northwest's ability to survive in a competitive industry.

Northwest's pilots could go on strike Aug. 29 unless the union and company reach a settlement in mediated talks scheduled to resume Monday. Even if Northwest averts a strike by pilots, it soon could be facing another strike threat from machinists. The ground workers last week demanded that the National Mediation Board declare an impasse and set a separate strike deadline for their talks with Northwest.

If there is a strike the Twin Cities would be hit hard, because Northwest controls more than 80 percent of the passenger traffic at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport. Northwest will try to find seats on other airlines for customers who are stranded, but Northwest's 148,514 daily passengers won't all be accommodated on other planes. Northwest says it will give refunds to those who can't fly.

When poll respondents were asked whether their sympathies regarding a potential strike have been more with management or more with unions, those who had an opinion sided with labor by nearly a 3-1 margin. Nearly half of the respondents, however, said they didn't have any particular feelings about it.

The unions are strongly opposed to President Clinton stopping a strike, and 52 percent of poll respondents said the president should not intervene. Forty percent said he should. A Northwest spokesman in Washington has said the company likely would ask the White House to stop a walkout.

"We've had that sense all along that the public supports labor in this," said Don Mayer, a spokesman for District 143 of the International Association of Machinists (IAM).

Northwest's Laughlin said she wasn't surprised by the poll findings on labor-related questions because the overriding public view of the complicated contract negotiations at Northwest is that "employees took concessions and now they need a raise.

"Most of the community hasn't heard that we don't disagree with that," Laughlin said. "But we need to provide some balance" to remain competitive.

Fifty-eight percent of poll respondents said they knew only a little or almost nothing about the strike threat at Northwest. But people who said they had a great deal or fair amount of knowledge about the situation were much more likely to say they had a negative impression of Northwest.

Like many Minnesotans, Cold Spring veterinarian Tom Czeck, 31, has an affinity for organized labor. Nearly half of the poll's 1,005 respondents said they have very positive or mostly positive feelings about unions; 28 percent said they have mostly negative or very negative feelings.

Czeck, a poll respondent, said Northwest's executives have fanned the flames of rank-and-file disgruntlement at the airline by selling millions of dollars' worth of stock this year. In addition, former Northwest co-chairman Al Checchi's costly failed campaign for governor of California upset the sensibilities of the airline's ***working-class*** employees, Czeck said.

"I understand where labor is coming from," he said.

Laughlin said Northwest is pro-labor, too, because 90 percent of its employees belong to unions.

Woodbury resident Laurie Shurson, a mother of three children, expressed views similar to Czeck's, even though she doesn't consider herself a union advocate.

"When I see upper management and some of these huge [compensation] figures, I have a problem with that," said Shurson, 38, a poll respondent. "I don't want to see the union leaders give in this time. Hopefully they can hold out for the whole ball of wax."

The poll, taken Aug. 7-10, asked Northwest fliers about the customer service they received on their most recent flight. Sixty-five percent said it was either excellent or good; 11 percent said it was poor.

Phillip Swanson, 81, of Minnetonka, said he has been flying Northwest to Hawaii for the past 12 years without a problem. He said his only complaint with Northwest is about in-flight meals. "But that's the same at any airline," he said.

Swanson said his understanding of the labor conflict is that "Northwest asked the unions for concessions a while back and it looks like they haven't made up the differences yet."

But there is a strong view that service is deteriorating. Forty-five percent of Northwest fliers in the poll said the service is getting worse, whereas 43 percent said it's about the same. Only 7 percent said it's getting better.

And based on the poll, three-quarters of Minnesota adults believe that a strike at Northwest would be a hardship for the public. About a quarter said a strike would affect them personally.

Machacek, the poll respondent from Rochester, said Northwest employees may not realize how much is at stake.

Northwest's growing reputation for unreliable service could dim long-term job prospects at the carrier, especially if Northwest's cost structure is inflated by labor's demands, Machacek said.

"The employees are trying to get word to management - send a message to spite management," Machacek said. "But it's not affecting management. It's affecting me.

"The economic situation [Northwest's record profits] is great, but you still can't give them the world," he said.

Poll respondent Feray, an employee of Whole Foods Market in St. Paul, said she thinks it's possible for large companies like Northwest to operate in harmony with workers.

"Something is wrong with the company," she said. "Other companies don't have labor problems because they treat their employees with respect."

How the poll was conducted

Results are based on the Star Tribune/KMSP-TV Minnesota Poll conducted August 7-10 by using a random-digit-dial telephone sample to interview 1,005 adult Minnesotans.

Poll results were weighted for age, gender and education to make sure the sample reflected 1996 census estimates, within the margin of sampling error. Weighting accounted for household size - interviewers selected one respondent randomly from each household - and the number of phone lines going into a household.

For results based on the entire sample, one can be 95 percent confident that error due to sampling will be no more than 3.1 percentage points, plus or minus. Margins of sampling error for smaller groups are larger.

In addition to random error, results may be influenced by factors such as question wording and order and the practical difficulties of conducting any poll, which include the effect on public opinion of news events that may have occurred during the interviewing period.

The Market Solutions Group Inc. of Minneapolis conducted the interviewing for the Star Tribune. News Research Director Rob Daves directs the Minnesota Poll. Questions about the poll can be sent to [*mnpoll@startribune.com*](mailto:mnpoll@startribune.com).

Findings are available by appointment at the Star Tribune's offices, 425 Portland Av. S., Minneapolis. More information about the poll is on the Internet at [*http://www.startribune.com*](http://www.startribune.com).

Image, perception of service lose ground

Among the public

Overall impression of Northwest Airlines

1991 1998

Excellent 9% 5%

Good 42 26

Only fair 30 31

Poor 15 28

No opinion 4 10

.

Among fliers

Service is good. . .

"Would you rate your most recent Northwest flight's customer service excellent, good, only fair or poor?"

Excellent 23%

Good 42

Only fair 24

Poor 11

.

. . .but getting worse

"Would you say that in general, service on Northwest Airlines is getting better, staying the same, or getting worse?"

Getting better 7%

Staying the same 43

Getting worse 45

No opinion 5

.

NWA's image loses ground

The Minnesota Poll found that the overall average image of Northwest Airlines has suffered since the poll measured several Minnesota companies' images in 1991. On the average, impressions of Dayton Hudson, Cargill, and 3M have remained stable. But the percentage giving Northwest Airlines a good or excellent rating has dropped 20 percentage points since then.

"I will now read a list of some companies in Minnesota. For each one, please tell me if you have an excellent, good, only fair or poor overall impression of the company."

November 1991 August 1998

Dayton Hudson

Excellent 19% Excellent 18%

Good 53 Good 46

Only fair 16 Only fair 18

Poor 3 Poor 3

No opinion 9 No opinion 15

.

Cargill

Excellent 12% Excellent 10%

Good 41 Good 36

Only fair 18 Only fair 17

Poor 4 Poor 4

No opinion 25 No opinion 33

.

Northwest Airlines

Excellent 9% Excellent 5%

Good 42 Good 26

Only fair 30 Only fair 31

Poor 15 Poor 28

No opinion 4 No opinion 10

.

3M

Excellent 30% Excellent 27%

Good 51 Good 53

Only fair 13 Only fair 11

Poor 1 Poor 1

No opinion 5 No opinion 8

.

Most oppose presidential intervention . . .

"By law, President Clinton could stop a strike at Northwest Airlines by appointing a presidential emergency board to recommend a settlement. If a strike appears imminent at Northwest Airlines, do you think President Clinton should intervene?"

Yes 40%

No 52

No opinion 8

.

… and side with union wage argument

"In general, would you say your sympathies regarding a potential strike at Northwest Airlines have been more with management or more with the unions or don't you have any particular feelings about it?"

More with management 13%

More with union 35

No feelings about it 47

No opinion 5

.

"Which of the two following statements comes closest to your opinion? A) Pilots and machinists deserve what they're asking for because they made wage concessions several years ago to help Northwest out of financial trouble, or B) pilots and machinists are asking for so much that it will hurt the airline's ability to survive in a competitive industry."

Unions deserve raise 62%

Unions' request will hurt the airline 19

No opinion 19

.

"Northwest Airlines says the current hub system, which gives it dominance in the Twin Cities market, provides air travelers with more access to more destinations for the price. Others say that more competition would provide lower airfare prices and better service. Which comes closer to your opinion?"

Hub system 14%

More competition 72

No opinion 14

.

Source: Star Tribune/KMSP-TV Minnesota Polls. The most recent is with 1,005 adults statewide August 7-10. Margin of sampling error for the 1998 percentages: no greater than 3.1 points, plus or minus, at a 95 percent confidence level; for the 1991 poll, no greater than 4.4 points, plus or minus.

Northwest Airlines strike watch

What's happening?

- Last week's developments: The International Association of Machinists demanded that the National Mediation Board declare an impasse so the union can set a strike deadline.

- What's next: Northwest and the pilots' union are scheduled to resume talks on Monday.

- Strike deadline: Northwest pilots say they'll go on strike Aug 29 (11:01 p.m. Twin Cities time Aug. 28) if no bargaining agreement is reached.

Information

- Northwest Airlines: 1- 800- 225- 2525

- Northwest Airlines online: [*http://www.nwa.com*](http://www.nwa.com)

- IAM Local 1833 negotiations hot line: 688- 2640

- IAM Local 1833 online: [*http://www.iam1833.org*](http://www.iam1833.org)

- Air Line Pilots Association International online:

[*http://www.alpa.org/internet/news/newsrel.html-*](http://www.alpa.org/internet/news/newsrel.html-) ssi

- Star Tribune online: [*http://www.startribune.com*](http://www.startribune.com)

Q and A

Q: Will my ticket be refunded if my flight is canceled because of a strike?

A: Northwest said: Should a strike occur, we will make every effort to accommodate you on an another carrier at no extra charge to you. If we are unable to do so, we will fully refund your purchase.

If you have questions, call the Star Tribune NWA line at 673- 9062 or send email to [*mblahnik@startribune.com*](mailto:mblahnik@startribune.com)

**Graphic**

Chart; Chart; Chart; Chart; Cartoon; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

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[***ON THE WATERFRONT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F4T0-0094-20W3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** BILL STEIGERWALD, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

On land, the singles scene at the Boardwalk is a serious shoulder-to- shoulder ''meet-market''. But the boaters who tie up at its dock on the Allegheny River each night are just there to hang out and have a little fun.

Steve Hunter and his girlfriend Mary Petrelli are Pittsburgh Boat People.

No one's ever called them that before. But they fit the socio-recreational profile perfectly: When the weather's warm and they're not working, their feet hardly touch dry land.

During the day they're usually playing in or partying on the Three Rivers somewhere in Hunter's 1986 Sea-Ray Seville, a 21-foot cabin cruiser he's named ''Boatacious.''

But one or two nights a week the well-tanned duo can be found docked at the Boardwalk, the popular eating, drinking and singles den on the banks of the Allegheny River near the Strip District at 15th and Smallman streets.

The Boardwalk's waterfront complex -- which includes Crewser's and Buster Crab's restaurants and Donzi's, the Euro-disco -- has deliberately spawned a thriving boat culture along its long dock.

On weekend nights, while a horde of fun-seekers swirls among the complex's outdoor bars and umbrella-topped tables, as many as 75 boats of all sizes and shapes may tie up at the water's edge.

At 7 p.m. on the first Friday of July, however, the ''Boatacious'' is one of only six boats at the dock. The temperature is 81 and the threatening skies are almost as gray and ugly as the roiling water.

Don't worry, Hunter says. It's still early. More Boat People are sure to come. A dispatcher for USAir, he and Petrelli have made the usual preparations for a night of hanging out. They've got a cooler of Coor's Lite, plenty of smokes and the radio's already cranking.

They make it a point to arrive early so they can get a place against the dock. That way they don't have to climb over three or four boats to get to shore. Hunter, who lives in Scott, says he doesn't mind having Boat People walking across their boat -- ''as long as they don't step on the seats.''

Except to grab some food, go to the bathroom or boat-hop, Hunter, 32, and Petrelli, 26, plan to lounge around on the ''Boatacious'' until about 1. Then they'll cross the river to Dave's Marina, dock their boat and drive home.

They and the other Boat People are welcome guests of the Boardwalk. A gang of dock hands in khaki shorts is employed solely to help tie off the boats in groups or shuffle them around when a boat trapped on the inside wants to leave.

Boat People are not charged docking fees. They aren't forced to buy their drinks from the Boardwalk, but they can get dockside service from waitresses. And, unlike those who arrive by land, they aren't even charged $ 5 a piece for the rock, country or oldies concerts that take place three times a week.

''The whole concept was designed with boaters in mind,'' says the Boardwalk's owner-developer, Tom Jayson, whose impressive 50-foot cruiser, the three-story ''Dingbat,'' is usually the QE II of the dock.

Jayson's nautically friendly complex -- the whole thing is built on barges and will float if there's a flood -- is in its third summer. There are plans to add seven more bars, a dance hall, a movie theater and a hotel.

Crewser's manager Lisa Babinecz predicts it'll be a slow night, but the Boardwalk's already crawling with several hundred people. Near the bar at Crewser's, a waitress who begs anonymity says she knows the Boat People scene pretty well.

''Some of them are so strange,'' she says dryly. ''Most of them know each other, and they're always trying to top each other.''

''See here they come,'' she says, as a luxurious 30-something-foot Avanti named ''Blind, Crippled & Crazy'' is about to berth in the shadow of Jayson's ''Dingbat.''

''Many times it's the same people every single week. They dock there and the guys try to pick up girls. It's like the old Eat 'n Park. Beep, Beep, here I am.''

Do any women go for it?

''Yeah. Oh my God. Boat Chicks. A lot of them date these guys or like to date the dock hands. The Boat Chicks really like him,'' she says, pointing to the strapping young dock hand tying off the ''Blind, Crippled & Crazy.''

The waitress admits she used to go for boat rides with Boat Men she didn't know all the time. ''But after working here and seeing the same guys and hearing the same rap every single week, it turns you off really quick.''

Back at the dock, Hunter and Petrelli are talking about how much they love the river life. ''It's nice. It's relaxing. It's comfortable. All my friends are down here,'' says Hunter in his native Long Island, N.Y., accent.

The couple will go swimming or water-skiing anywhere in the Three Rivers as long as they're wearing a life jacket. They often take Petrelli's 6-year-old, Nicholas, and say the rivers are safe as long as you're sensible.

They say there's a lot more to do than party. They have water wars with other boaters, using Super Soaker squirt guns or giant rubber sling shots that can deliver water balloons. Or during the day they might buzz around the Point or go up the Monongahela to Sandcastle to play miniature golf or ride go- carts.

While Hunter and Petrelli wait for more Boat People to arrive, just offshore a sleek Cigarette-style speedboat is barely moving. It's not violating one Great Commandment of river life -- Thou Shalt Not Cause a Wake and make the boats docked on shore rock and roll into each other.

But while the speedboat's owner scopes out the scene dockside, he's revving his twin Chevvie engines to an ear-rattling throb that would do any McDonald's-cruising street hot-rodder proud.

Hunter hates the noise. He doesn't like showoffs and he says this guy whose boat can do 65 mph is always revving his engines, an indictment a cheerful Crewser's cocktail waitress confirms.

After almost five minutes, the guttural engine noise ends. Loud applause and sarcastic cheers come from knowing Boat People and thankful diners eating outdoors at Buster Crab's on the Boardwalk's upper deck.

Standing on the dock, the owner of another fast Cigarette boat is not annoyed by all the noise -- nor would he be impressed. Drinking a Heineken, wearing a gold watch and packing a beeper on his hip, he's raised the hood of his all-white ''Cafe Racer,'' hoping to impress passersby with his two huge chrome-encrusted many-cubic-inch engines.

By the time the new Miles clock on Mount Washington blinks 9:30, 15 boats are at the Boardwalk dock. At the 16th Street Bridge end, the ''Miller Time'' and ''Never Satisfied'' are tied together. Their passengers -- an older, ***working class*** crowd -- are merrily co-partying.

In the center, by the ''Dingbat,'' the Gatsby Crowd has been parking pricey seagoing beauties. Jimi Hendrix is blasting from the ''Blind, Crippled & Crazy,'' where several couples are engaged in serious wooing and cooing.

But soon ''All Along the Watchtower'' is rudely obliterated by the Boardwalk's three-piece oldies band. From the floating stage they belt out ''Sea Cruise,'' and the dockside area begins to boogie.

Standing near the most expensive boats are a dozen Beautiful People, including women in expensive evening wear who miraculously never get their sharp high heels stuck between the deck planks.

Meanwhile, Hunter and Petrelli have a new 26-foot neighbor tied to the side of the ''Boatacious.'' It's the ''Golf Stream,'' a boatload of five gregarious 28-year-old Boat Guys.

Rick Talkowski of McKees Rocks is the skipper, and he says he and his pals definitely did not come to hear a live version of ''Love Potion Number 9'' or see the sax man play his horn upside down.

They've come to hang out, relax, drink some beers, yes. But they've come mostly for the women.

''Chicks are always more fun,'' explains passenger Harry Stasik of Pennsbury Village. ''We hooked up with three girls here last week. It was a lot more fun than starin' at dudes all night.''

They've been coming to Boardwalk's dock about once a week all summer. They don't go to the bars or into the disco. They're happy sticking with the Boat People.

''Boater people are probably some of the greatest people you'll ever meet,'' Stasik says.

''Everyone's real easy to get along with. They have respect for the other boaters. There's a courtesy among boaters that's just amazing. Other boaters will respect your property, like walking across boats. They'll make sure it's OK to walk across.''

As Stasik rhapsodizes, a sight rarely seen on the male-dominated rivers gently bumps into the side of the ''Golf Stream'': an all-woman boat. The 18- foot Sea-Ray with skipper Donna Adamczak, Debbie Zanolli and Debbie Maloney and their cargo of Bud Lights is quickly lashed to the open side of the ''Golf Stream.''

Adamczak, a data analyst for the Department of Energy, bought her open- bowed boat this summer for $ 14,000 so she and her buddies could sunbathe and water ski on weekends. It has no name stenciled on its stern yet, but it'll probably be called either ''Too Much Fun'' or ''The Girlie Boat.''

She says they like the Boardwalk much better by sea than by land. ''The people are very nice,'' Adamczak says. ''They were a little wild here last Saturday. It was really crowded and people were jumping off the boats, splashing each other. A couple people got kicked out.''

The early-30s trio from the South Hills are selective, but they'll invite guys on to their boat. And the week before they hitched a ride with two guys on a boat. Adamczak says it's not a regular occurrence, but they outnumbered the men three to two, ''and I have tear gas in my purse.''

There aren't too many all-women boats on the river, she says. Unlike the guys, who are obsessed with speed, she says they just putt-putt along nice and slow, for the sun and fun of it. So far they haven't endured any sexist remarks from the Boat Pigs.

''They're so happy to see us it's unbelievable. Everyone's friendly. One day I flooded the engine and before we even came close to trying to start it once, a guy throws us a line and tows us right out. Everyone's real helpful.''

At 11:45 the Boardwalk is a madhouse. Around the outdoor bars and the entrance to Donzi's, it's a rough sea of shoulder-to-shoulder singles. The dock, much less crowded, is a melting pot of classes and lifestyles, awash in alcohol.

Young couples dancing to ''Poison Ivy'' in front of the floating stage. College guys roaming in packs. Lone wolfs. Hulks in shorts and T-shirts. Generation X-ers with backward ball caps. Pale older men in $ 100 ties. Oily tanned young men in open shirts. Beach bums. Gawking tourists. Teams of tan young women -- the infamous Boat Chicks? -- dressed to kill in short skirts and perched on dockside benches.

Safe from the mob in their bobbing boats, the Boat People blissfully socialize. Tied to one another in neighborly packages of three and four, they drink, they talk, they even dance and hug and kiss.

At 12:30, as Hunter and Petrelli continue to hang out, the crowd ashore looks as thick as ever. The five guys in the ''Golf Stream'' are entertaining several female guests, none of whom looks anything like a professional Boat Chick.

With the equipment on the floating stage covered with blue vinyl sheets, and Frank Sinatra's ''Quarter to Three'' escaping from the inside of a big cabin cruiser, Adamczak and her two girl friends set out for land to find a bathroom.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: As the sun sets over the Allegheny River, boaters begin to tie up at the Boardwalk, while patrons at the restaurant enjoy a meal., Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Steve Hunter, right, and Mary Petrelli hang out on their boat at the Boardwalk on the Allegheny River.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

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[***LIQUID ASSETS IN THE CARIBBEAN BETWEEN THE CAYMAN ISLANDS' CRYSTAL-CLEAR WATER AND ITS INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES, YOU CAN GET IN OVER YOUR HEAD - AND NOT MIND A BIT. TAKE A DIP. THE BANKS ARE TAX-FREE, AND EVEN THE STINGRAYS ARE FRIENDLY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DH60-01K4-91F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T01

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**Byline:** Gayle Sims, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** GRAND CAYMAN, British West Indies

**Body**

The Grand Cayman is a sunny, booming tropical paradise of extremes. The sky, cartoon blue during the day, looks bruised in the heartbreakingly beautiful sunset. It lacks only the accompaniment of a full orchestra. The calm sea, warm as bathwater, has the clarity of a fine diamond. Stand in shoulder-height water and you see your toes.

The citizens, per capita the Caribbean's wealthiest, are split into two groups - the Armani suits and the diving suits. The place is one of the most popular playgrounds in the world for serious divers and home to more tax-free banks than any other island.

Since the average daytime temperature, a perfect 80 degrees, hardly varies between seasons and most visitors spend much of the day either underwater or in one of the 600 financial institutions, Cayman (locals pronounce it kay-MAN) is a year-round destination.

I'm not an experienced scuba diver or a wealthy investor, but I was seduced to this marine paradise by the most elusive of charms - contentment. Halcyon days are good for the soul.

You could go from morning to night either on or under the water. The snorkeling is exciting, but the real magic is for the divers who enter an unmatched underwater world. There are underwater topographical reasons why divers from all over the world hear the siren call of the Caymans.

The Caymans are a trio of small, flat islands, 90 miles south of Cuba in the Western Caribbean. Grand Cayman (the largest at 22 miles long and 3 to 4 miles wide), Cayman Brac (12 miles long and 1 mile wide) and the tiniest Little Cayman, are actually limestone mountaintops of the underwater Sierra Maestra Range from Cuba to Belize. The sparkling white sand beaches gradually drop off to 60 to 100 feet and then descend to unfathomable depths.

Nearby is the famous Cayman Trench, an underwater ocean canyon four times deeper than the Grand Canyon and 900 miles long. The crystal-clear water is teeming with fish in a kaleidoscope of purple, yellow, blue, green and gold. The Wall, another diving mecca, drops 6,000 feet to the ocean floor and is decorated with elk horn coral in spectacular colors, intricate mazes, caverns, chimneys and canyons.

Snorkelers are rewarded with a peek just a few feet below the surface at the bright electric coral and creatures as colorful as their names - spotted scorpion fish, calico crab, black-and-yellow striped angelfish, blackball soldier fish, and marine life in indescribable shades of orange, blue, violet and green.

Grand Cayman is as accessible as it is beautiful. We left Philadelphia on a U.S. Airways nonstop flight at 10:30 a.m. and were on the beach by 2 p.m. The island operates on Eastern Standard Time without daylight savings. The airport, located a few miles from Seven Mile Beach (home to luxury resorts and hotels), is modern and efficient.

After checking into the Hyatt Regency Grand Cayman it was obvious why Conde Nast readers voted it one of the top resorts in the world. We were greeted at the 90-acre Village of Britannia with champagne and a smile. There are a first-rate hotel (where scenes starring Tom Cruise in the movie The Firm from John Grisham's best-seller were filmed), an 18-hole golf course, three outstanding restaurants, a health spa, and waterfront luxury villas in an elegant, colorful British style. Every imaginable water sport is here from chartered boats for diving trips, to jet skis, kayaks, and a ferry to Rum Point - a lovely beach with great restaurants and hammocks to enjoy the picture-postcard Caribbean.

Swimming with stingrays (which have an undeserved bad rep) is one of the strangest experiences I have ever had. I was curious and a little terrified when I spotted the first ray, three to five feet in diameter and flat like a manhole cover. They look like smashed sharks, but are as cuddly as kittens. It was thrilling to swim with these gentle rays and watch them take flight in the water like butterflies in the wind. They love to be touched on their rough top sides and velvety underbellies. They also like the food you feed them (provided by the boat captain). Imagine being surrounded and hugged by these scary-looking creatures.

This all takes place at Stingray City - a remarkable 12-foot underwater diving phenomenon. Book a reservation in Rum Point on a charter boat, which provides equipment (for scuba or snorkeling) and a short ride to a long, wide, pearl-white sandbar - home to the friendly, fearless gray stingrays. Half of the guests on our boat were divers and the rest snorkelers. Guides said the rays have never attacked a human, but to be careful not to step on their backs where there is an automatic defense stinger. We were very careful with these gentle creatures.

Now that you've swum with the stingrays, it's time to visit the other exotic wildlife on the island - thousands of sea turtles, from hatchlings to giants weighing hundreds of pounds. They are raised on a turtle farm on the northern part of the island.

When Columbus first spotted the Cayman Islands in 1503, he named them the Tortugas because the sea teemed with turtles. Sailors and fishermen quickly wiped out the turtle population. Because of the plentiful crocodiles in 1581 Sir Francis Drake renamed it Cayman, the Carib Indian word for crocodile. The crocodiles disappeared at the beginning of this century.

Each year the farm releases 3,000 turtles into the ocean and uses 4,000 for local consumption. It is not uncommon for divers to spot turtles. Sometimes large sea turtles swim to the shoreline to take handouts from tourists. (Locals recommend feeding them dog or cat food.) Even though they are no longer an endangered species - people eat them as everyday fare here, and they're on restaurant menus - it is illegal to take any turtle product back to the States.

While on this part of the island go to Hell, an area named for the ominous black rock formations that jut out of the ground like petrified flames. A little man dressed in a devil costume greets you as you enter his souvenir shop, "How the hell are you?" Buy a postcard and mail it from Hell's tiny post office. As you leave the little devil warns you, "It's hotter than hell out there."

Excellent restaurants abound on the island. From an oceanside table at Hemingway's we could actually put our feet in the cookie-dough soft sand and hear the waves lapping just yards away. This is what I call oceanside dining. And the sunset - oh, the sunset - dominates your senses as you eat the best grilled fish ever dissected and sip a chocolate martini as potent as sunstroke.

If you travel off the main road you can see how the ***working-class*** islanders live, schoolchildren waiting for a bus, people planting gardens. The homes are painted in tropical colors with gingerbread trim similar to what you see in Key West. There is no noticeable poverty here, unlike many Caribbean islands.

You will eventually enter a 14-acre bird sanctuary that surrounds the luxurious screened-in thatched hut that is home to another fabulous restaurant - Pappagallo's. I could preach the virtues of the carefully prepared fresh fish and fine wine but it is the background noise - sounds of cockatoos, parrots and macaws - that stop you in your tracks. A golden dim light reflecting off the shining wooden floors and the sleepy overhead fans help take you to another time and place.

A friend who lives on the island took us to the many native restaurants to sample island cuisine such as codfish and ackee (a fruit that is cooked, but looks like scrambled eggs); conch (pronounced "conk" which is tenderized and served as a fritter, chowder or stew); plantains (in the banana family, but always cooked); rice and peas (red beans and rice simmered in coconut milk); and callaloo (a delicious local spinach).

During the second half of our vacation, we stayed at the moderately-priced Sunset House just south of George Town. Our room was clean and efficient and had a million-dollar ocean view from a large window. This is a popular spot for divers on a budget and has a fun outdoor bar where good-natured crowds gather for spectacular sunsets.

Instead of a white sand beach it offers easy access dives from rock formations a few feet from the hotel. Divers simply put on their gear, climb down the ladder, swim just a few feet and head down toward a reef. Snorkelers are treated to hundreds of colorful fish near the waters edge. No boat is needed and equipment can be rented at the hotel's dive shop.

At the Sunset House I fortuitously met world renowned underwater photographer and teacher Cathy Church. I stumbled upon a sign for her studio and dive center and could not believe my eyes. (See story on T4.)

The Grand Cayman feels very Americanized and has all the amenities of home. Of the 25,000 citizens of the three islands, all of which are British colonies, 90 percent live on Grand Cayman. Dress is very casual, but topless sunbathing is not allowed. It is the wealthiest of the Caribbean islands with a median household income of $80,000 a year. The natives are friendly, and crime and poverty are almost nonexistent. There's no political unrest, no begging, and visitors feel very safe. You must have a passport or birth certificate to enter the island (and no dreadlocks, according to a customs sign at the airport).

In February the Cayman government refused to allow a ship chartered by 900 gay vacationers from the United States to dock. " We cannot count on this group to uphold the standards of appropriate behavior expected of visitors to the Cayman Islands," the minister of tourism said. American gay rights groups unsuccessfully appealed to the British government, and the Caymans have been the target of a boycott by gay groups ever since.

Legend has it that in 1788 a group of ships carrying merchants from Jamaica to England wrecked off Grand Cayman. The islanders managed to rescue all the passengers including a relative of King George III. He was so grateful that he decreed the islands tax-free forever.

The capital is the tiny teeming city of George Town, home to more than 600 banks and 30,000 corporations offering tax-free accounts, mutual funds and a stock market that is now just a listing of mutual funds, but hopes to soon trade equities, debts and securities.

I did not open a tax-free bank account and I don't know enough about Cayman's offshore banking to offer advice. If you want to read more about Cayman's financial industry, buy a copy of Cayman Islands Yearbook and Business Directory, or the Cayman Executive magazine.

Contrary to the Hollywood stereotype, the banking industry is governed by strict regulations to keep out businesses linked to criminal activity and drug smuggling. As one of the world's top five banking centers, 46 of the world's top 50 banks reside in Cayman with deposits of $500 billion. Since 1997 mutual funds have been growing at an astronomical rate - 1,500 funds with net assets of $80 billion. Most of these funds are aimed at the very wealthy - some have $1 million minimum deposit. Of course, they all enjoy tax-free status. Imagine no income taxes, not sales taxes, no property taxes, no capital gains tax, no inheritance taxes. No taxes, period.

In George Town, which sleeps on Sundays, there are numerous upscale duty-free shops selling souvenirs, gold, diamonds, china, perfumes and imports from England. However, I went to De Sunglass Man to buy glasses for my children and found the prices about the same as in the States. Unless you like crowds, avoid George Town on days when cruise ships dock (Fridays and Saturdays are usually cruise-ship free).

Cayman's economic tourism success is threatened by Cuba. Despite the 36-year U.S. trade embargo, more than a million tourists a year spend $1.6 billion in Cuba. If the embargo were lifted, American tourists would pour into Cuba, lead by cruise ship companies. Prices are lower because of government support and low labor costs.

Much of the land on Grand Cayman has been declared a protected park and the island oozes with fragrance. Everywhere you look hibiscus, bougainvillea and orchids are growing. In the beautiful Queen Elizabeth Botanical Park visitors see plentiful bird life including herons, parrots and snowy egrets among the orchids and mahogany. The park is dedicated to saving endangered flora, birds and unique creatures such as the blue iguana.

I found so much to do here but some days I slowed down, ditched the schedule and simply soaked up solitude, stared at the sky and the sea, and did what I thought was best - nothing.

IF YOU GO U.S. Airways, Air Jamaica, Delta and American Airlines fly from Philadelphia to Grand Cayman. Accommodations vary greatly from luxury villas to guest houses. Prices are about 40 percent higher during the high season (mid-December through mid-April.) You will need a passport or birth certificate to enter the island. For information call the Cayman Islands Department of Tourism at 1-800-346-3313 or check out the Web site at [*http://www.caymans.com*](http://www.caymans.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Along the west wall of Grand Cayman, Cindy Probec and Mark Stephenson dive among red finger sponges. (CATHY CHURCH)

Despite their bad reputations, stingrays are gentle creatures that love to have their underbellies touched. (JACK TINNEY)

British-style, luxury villas line the waterfront of the 90-acre Village of Britannia Resort. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, GAYLE SIMS)

A sign points to Hell, so named for the area's flame-like rock forms. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, GAYLE SIMS)

Watching the sun set is a great way to end the day for Sharon Nurans and her son Tanner of Evergreen, Colo. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, GAYLE SIMS)

Spectacular sponges hang over the heads of divers. The coral "wall" of mazes, caverns and canyons, drops 6,000 feet to the ocean floor. (CATHY CHURCH)

A devil greets visitors to Hell, which is on the north end of Grand Cayman. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, GAYLE SIMS)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***PICKING JUDGES -- NO OPEN AND SHUT CASE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FCF0-0094-20BS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** MACKENZIE CARPENTER, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Not long after John Ashcroft became governor of Missouri in 1985, he had the opportunity to fill a vacancy on the state's Supreme Court.

His nominating commission sent up three names -- two experienced appellate court judges, and Ashcroft's 33-year-old chief of staff.

Guess who got the job.

Ashcroft's selection of his top aide to the high court dismayed many Missourians, because Missouri is the birthplace of ''merit selection,'' a method of picking judges that is supposed to shield the process from political favoritism.

Not all merit systems are so steeped in politics, of course. By the same token, though, not all elective systems for choosing judges end up with the kind of public squabbling that Pennsylvania's Supreme Court has displayed in recent months.

In Oregon, where voters jealously guard their right to elect judges, five of the supreme court's seven members were first appointed by the governor to fill mid-term vacancies and then were elected without opposition. When one justice was actually opposed for re-election in 1984 and accused of being soft on criminals, the legal community was stunned.

As these two examples show, judicial selection labels can be deceiving.

And that complicates the debate over merit selection that is going on now in Pennsylvania. Two weeks ago, the state Senate Judiciary Committee passed a bill that would introduce merit selection for the state's appellate judges.

The proposal has drawn the usual arguments.

Bar association groups, whose ratings of judicial candidates are often ignored by the voters, like merit selection.

Voters are not equipped to evaluate judicial candidates in an election, they say, because the judicial ethics code prohibits the candidates from stating their positions on specific issues. Instead, they say, judges often win because of ballot position or geographical location, and take campaign contributions from the very lawyers who will appear before them, risking the appearance of a conflict of interest.

The state's labor unions and the Trial Lawyers Association, which are among the heaviest contributors to judicial campaigns, disdain merit selection.

Merit selection simply replaces one political system with another, they say. Instead of average voters choosing the judges, a secretive, elitist panel of big-city lawyers and hand-picked ''lay'' representatives would select the finalists, and the governor would make the final choice.

The result, they claim, would be judges friendlier to large corporations and other monied interests.

What works better?

So which system really produces smarter, fairer, more impartial judges?

The answer is: There is no answer.

Academic experts on judicial selection methods scrutinized the issue for 20 years, from the the mid-1960s to the mid-1980s, and in study after study, they couldn't find any significant disparities between the judges who were elected and those who were appointed.

The political scientists, law professors and other experts studied judicial selection from every conceivable angle. They looked at who benefited from the judges' decisions. They looked at how often judges were disciplined for improper behavior. They looked at what law schools they attended, what their career backgrounds were and what parties they belonged to.

Then they gave up.

''It was impossible to tell what (characteristic) was due to what selection system,'' said Philip DuBois, vice-chancellor of the University of North Carolina and a leading scholar in the field of judicial selection. ''People just threw up their hands.''

Part of the problem, he said, was that ''objective characteristics are not a good measure of the intangibles that make good or bad judges. No method of selection has guaranteed a distinguished court, and no method has prevented it.''

There are basically five ways to pick judges in America: partisan election, in which the judicial candidates belong to particular political parties; nonpartisan election, in which the candidates run independently; merit selection using a nominating commission, also known as the Missouri plan; gubernatorial appointment; and legislative appointment.

Overall, merit selection reigns, with 29 states and the District of Columbia using nominating commissions, the governor or the legislature to choose judges. There are 21 that use elections.

While most studies failed to find much difference between the two systems, there were a couple of exceptions, although it's hard to say what they mean.

In Florida, whose voters pick judges in election years and allow them to be appointed in non-election years, a 1989 study by Supreme Court Justice Ben Overton found that of 27 justices disciplined since 1972, 24 had been elected.

National comparisons of unethical or incompetent judges, though, are less clear-cut because of wide differences in disciplinary systems.

Still, Pennsylvania State Rep. Christopher McNally, D-Munhall, recently made an attempt to find out whether elected or merit judges were disciplined more often. With the help of the American Judicature Society, his staff compiled rates of disciplinary actions from all 50 states -- and found no evidence that elected judges got into trouble more frequently than appointed judges.

The other study that showed distinct differences in judges had a Pittsburgh connection.

In 1977, Brandeis University political scientist Martin Levin compared Pittsburgh trial court judges elected through the partisan system with those in Minneapolis, which uses nonpartisan elections.

That study found that Minneapolis judges handed down stiffer sentences to criminal defendants than did Pittsburgh's judges, and Levin concluded that the differences had a lot to do with how the two selection systems worked.

In Minneapolis, Levin found, most judges tended to be former private- practice lawyers who initially were appointed to office, and then were unopposed when they stood for election. The appointed Minneapolis judges were more likely to be Northern European white Protestants from establishment law firms who placed a greater emphasis than did the Pittsburgh judges on formal interpretation of the law, preserving order and what would benefit society as a whole, he said.

Pittsburgh judges running in partisan races were more likely to come from ethnic, low-income, ***working-class*** backgrounds; to have held other public offices; and to have a greater understanding of day-to-day problems faced by individuals, he said.

That kind of background ''seems to have contributed to the development of characteristics that many successful local politicians possess -- the ability to understand the motives of other people by entering imaginatively into their feelings,'' Levin said.

A tale of two states

''Oh, the Old Missouri Plan,

Oh, the Old Missouri Plan,

When Wall Street lawyers all judicial candidates will scan,

If you're not from fair old Harvard,

They will toss you in the can … ''

In 1961, a judge sang that ditty at a New York Bar Association annual dinner, providing a caustic view of the elitism of merit selection.

In Missouri, which adopted its form of merit selection in 1940, most judges actually come from state schools. Yet the result is still an inbred, old boys' network of white males on the bench, critics say.

The ''Missouri Plan,'' which relies on a nominating commission to recommend judicial candidates to the governor, is the system most copied by other states. It is also the system recommended by judicial reform advocates in Pennsylvania.

The nominating commissions are the key to the system's credibility with the voters, supporters say, since they ''filter'' the governor's appointment power by sending up the names of people who are truly qualified.

But in Missouri, it hasn't exactly turned out that way.

Even though national studies by the American Judicature Society show that more women and blacks have become judges through merit selection than through any other route, it doesn't seem true in Missouri.

While 20 percent of the state's lawyers are women, only 8 percent of the state's judges are women, putting Missouri near the bottom in that category. While the handful of black judges reflects the tiny number of black lawyers in the state, a former state legislator sued last year, charging that the state's system violated the federal Voting Rights Act.

Then there's the case of Republican Gov. Ashcroft who, during his two terms in office, was able to name all seven members of the Supreme Court.

Besides selecting his top aide , Edward ''Chip'' Robertson, to the court over two experienced appellate court judges, Ashcroft named a former campaign adviser to the high court and selected several well-connected Republicans and campaign contributors to the state's lower appellate and trial courts.

''The beauty of the Missouri plan is supposed to be that merit dominates in the nominating process,'' said Karen Tokarz, a professor at Washington University in St. Louis who supports merit selection but is seeking reforms. ''When Robertson's name emerged as one of the three nominees, nobody believed the governor didn't have a hand in the nomination.''

John Black, president of the Missouri Bar Association, denied that Robertson was ''wired'' in advance to be selected.

''The governor saw (Robertson's) name there'' on the list and then selected him, Black said. ''He was known to be a very bright young man'' and has since distinguished himself on the court, he said.

Yet for every example of a merit system like Missouri's, there is one like Alaska's -- a system that is widely praised for being an inclusive and open process that produces a diverse bench.

Alaska's nominating commission conducts public hearings on the nominees, using the state's teleconference system to hook up isolated communities.

Then, when the judges come up for election to be retained, the nominating commission surveys the state's 2,500 lawyers, every police and probation officer, plus every juror who served under a particular judge, to form an assessment of the candidate, said William Cotton, executive director of the Alaska Judicial Council.

When they're elected …

On the elective side of the fence, Pennsylvania is not the only state that has become embroiled in scandal.

One of Texas' appellate courts, for example, became notorious in 1988 when it was revealed that judges had accepted large campaign contributions from lawyers representing both sides in the Pennzoil-Texaco breach-of-contract case -- and had ruled in favor of the side contributing the most money.

Again, though, for every troubled election state there's an Oregon, where the politicking is positively polite.

Large numbers of judges are first appointed to office to fill midterm vacancies, and very few are ever opposed when they stand for election, partly because they are allowed to list ''incumbent'' after their names on the ballot.

The result is a high court consisting of elected judges who are nationally respected.

Oregonians were so accustomed to peaceful election campaigns for judges that when Supreme Court Justice Hans Linde was actually opposed in 1984, it became a major news story.

Linde, an internationally renowned legal scholar, was challenged by a police chief and a law-and-order judge who accused him of being too soft on cases involving criminal defendants. Linde had the support of most of the state's lawyers, and gradually the public soured on attacks by his opponents. The tide turned in his favor, and he was re-elected.

Linde's experience has not been repeated since. But his former law clerk, George Washington University law Professor Ronald Collins, said it could be. The re-election fight was an example ''of populist ideology colliding with judicial integrity whenever you have an elected system,'' he said.

In the end, though, the truth may be that both merit and elected systems for choosing judges are equally susceptible to political manipulation.

''When you look at judicial reform movements, they're just competing political interests trying to gain a benefit from a particular method of election,'' said University of Texas political science Professor Anthony Champagne.

''The process is to some extent political, and that is never going to change in any state,'' added Missouri's Black. ''We're talking about the selection of high government officials, and politics is about that.''

Still, Tokarz is convinced that there is room for improvement.

''The underpinning of our legal system is public trust, and if the public perceives the system to be less than fair, then you've lost public trust in the system you're trying to protect,'' she said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Bruce Thorson/Associated Press: Retired Oregon Supreme Court Justice Hans Linde His re-election fight was an example ''of populist ideology colliding with judicial integrity whenever you have an elected system.''

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**End of Document**



[***Heating up the summer screens***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V210-0021-S2DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The summer movie season started earlier than ever this year - with last weekend's strong openings of Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story and Dave. The season also boasts more competition; more than 50 new studio releases and a slew of independent films will vie audiences between now and Labor Day. USA TODAY's Susan Spillman looks at the season's 10 wanna-be blockbusters that have the highest profiles. On paper they look like big hits. Unlike last summer, none are sequels, but four are adaptations of recent best sellers.

The Firm

- Opens: July 2.

- On screen: Tom Cruise stars in screen version of John Grisham's best-selling thriller about an Ivy League law school graduate who signs on with a small but wealthy Memphis partnership that turns out to be a law firm for the mafia. Sydney Pollack directs. Gene Hackman, Jeanne Tripplehorn and Holly Hunter co-star.

- The lowdown: Expected to be among the summer's blockbusters. The script went through several rewrites, but according to Cruise, the finished product maintains the "spirit of the book." Even though he had just finished playing a hot-shot lawyer in A Few Good Men, the actor says his role was "surprisingly difficult. There were 288 scenes, lots of little pieces that fit together."

Sliver

- Opens: May 21.

- On screen: Adaptation of Ira Levin's best seller about high-tech voyeurism. Story centers on a recent divorcee (Sharon Stone) who becomes romantically involved with a wealthy bachelor (William Baldwin) when she moves into a fashionable New York high-rise where residents' intimate moments are videotaped.

- The lowdown: Film's first cut was so steamy that Paramount execs, not wanting a dreaded NC-17 rating, ordered up a week of reshoots to tone down the erotica - which is said to still be in plentiful supply. But reports that frontal nudity of Baldwin were originally shot aren't true, says the actor: "It was in my contract that they couldn't use it." Stone in a sexy role should ensure a large opening. But will the movie live up to expectations? Audiences at research screenings didn't like the ending, so that's been reshot, too.

Last Action Hero

- Opens: June 18.

- On screen: Comedic action-adventure in which a teen-age boy steps out of the real world and onto the screen with his movie hero (Arnold Schwarzenegger).

- The lowdown: Predicted to be a summer smash. The script was substantially rewritten in order to make a film with a PG-13 rating. "We really changed the tone," says director John McTiernan, who adds that the original was more violent and had "language that would curl your hair. . . . We wanted a movie the whole family could go to." They'll need to. Rumors place the flick's cost, including marketing and film prints, at about $ 80 million. McTiernan denies that figure but allows "a lot is riding on it."

Cliffhanger

- Opens: May 28.

- On screen: Sylvester Stallone stars in this Die Hard-in-the-mountains thriller, with John Lithgow as the baddie and Janine Turner as the ex-girlfriend.

- The lowdown: Stallone, who did a last-minute overhaul of the script, is looking to jump-start his career after a string of comedy flops. Buzz is that it's visually stunning, but the dialogue isn't overly intellectual. Trailer is strong and the film is sure to open big. But has tough competition on its heels with the release of Jurassic Park two weeks later and Last Action Hero three weeks later. Set had its share of mishaps, says Stallone, who cut his hand on a helicopter blade and says Turner was hit in the head by a stalactite. "We had a Cliffhanger wing at the hospital."

Jurassic Park

- Opens: June 11.

- On screen: Steven Spielberg's version of Michael Crichton's best seller about dinosaurs that are genetically re-created for the ultimate theme park but break out of their carefully constructed environment to wreak havoc. Stars: Laura Dern, Sam Neill and Jeff Goldblum.

- The lowdown: It's no coincidence that no other studio release is opening on the same day. Park, the season's 800-pound gorilla, is predicted to be the summer's biggest hit and is being shrouded in the usual Spielberg secrecy. Still, nobody wants to bet against the combination of Spielberg, Crichton's best seller and dinosaurs. The stakes are high for Universal Pictures, which hasn't had a $ 100 million blockbuster since Back to the Future Part II in mid-1989. Rumor puts the movie's cost, including production, marketing and film prints, at about $ 80 million.

In the Line of Fire

- Opens: July 9.

- On screen: A maverick Secret Service agent (Clint Eastwood), still haunted by President Kennedy's assassination, is pitted against a present-day assassin (John Malkovich) out for the chief. Co-stars Rene Russo.

- The lowdown: Eastwood is hot coming off his Oscar wins. Includes some dazzling as well as eerie special effects. Images of a young Eastwood have been worked into footage of the Kennedys walking at Love Field just prior to the assassination. The young-Eastwood footage came from Magnum Force and Dirty Harry. Director Wolfgang Petersen utilized digital computer technology: "The computer even gave Eastwood a '60s haircut because in the movie footage used he had a '70s one," he says.

Made in America

- Opens: May 28.

- On screen: Teen-age daughter (Nia Long) of a proud black mom (Whoopi Goldberg) discovers that her father (Ted Danson) isn't dead after all. He was a donor at a sperm bank - and he's white. That throws a major wrench into everybody's life. Will Smith co-stars.

- The lowdown: Fun, easy to convey premise is a big box office plus. Danson, said to be strong, isn't a name that sells tickets. But coming off Sister Act, Goldberg should be. And Smith should draw teens. He quips: "I was relieved we didn't have to be in a real sperm bank."

Rising Sun

- Opens: July 30.

- On screen: Sean Connery and Wesley Snipes star in an adaptation of Michael Crichton's best seller about detectives investigating the murder of a young woman in the Los Angeles-based offices of a large Japanese corporation. Set against the backdrop of U.S.-Japanese business relationships and competition.

- The lowdown: Some Asian-Americans have voiced protest to the film, fearing that it will exacerbate Japan-bashing. Director Philip Kaufman says he's made a number of changes for the film version, which will focus more on the book's murder mystery than its politics. And "while it's still tough on the business relationships," says Kaufman, "it's also an exploration of American business practices." Other changes include casting a black (Snipes) as Web Smith and, reportedly, the identity of the killer has been switched.

The Fugitive

- Opens: Aug. 6.

- On screen: Harrison Ford stars in film version of the 1960s television series about a man wrongly sentenced for the slaying of his wife. He desperately pursues the real killer, a one-armed man, while he in turn is pursued by a relentless law officer (Tommy Lee Jones).

- The lowdown: Ford, who won the role Alec Baldwin had been considered for, has never seen the television program. In fact, Ford's manager had to fill him in on the premise, says producer Arnold Kopelson. Those under age 35 - the majority of the moviegoing audience - may not be familiar with the series, either. So the movie and Ford's star power will have to do the selling.

Sleepless in Seattle

- Opens: June 25.

- On screen: A boy forces his widowed, out-of-circulation dad (Tom Hanks) on to a late-night radio call-in show. His broadcasted conversation draws letters from hundreds of eager suitors, including a possible Ms. Right (Meg Ryan), who happens to live across the country in Baltimore.

- The lowdown: TriStar Pictures was confident enough to move the film from a planned spring release to the big-bucks summer sweepstakes. May not open huge but could build on positive word of mouth. Being the only major romance entry makes it poised to fill the When Harry Met Sally . . ./Ghost gap. "I like that it's incredibly romantic, and yet they (his and Ryan's characters) are never on the screen at the same," Hanks says. But the star admits that, if single, there's no chance he'd consider meeting someone through a letter. "Someone has to be in my periphery pretty long before I go out to dinner," he says.

Also in the pack: Dark horses that could be crowd-pleasers

One or more of these could wind up being this summer's Sister Act or Ghost:

- Calendar Girl. Beverly Hills, 90210 heartthrob Jason Priestley makes his film debut in this circa-1962 comedy about two pals who travel to Hollywood to concoct a chance meeting with Marilyn Monroe. Opens Aug. 20.

- Coneheads. Dan Aykroyd and Jane Curtin revive their pointy-headed Saturday Night Live characters. It's getting good buzz and could emerge a summer biggie. Prevailing question: Will today's Wayne's World crowd go for characters that were hot in the 1970s? Cameos from Julia Sweeney, Jan Hooks and Seinfeld's Michael Richards and Jason Alexander should up the hipness quotient. Opens July 23.

- Dennis the Menace. Warner Bros. is hoping Home Alone-like combo of John Hughes script (based on Hank Ketcham's classic comic strip) and a towheaded newcomer (Mason Gamble) will pay off again. Walter Matthau as Mr. Wilson increases class factor. Opens June 25.

- For Love of Money. Romantic comedy stars Michael J. Fox as an ambitious concierge at a Manhattan hotel who agrees to baby-sit the mistress of a wealthy guest. Opens Aug. 20.

- Free Willy. A troubled 12-year-old boy befriends a whale at the local adventure park. Some who've attended research screenings of the film are calling it a family tear-jerker with a strong shot at becoming a sleeper hit. Opens July 16.

- Hocus Pocus. Comedy adventure about the spirits of three 17th-century witches (Bette Midler, Sarah Jessica Parker and Kathy Najimy) who are accidentally conjured up on Halloween night in present-day Salem, Mass. The trio seek revenge on the town's kiddies. "We did our own flying," Parker says. "Also, I'm constantly eating insects. We used the plastic ones and I loved chewing on them." Opens July 16.

- Hot Shots! Part Deux. This time Lloyd Bridges' Tug has become president and enlists Charlie Sheen's Topper to rescue U.S. troops from enemy territory. Valeria Golino also returns. Opens May 21.

- Man Without a Face. Mel Gibson makes his directorial debut with this drama. He also stars as a man with a half-burned face who forms a friendship with a fatherless boy. Gibson says he loved playing a character who "looks like a monster but has a beautiful soul," but admits "it's a difficult one to peddle. Nobody wants to see a poster like that (of a burned face) unless it's Friday the 13th." Opens Aug. 20.

- Poetic Justice. Writer/ director John Singleton's second film. Stars Janet Jackson as a hairdresser who copes through poetry. She takes a road trip of discovery with a ***working-class*** man from south central L.A. to Oakland. Opens July 23.

- Posse. Western with black heroes, directed by Mario Van Peebles, who also stars along with Stephen Baldwin, Tone-Loc and Big Daddy Kane. Opens Friday.

- Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Re-release of first-ever full-length animated musical feature. Newly restored print. Opens July 2.

- So I Married an Axe Murderer. Comedy stars Mike Myers as a commitment-phobic bachelor who thinks he has finally met the perfect woman (Nancy Travis), whom he also thinks may be a serial killer. The movie went back in front of the cameras for tinkering. "It wasn't so much reshoots," Travis says. "They just wanted to add some stuff, bits and pieces added to the end just to fill it out." Opens Aug. 6.

- Super Mario Bros. Bob Hoskins and John Leguizamo star as the Brooklyn plumbers of video game fame. The $ 40 million movie includes 137 special effects shots. Should open strong; the question will be whether it has legs and parent appeal. Opens May 28.

- What's Love Got to Do With It? Angela Bassett (Malcolm X) stars in this bio of Tina Turner. Turner re-recorded songs for the film and came to the set to coach Bassett on key scenes. But Turner's ex, Ike, turning up on a film location surprised cast and crew. He was cordial and "signed a few pictures of himself," says director Brian Gibson. Limited opening June 9; expands later in the month.

**Notes**

COMING ATTRACTIONS

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, color, Murray Close; PHOTO, b/w, Francois Duhamel; PHOTO, b/w, Suzanne Tenner; PHOTO, b/w, Columbia Pictures; PHOTO, b/w, Murray Close; PHOTO, b/w, Castle Rock Entertainment; PHOTO, b/w, TriStar Pictures; PHOTO, b/w, Zade Rosenthal; PHOTO, b/w, Sidney Baldwin; PHOTO, b/w, Andrew Cooper; PHOTO, b/w, D. Stevens

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[***ON THE ROPES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SW-H5T0-00J2-33WK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Boxing thrived in Minnesota for decades, but has fallen on hard times as it moved from the big city to the state's outposts. - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SW-H5T0-00J2-33WK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Body**

RSEC:             Despite rumors of its death, Minnesota boxing is alive, but desperately in need of a recognizable star.

     Once located deep in the state's sports consciousness, boxing has lost its government oversight and moved, increasingly, to American Indian casinos.

     As always, clinging to the edge of respectability, the sport sits a long way from St. Paul's gangster-linked "boxing colony" of the early 20th century, when Mike O'Dowd was the undisputed world middleweight champ and top contenders Mike and Tommy Gibbons led a stable of Irish fighters to glory. It has come a long way from the days when sportswriters promoted and sometimes refereed fights they covered.

     It's a very long way from April 1976, when the state-record and raucous crowd of 13,789 saw Duane Bobick stop Scott LeDoux at the Met Center. And it seems light years from the 8,000 fans who paid $ 25 to $ 200 to watch Larry Holmes pummel LeDoux at the Met in 1980. That nationally televised match was, perhaps, the last, great moment in Minnesota boxing.

   Minneapolis Tribune columnist Dick Cullum gushed after the LeDoux-Bobick fight: "The show establishes the Twin Cities as one of the foremost boxing areas of the country."

     No more.

     The 1980s and '90s saw the sport plunge locally into a procession of mostly unknown fighters slugging it out against opponents of questionable pedigree at smoky bars and part-empty clubs. Welterweights Gary Holmgren, Brian Brunette and Mike Evgen were battlers who pounded their way to impressive records and, occasionally, title shots. Flyweight Will Grigsby won belts out of St. Paul. But they caused little more than a ripple beyond Minnesota's borders.

     Today, the once mightiest of sports has returned to its "club fighting" roots, a status that can only be described as minor league . . . with all the charm and instability such a label implies.

     Proof of it came on a recent Saturday night, in two corners of the state.

In one corner . . .

     The Shooting Star Casino & Hotel is an oasis of bright lights and bold dreams on the White Earth Reservation in Mahnomen, Minn. There Wayne Martell, 26, a Turtle Mountain Indian from North Dakota, won the first World Junior Boxing Federation super lightweight title, complete with a gaudy, rhinestone-covered championship belt.

     Martell's 140-pound bout topped an entertaining seven-fight card that was also highlighted by victories by American Indian fighters J.J. Corn and Brian Sargent.

     Martell, who lives in Mounds View and trains in St. Paul, works on a construction crew by day. He had been defeated once in 17 pro fights. And, on this Saturday night in northwestern Minnesota, he earned his first title, awarded by the 18-month-old WJBF, a sort of developmental league for boxers with fewer than 20 professional bouts.

     But there was a problem, one that says much about the underbelly of bush league boxing. Martell's scheduled opponent, Damian Guerra, 29, of Chicago, pulled out 72 hours before show time. Casino marketeers had sold 1,200 tickets. Veteran Twin Cities promoter Ron Peterson, who staged the card for Shooting Star and who handles Martell, was forced to scramble for a replacement.

     Say hello to Mike Cooley, 33, an Omaha bartender with a 9-22-2 record. Cooley obviously had more than 20 fights to his name and wasn't a qualified WJBF boxer. Plus, unbeknownst to the enthusiastic crowd \_ but known to Peterson and WJBF officials \_ Cooley had been suspended by the Nebraska Athletic Commission for having lost 12 of his previous 13 fights.

      Not surprisingly, Martell stopped Cooley with body blows 40 seconds into the third round. Adoring fans surrounded Martell afterward, seeking a touch of his title belt or an autograph from the champ, who enjoyed a $ 4,000 payday.

     Big-time boxing? Barely. But Shooting Star management got what it sought: It more than made up for the $ 25,000 it invested in the boxing card with a 26 percent increase in casino business over a typical Saturday night.

In the other corner…

     That same Saturday night, 343 miles to the south and east in the Rochester Elks Club parking lot, promoter Dan O'Connor prayed storm clouds would pass.

     In the club's basement, in a women's restroom no bigger than a janitor's closet, Freddie Moore tossed jabs in the air and prepared to fight Patrick (The Professor) Swan in front of 1,500 beer-guzzling fans.

     Moore, a soft-spoken and smooth light heavyweight and full-time TV station technician, was 25-1. Climbing back into the ring after a knockout loss to former champion Quincy Taylor a month earlier, Moore dreams of a world title.

     He's going to have to work fast.

     At 33, and with a shortage of quality fighters to spar with in the Upper Midwest, Moore and his handlers know he faces long odds. Some years, Moore had only a fight or two. Other years, five or six. While he is arguably Minnesota's best boxer, Moore's own people acknowledge that's not enough to battle the champions from Miami or New York.

     After dispatching Swan with crunching body shots in the sixth round, Moore said: "I think I can get a lot better."

     "Just not in Minnesota," countered his trainer, Brad Triske.

     That was clear from the Elks Club card, where five amateur bouts were mostly competitive and six professional fights were blowouts. As in Mahnomen, the name of the game wasn't necessarily to give a boisterous crowd an exhibition of skill. It was to give them a show to cheer for, laugh at and drink over.

Not always this way

     How did Minnesota boxing get here, to a parking lot show a shopping cart's roll from Cub Foods in Rochester, or to a casino a chip's toss from the North Dakota border?

     George D. Blair, local boxing writer and historian, points to two factors: fewer young fighters and no local news media coverage.

     Blair said people who used to care about boxing \_ the potential fighters and the fans \_ have turned away. What remains are strictly local fighters with small, hard-core followings.

     "Boxing is supposed to be an art," Blair said. "People don't want art. They just want a brawl."

     LeDoux remembers being a 17-year-old amateur fighting in front of 8,000 people for the Upper Midwest Golden Gloves championships in 1968. He also remembers three or four days of stories touting the fights in the local papers.

     Publicity nurtured a fight scene that thrust the best local fighters into the country's spotlight. LeDoux boxed Muhammad Ali, Ken Norton, George Foreman and Holmes.

     "I fought names you can remember," he said.

     Former St. Paul Pioneer Press columnist Don Riley, who covered boxing from the '40s through the '80s, admits there was one very simple reason media attention was high: Many writers had a personal stake in the fights. Some received money to put a mention in their columns. Others promoted bouts and managed fighters.

     Still, it wasn't hard to get the public excited about dashing fighters like Del Flannagan, an Irish welterweight from St. Paul who rose to a No. 2 world ranking in the early 1950s by winning his first 52 professional bouts and who beat eight former or future world champions.

     It wasn't hard to get young men to lace up the gloves.

     "Maybe there was more hunger," Riley said.

      The dreams of ***working-class*** boys and newly arrived immigrants turned to other outlets where noses aren't so easily broken. USA Boxing, the governing body for amateurs, reports the United States had 22,561 registered boxers, including 590 in Minnesota, in 2000. By comparison, 541,130 high school boys played basketball in 1999-2000, and 17,548 of them were Minnesotans.

     Some blame the defunct Minnesota Boxing Board, or commission, for the sport's local demise. Longtime promoter Peterson said the commission, which saw its funding eliminated and its existence snuffed out by the Legislature last spring, too often squelched bouts for being mismatches. The board didn't promote the sport enough, he said.

     Tommy Brunette, who trains promising pro Matt (The Predator) Vanda out of his gym on St. Paul's East Side, said the dearth of approved fight cards forced many promoters to look elsewhere to make a buck.

     "I keep busy," Brunette said. But with the exception of Vanda, who is undefeated and mostly untested, he spends much of his time working with boxers in Miami. "In Minnesota, it's not the end of the world," Brunette said. "But you can see it from here."

No local oversight

     In 1999, Minnesota had only seven boxing commission-approved professional cards. In 2000, only one. This year, the Board of Boxing approved four shows before its demise July 1. Minnesota used to regularly host 10 to 15 pro cards a year.

     The boxing board, however, says it kept the sport safe. Jim O'Hara, its longtime director, said without a local commission looking at matches and checking fighters' backgrounds, "Somebody's going to get hurt. I don't know when. I don't know where. But it's going to happen."

     The declining numbers of Minnesota Board of Boxing-sanctioned cards is a bit misleading. Under the "Professional Boxing Safety Act," passed by Congress in 1996, a state boxing commission must oversee all professional matches in the United States. But shows held at American Indian casinos \_ on sovereign land \_ can be supervised by the state commission of a promoter's choosing.

     So, even before the demise of the Minnesota commission, promoters such as Peterson, who staged boxing cards at Indian-owned locations, often brought in other states' boxing boards.

     Now that Minnesota has no boxing agency, a member of the Iowa commission supervised the Rochester Elks Club card, and the North Dakota Athletic Commission monitored the Shooting Star card.

     And with no state oversight, promoters will probably continue to stack the deck for their fighters. Fact is, if Minnesota hopes to put the likes of Moore, Vanda or Martell on a big-time stage, matchmakers must put them up against the nation's best. So says St. Paul's Mike Evgen, who won the International Boxing Organization's junior welterweight crown in 1992.

     "Instead," Evgen said, he fears local managers and promoters will continue to bring in "too many stiffs."

The future?

     Vanda, a 22-year-old drywall installer who turned to boxing to stay out of jail, seems to be someone who can re-energize the local fight scene. His following \_ boisterous, hard-drinking and not for the faint of heart \_ is growing. On June 16, while the colorfully tattooed Vanda tried to put his own tattoos on the underpowered Brian Brown, a crowd of more than 3,000 at the Treasure Island Casino screamed nonstop.

     In the first round, they yelled support: "Vanda, Vanda, Vanda."

     In the second, they shouted hometown pride: "East Side, East Side, East Side."

     But by the eighth round, the impatient crowd was screaming, "KNOCK HIM OUT!"

     "Put him on a stretcher!" yelled a red-faced man, a cast on his left hand, a cocktail in his right.

     Vanda couldn't put Brown out. But he won the fight, and took another step forward. But Brunette wants to bring Vanda along slowly, building his guy toward a title shot . . . in two or three years.

     That slow ascent annoys the most outspoken of a group of fighters who also are developing a following: Minnesota's Indian boxers.

     Among them is J.J Corn. As much entertainer and political activist as boxer, Corn recently moved to the Twin Cities from the Menominee Reservation in Wisconsin to train solely "to get to Vanda. They don't want him to fight anybody who fights back. I personally challenge him."

     At Shooting Star, Corn, 26, with a 45-3 record, entered the ring wearing a traditional Indian headdress. He riled the crowd, grabbing the microphone after his victory, repeatedly hollering, "Native Pride! Nation Wide!"

     A Corn-Vanda match could be the stuff of allegory, Vanda with his white, biker supporters, and Corn with his strident Indian stance.

     "'My interest is to get pride back in our people's faces," Corn said. "No more negative stereotypes."

     What's next? With no Minnesota oversight, purists fear the proliferation of off-the-wall "ultimate" fighting, which allows fighters to compete in more than one bout a night and to use barehands or kicking.

     Or maybe a small group of up-and-coming amateurs \_ such as St. Paul's Allan and Jason Litzau, ranked among the top 10 nationally \_ can find their day in the spotlight. Boosters wistfully insist Minnesota is just that one charismatic, talented fighter away from a boxing renaissance.

     Perhaps.

     But like Moore's still-waiting-to-be-tested left hook and Martell's dubious rhinestone belt, what we have today in Minnesota boxing just might be as good as it gets.

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State history

     Minnesota has a long and storied professional boxing history. Here are a few of the highlights \_ and lowlights.

May 20, 1871: Bare-knuckle fighter Dan Carr knocks out Jim Taylor in the 18th round of the state's first professional fight, held in Winona.

Nov. 26, 1883: Famed champion John L. Sullivan knocks out Morris Hefey in the third round in St. Paul.

1892-1915: Boxing is illegal in Minnesota. This doesn't stop secret fights, and secret betting, from taking place. In fact. . .

1907: St. Paul's Mike Gibbons turns professional, going 66-3-4 over the next 16 years. He also had 55 other fights where no decision was recorded, called "no-decisions."

1911: St. Paul's Tommy Gibbons turns pro, first as a middleweight and later fights as a heavyweight. His record over 14 years: 57-4-1 with 43 no-decisions.

Nov. 14, 1917: St. Paul's Mike O'Dowd becomes Minnesota's only undisputed champion, winning the middleweight title.

May 6, 1920: O'Dowd loses title.

July 4, 1923: Tommy Gibbons fights Jack Dempsey in Shelby, Mont., for heavyweight crown, loses 15-round decision.

June 25, 1925: Tommy Gibbons fights last pro fight, losing to Gene Tunney by knockout. It was the only time Gibbons was knocked out. The tough Irishman would later be elected Ramsey County sheriff.

1947: Del Flannagan of St. Paul turns pro. Over the next several years, he wins his first 52 professional fights and rises to a No. 2 ranking among middleweights.

1972: Duane Bobick of Bowlus, Minn., fights Cuban great Teofilo Stevenson for the gold medal in Munich. Bobick loses.

April 1976: Bobick knocks out Scott LeDoux at Met Center, pulling in a state-record gate of $ 113,742 and attracting a state-record crowd of 13,789.

July 7, 1980: Larry Holmes beats Scott LeDoux by technical knockout in the seventh round at a half-full Met Center in Bloomington. LeDoux hardly throws a punch as Holmes retains his World Boxing Council heavyweight championship.

Sept. 6, 1986: Brian Brunette of St. Paul is knocked out in the third round by Patrizio Oliva of Italy in their World Boxing Association junior welterweight title bout.

August 1986: St. Paul heavyweight Rick (Rocky) Sekorski beats former champion Leon Spinks.

May 27, 1994: Mike Evgen of St. Paul loses by technical knockout to Rafael Ruelas in Las Vegas for the International Boxing Federation lightweight championship.

1998: Will Grigsby, fighting out of St. Paul, wins the International Boxing Federation flyweight title.

2000: Grigsby wins World Boxing Organization's junior flyweight crown.

Sources: "Minnesota Boxing: The First One Hundred Years" by George D. Blair and Minnesota Board of Boxing records.

**Correction**

**Correction-Date:** August 26, 2001, Sunday

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** August 20, 2001

**End of Document**



[***PITTSBURGH ON THE LAKE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3P-TD80-027V-K1M7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***LOCAL TIES ARE STRONG AT 'OHIO'S FIRST SUMMER RESORT,' GENEVA-ON-THE-LAKE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3P-TD80-027V-K1M7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 3, 2005 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Byline:** Bob Batz Jr. Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

GENEVA-ON-THE-LAKE, Ohio

Can you smell it?"

I had to ask that as my wife and I road-tripped across northeastern Ohio toward Lake Erie.

My Dad used to have all of us kids' noses out the car windows with that question as we headed from land-locked southwestern Ohio to vacations on the Great Lakes, which have that unmistakable fresh, if faintly fishy, scent.

My wife smelled nothing, but at the first glimpses of big, blue water, I reflexively inhaled.

I'd always been surprised Pittsburgh doesn't have a more overt culture of "going up to The Lake," especially since it's less than three hours away. But then I was surprised this winter when someone told me about all the Western Pennsylvanian influence on Geneva-on-the-Lake, a delightfully named village (pop. 1,525) halfway between the more-familiar-to-us cities of Erie and Cleveland.

"Ohio's First Summer Resort," as this quirkily quaint place bills itself, used to be more of a magnet for Pittsburghers, many of whom still own cottages and homes here.

The connection goes way back, almost to July 4, 1869, when, on the bluffs overlooking the lake here, two businessmen opened public picnic grounds. They added a carousel. The well-heeled came and camped out, then started building cottages along the shore, followed by dance halls and tourist homes.

Soon, the bulk of tourists were ***working-class*** families escaping the smoke and grit of Cleveland, Youngstown, Pittsburgh.

This was before air conditioning, pointed out Don "Woody" Woodward. "That's how we got the Pittsburgh crowd up here."

Ah, that fresh lake air.

Woodward, who owns several businesses on Geneva-on-the-Lake's mile-long "Strip," knows some are owned by former Western Pennsylvanians, and he's friends with families from our area who have been going up to The Lake for generations.

"There's a huge Pittsburgh connection," agreed area native Donniella Winchell, executive director of the Ohio Wine Producers Association. Her lakeside condo complex has a deck marked "Pittsburgh Corner." Growing up, she and other locals pretended they were "from Mars or Mt. Lebanon or someplace cool," she said. They even used to practice talking like Pittsburghers.

Talking to them still couldn't have prepared me for my first visit to Geneva on a Friday this May, just as the season was gearing up. I was greeted by Pittsburghy place names on signs for the McKeesport Cottages (now apartments) and the Dukane Motel (now boarded up).

I'd made reservations to tie up at the ship-shape-looking Anchor Motel & Cottages, which also surprised me with its sign:

"Welcome Pittsburgh Rollers!"

Turned out, that wasn't aimed at us, but a large group, whom I looked forward to meeting and asking about their name. But before the sun sank into the lake, I wanted to check out the Strip.

If you can imagine a cross between Ocean City and Ohiopyle, that's Geneva-on-the-Lake: A garish boardwalk in a naturally pretty town that time forgot.

On a summer evening, the Strip's Erieview amusement park (with a Tilt-A-Whirl and other vintage rides), arcades, funnel cake stands and souvenir shops scream for attention. Meanwhile, on the dusky fringes, flag-flying, flower-gardened cottages line gravel lanes that dead-end high above the lake.

The landmark business, Eddie's Grille, is an open-air diner that opened in 1950 and hasn't much changed since. It still draws moth-like flocks of munchers with its neon and perfumes of french fries and "Famous Foot Longs."

As with other businesses here, its owner "didn't try to make it a '50s look. He just built it in the '50s and he never changed it," Woodward said.

"So we're just kinda stuck in the past."

Some businesses aren't as impeccably maintained as Eddie's and look a bit seedy. But there's great visual character (don't miss the Lake Package Store). What's pleasantly striking is the lack of chain restaurants and motels, which tend to crowd waterfronts the world over.

Part of the reason is, after its 1920s to '50s heydays, this resort, like the polluted lake itself, hit the skids. Many families drifted away, while bikers took over, giving Geneva-on-a-Lake's reputation a black leather patch.

Now the resort is coming back, boosted by the May 2004 opening of the upscale, 109-room Lodge & Conference Center at adjacent Geneva State Park (financed by Ashtabula County). Modern "attractions," such as Adventure Zone Family Fun Center, beckon those for whom covered bridges aren't a buzz.

Interestingly, the success of this 136th summer season still rides partially on the generally kinder, gentler and frequently grayer bikers who still roll here, as the leaning line of Harleys alongside Eddie's attests.

I saw motorcycles welcomed at many establishments, including the Surf Motel, which has a "Hog Pen: Parking for Bikes Only." At the other end of the stretch, country music blared outside the High Tide.

My inner Ohioan felt at home in this redneck Riviera. As we found out over the course of the weekend, the area is not without its more refined charms.

That first night, we dined at the Lakefront Restaurant, where the mulleted manager sat us right by a window overlooking the lake. We stepped out onto the vast deck to watch the sunset, which even Woodward believes is, at the end of the day, the resort's most magic draw.

This one was a purply beauty, even shared with eight rock-throwing children, one of whom whispered to their frazzled mother, "They're having a romantic moment."

We did have a lovely dinner, from the "scallop martini cocktail" appetizer to entrees of local walleye (swimming in a vermouth-tomato-scallion sauce) and fried lake perch. I washed it down with an icy crisp Dortmunder Gold from, appropriately, Great Lakes Brewing.

We walked back across the main drag, two-lane Lake Road (Route 531), to our "cottage," which actually was a multi-unit building modeled on a Marine barracks the original owner started with. But its modern living room/kitchen and two bedrooms were probably the cleanest accommodations I've ever stayed in (and just $75 a night). The sweet hosts even left a complimentary bottle of sweetish local "Rosso" wine, which we sipped before going to bed.

Early the next morning, we walked the Strip again, stopping at Madsen Donuts ("Since 1938") for hot-from-the-fryer doughnuts at 60 cents each. That fueled us on a long walk to and through the lodge, which was overrun by a relatively genteel if barking crowd for an English Springer Spaniel Association show.

The village is right on the lake, too, but its shoreline is mostly private. Some motels, rental cottages and campgrounds offer beaches. But for public access to the water, you need to go to the township park or the state park, which has, near its campground and cabins, a lifeguarded public beach.

We strolled from the lodge on a fine lakeside trail to the state park's 383-slip marina, the hub for boating and catching fishing charters (a fish cleaner there charges 50 cents to carve out the cheeks of your keeper walleyes). We walked 400 feet out into the lake on its rocky fishing pier. Then we hiked into the adjacent marshlands, where we spotted a Baltimore oriole among many other birds.

We also found the long state park beach which, so early in the season, was deserted, and lingered there, combing for pebbles and driftwood and bits of wave-worn "sea glass."

Next we walked all the way back to town for lunch al fresco at Eddie's: Hot dog and Slovenian sausage sandwich (with horseradish sauce) with fries and root beer served from counter barrels as jukebox oldies played from the Seeburg 200 Wall-O-Matics. We could see why the place was packed.

For the afternoon, I had a tasty surprise: Six of the area's 19 wineries (the lake makes for great grape growing) were having a "Riesling Celebration and Progressive Tasting." You could drive to each and try its wines, along with an appetizer, such as Riesling and peach bread pudding and Zwiebelkuchen, a German onion pie topped with asiago cheese.

It was a blast. Cruising across the gorgeous Ohio countryside, we made it to five of the wineries, which ranged from St. Joseph Vineyard's rustic shack to the Napa estate-like complex of Ferrante Winery & Ristorante. At sprawling Debonne Vineyards, we visited with a sandpiper that was sitting in the gravel parking lot on three speckled eggs.

South River Vineyard, which instead of food gave out commemorative T-shirts, was the most appealing, set in a steepled Methodist church that had been moved from miles away. Between the sweet wine, the sunshine and the stained glass windows, we were glowing.

We explored a bit -- the Harpersfield covered bridge over the (canoeable) Grand River, an antique and a Mexican foods store in the bigger town of Geneva -- before heading back to Geneva-on-the-Lake. We rambled around the township park, which has a Victorian vibe, even between free summer concerts.

Back at the motel, the grassy picnic area was filled with boom box music, horseshoes, beer cans and grillin' and chillin' people.

Ah, the Pittsburgh Rollers.

Their ringleader is Donna-rene Ferris ("like the wheel"). A McKeesport resident, she's a secretary at the Community College of Allegheny County and chief steward of the Service Employees International Union there. For a decade now, at least twice a year, she's been organizing getaways here for up to 20 of her co-workers and friends.

Why are they the Rollers?

"We all get in our cars and we roll on up!"

She describes the village as "a 2005 Mayberry," especially in the quiet of spring and fall, vs. the Regatta-esque summer craziness (but it's a "fun kind of crazy," she said with a smile). She likes the "cultural diversity" and friendliness, including bartenders who remember their names. The Rollers always go to Eddie's. They may go fishing. They relax.

Our thing being recreational eating, it was time for us to roll to dinner, which I'd planned to have at a "gourmet" place on the Strip, the Sandy Chanty. (I'd already planned Sunday morning breakfast, too, at the cozy yellow cottage that is Mary's Kitchen, which in its guest book receives a lyrical recommendation from the McCool family of Butler.)

The Chanty is a totally cool, coffeehouse-ish, nautically themed space. Its "Sand Bar" side is in a former shooting gallery, and the back bar is a rare 1920s Coney Island-made iron shooting gallery, which until last season was hidden behind a wall. Prize-seekers used to fire .22-caliber rounds at these elephants, parachutists and stars. I simply aimed a finger at one of a fine selection of microbrews.

The chatty French chef/owner hadn't yet made her signature lavender lemonade. But her ginger-and-coconut-infused lobster lasagna was delicious.

We slipped out on the singer to go for yet another walk. The bench-lined sidewalk was bustling with other people promenading, too. Others sat outside, eating and drinking and laughing in the grove of tall trees the Old Firehouse Winery and amusement park share.

Rather than join them, or go play "Fascination," or take in the Metallica tribute band, or get matching tattoos, we cut through the winery's parking lot to watch the waves reflect the sunset's glowing embers.

I took another deep breath of the lake.

\* If you go to Geneva-on-the-Lake, Page F-5.    Geneva-on-the-Lake,

Ohio

\* Getting there:

Geneva-on-the-Lake, Ohio, is just about a 21/2-hour drive from Downtown Pittsburgh. It's just north of Interstate 90, about 50 miles west of Erie and 50 miles east of Cleveland. You can go there from Pittsburgh several ways.

If you're not in a rush, you can take the Pennsylvania Turnpike west into Ohio; continue west on I-80 and exit at Exit 209; connect via state Route 5 to Route 534 and follow that all the way north through Geneva to Geneva-on-the-Lake. You can zig-zag up to the lake on other smaller roads, including parallel routes 46 and 45.

For a different, scenic drive back, follow the lake east on state Route 531 to Ashtabula, then head south on Route 11 to Youngstown.

\* Tourist resources:

The Geneva-on-the-Lake Visitors Bureau's official Web site is [*www*](http://www). visitgenevaonthelake.com. On it, you'll find full listings for lodging, restaurants, wineries and other attractions and events. You can get a printed visitors guide by calling the bureau at 1-800-862-9948 or 1-440-466-8600.

Geneva State Park particulars can be had at [*www.ohiodnr.com/parks/parks/geneva.htm*](http://www.ohiodnr.com/parks/parks/geneva.htm) or by calling 1-440-466-8400.

The Ashtabula County Convention & Visitors Bureau (in Austinburg) also has a fine site -- [*www.accvb.org*](http://www.accvb.org) -- with detailed information about a wide range of attractions including the area's 16 covered bridges, its Olin Covered Bridge Museum (1-440-992-7401) -- even a chain of pizza parlors built in three old bridges. You can get a printed visitors' guide by calling 1-800-337-6746 and 1-440-275-3202.

\* Wineries:

For details on the area's 19 wineries -- on the Wines & Vines Wine Trail -- go to [*www.ohiowines.org*](http://www.ohiowines.org), the site of the Ohio Wine Producers Association. It's just printed a new "Ohio Grapevine" guide (1-800-227-6972 or 1-440-466-4417). A map with turn-by-turn directions also is available at the Old Firehouse Winery in Geneva-on-the-Lake (1-800-862-6751 or [*www*](http://www). oldfirehousewinery.com).

You can get someone else to drive by hiring one of the services that does wine tours. Ashtabula's oldest family-owned funeral home, Ducro Funeral & Limousine Services (1-888-235-7959 or 1-440-992-2192 or [*www.ducro.com*](http://www.ducro.com)) will provide limousine, sedan or mini-van for a private, guided five-hour tour for up to eight people for $360 including tip. "Floral services also available."

\* Other highlights:

Northeast Ohio ("Ohio's Cornerstone") has several other cool destinations.

The town of Ashtabula can make for a fun side trip on its own, especially its lighthouse-lit harbor and the neighboring historic district, featuring Ohio's only working bascule lift bridge. On weekends in season, you can visit the Great Lakes Marine & Coast Guard Memorial Museum ([*www.ashtcohs.com/ashmus.html*](http://www.ashtcohs.com/ashmus.html) or 1-440-964-6847) and the nearby Hubbard House Museum, Ohio's only Northern terminus on the Underground Railroad that's open to the public ([*www.hubbardhouseugrrmuseum.org*](http://www.hubbardhouseugrrmuseum.org) or 1-440-964-8168).

Plan your trip with the county Web site or visitors guide.

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If you go

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-- Bob Batz Jr.

**Notes**

Bob Batz Jr. can be reached at [*bbatz@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bbatz@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1930.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Bob Batz Jr./Post-Gazette photos: Geneva-on-the-Lake is renowned for its Lake Erie sunsets. From the deck of the Lakeside Restaurant, this one seems just a stone's throw away.

PHOTO: Bob Batz Jr./Post-Gazette photos: Diners sit at the outdoor counter at Eddie's Grill, which was established in 1950 and hasn't changed much since. Neither have the cheeseburgers, root beer and milkshakes.

PHOTO: Mark Duncan/Associated Press: Geneva-on-the-Lake once had the reputation as a hangout for motorcycle gangs, but now most of the cyclists are professional people looking for a nostalgic getaway.

PHOTO: Bob Batz Jr./Post-Gazette: The new Lodge & Conference Center at Geneva State Park provides upscale accommodations, including a glassed-in pool and a restaurant with views of Lake Erie. "Vintage," the lodge's winetasting room, does daily tastings of Ohio wines.

PHOTO: Bob Batz Jr./Post-Gazette: Running off the Strip at Geneva-on-the-Lake are dead-end lanes lined with quaint cottages.

MAP: James Hilston/Post-Gazette: (Geneva on the Lake)

**Load-Date:** September 14, 2005

**End of Document**



[***The hidden issue in the presidential campaign: race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-40S0-002B-H32C-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 18, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; What's at stake; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2262 words

**Byline:** Suzanne P. Kelly; Staff Writer

**Body**

In 1903, civil-rights leader W.E.B. Du Bois said race would be the problem of the 20th century. Nine decades have not proved him wrong.

Race is often at the core of how Americans think and feel. It helps determine who people associate with, where they live and work and their outlook on life. It also plays a major role in how they vote.

While race itself is not an issue in the presidential campaign, it asserts itself in areas that are - crime, welfare reform, affirmative action and quotas, taxation and the distribution of tax revenue.

The race factor usually is not openly discussed, rather it is couched in coded language and vague references that conjure up images of "us" and "them."

Despite its relegation to the shadows, race is a powerful political tool. It has been used to help sweep Republicans into the White House in five of the past six elections and in this election, has led the Democratic Party to fundamentally alter its long-standing image as the "minority" party.

'A deep gulf'

"I think we have come to a place where our country is not going to work if we can't find a way to address questions of race and diversity," said former San Antonio Mayor Henry Cisneros, a campaign adviser to Gov. Bill Clinton.

"These are fundamentally important questions that go to the heart of what this country is going to be in the next century. And leadership at the national level has an immense amount to say about it . . . [and] can actually shape the national attitude."

In their book "Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights and Taxes on American Politics," Thomas and Mary Edsall say that, despite legislation that prohibits legal race subjugation, "race remains a powerful wedge issue."

"Racial divisions have become ingrained in partisan politics in the Deep South and, increasingly, across the urban and suburban wards of all major metropolitan areas," the Edsalls write.

"There has come to be a deep gulf between the views of many whites and blacks on the most basic questions of government and of individual responsibility, as well as a troubling degree of callousness toward each other among Americans of both races."

That divisiveness has hurt the Democratic Party. Millions of so-called Reagan Democrats deserted their party in 1980, '84 and '88, saying they were fed up with its pandering to minorities by spending on "liberal" social programs.

Willie Horton

A classic example of the Republican Party's ability to tap into racial resentment and concern is President Bush's use of the Willie Horton commercial during the 1988 campaign. The commercial vividly described how Horton, a black man convicted of first-degree murder, was given a weekend furlough from a Massachusetts prison only to rape a woman and torture her boyfriend.

Not only did the advertising campaign paint Democratic nominee Michael Dukakis as soft on crime, it fed into the image many white suburbanites have of blacks as menacing and dangerous. TV viewers were left to wonder whether a Democrat in the White House would result in rampant crime in the streets.

When former President Ronald Reagan blasted Democratic policies for creating "welfare queens," it was clear that he counted on the words to conjure up images of a single black woman with several children living comfortably on government handouts while ***working-class*** whites struggled to send their children to college.

The message of "tax-and-spend" Democrats also hit home for many suburbanites who fled cities in droves during the 1960s and 1970s to escape the effects of such other "liberal" policies as busing.

But the deadly rioting in Los Angeles last spring brought the reality of life in the urban underclass back to the attention of the country. The riots also came in the midst of a longer-than-expected recession that has forced many whites to join working poor minorities in the lines for food stamps.

The timing has helped Clinton recapture some wayward Democrats. He has proved adept at pushing the hot buttons for suburban voters. He is for the death penalty and against racial quotas. He wants to reform the welfare system and to create urban renewal policies that don't ignore the economic needs of the middle class. And, in a move that some pollsters say is crucial, he has avoided the image that he is kowtowing to minority constituencies.

"For years I've been saying that the Democrats are going to have to dump black people," said Walter Williams, professor of economics at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va. "The reality of the political arena is that to woo certain middle-class white voters back to the party, more attention must be paid to their concerns."

Observers say Clinton has adopted that philosophy, generally ignoring minority voters and betting that they will not pick this election to defect to the Republican Party.

Some in the Clinton camp discount that notion. They say he is still committed to minority voters and argue that it is the Bush administration that is ignoring minority votes.

"The Republicans, in my view, have basically decided where their constituency is and pitched their message at the Republic Convention in that direction," said Cisneros.

"I think the Clinton campaign understands that in order to win you've got to have strong turnout from the traditional pro-Democratic minority groups - Hispanics, African-Americans - but on the other hand does not want to be put in a position of speaking only to minorities and not to the basic issues that confront middle-class Americans."

The wild card is whether minority voters, feeling slighted by both political parties, will vote for independent candidate Ross Perot.

Perot's appeal to minority voters remains to be seen. He charges that both parties have tried to divide the country to win elections, with Democrats "going after the black and brown vote" and Republicans going after the white vote. "They try to win by playing to fear and suspicion," he said. "Then they try to govern by being gentler and kinder."

But to many blacks, Perot's answers to questions involving race relations and other issues of concern have appeared simplistic and paternalistic.

During a speech at the national NAACP convention, Perot angered many blacks in the crowd by referring to them as "you people."

Whether people see Perot as a third option is not the concern of some civil-rights leaders. They say the problem could be that many minority voters will choose not to vote at all.

"In this critical election year, community organizations have to educate the minority community to the issues, energize it to become involved . . . and make an all out effort to get a record number of citizens to the voting booths," national Urban League President John Jacobs wrote in his syndicated column. "That's tougher than it sounds, for there is widespread disillusionment about politics, especially in poor communities that have seen candidates come and go while poverty and hardship remain."

Crossover

Implicit in the argument over which party or candidate is most concerned about minority voters is the notion that the country's various racial and ethnic groups have the same concerns and can be counted on to vote as one.

That may have been true historically, but growing income and class distinctions have loosened the hold of particular parties on certain groups.

According to the Census Bureau, blacks make up about 11 percent of the voting-age population. Just over half of the blacks who were eligible voted in the 1988 presidential election and 90 percent of them voted for Michael Dukakis.

About 4.5 million Hispanic voters will go to the polls in November and recent polls indicate that they favor Clinton by a margin of about 7 percentage points.

American Indian voters traditionally have been Democrats. Of the 80,000 eligible voters in the Navaho nation, for example, an overwhelming majority voted for Dukakis in 1988.

Pollsters agree that most blacks and Hispanics still tend to be members of the Democratic Party. Crossover has occurred, however, among middle- and upper-middle-income voters in both groups.

"Let's say there are cracks in the citadel," said Oakdale resident Ken Morris, a Republican candidate for the Minnesota House. "And we're seeing it happen not only in Minnesota but nationwide. I think there is growing discontent with the prescriptions of the Democratic Party and the notion that government will in essence take care of us as a group by providing for us through various social programs. We just have not seen the wholesale results of those promises."

Morris dismisses assertions that the Republican Party is made up of people sympathetic to the views of ultra-conservatives such as Pat Buchanan. He said Buchanan no more typifies the average Republican than some far-left liberal would typify the average Democrat.

What the Republican Party offers blacks, Morris said, is an approach that says, "We can take care of our own communities, that individual efforts are rewarded and self-reliance is better than reliance on government programs."

Clarence Carter, director of African-American affairs for the Republican National Committee, said Minnesota may have the most black Republican legislative candidates running in any state this year. There are six.

The Republican Party wants to broaden its base by appealing to more minorities, he said. "The solutions Democrats have provide for black Americans just haven't worked. It's incumbent for black America to look to itself . . . We want to provide some alternative."

Peter Brown, author of "Minority Party," says that many Hispanics have begun moving toward the Republican Party and Asian-Americans already have done so. In 1988, for example, exit polls indicated that Bush won 61 percent of the Asian vote in California and 54 percent nationally.

"On a dozen values questions - such as the death penalty, abortion, welfare, school prayer and immigration - the attitudes of Asian-Americans were generally much closer to those of whites than Hispanics or blacks," Brown wrote. "When it came to party affiliation, Asian-Americans were more likely to consider themselves Republicans. And the trend is continuing."

Regardless of race

Are there minority issues in this campaign? Cisneros says no, that this year's most pressing issues - the economy, health care, education - are priorities for everyone, regardless of race.

"So when he [Clinton] speaks, for example, of revitalizing the economy, providing jobs and improving training, he is speaking to populations - Hispanic and African-American - who tend to be the last hired and first fired. When he speaks to education, he is speaking to populations whose average age is younger than the national average and who therefore have a bigger stake in education," Cisneros said.

"This is not a year in which the candidate has had to somehow forge a uniquely specific Hispanic or African-American agenda because our agenda is very much in tune with that of other Americans who suffered from the Bush recession and the failed Bush domestic policies."

According to 1990 census data, 9.8 percent of whites now live below the poverty level. That compares with 29.5 percent of blacks, 30.9 percent of American Indians, 14.1 percent of Asians and 25.3 percent of Hispanics.

Unemployment rates for white men were 5.3 percent, according to the data. The rate was 13.7 percent for black men, 15.4 percent for American Indian men, 5.1 percent for Asian men and 9.8 percent for Hispanic men.

Median household incomes, according to the census, were $ 31,435 for whites, $ 19,758 for blacks, $ 20,025 for American Indians, $ 36,784 for Asians and $ 24,156 for Hispanics.

"The essential questions for the African-American community are what has happened to us as a community during the decade, what must a new era of change look like and what is our role in effecting it," said Rep. John Conyers, D-Mich., in a report to the National Association of Black Journalists in August.

"The short answers to these questions is that we've been patronized by racially divisive politics, that the agenda for a new era is jobs and coalition politics and that we must participate in the political process in greater numbers, for the opportunities for us in these conditions of political flux are greater than they have been for 12 years."

Susan Liss, director of the bipartisan Citizens' Commission on Civil Rights, said that, while minority concerns are now intricately linked to economics, there continues to be concern about the climate for traditional civil-rights issues.

"The last 12 years have really required tremendous effort just to maintain the gains made in the 1960s," said Liss. "And the assault on that legislation has prevented the leadership of the civil-rights communities from thinking forward. Instead, they have been forced to work diligently to maintain the status quo."

She said the key to maintaining civil-rights protections in the next decade is opening up access to opportunity.

"Interpreting those laws takes a sympathetic administration," said Liss. "Given the state of the economy, it is critical that the people at the bottom are considered in any type of plan to provide economic opportunity. Federal money given to local school districts for disadvantaged children will be up for reauthorization in the next year. The loss of low-skilled jobs, inadequate education in inner cities, access to higher education opportunities severely curtailed. . . . These are the kind of legislative and policy issues that need someone sensitive to concerns of racial and ethnic minorities, as well as society in general."

**Graphic**

Chart

**Load-Date:** October 20, 1992

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[***THE FIGURES SHOW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RY8-NBY0-0094-518B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IN THE PANORAMA OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS, ALL EYES ARE ON THE ICE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RY8-NBY0-0094-518B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** LORI SHONTZ, POST-GAZETTE SPORTS WRITER

**Body**

Over the past four years, it has happened with increased regularity in the Shontz household. Dad interrupts his channel surfing to yell, ''Good skating's on! Tell Mom!''

And Mom heads immediately for the TV. If she can't, we turn on the VCR, and she watches at her next chance. Often more than once.

She plans her ironing around the television schedule; watching figure skating makes the chore go faster. She has her own highlight videotape, filled with everything from Ekaterina Gordeeva's first solo performance to U.S. nationals.

My mom discusses figure skaters as passionately as my brother discusses linebackers, my sisters shortstops, my future brother-in-law hockey lines and my dad NASCAR drivers. She doesn't hesitate to criticize an ugly costume, a poor choice of music or an uninspired performance.

She will also rhapsodize for days over an exceptional routine, like Michelle Kwan's long program at last month's U.S. Figure Skating Championships. It was eerily like listening to my brother after the Penn State football team came back to beat Ohio State.

That's not to say Mom isn't a fan of other sports. Mom knows football. Mom knows baseball. Mom even knows a little NASCAR. But ask Mom this question ''What is your favorite sport to watch?'' - and you'll get this answer:

Figure skating.

Mom's not alone. In fact, she's part of a growing trend, one which has made figure skating the second-most watched sport on television, second only to the NFL.

Each year, a USA Today/CNN/Gallup poll determines which sports Americans like to watch. Last April, enough people gave the same answer my mom would have given to make figure skating the country's fourth most popular spectator sport, behind only football, basketball and baseball.

Ahead of golf, tennis, hockey and auto racing.

And now it's time for the 1998 Winter Olympics, an anniversary of sorts. For although ladies' figure skating has been a cornerstone of the Games since Sonja Henie's three consecutive gold medals in 1928, 1932 and 1936, it was only four years ago that figure skating entered into another realm entirely.

At the 1994 Winter Olympic Games in Lillehammer, Norway, Americans - many of them men who had never before acknowledged the sport's existence - found themselves riveted to the ladies' figure skating competition. More specifically, to the drama unfolding around two American women - Nancy Kerrigan, who had been attacked at the U.S. nationals, and Tonya Harding, whose ex-husband had masterminded the attack in hopes of helping Harding earn a spot on the U.S. team.

They tuned in in record numbers - 126.6 million people watched the ladies' short program from Lillehammer, making it the fourth-most watched program of all-time, behind the last episode of ''M-A-S-H,'' the ''Who Shot J.R.?'' episode of ''Dallas'' and the finale of the miniseries ''Roots.''

In short, figure skating went from becoming a sport that was mostly popular every four years, during the Olympics, to a cultural phenomenon. So its popularity skyrocketed.

Attack in Detroit

It doesn't matter that most of the viewers can't tell a triple salchow from a triple flip or that few understand how the judging works. All of the most popular sporting events are about more than sports. The Super Bowl is as much about the two weeks of hype preceding it, the commercials made for it and the parties thrown during it as the game itself.

And now figure skating has entered the same stratosphere.

So today's figure skaters - although most prefer not to be reminded of this fact - owe a big thank you to Tonya and Nancy. (No need to be formal. No need for last names.)

The drama started on Jan. 6, 1994, the day before the ladies' short program at the U.S. Figure Skating Championships, which were being held in Detroit. After practice at Cobo Arena, Nancy stopped in a corridor to answer a question from the Post-Gazette's Dana Scarton. An attacker sidled up to Nancy and struck her repeatedly on the right knee with a blunt object. Nancy fell to the ground, crying, ''Why me? Why now? Help me. Help me.''

The attack had obviously been carefully calculated - he hit Nancy's right knee, the one that took the stress on the takeoffs and landings for her jumps. The attacker missed shattering her knee - and her Olympic chances - by a few inches, but he did cause serious bruises to her kneecap and quadriceps tendon, causing enough swelling that Nancy couldn't compete.

But she watched from the stands as Tonya won the national title two nights later, and the U.S. Figure Skating Association invoked a little-used rule to name Nancy to the Olympic team along with Tonya, who earned an automatic berth with the title.

The incident, coming so soon after tennis star Monica Seles was attacked by a Steffi Graf fan with a knife during a changeover in a tennis match, seemed to indicate that female athletes were becoming more vulnerable to obsessed attackers, or crazed fans.

But police soon found this attack wasn't so random. They uncovered evidence, as incredible as it seems, that associates of Tonya's had planned the attack. Tonya had struggled since 1991, when she won the national title and became only the second woman to land a triple axel, three-and-a-half revolutions in the air.

Tonya had grown up dirt poor, suffered from asthma but smoked despite it and wasn't exactly what America was looking for in its next ice princess. Peggy Fleming, Dorothy Hamill, Kristi Yamaguchi. . . . Tonya Harding, with her truck stop manners and goofy costumes, just didn't fit in. She assumed that Nancy - nice girl from a ***working class*** family, whose blind mother sat inches from a television set to try to watch her daughter, whose costumes were impeccable - would win the title. And she wasn't sure the committee would name her to the team.

So on Jan. 18, 10 days after she won the national title, Tonya spent 10 hours being questioned by the FBI. Afterward, she announced that she had split from her ex-husband, Jeff Gillooly, with whom she had been living.

The next day, Gillooly was charged with conspiracy to commit second-degree assault. On Feb. 1, he pleaded guilty.

The skating world was stunned. The rest of the world was transfixed. And the story kept getting better - Tonya sued the United States Olympic Committee, trying to prevent herself from being thrown off the team. The USFSA took the unusual step of sending Michelle Kwan, the first alternate, to Norway in case Nancy weren't healthy enough or Tonya weren't law-abiding enough to compete.

The spectacle became so all-consuming that in Lillehammer, thousands of reporters covered ladies' figure skating practice because Tonya and Nancy by some incredible, delicious coincidence - were assigned to be on the ice at the same time.

And then it got even better. Nancy skated a clean short program, but Tonya - who was well known in the figure skating establishment for actually falling out of her dress during a competition - skated to rinkside during her program, claiming that a broken shoelace made it impossible for her to continue. She was given a do-over, but she skated poorly.

Tonya ended up eighth overall. A month after the Olympics, she pleaded guilty to hiding information in an investigation and was fined $ 100,000, ordered to perform 500 hours of community service, put on probation and stripped of her membership in the USFSA.

Three of her associates also eventually pleaded guilty - her bodyguard, Shawn Eckardt (who hoped the attack would establish his body guarding business for figures skaters) to racketeering, and Shane Stant (who actually hit Nancy) and Derrick Smith (who drove the getaway car) to conspiracy to commit second-degree assault. Eckhardt and Gillooly ended up in prison.

Nancy (wearing a dress designed by Vera Wang that cost $ 13,000) won the silver medal, narrowly losing to Oksana Baiul of the Ukraine in a controversial judges' decision; Baiul had two-footed a landing on a triple jump, but some of the judges didn't see it.

And the television executives . . . they looked at the numbers of people who had watched Olympic figure skating and get this sport on the air more often.

Ask Michelle Kwan - this year's gold-medal favorite - how the events of four years ago affected her life, and she'll shrug. ''It didn't change my life.''

But it did change how her life has played out.

Suddenly, figure skating was the hottest property in town. CBS, which had lost its NFL rights in a bidding war with FOX, had lots of time on Sunday afternoon to fill. Longtime promoters, like Tom Collins, Dick Button and Michael Berg, put together tours that had always drawn well during an Olympic year, but were now selling out at incredible speed.

Sky's the limit

When Fleming and Hamill won their Olympic golds, in 1968 and 1976, respectively, they made careers as professional figure skaters, but they were relegated to shows like Ice Follies and Ice Capades, where they shared the rink with skaters in animal costumes.

Nancy's opportunities were limitless. And in her wake, other skaters got opportunities they never dreamed of.

The public wanted ice skating and big names, and television gave it to them - 30 figure skating programs were aired between October 1994 and April 1995. Some programs were official competitions - the world championships, the national championships - with judges certified by the International Skating Union and programs needing a certain degree of difficulty. But most of them weren't.

The professionals weren't bound by ISU rules. Neither was television. This spawned events like Ice Wars, Too Hot to Skate and the Rock 'n' Roll Skating Championships, in which Baiul and former Olympians Scott Hamilton, Viktor Petrenko and Katarina Witt were judged by such celebrities as Kathy Ireland.

This program drew an astronomical overnight rating of 13.

The sport, meanwhile, scrambled to keep up with the fast-coming changes. The ISU, wanting to retain control, announced that skaters who competed in non ISU-certified competitions were ineligible from further Olympic competition, but it did provide a provision for skaters to reapply for reinstatement after six months, after they had made a little money.

Some skaters did. Most didn't.

And even those who remained eligible commanded astounding fees. On some tours, skaters were paid between $ 2,000 and $ 20,000 per night . . . and they performed hundreds of nights. Todd Eldredge, who remained Olympic eligible, made enough money to buy a $ 150,000 Ferrari.

Interest remained so high that between October 1996 and March 1997, an incredible 162.5 hours of skating was aired, on seven networks - ABC, CBS, NBC, Fox, ESPN, TBS and USA. Half was in prime time.

With all the money and attention came problems. Integrity went out the window - no one wants to see skaters fall all over the ice, so the amount of difficulty required was lowered. That enabled older skaters who can no longer jump but are still crowd favorites, like Witt, to compete with younger skaters like Yamaguchi, who had elected to stay professional and not compete in Lillehammer but probably would have won hands down if she had showed up.

The viewers, most of whom couldn't identify the jumps anyway, didn't care. But some skaters grew concerned about the integrity of their sport. The paper-thin distinctions between ''eligible'' and ''ineligible'' skaters (no longer are their amateurs and professionals) are difficult to comprehend.

Not even Yamaguchi, who gave a news conference at last month's nationals, could explain the difference when asked. She said, ''I would say, buy Skating for Dummies,'' and held up a book she had co-written with a newspaper reporter.

She got a big laugh. But she didn't give an answer. She wouldn't even comment on where the sport is headed.

''This sport is in so much transition right now that it's hard to say exactly what is right,'' she said. ''If you look at the TV ratings, figure skating is so much more than just a sport. It's one of the rare opportunities where the two (sport and entertainment) are blended.''

But just as some feared from the beginning, television is beginning to take a more active role in the sport.

Ottavio Cianquanta, the new ISU head, said that among the recommendations to be made at this spring's meeting are for eligible competitors - those who can compete in the Olympics - to have two different free programs.

Coaches and skaters have always used one program for one season; they say it takes that long to learn and try to perfect such a program, and they are reluctant to change. But television doesn't want viewers to get bored seeing the same programs repeatedly . . . thus, the proposed rule change.

And viewers are growing bored; ratings for Ice Wars have dropped a point or two in the past two years. Even my mom has stopped making sure the VCR is set every time she goes shopping or out to dinner on a Friday night. She figures if she misses the program this time, she'll be able to catch it again soon. And she's usually right.

Epilogue

The principles in the drama have moved on their their lives . . . or tried to.

Nancy, who has made millions of dollars, married her agent, Jerry Solomon. She gave birth to her son Matthew 13 months ago, and she is returning to the ice, skating in a variety of exhibitions and competitions.

Tonya, who was forbidden from ever reapplying for her USFSA membership, and stripped of her national title, can't skate in any sanctioned competitions or exhibitions. She did skate between periods of a minor-league hockey game a while back, but she was booed. She has managed to stay in the headlines, though, by managing a professional wrestler, allegedly being stalked by a professional golfer and being kidnapped by a madman . . . conveniently enough, during the week of U.S. Figure Skating Nationals.

And the next generation of Nancys - the USFSA hopes, fervently, that there are no more Tonyas working their way through the system - is working its way to the Olympics. Membership in the USFSA has jumped from 109,000 before the Nancy/Tonya saga to about 130,000 now.

Who the next generation of Olympians will be, no one knows. But you can be sure of one thing.

Mom will be watching them. And she won't be alone.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), PHOTO: Lionel Cironneau/Associated Press: Michaelle Kwan skates; through the qualifying round at the World Figure Skating Championships in; Switzerland last March.; PHOTO: Rusty Kennedy/Associated Press: Tara Lipinski leaps into action at the; national championships.; PHOTO: Jay Gorodetzer/Associated Press: Tara, Michelle and Nicole: Last names; aren't necessary.; PHOTO: Ted Crow/Post-Gazette:

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[***ANDREW DAVIS: NICE CONDUCTORS CAN FINISH FIRST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N0X-B080-TX33-C279-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Andrew Druckenbrod, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

Sir Andrew Davis is laughing uncontrollably at Lulu.

Not the modernist opera, mind you, but his new puppy. He and his wife, the American soprano Gianna Rolandi, recently got this young beagle, and it is still learning discipline. It doesn't help that Davis is letting it bend the rules, allowing Lulu to giddily lick his face.

Before long, Davis is guffawing like a cartoon character being tickled on the feet with a feather. "Oh, Lordy!" he exclaims as he eventually puts the pup down. Rolandi calls Lulu away in her Southern accent tinged with a soprano's lyricism: "Get down! Don't jump! Good girl." Soon enough, however, Lulu sneaks back to a chorus of "no's."

It's not just Lulu that Davis has been wrestling with lately. As music director of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, he's tackling Wagner's "Ring Cycle" for the first time ever. As much of a joy as it is to work with singers such as Jane Eaglen, James Morris and Placido Domingo, Davis is most excited about his relationship with the pit orchestra during the run.

"This orchestra and I have the kind of relationship [in which] they trust me, and they know I am doing it for good reasons, so they are happy to do it," he says in the living room of his condo in Chicago's posh Gold Coast.

That's good news for Davis, for he took quite a risk coming to Chicago in 2000 to be the Lyric's music director and principal conductor. He gave up prestigious posts at the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Glyndebourne Festival in his native England to do so.

"The Ring was one of the big carrots that got me to come here," he says. "I had conducted no Wagner operas all the way through."

Plus, Rolandi got a post at the Lyric, as the director of vocal studies for the company's opera center training program, and son Edward was born in the United States.

"He was just shy of his 11th birthday when we came here, which is a good age to make that transition," Davis says. "He is 15 now and a regular American. He is happy. It has worked out very well."

The move to Chicago also freed Davis to take on more guest-conducting positions, which he did to acclaim. One such opportunity, a return visit to Heinz Hall for the first time since 1990, led to his hiring as the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra's artistic adviser, the head of the PSO's new leadership scheme.

Davis is excited about his newest appointment, which begins this September with a gala concert and includes some touring.

"I am really looking forward to the whole thing enormously," he says.

Davis is excited about his newest appointment, which begins this September with a gala concert and includes some touring.

"I am really looking forward to the whole thing enormously," he says.

Conduct Becoming

Davis, 61, may be the most forthcoming, honest and human conductor in the business. It may be the Brit in him (even the Financial Times called him "the quintessential English conductor"), but he politely and sincerely answers questions that other conductors would run from.

One is the challenge ahead of gelling with the PSO. His relationship with the Lyric's orchestra didn't happen overnight, he admits; it came with many performances.

"Most years I conduct half the operas and am there half the season," Davis says, calling himself "a music director in absolutely every sense of the word, [overseeing] everything to do with the musical side."

But the PSO position calls for him to conduct just seven to eight weeks a year. Davis will share power with management and musicians and share billing with two principal guest conductors, Paul Tortellier and Marek Janowski.

"This arrangement in Pittsburgh has suited me very well from that point of view," Davis says, but then furrows his brow. "The only thing that concerns me is whether the amount of work I am doing with the orchestra is enough in the sense of time to create that kind of symbiotic relationship between a conductor and an orchestra. We'll see. This is a new idea, and we'll see if it works or not."

Davis' comments are a breath of fresh air, as strong as the wind sweeping off Lake Michigan, just across Lake Shore Drive from his condo. Few conductors, especially knighted ones, are inclined to be so revealing. And he is not shy about saying he doesn't know yet if he will want to work with the PSO after his three-year contract expires.

"What I really want to do is go in there and say, here I am, here you are, we are going to work. We are here for three years, that's it. I am not going to be sniffing at you and you are not going to be sniffing at me. We have this relationship, and it will develop as fully and as intimately as it can."

Davis' forthrightness in talking about difficult subjects reveals a confident person, but his colleagues say he is anything but egotistical -- on the podium or in a one-on-one conversation.

"He is genuinely humble," says John von Rhein, classical music critic of the Chicago Tribune. Davis is not above joking about his senior moments or about his guilty pleasure -- watching "Jeopardy" -- or about his anxiety about his informal directing of "King Lear" with some actor friends this summer, for the fun of it. He is musical royalty combining the attitudes of prince and pauper.

"That's just the way I am, just my personality," he says. "I like to get along with people."

Humble Beginnings

Davis was born Feb. 2, 1944, in the ***working-class*** town of Waterford, a satellite town of London, where his father set type.

"I was brought up in a religious household in a very evangelical wing of the Church of England," he says.

When he was a pre-teen, his father took him to a Billy Graham revival in London stadium. "I was kind of swept away," he says. "I don't practice any religion [now], although I do have a very strong belief in a sort of spirituality that is in us and in nature."

Blessed with a prodigious musical ability, he sang in a local church choir and studied piano. When the church's organist left about the same time Davis' voice broke, he found himself at the manuals.

"I went and had lessons with Peter Herford. I used to get out of games on Thursday afternoons and go have organ lessons instead, which suited me just fine."

Despite some study at the Royal Academy of Music, Davis was somewhat surprised when he actually won an organ scholarship at King's College, Cambridge. "In Waterford, I was the local wunderkind, but I always assumed that it didn't mean anything in the big wide world," he says. He assumed he would graduate and spend his life as a church organist, "at some English cathedral somewhere, living in cathedral clothes with those little canons."

Fate would turn him another direction, and by the end of his time at Cambridge, Davis had gravitated toward conducting and was off to study with Franco Ferrara in Italy. The training paid off almost immediately in his return to England, for bookings with the New Philharmonica Orchestra and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. But it was the New World that would present the next step for Davis, when in 1975 he was hired at the age of 27 to be music director of the Toronto Symphony.

"He was the right guy to come here regardless of age," says then managing director Walter Homburger. "He developed wonderfully, working and communicating with his fellow musicians and communicating that to the audience."

Thirteen years flew by in Toronto. While some conductors might have chafed at working for an orchestra that was not particularly well-known in Europe, Davis felt lucky. "Different artists need different amounts of time to mature, and to have that time working, relatively speaking, out of the public eye was good for me," Davis said to the Sunday Times after his tenure had concluded.

All eyes were squarely fixed on Davis in his next two positions, music director of the Glyndebourne Festival Opera in 1988 and chief conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra in 1989. The latter incorporated the famous Proms concerts, which are especially prominent in England. The two appointments eventually solidified Davis as an artistic force in England, winning him not only some critical awards, but the big one: knighthood.

"I am sorry my mother didn't live to see that. ... She would've been thrilled," says Davis in one of the few moments without his trademark smirk. His father, now 90, did make the ceremony at Buckingham Palace.

The appointment confers Davis the right to a coat of arms. He probably will never do it, but if he did, what would it be? "Crossed batons or something," he says with a chuckle. Having conducted "The Ring" in Chicago and "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth itself, "Now I can have a Valkyries helmet on it."

Detractors And Defenders

For a man who has just done aerobic exercise for most of the past five hours, Davis looks remarkably calm backstage at the Lyric after a performance of "Siegfried." In fact, he looks ready for more.

"Oh there's sweat here," he says with a laugh, half threatening to prove it with an embrace.

While he admits there are several moments in "The Ring" in which "I find I have to keep my upper lip stiff and [pull] back a bit," seconds after his curtain call he is able to discuss the finer points of how Wagner achieves that, musically. It's as if he were coolly lecturing to a class.

"Emotional engagement is tremendously important for a conductor, but you have to be able at the same time to stand back enough so you don't stop listening," he reflects later.

In the five years Davis has been in Chicago, William Mason, the Lyric's general director, has witnessed the conductor's intense engagement with music, cast and company while still having vigor to spare. "There is an energy level about him that borders on the superhuman," Mason says. Davis has stepped in time and again for ailing conductors, whether at the Chicago Symphony or the Lyric. In the stretch of less than two months last fall, Davis substituted at the last minute to conduct "Aida" when he was already con-ducting "Don Giovanni," "Das Rheingold," "The Cunning Little Vixen" and the Lyric's 50th Anniversary Gala concert. Mason called it "Herculean." and praised his "unique ... breadth of repertoire."

"I get my energy from the music," says Davis. "I think I am an extrovert -- you have to be if you are an artist, in a way. You are baring your soul to the musicians and the audience, [but] you have to have something worth baring."

Davis' ability to read scores quickly, to master in a wide range of repertoire and to be polite in rehearsal have found some detractors, who question how much depth could accompany it.

"I suppose also the fact that, as a person, I am sort of nice and jolly, and people sometimes take that as an indication that I am superficial, which I don't believe to be the case at all," he says.

Davis thinks his style is just as effective as the dictatorial maestro stereotype. "With orchestras, I like to work in a way that brings out the best in them," he explains. "For me, the relationship between me and the orchestra is that we are colleagues. Not that I can't be demanding; I am not easily satisfied. I am the boss, but I'd rather persuade people than bully them.

"It's that simple."

The truth is, far more conductors take the collaborative approach these days than even 30 years ago.

"Most of them work the way now that Andrew did then," says Homburger of Davis' tenure in Toronto. "He was very easy to work with, and he got along well with the orchestra."

Mason adds that Davis has mastered the "art of collaboration" with the orchestra. The best proof might come in the objective listener: "The [Lyric] orchestra has been playing better now on a night-to-night basis than any time in my 27 years," says von Rhein.

British critic Andrew Clark questioned Davis' expansive repertoire and the ease of his assimilation of music in the Financial Times around the time that Davis was headed to Chicago. "The list of Davis' qualities is long, but depth has never been one of them," wrote Clark. "Maybe it's the price he paid for early fluency ... perhaps he spreads himself too thin."

"If you have a reputation of having a wide repertoire, it can be dangerous because people assume that you don't give things a great depth. I find it quite offensive at times, actually," Davis responds. "There is too much music out there I wanted to do."

The history of music is rife with musicians and composers whose gravitas was unfairly questioned simply because of how fast they soaked up music. "I have an ability, without sounding immodest, to kind of [not only] read something but to grasp its structure on a certain level quite quickly," says Davis. "It stood me in very good stead with the BBC orchestra because I did a tremendous amount of new music. But I do study very seriously and very hard."

"Andrew is a fast learner and a specialist in many different things," says Homburger. "He is a wonderful interpreter of Elgar, Strauss, Beethoven, Mozart, you name it." You can add Dvorak, Janacek, Berg, Schumann, Stravinsky, Tippett and more to that list.

"He doesn't go overboard with an interpretation that draws attention to himself over the music, but that doesn't mean he lacks a point of view," says von Rhein.

The classical music world still sometimes equates great depth with great manipulation of a work of art in the guise of interpretation. "British conductors have a tradition which is more objective," he says.

"It's also [partly why] the British conductors have never been taken, for the most part, as seriously," says Davis. "Take Colin Davis, for instance. Now he's the grand old man, but for years they just dismissed him.

"When you first start, you make a big splash. They all thought I was wonderful, then after a while there was a period where I couldn't do anything right. It was just awful. That was the '80s."

But Davis eventually began to trust his own abilities and skill. "There was a concert, I forget what it was now, that I thought, 'This is one of the best concerts I have ever done in my life.' I got a great review, but it started by saying, 'Contrary to what we have come to expect from Mr. Davis ...!' "

And so his reputation began to be rehabilitated. "When I went to the BBC, suddenly I became the greatest thing since sliced bread again. Everyone said how I brought a new standard and new life to the BBC Symphony Orchestra."

Pittsburgh Is A Fine Fit

"In general one of the things that interests me most about working with orchestras is an orchestra's sound," says Davis, as he picks up Lulu, who has returned to chew on a camera lens cap.

"The fact is, there are fewer differences in an orchestra's sonic personalities, so to speak, than there used to be. You used to be able to tell a French orchestra from the way it played. I am probably more interested than anything in stylistic issues. In other words, if you play Ravel, you have to find a sonority for it that is different, that has a sort of transparency and luminosity, a sexiness and lightness with the bow.

"I am very interested in texture and orchestral balance, whatever end of the dynamic spectrum you are talking about, whether it's really quiet or really loud. Just loud is not exciting. Temperamentally, I love clarity and I love balance."

Since in recent decades the PSO has not been beholden to a "sound," Davis feels that it "is interested in a lot of the same things I am -- I think that's promising."

Davis hopes he can replicate the level of trust he and the Lyric orchestra have developed.

He and the PSO "are still in a very early stage of our relationship. It takes a while with anybody. I am sure they will get to know me well enough and get used to the way I work, and they'll hopefully enjoy it. It's a terrific orchestra."

\* \* \*

ANDREW DAVIS' UPCOMING APPEARANCES WITH PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

\* Edward Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius." Michelle DeYoung, mezzo-soprano; Marcus Haddock, tenor; Alan Held, bass; Mendelssohn Choir. June 10 and 12.

\* "A Knight to Remember" gala concert. Dvorak Cello Concerto, Rossini "William Tell" Overture and works by Offenbach and Tchaikovsky. Yo-Yo Ma, cello. Sept. 10.

\* Dvorak, "Symphonic Variations," Higdon, Trombone Concerto, Richman, Oboe Concerto, Bernstein, Symphonic Dances from "West Side Story." Peter Sullivan, trombone; Cynthia Koledo De-Almeida, oboe. Feb. 16-18, 2006.

\*Higdon, Concerto for Orchestra, Mahler, "Das Lied von der Erde." Thomas Hampson, baritone; Clifton Forbis, tenor. April 7-8, 2006.

\* Vaughan Williams, "The Lark Ascending," Shostakovich, Symphony No. 9, Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 3, Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Emanuel Ax, piano. April 27-29, 2006.

\* Chopin, Piano Concerto No. 2, Brahms, Symphony No. 4. Lang Lang, piano. June 2-4, 2006.

All concerts at Heinz Hall, Downtown. 412-392-4900.

**Notes**

Post-Gazette classical music critic Andrew Druckenbrod can be reached at [*adruckenbrod@post-gazette.com*](mailto:adruckenbrod@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1750.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Sir Andrew Davis pauses for thought at his Chicago condominium, where he reflects on his life in music and what led him to his new post as artistic adviser with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

\ PHOTO: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Lulu, a playful beagle puppy, has the run of the lakefront condominium in Chicago that Andrew Davis, his wife, soprano Gianna Rolandi, and their son, Edward, 15, call home.

\ PHOTO: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Davis chats with soprano Jane Eaglen, who sang the part of Brunnhilde in "Siegfried," after a performance at the Lyric Opera of Chicago on April 7.

\ PHOTO: Dan Rest/Lyric Opera of Chicago: "I am sort of nice and jolly, and people sometimes take that as an indication that I am superficial, which I don't believe to be the case at all." -- Andrew Davis, left, with his wife, Gianna Rolandi

**Load-Date:** February 8, 2007

**End of Document**



[***KENSINGTON AVENUE HAS BECOME CROWDED WITH PROSTITUTES. / RESIDENTS ARE FURIOUS - AND THE COURTS HAVE BEEN LITTLE HELP. / HOOKERS FIND A HAVEN UNDER THE EL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B6D0-01K4-90X4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

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**Byline:** Suzette Parmley and Craig R. McCoy, INQUIRER STAFF WRITERS, Inquirer staff writer Clea Benson, graphic artist Matt Ericson and news, researcher Ed Voves contributed to this report.

**Body**

The El train rumbles past after midnight, shaking the rusty rails above desolate Kensington Avenue.

There are few people braving the chilly strip tonight - a couple of men casually sitting on the steps of the closed shops, a handful of young, thin women surveying the traffic, and Maria Diaz.

Diaz, 24, her short hair squeezed into a tight ponytail, two tiny hoops through her nose, is an old hand at this - "the life," she calls it.

A car suddenly pulls up beside her.

She approaches the front passenger window.

There is a brief exchange with the man behind the wheel and the deal is struck: $40 for oral sex.

Diaz gets into the car. They drive off.

"I try to get as much heroin as I can," she would say later, explaining why she works the streets.

Diaz is one of dozens of "girls" hustling under the El who have transformed a stretch of Kensington Avenue into the city's busiest red-light zone.

Prostitutes used to be drawn to the wealth and crowds of Center City. But with heightened police pressure downtown, the problem has migrated to the ***working-class*** neighborhoods of the lower Northeast, following Kensington Avenue through Harrowgate, Juniata Park, Frankford and Port Richmond.

Residents and their children now mingle with pimps, hookers and their clientele. A fierce police crackdown has brought no relief.

In 1996, police arrested 921 prostitutes, johns and pimps in the lower Northeast. Already this year, they have arrested 1,115. And still the hookers and customers keep coming - from across the Philadelphia region, from communities up and down the East Coast, from as far off as Illinois and Kansas.

There is even chatter about Kensington Avenue on the World Wide Web.

Numbers kept by the 21 police officers in the Citywide Vice Enforcement Unit show how dramatic the shift has been. Five years ago, the unit made 639 arrests in Center City. So far this year, it has made just 90 there.

For both sellers and buyers of sex, an arrest simply means a spin through the proverbial revolving door of the criminal justice system. It's rare for prostitutes to spend time in jail. For johns, threats of public embarrassment have proven empty.

Politicians have promised action. City Council passed a law to impound the cars of johns. Not one has been impounded. The Rendell administration declared five years ago that the law didn't give suspects a fair hearing, and thus was unenforceable. Neither Council nor Rendell has pushed to amend it.

Two years ago, Council voted to publish the names of johns in city newspapers. Since then, fewer than a dozen have been printed. Hundreds of other customers have ducked the measure by agreeing to take part in counseling sessions that eventually lead to a clearing of their records.

The police blame the courts and prosecutors. Prosecutors blame the courts. And the courts blame the prisons, saying there aren't enough cells.

All the while, a once-proud business strip corrodes. And residents fume.

"It ruins the neighborhood," said John Keller, 35, who lives near "the Avenue." "The drugs and people come in from other neighborhoods to pick up the hookers. People move because they don't want to see it."

"The frustration in the neighborhood is unbelievable," said Regina Farrell, president of Concerned Citizens of Harrowgate. "Crime attracts crime, and we need help."

Rosemary Sarnon, president of the Juniata Park Civic Association, finds some relief in sarcasm.

"If someone in a Mercedes is prowling the same neighborhood night after night," she asked police at a recent civic meeting, "can't you go and say to the driver, 'Are you lost? Can we be of assistance? I mean, you've been here for three days.' "

Just try telling these neighbors prostitution is a victimless crime.

\* For Merle Wiegel, attempting to rid the avenue of hookers carried a price: a face full of Mace.

Wiegel, 49, a homeowner on Kensington Avenue and the mother of three grown children, was patrolling in her car for Harrowgate Town Watch June 29 when three women got out of a van and sashayed down the street in tight-fitting outfits. One of the women leaned into Wiegel's car window and let loose a spray from a Mace canister.

While fellow Town Watch volunteers washed Wiegel's eyes clear of the burning spray, police slapped handcuffs on the woman.

Three times, Wiegel has shown up in court to testify against her alleged assailant - Kim Belton, 36, also known to police as Kim Johnson and Denise Murray. Each time, the case has been delayed on procedural grounds.

Over the last four years, Belton, of North Philadelphia, has been arrested six times on prostitution-related charges.

At one point in 1994, she was jailed for three weeks because she had repeatedly failed to appear for court hearings. In several of the cases, she pleaded guilty to obstructing the highway, a common charge in prostitution cases, paid fines ranging from $284 to $568, and was placed on probation.

Her lawyer, Michael Farrell, declined to comment on the cases.

Maria Diaz has been arrested a dozen times since 1994 on charges of prostitution, criminal solicitation, obstructing the highway and possession of a controlled substance. She pleaded guilty six times to the lesser charge of obstructing the highway.

Last December, after she was convicted of drug possession, Diaz was given a one- to two-year prison sentence. Because the city prisons were full and a federal court order requires treatment for addicts, she was sent to Somerset Project, a residential drug-rehab program in the 2900 block of Kensington Avenue, the heart of the hooker strip. Somerset officials said Diaz dropped out of the program three weeks ago.

"They pretty much know the system doesn't work or that nothing really serious is going to happen, so the problem just continues," said Lt. John Cerrone, head of the police vice squad.

Most people arrested on prostitution charges plea-bargain and are given, at most, a year's probation. Typically, the suspect pleads guilty to obstructing the highway, a summary offense, and the District Attorney's Office drops the prostitution charge - a misdemeanor punishable by up to a year in prison.

This approach "serves two purposes: one, it frees the prison bed, and two, it clears that case from the court docket," said Dianne Granlund, the city's deputy managing director for criminal justice population management.

What it doesn't do, say critics, is deter prostitution.

Emily Zimmerman, who represents the District Attorney's Office in prison litigation cases, said the problem is limited prison space, not a lack of will to prosecute prostitutes. The city's 5,600 jail cells are full.

"It's a reality of space constraints," Zimmerman said. "When it's between someone who just held a victim at gunpoint and someone obstructing the highway, a choice is made to ensure the more violent defendant shows up for court."

Attorney Farrell, who represents a number of women charged with prostitution-related offenses, said a trade-off often occurs in court.

"Instead of wasting the court's resources, I'll make sure my girls appear in court and pay the fines, as long as you give them a break and find them not guilty of the more serious offenses," Farrell said. "These women don't need to languish in jail. I help them navigate the system."

Councilman-at-large James F. Kenney, who sponsored the laws to impound johns' cars and publish their names, said the impoundment law had not been enforced because city officials feared lawsuits.

Deputy Mayor Kevin Feeley said the Rendell administration was trying to devise a way to ensure due process for suspected johns by holding hearings before confiscating their vehicles.

For Wiegel, the Town Watch member who was sprayed with Mace, the prostitution problem has come ever closer to home.

Last month, she obtained a protection order from a judge against Belton and others after she got anonymous threats that her home would be firebombed for interfering with business.

Wiegel keeps fighting, joining other Town Watch volunteers in patrolling the avenue several nights a week. "It's sad," Wiegel said. "I'd like to see the neighborhood built back up again. But everything is up for sale because of stuff like this. People feel powerless."

\* Once a thriving business strip, Kensington Avenue between Lehigh and Frankford Avenues has been in a tailspin for the last decade.

Gone are the furniture and crafts shops and major department store chains. The avenue is now lined with thrift shops, adult video stores and drug-rehab centers. A giant billboard advertises a phone number for "Heroin Detoxification."

With rival Aramingo Avenue crackling with fast-food restaurants and shopping strips, the number of stores on Kensington Avenue has shrunk and the vacancy rate has risen - to 30 percent. Squatters moved into the boarded-up properties. And into the void under the El have come the hookers.

To be sure, some people are fighting back. Neighborhood groups are trying to lure business back. And SEPTA is spending $11 million to redo the Allegheny El station at the corner of Kensington and Allegheny Avenues.

"We've made efforts to clean the avenue," said Kenneth Ruch, president of the Kensington and Allegheny Business Association. "We bought a giant sidewalk vacuum cleaner to pick up the trash up and down the strip."

Rendell said the city would steer money from a new, federal $4.9 million "Quality of Life" grant into the area to help step up the attack on prostitution.

But the avenue has a deep hole to climb out of.

"That whole corridor has just fallen apart," said Councilman Frank DiCicco, whose district includes Kensington Avenue and who is leading a planned protest march along the strip tonight. "Prostitution is just another way of supporting a drug habit. We know what it is, where it is; I don't know why we're not doing more about it."

Police Capt. David Jardine, the amiable commander of the 24th District, which includes Kensington, said his officers were doing their best.

"We're just going to continue to lock them up, folks," Jardine told Sarnon, the Juniata Park civic leader, and other neighborhood residents, many senior citizens, at a recent meeting. "And we hope we can just convince them to go somewhere else."

Then they would become some other neighborhood's problem.

\* It is 7:30 a.m. on a recent Wednesday. Men in passing cars honk and wave at the 28-year-old blonde sitting listlessly beneath an adult video store sign at 2837 Kensington Ave. - the same spot she's occupied every day for nine years.

School children with book bags strapped to their backs hurry past to catch the El to school. The sight of prostitutes on the strip at all hours of the day has become so common that few of the kids stare at the gaunt woman sipping from a carton of chocolate milk.

"If they don't like it, too bad," said the woman, a native of Kensington. "Prostitution will eventually go away when the law pushes it away. But for now, the cops will get in our face and shoo us to go away, but we just keep coming back."

It's a tough way to make a dollar.

"I'm scared every day," said Maria Diaz, who goes by an alias - Sandra Franco - on the street. "People drive up and down here yelling obscenities. Sometimes they throw bottles. You never know what you're getting into."

At 24, Diaz is younger than most female hookers in Philadelphia - the average age, according to police arrest figures, is 32. About 5 percent are from outside the city.

The male hustlers are younger: 26 is the most common age. Lt. Cerrone explains: "That's what sells. The boyish look."

Of the 414 johns arrested last year, the typical age was also 26. The youngest, 16; the oldest, 65. About 15 percent were from outside Philadelphia.

Most of the prostitutes work for pimps, who sit on the steps of the buildings along the avenue watching their "girls," or walk behind them a short distance up and down the strip.

Diaz works without a pimp; she says she likes her independence.

On a good day, Diaz makes as much as $600, with every dollar going toward drugs. Her specialty is oral sex. She will bargain as low as $15 and as high as $70, depending on the competition.

The strip is busiest on Thursday and Friday nights. Saturday is relatively quiet. "Date night," Cerrone calls it, the night men go out with wives and girlfriends.

"It's hard, but there's no other way I can get drugs," Diaz says. "I don't steal. I don't rob people. This is all for the drugs."

But, Diaz says, it probably won't be drugs that will destroy her - AIDS will probably get her first. She tested HIV positive three years ago, she says.

Because of that, Diaz says, she won't have full sex with a customer and she always uses a condom. She tells most of her johns she has the disease, she says.

"I tell them, because I don't feel right having sex with them knowing I have this disease and I'd be infecting them," she says. "Most of them are married."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

One morning this week, Regina Farrell (right), president of Concerned Citizens of Harrowgate, spoke to a woman on the avenue. "The frustration in the neighborhood is unbelievable," she said. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ERIC MENCHER)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Still coming of age;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4WM0-002B-H08N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Twins hope lefty axiom is true, and the best lies ahead for Smiley***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4WM0-002B-H08N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Byline:** Steve Aschburner; Staff Writer

**Body**

The numbers are ugly, no matter how much you squint or dim the lights: Two starts, 7 2/3 innings pitched, six hits, six walks, eight earned runs allowed, an 0-1 record and a 9.39 ERA.

There is, however, one statistic in John Smiley's favor this spring. So before impatient fans start worrying that the trade that brought Smiley here from Pittsburgh is Tom Herr-revisited - another Pennsylvania native obtained from a defending National League East champion on the heels of a Twins' World Series title - they need to remember one thing: Smiley turned 27 only 33 days ago.

So what? Well, for lefthanded pitchers, it seems to matter. One of baseball's oldest axioms says lefthanders develop at a later age than righthanders. That Smiley, at the tender age of 26, went 20-8 with a 3.08 ERA last season for the Pirates suggests that the Twins might still realize something of value in exchange for pitcher Denny Neagle and outfield prospect Midre Cummings.

"Earl Weaver always said lefties mature later," said Ray Miller, who was Smiley's pitching coach in Pittsburgh. "If you have a lefthander who has accomplished a lot before he's 28, you've got yourself something. I'm sure if you check all the premier lefthanders, you'd find that they struggled early and then came on between 28 and 35."

Sure enough, Sandy Koufax did not win 20 games in a season until he was 27, going 25-5, 1.88 for the Dodgers in 1963. Lefty Grove was 27, too, when he had the first of his eight 20-victory seasons in 1927 (20-12, 3.19). Warren Spahn was 26 when he went 21-10, 2.33 with the Boston Braves in 1947, then won 334 more games.

Jim Kaat was 27 when he went 25-13, 2.75 for the Twins in 1966. When Frank Viola won the 1988 AL Cy Young Award with a 24-7, 2.64 season, he was 28. Steve Carlton was 27 when he went 27-10, 1.97 for Philadelphia in 1972. He was three games under .500 the next three seasons (44-47) before going 20-7, 3.13 in 1976. Then he averaged 19.6 victories in seven seasons between ages 31 and 37. Granted, Whitey Ford had a 80-28 record before his 28th birthday. But his two best seasons - 25-4 in 1961 and 24-7 in 1963 - came in his mid-30s.

In other words, there even might be hope for David West (who turns 28 in September).

"Most lefthanders were pretty hard throwers with big curveballs, and the big thing was a lack of control," Kaat said. "They always seemed to have more movement than righthanders. It might take a guy like Koufax four or five years to find his control, so people said lefthanders matured later."

Kaat said that Smiley and some other current lefthanders might be ahead of schedule by virtue of their pitch selection. "Now you're seeing guys like (Atlanta's) Steve Avery and Tom Glavine and Smiley who rely on their fastball and changeup," Kaat said. "They have better control, so the axiom goes out the window."

All that's left now is for Smiley to show it as a Twin. He will get another chance in Chicago this afternoon, when he faces the White Sox at Comiskey Park. The defense committed five errors in his AL debut against Milwaukee two weeks ago, and he unraveled in a flurry of walks and stolen bases by the Brewers at the Metrodome on Tuesday. Neither Kaat nor pitching coach Dick Such, though, sound worried.

"John looks like the kind of guy who, once he gets a win, could reel off seven or eight in a row," Kaat said. "Just by watching how he operates, he's impressive to me. Fastball, change, backs guys off the plate. I wouldn't have any doubts about his ability to have a good year. He's one of those guys like Ray Miller used to preach about: Work fast, throw strikes, change speeds."

Said Such: "It took him the better part of the spring to get adjusted to the trade. But I think he's ready to go to work."

Smiley should know a little bit about work. The youngest of five children and the only boy, he grew up in a ***working-class*** family in Trappe, Pa., about 25 miles northwest of Philadelphia. His father, John, was a maintenance man and his mother, Agnes, was a waitress when Smiley was growing up. Because his sisters were grown by the time he was a sophomore in high school, he and his father became especially close. The elder Smiley reveled in his son's athletic achievements.

"John's dad always was around but never interfered," said Rick Moatz, Smiley's baseball coach at Perkiomen Valley High. "That's a real nice balance to have. People warned me, 'Watch out for this guy.' But he even asked me if I minded having him stop at practice."

Smiley's father became a secondary coach and a primary critic. Mr. Smiley would stand near the bench, listen to Moatz, then holler the same things out to his son on the mound. After John pitched a perfect game and struck out 12 one afternoon, his father sat him down and talked for a half-hour about things he could have done better.

Smiley was the quarterback of Perkiomen Valley's football team and a member of the basketball squad. But baseball came first. "Most of the time, I used him as a DH or first baseman, then brought him in as our stopper," Moatz said. "From the time he was a sophomore, he was one of the fiercest competitors I'd ever seen. Whenever a game was tight, you could tell he wanted to be in there. . . . He had that knack of knowing when he had a guy set up and what he had to do to bury him."

Smiley led Perkiomen Valley to a second-place conference finish when he was a sophomore. The next year, the team tied for the league championship.

But as a senior in 1983, a social life of beer, girls and trips to the beach in Ocean City, N.J., caught up with him; he was suspended for breaking a team rule and did not play baseball.

"The attraction (to scouts) would have been phenomenal had he kept playing," Moatz said. "It chased some people away."

Smiley played for Moatz in a sandlot league that spring, attended a tryout camp in West Chester, Pa., and was drafted by Pittsburgh in the 12th round. He was sent to the Pirates' rookie team in Bradenton, Fla., where he went 3-4, 5.92 in 12 starts and got in fights with several Latin players. His next two seasons were just as rough: 5-11, 3.95 at Class A Macon in 1984 and a combined 5-10, 4.85 splitting the 1985 season between Macon and Class A Prince William.

That winter, no longer considered a hot prospect in the Pittsburgh organization, Smiley worked out with weights, took karate lessons and did some construction work. The result? Almost by accident, his fastball jumped from the mid-80s to the low 90s. He began the 1986 season in the bullpen at Prince William, striking out 93 batters in 90 innings and saving 14 games. Called up by Pittsburgh that September, he gave up four hits and struck out nine in 11 2/3 innings.

Reality returned in 1987, however. Then 22, Smiley struggled to a 5-5, 5.76 record, giving up 69 hits and 50 walks in 75 innings. Several members of the team's front office, including general manager Syd Thrift and manager Jim Leyland, worried that the rough outings might damage him. But Miller, who had joined the Pirates after getting fired as Twins manager in 1986, disagreed.

"I never saw it hurt him," Miller told the Pittsburgh Press. "He had some tough losses, but he hung in there."

A turning point came late that summer when Smiley faced Jack Clark in a game against St. Louis. It was a showdown between a fastball pitcher and one of the game's most dangerous fastball hitters. Smiley struck him out.

Still, Smiley needed another pitch to stick in the majors. He and Miller started to work on a changeup, and it clicked. "The maturation of John Smiley began right there," Miller said. "For the first time in his life, he could deceive someone as well as throw the ball right by them."

Bob Kipper, a former Pirates pitcher who signed with the Twins as a free agent last winter, joined Miller and Smiley at the instructional league.

"John's fastball was his bread and butter, and every hitter knew it," Kipper said. "The changeup made him a totally different pitcher."

Such said Smiley's changeup now compares favorably to Viola's. It gave him an extra weapon - although it compounds his weakness at holding runners on base - and it gave him extra confidence. The final piece of the puzzle for Smiley was emotional maturity, a process that is continuing.

In 1988, Smiley moved into the rotation and, in the next two seasons, was a combined 25-19 for a Pittsburgh team that finished four games under .500. In 1990, however, Smiley sustained a broken left hand when he slammed it in the door of a taxi late one night in Atlanta. He finished the year at 9-10, 4.64.

The next spring, Leyland said: "We know what John Smiley can do, but we just can't keep waiting for him to do it."

Last season, the Pirates' patience paid off. Smiley was one of two 20-game winners in the NL (Glavine was the other). He was 8-1 through May, won only five of his next 12 starts, then closed with seven straight victories. He shook some hometown jitters, getting the first two victories of his career at Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium.

He also started to keep his emotions in check, learning from Pirates veterans such as Bob Walk and Doug Drabek. No more fuming at umpires, stomping around the mound.

"He's learned to keep his poise now," Leyland told the Pittsburgh Press. "It took awhile to get through to him, but it's been proven to him that he gets better results when he keeps his cool. In the past, bad things would happen."

Smiley still can be sulky. For example, he declined several interview requests for this story. Such said, however, that a certain amount of moodiness actually can work to a player's advantage. Within reason.

"He's quiet, and he's got some nastiness in him, but it's a good thing," Such said. "He comes in between innings after he's made a bad pitch, goes up in the tunnel and expresses himself, and then he goes back to work. It's evident that he's got a lot of competitor in him.

"Jack (Morris) would do it out there in front of everybody, and the opponents would sometimes think they were rattling him. Smiley does it down here (in the dugout), then he puts his game face back on."

It hasn't been an easy few months for Smiley. There was his collapse in the NL playoffs last October when he lost twice to Atlanta, failing even to last an inning in Game 7. Pitching with a sore elbow, he wound up 0-2 with a 23.63 ERA in the two most important starts of his life.

Smiley, who is single, stayed up for hours that night, drinking Mooseheads and talking with his father. It was an ugly end to what had been a terrific season, and it bothered Smiley deep into the offseason.

"It's sad that a couple of games like that are magnified," Kipper said. "If nothing else, maybe you learn from those situations."

Then there was the trade this spring, a move almost certainly driven by economics - the Pirates didn't want to pay his $ 3.4 million salary this year and lose him to free agency - but still unsettling. After all, Smiley grew up in that state and was building a home there.

"Not too many things rattle him, but that is one thing that did," said Moatz, his former coach. "John's gone through a lot, but I'm sure he'll be able to bounce back."

Said Kipper: "It was a shock to him. But after he's been here awhile and seen that it's a good situation, a good organization just coming off winning the World Series, he'll adjust well."

The Twins think so, too. They are waiting.

The Smiley file

Born/ March 17, 1965, at Phoenixville, Pa.

Height/ 6-4 - Weight/ 200 - Throws/ L

How acquired/ Traded by Pittsburgh for pitcher Denny Neagle and outfielder Midre Cummings on March 17.

Pittsburgh

Year W-L ERA IP H SO

1986 1-0 3.86 11 2/3 4 9

1987 5-5 5.76 75 69 58

1988 13-11 3.25 205 185 129

1989 12-8 2.81 205 1/3 174 123

1990 9-10 4.64 149 1/3 161 86

1991 20-8 3.08 207 1/3 194 129

Totals 60-42 3.57 854 787 534

Twins

1992 0-1 9.39 7 2/3 6 3

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart

**Load-Date:** April 20, 1992

**End of Document**



[***The baby-boom White House***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SKN-0HM0-005H-J0TM-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 17, 1992, Friday

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**Section:** Pg. 5; Cover Story

**Length:** 2098 words

**Byline:** Jeff Greenfield

**Body**

EVERY PICTURE tells a story: In June, Bill Clinton, the Democratic presidential hopeful, wailed Heartbreak Hotel on a tenor saxophone on Arsenio Hall's show.

In July in Madison Square Garden, he and Al Gore waved to the crowd as music from the consummate '70s rock group, Fleetwood Mac, blared: ''Don't stop thinking about tomorrow. … Yesterday's gone; yesterday's gone.''

And on election night in Little Rock, Clinton and Gore acknowledged each other not with a handshake, but an emotional embrace.

What do these images have in common? Simple: They are impossible to envision, or even imagine, with the politicians of an earlier era. More than any set of policy views or political beliefs, they remind us that, in electing 46-year- old Bill Clinton a 44-year-old Al Gore, America has put the baby-boom generation squarely in charge of our nation's affairs.

Whether this is a cause for celebration or concern remains to be seen. But the dramatic nature of the change - the defeat of a 68-year-old president by a ticket young enough to be his sons - is clear.

The new president is nearly 23 years younger than the outgoing president, the biggest age difference by far since Dwight Eisenhower gave way to John Kennedy 32 years ago.

George Bush served as the youngest naval aviator in World War II. He was the 10th consecutive president with a direct connection to the ''last good war.'' Neither Clinton nor Gore had been born when World War II ended. Both came of age during the Vietnam War, the most divisive conflict since the Civil War.

The new president is the first to have grown up as a child of rock 'n' roll and TV, the cultural twin towers of the baby-boom generation. When Clinton was asked to name his favorite Beatle and replied ''Paul,'' he knew he was telling his contemporaries volumes about the way he had grown up (favorite of his elders; rarely, if ever, in trouble). Asked his opinion of ''heavy metal,'' he said bluntly: ''I didn't like it when (Jimi Hendrix started it. I don't like it now, and I haven't liked it in between.'' Imagine asking Bush, or Ronald Reagan, or Walter Mondale, or Michael Dukakis for an opinion of heavy metal. They might answer with a ringing endorsement of America's industrial base. To measure the chasm between Clinton and his predecessors even more dramatically, he and Gore both are younger than Paul, George and Ringo, Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan.

A cautionary note is in order - maybe a whole cautionary fugue. Clinton did not run as a baby boomer. It was Bob Kerrey, the Democratic senator from Nebraska, who hit the generational theme heavily, and unsuccessfully, during his brief White House run. It was running mate Gore who said: ''This is more than a change of leaders. It's a change of generations.'' Clinton understood well that, if you ask for leadership on behalf of one generation, you risk alienating others. In fact, Clinton ran better among senior citizens, and among 18- to 29-year-olds, than among boomers.

More important, the temptation to draw sweeping political messages from the relative youth of the new president is fraught with danger. We are talking, after all, about a group of some 77 million Americans born between 1946 and 1964 who have sharply different experiences and beliefs. (The Times-Mirror Center for the People and the Press tells us, for example, that boomers over 35 are heavily Democratic, while those who came of age in the time of Jimmy Carter or Reagan are more Republican.)

For John Kennedy's generation, there was one almost universally shared experience: participation in World War II, and a sense that by 1960 they had earned the right to lead (though it's widely forgotten, JFK's opponent, Richard Nixon, was himself only 47). One obvious, and oversimplified, image of boomers is that they all are children of affluence, shielded from any sense of privation, sacrifice or testing.

Thus Reagan-Bush speechwriter Peggy Noonan could draw an unfavorable contrast between boomers and their parents by saying: ''Kennedy's generation was not shocked to be governing at 43. They had already been men for 20 years.'' Thus a younger critic, Ben MacIntyre, could write: ''From where I am standing, the Sixties was an era of bad music, worse clothes, self-obsession, too much facial hair and not enough soap.'' In fact, baby boomers were on both sides of the political and cultural barricades during the fractious time of the late 1960s and early 1970s. A few million boomers did indeed risk their lives in Vietnam - Al Gore saw men die in front of him during his stint as an Army journalist - while millions of others protested the war and millions more evaded it, including the new president of the United States.

In 1968, when demonstrators and police battled in Chicago at the Democratic convention, The New York Times' Tom Wicker wrote: ''These were our children, and the police beat them up.'' But some of the police were ''our children,'' too. In 1970, anti-war protesters - mostly young - were attacked in downtown Manhattan by club-wielding construction workers - mostly young.

And most boomers, far from being the children of easy affluence, are those hit most heavily by the flattening of wages and living standards. One of our shrewdest cultural observers, the University of Massachusetts' Ralph Whitehead, says: ''The typical baby boomer isn't a character on thirtysomething. It's Roseanne.'' The principal boomer preoccupation is not the state of the wine cellar, but money for the kids' sneakers.

What, then, to make of the fascination with the first baby-boomer president? Was it simply that the dramatic age difference of the candidates seemed to symbolize something important? It is symbolic - but it is more than that. Without question, somhing happened when Bill Clinton chose Gore as his running mate, and the two stood on the lawn of the governor's mansion in Little Rock. Mandy Grunwald, one of the campaign's key media strategists, says candidly that ''we had no idea of how powerful the message was of the two of them standing together. It knocked us flat.'' But hopes for change are easily dampened by a bad economy, or scandal, or a foreign policy misstep that puts American interests or lives at risk.

The more promising possibilities lie in what genuinely does unite almost everyone who is part of the baby-boom generation.

First is what we might call ''cultural populism.'' This generation made its own music, its own clothes, its own way of receiving information the dominant forms across the nation - indeed, around the world. What characterizes this ''populism'' is an impatience with formality and with ''top-down'' information, and a quick willingness to dismiss conventions.

Thus, Clinton and Gore campaigned immediately after the convention in buses - the most plebian of transportation modes - to reach communities that had not been visited by a presidential candidate in decades. And on his first visit to Washington after the election Clinton toured a ***working-class*** black neighborhood wearing a wireless microphone - so his conversations could be overheard by the press without requiring a convoy of cameras to accompany him, effectively cutting him off from the people he was trying to see.

Without question, this ''populism'' will be a defining characteristic of Clinton's presidency. Without exaggeration, the whole postwar era was a time of loosened structures, a far more ''laid-back'' approach to everything from sex to education. Judging by everything we have seen so far, Clinton has absorbed an essential theme of his youth: to distrust hierarchies, to shun bureaucracies, to learn in a far more ''hands-on'' manner. If George Bush was the classic corporate model of president, with telephone calls and briefing books his tools, Clinton will be restless, visiting not just the departments of government, but the Veterans Administration hospitals, job-training centers, military bases, factories - not simply as photo opportunities, but because that is the way he has learned to learn.

Second, there will be a much higher ''comfort level'' with matters that other generations have felt unsuitable for public discussion. For example, both Robert Kennedy and George Bush usually dismissed questions about their psychological states by refusing to be ''put on the couch.'' Clinton, by contrast, grew up in a time when a visit to a psychologist was no more shameful than a visit to an internist. He and his mother both have talked about the impact of growing up in a home with an alcoholic, sometimes abusive stepfather. Bill and Hillary Clinton's first real national exposure came on 60 Minutes right after the Super Bowl - when they dealt with Gennifer Flowers' charges of adultery.

Such candor is dangerous political material. There is a fine line between openness and self-absorption, the substituting of caring words for good policy. We are not looking for a president to speak with us as if he were addressing our need for a 12-step economic recovery program, or day care for the inner child. But we might expect, for example, a readiness to acknowledge mistakes that older generations of politicians would have found unthinkable. (''No, there's no inconsistency at all - if you'll remember what my amendment really provided ...'')

One of the most dramatic influences of his generation on Clinton is likely to be the role of women in his administration. If modern-day feminism was born at the end of the 1960s, then Clinton has spent his entire adult life in the midst of that movement. It is impossible to measure how big a change this is from past political leaders, who almost never had a woman in a genuinely powerful decision-making role - not FDR, not JFK, not LBJ, not Reagan, not Bush.

Clinton, by contrast, has been part of a marriage in which his wife earned three or four times his income almost every year; in fact, the presidency will be the first job Bill Clinton ever has held in which he'll make more than Hillary. Beyond this intructive factor, Clinton is of a generation that simply does not find it unusual to have a woman in an authority role. In this sense, it is the same experience that a generation of writers, lawyers, doctors, insurance agents and teachers have experienced.

The idea that women in decision-making roles will change the nature of those decisions may be debatable. But there is no doubt at all that, when Clinton makes a key decision, there will be women in the room; not only that, but it will not seem the least bit remarkable.

Of all the questions awaiting answers, none is more intriguing, and more troublesome, than the question of patience: Can a generation raised on instant gratification make the decisions that may require years of effort in order to see results?

The question is framed best by an old New Yorker cartoon, in which a father, changing a tire on a rainy day, says to his children: ''Don't you understand? This is real life. We can't change the channel.'' For baby boomers, experience has moved at a breathless pace: TV instead of books; sex now, not after marriage; sensation now, at the flick of a remote control; marital problems solved with a quickie divorce. This has not impressed the wider community as the best nurturing for a generation about to assume power.

In fact, a recent Washington Post survey showed that Americans as a whole regard the baby boomers as ''more selfish, more materialistic, less patriotic, less family-oriented than the present generation.'' Only in racial tolerance did the boomers rate high marks.

Can the boomers convince their own generation, much less the country, that some sacrifice is needed in the interest of a long-term solution to America's economic woes? Can a president who himself did not serve in time of national risk demand risk of others? Can a generation that largely avoided physical risk in war demonstrate political courage in time of national need? We are in uncharted terrain. After all, Bush risked his life at 18 but rarely showed strong political conviction. And do Clinton's forays into the ghetto to deliver food and medicine during the 1968 riots say nothing about his courage?

What we do know is that boomers constitute the largest, most discussed, most self-conscious generation this country ever has produced. They have moved through America, ''like a pig moving through a python,'' shaping every institution with unparalleled force. Now they are running the government. Whether better or worse than their forebears, they will be different. Yesterday's gone.

**Notes**

PERSPECTIVES; A political analyst foresees the first rock 'n' roll president as a restless, hands-on leader; Greenfield is a political analyst for ABC News and a syndicated columnist.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, b/w, Les Stone, Sygma; PHOTO, b/w, UPI, Bettmann; PHOTO, b/w

CUTLINE: The joyous embrace of Bill Clinton and Al Gore on election night was a powerful symbol of a new, unconventional style - a major contrast from the formality of previous generations. CUTLINE: Bill Clinton has absorbed an essential theme of '60s protests: to distrust hierarchies, to shun bureaucracies, to learn in a far more 'hands- on' manner.

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[***NATION GEARS FOR SHIFT OF POWER AS CLINTON EXITS, HIS LEGACY IS UNRESOLVED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44B7-G7M0-0190-X2JD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Back in 1992, when Bill Clinton was striving to catapult himself from Little Rock to the White House, the press corps dubbed him "Elvis," a testament to his Southern-boy charisma and roguish charm.

Now, Elvis is leaving the building, after making some of the wildest music in political history, and it's a cinch bet that his performance will be dissected and debated for generations.

He currently is staging a succession of encores - congratulating himself, in interviews and speeches, for the nation's general economic health while taking a few last swipes at the Republicans - but this final burst of activity isn't likely to stem the inevitable flood of mixed reviews.

The sunniest consensus, at this early juncture, is that Clinton will be remembered for presiding over good economic times, establishing free trade as a pillar of foreign policy in the post-Cold War world, and demonstrating - in his strategically brilliant defeat of the conservative Gingrich revolution - that the federal government still has a role to play in bettering American lives.

Yet he fumbled his reform agenda. He talked a lot about saving Social Security, overhauling health care, reforming the costly Medicare program, and driving "big money" out of politics yet couldn't walk the walk.

His priorities were always in flux, at times because he lacked the discipline, at times because he was consumed by problems of his own making. In the words of former aide David Gergen, he lacked "an inner compass. He had 360-degree vision but no true north."

Fred Greenstein, a political analyst at Princeton University and the author of eight books on the presidency, said recently, in remarks echoed by other historians: "Bill Clinton was a gifted underachiever. He's one of the smartest people we've had in the Oval Office, a person of great talent, but he's also a great example of how talent can be subverted by emotional flaws.

"Anyone with even an IQ approaching 100 would know that embarking on a relationship with an intern would produce flak on the presidency. It really boggles the mind, what he did. . . . To some extent, I think Clinton will always have an enduring place in the tabloids at the supermarket checkout lines."

Douglas Brinkley, a historian and presidential biographer, said: "This is a sound-bite culture. JFK is known for saying, 'Ask not what your country can do for you. . . .' Ronald Reagan said, 'Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall.' With Clinton, it's going to be that finger-wagging video: 'I did not have sex with that woman.'

"A president wants to be remembered as a good role model, and the fact is mothers will never tell their children to grow up and be like Bill Clinton."

Yet America has flourished on Clinton's watch. Median household income has hit a record high, the jobless rate is at its lowest ebb in three decades, and the federal budget deficit of 1992 - $290 billion - has been replaced by a surplus.

The violent-crime rate has plummeted, the teenage-pregnancy rate has dropped, and the number of people dependent on welfare has steadily waned. African American poverty rates are the lowest in recorded history.

Clinton's defenders don't argue that he deserves all the credit for these upbeat indicators, but they insist that he is entitled to a share.

"Historians aren't going to occupy themselves with the Monica Lewinsky sideshow," said Will Marshall, one of the moderate "New Democratic" activists who has helped Clinton steer the party to the center. "They're going to want to look at the main event - the long economic boom, the globalization of trade, the social improvements, all of which were aided and abetted by Clinton's leadership."

All told, the problem with assessing Clinton stems from the fact that there are so many Clintons to assess. He dominated the political culture in the final decade of the century but was burdened by paradox. He was the Great Empathizer yet at times was self-absorbed. He demonized his Republican opponents yet freely stole their best ideas. He preached tolerance toward gays as a matter of principle, yet, as a matter of politics, signed the law banning gay marriage and boasted about it in ads that he purchased on Christian radio.

He lauded the importance of doing the right thing, regardless of whether it was popular - indeed, he defended Kosovo by bombing the Serbs despite opposition from the U.S. foreign-policy establishment - yet was obsessed with polls to the point where he once took a camping trip because his pollster told him that that swing voters go camping.

He was at one time a constitutional-law professor and at the outset of his presidency promised "the most ethical administration in history." Yet, after becoming the first elected president to be impeached, he also became the first to be rebuked and fined by a federal judge for giving "false, misleading and evasive answers . . . designed to obstruct the judicial process."

But Clinton was more than the mere sum of his contradictions. Most historians agree that he was also a canny political tactician with a sharp instinct for the middle ground - and that he used this talent to chart a course between programmatic Democratic liberalism and Gingrich Republican conservatism.

In 1996, he declared that "the era of big government is over." What he really meant was that the era of big new programs was over.

What he envisioned was a leaner, activist government, one dedicated to bettering people's lives with the help of small, incremental policies - tax credits for ***working-class*** families with children in college, money for elementary-school reading and 100,000 new police officers, a guaranteed two weeks of unpaid leave for workers with new children or family medical emergencies.

"Every president is a prisoner of his historical context," said Michael Kazin, a historian who specializes in the liberal movement. "Every president has to deal with the circumstances that he finds. Liberalism hasn't gotten its good name back, but Clinton has revived the notion that government can do some good things. He has put a benevolent face back on the government."

And even though he declined to spend lavishly on programs for the underclass, he forged strong emotional ties to black and Latino voters. He defended affirmative action and public education from Republican attack, put more blacks in his cabinet than any predecessor, and was generally viewed in the black community as an honorary brother, someone who could recite Martin Luther King speeches from memory.

Nevertheless, many liberals are scathing in their assessment because of his failure to rehabilitate the Democratic Party along traditional lines. They complain that he governed like a moderate Republican - balancing the budget as a sop to Wall Street, building more prisons, expanding the federal death penalty, paying down the federal debt as a top priority, completing work on the North American Free Trade Agreement (which was mainly written by the first Bush administration), and signing a landmark Republican bill ending welfare entitlements.

But, Kazin said, "even though it's important for people on the left to talk about what they'd like to see happen, it's unrealistic to expect that Clinton would have done more and spent more, given the political circumstances and the attitudes that most Americans bring to the booth when they vote."

Added Marshall: "One of Clinton's strongest accomplishments was to restore fiscal discipline, to revive the Democrats' reputation for sound fiscal management. It has become a party that people can trust again."

Still, it is a sign of his embattled status that he is garnering few raves for his economic stewardship. In recent interviews, he has claimed that his 1993 plan to reduce the budget deficit by raising taxes on the affluent and lowering spending was a seminal event that pleased Wall Street and kicked off the prosperity era. Analysts, however, generally view him as a rooster seeking credit for the dawn.

"All presidents are going to exaggerate their accomplishments," said Bert Rockman, a University of Pittsburgh historian and coauthor of The Clinton Legacy.

"Clinton did make relatively sensible judgments that were good for investors, but a president affects the economy only within narrow margins. There were a lot of other actors involved, such as Alan Greenspan, and there were a lot of underlying fundamentals affecting the '90s economy, starting with the computer revolution."

"Clinton was enormously lucky," said Larry Sabato, a Virginia political analyst who has tracked Clinton's record since his days as governor of Arkansas. "He sat there during a period of enormous prosperity, which he didn't have that much to do with. The economy was already recovering from recession when his '93 budget law passed.

"At the same time, he didn't take any actions that would have screwed up the prosperity. That's the way Dwight Eisenhower behaved during the '50s boom. Sometimes restraint is the best kind of presidential policy, and I give Clinton credit for that - letting the economy do what it was going to do anyway in an age of technological advancement."

Certainly, the boom made it easier for welfare recipients to find work after the enactment of welfare reform in 1996. Liberals aside, most observers laud that law as one of Clinton's top achievements - though it was written by the Republicans and he signed it only after a hard sell by pollster Dick Morris.

Clinton did, however, keep his promise to modify some of the GOP's more draconian provisions in the law, notably language that would have curbed welfare benefits to many immigrants.

All told, welfare reform may be remembered as a big-ticket Clinton success. But there were few others of equal magnitude.

"His era was a time of lost opportunity," said Brian Lunde, a former Clinton strategist in Arkansas and former executive director of the Democratic National Committee. "Here was a chance for a Democratic president to reform health care, Medicare, Social Security - the kind of reforms that no Republican would be able to do - but, although Clinton was constantly in motion, he didn't make bold efforts."

Actually, he did make one bold effort. The '94 push for universal health care, a last burst of big-government liberalism devised behind closed doors by Hillary Rodham Clinton, bombed badly and emboldened the GOP.

As Marshall recalled, "it was flawed in design. It leaned way too much toward government control and not enough toward choice and competition. And it was produced in a manner calculated to provoke maximum distrust."

Since Clinton became president, the number of uninsured Americans has risen from 37 million to 42 million.

Politically, he survived the health-care debacle by tacking to the right after the '94 congressional election. But his plans to reform Social Security and Medicare essentially died during the impeachment battle.

And that's why so many analysts remain upset about his behavior during the Lewinsky affair: They tend to view his escapades not as a private matter but as behavior that fouled the political climate and impeded progress on the people's business.

"Starting in 1997, there were quiet and productive talks between the White House and Congress on Medicare and Social Security reform," said George Edwards, who directs the Center for Presidential Studies at Texas A&M University. "There was a bipartisan Medicare reform bill that could have moved in 1999 if Clinton had fought for it. But impeachment just blew everything to hell. The atmosphere was poisoned. Opponents became enemies."

Clinton had weakened his own hand. Liberal Democrats in the House and Senate had saved him from impeachment, and he owed them, so he could ill afford to offend them by pushing for entitlement reform.

"He wanted to be the great modernizer," Marshall said, "and he was making a serious effort to lay the groundwork for structural reform. He started down that path. Then he stopped."

Added Rockman: "Monica was important in the sense that the scandal distracted Clinton for over a year. It prevented him from doing much of anything. It was like the last days of Richard Nixon, except that it lasted a lot longer."

And, despite promises in the 1992 campaign, Clinton never pushed for campaign-finance reform. Even when the Democrats controlled Congress in '93 and '94, he held back - because those incumbents preferred the status quo and he chose not to antagonize them.

Then, freed from the reform obligation, he embarked on the excesses of the '96 campaign, funneling record amounts of special-interest "soft" money through the Democratic National Committee.

"Remember, the most prolific fund-raiser in the history of politics is William Jefferson Clinton," said Larry Makinson, who directs the nonpartisan Center for Responsive Politics, a Washington watchdog group. "The last thing he was going to do is cut off his own arm.

"He knew he had to talk about reform, but he didn't take it seriously. And now the perfect coda is his appointment of [top fund-raiser] Terry McAuliffe to run the DNC. Democrats talk the reform talk, but they don't walk the walk."

Lunde, the former DNC director, backed George W. Bush in the election because of disenchantment with the Clinton-Gore regime. The other day, he said Clinton's policy failings and personality flaws were ultimately inseparable.

"In the end, his whole presidency was really about him and his needs," Lunde said. "This was about a president seeking hollow victories that would ensure his political survival. 'Putting people first' [his 1992 slogan] has really been about putting Bill first. To me, that's a tragedy."

Some historians argue that Clinton's mettle wasn't truly tested since he never faced a sustained life-or-death crisis akin to the Depression or World War II. He himself has endorsed the notion.

"He'll be known as the amiable rake," Brinkley predicted. "And I doubt that people will queue up at the Little Rock presidential library to see the NAFTA documents under glass."

Greenstein, on the other hand, isn't convinced that Clinton in a crisis would have fared any better.

"Would he have risen to the kind of challenges that FDR faced," he wondered, "or would he have called in someone like Dick Morris to conduct a poll on what American policy should be after Munich? It's an open question."

Historians agree that Clinton is best assessed in the context of his times - as the Great Empathizer in a celebrity-obsessed culture, as a spin master who deepened public disillusion toward politics, as the economic steward savvy enough to let the good times roll, as a poll-driven pol who expertly mirrored prevailing public sentiment, as the ultimate survivor in America's roughest contact sport. With him, almost any interpretation is fair game.

But Greenstein, for one, doubts that Clinton will cast a giant shadow over the George W. Bush era or that his assaults on the dignity of the office will do lasting damage.

Citing the late Democratic lawyer-fixer, Greenstein said: "Clark Clifford once said that the presidency is a chameleon that takes on the coloration of its current incumbent. There is a lot of durability and resiliency in that institution. The Clinton spell is about to be broken."

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**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

President Clinton, saluting an assembly Thursday at Dover High School in Dover, N.H., is leaving a legacy of, among other things, understanding and underachievement. (CHARLES KRUPA, Associated Press)

With big agendas and egos to match, President Clinton and then-House Speaker Newt Gingrich made like buddies at a Claremont, N.H., town hall meeting in June 1995. But Clinton soon helped derail "the Gingrich revolution." (JOE MARQUETTE, Associated Press)

It was a highlight of Arsenio Hall's television show when candidate Bill Clinton played the sax on June 3, 1992. It was also a glimpse of the cool that Clinton would find plenty of opportunity to call upon in the coming years. (REED SAXON, Associated Press)

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[***Readers sound off on the recession***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-9WH0-003S-X3TM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

On Sept. 26 , USA TODAY asked readers to tell us if the recession is over, and the answer was a resounding no.

We asked for letters, and we published a clip-out survey with questions on the economy and how it is affecting readers' lives. More than 5,000 people responded.

Based on an analysis of 1,000 responses chosen at random, it appears 86% of those who took part in the write-in say the recession continues. Most agree with police officer W.M. Bunker of Suffolk, Va.: The experts who say the economy is getting better must ''live in some other society.''

Many people blame the borrowing-spending boom of the '80s.

They say the government, consumers and businesses spent too much and went too deep in debt, leading to the problems today.

Other people point fingers at Congress for the economy's woes. They say the politicians in Washington are out of touch with what is going on in the rest of the country.

Many readers also have sharp words for President Bush, who they say is concentrating too much on foreign affairs and too little on problems such as unemployment in the USA.

That's not all. Economists come in for a grilling. And the media are not immune from attack. Many people believe newspapers and television play up the bad news and ignore the good. A few readers took USA TODAY to task for conducting this unscientific write-in survey of what people think.

We also received many wrenching stories - of loved ones who have lost jobs, of parents' fears for their children's future, of careers ended by the demise of an industry.

Only a handful of readers wrote to say that they believe the recession is over. They see business slowly improving at their workplace and say the recovery is under way.

This page offers a sampling of readers' letters and some readers' responses during follow-up interviews with USA TODAY reporters.

For a look at what the pessimistic mood among consumers means for the U.S. economy and for excerpts from more readers' letters, see the Cover Story on Page 1A.

'I feel the worst is yet to come'

I personally know many people who have lost their jobs over the past couple of years and are having great difficulty finding suitable work. Opportunities for these people, especially those over 40, have dwindled, if not evaporated. … I know people who have worked all their lives to build small businesses who have now lost those businesses. … Is there recovery in sight? This reader does not see one.

Burt Rosenburgh, 53, New York

Television media sales

Two to three years ago , my husband and I were experiencing a very comfortable income and lifestyle. Now we are too broke to pay an attorney to file bankruptcy. … I feel the worst is yet to come (for the economy).

Dee Finley, 51, Phoenix

Bookkeeper

No, the recession is not over. Few people are buying clothes. Fewer are entertaining friends. Children's birthday parties have gotten smaller or non- existent. The lower-priced movie matinees are mobbed with adults, as well as children. All this in a country that every other country looks to for help. We can't let the Russians starve this winter but what about the folks in Appalachia?

Lori Del Rossi, 45, Moorestown, N.J.

English teacher

My wife and I own a small ready-mix concrete business in central Illinois. We have been in business for six years. These last two years have been very tough. While the economists denied it, we felt the recession start back in July of last year. Our sales dropped significantly, and when the fuel prices shot up at the onset of Middle East tensions, it was a double whammy. We had to borrow to survive winter and with a sluggish sales year, we have continually slipped behind. We are now looking at possibly having to liquidate our business at the close of this season.

Ron Anderson, 37, Waverly, Ill.

Small-business owner

No. The economy is not recovering. … My vacation time this year was spent at home. Vacation money stayed in the savings account in case it will be needed. … I'm hoping my seven-year-old car keeps running at least one more year. A new car would be nice but I don't want the payments.

Tom Walton, 36, Kansas City, Mo.

Production artist

I cannot see where the economy is getting any better. My husband, Jim, lost his job last March, after working 9 months for a company that begged him to work for them. … Through networking, he managed to get a temporary (job) up in Canada, splitting our family apart. … I don't blame President Bush. How much can one man do? But I do blame Congress for all the ''garbage'' spending. And, I blame industry. The incompetent people who are put in charge of these companies are unbelievable. … It's by the grace of God we are not (living) on a street corner yet.

Joanne Schulte, 39, Blytheville, Ark.

Restaurant worker

President Bush gets mixed reviews

I don't care what the economic advisers or anti-labor President Bush say, we are not coming out of the recession. … Every time you turn around, a company is cutting back, offering early retirement, being taken over or closing up. People are in constant fear of losing their jobs. … The middle class must start fighting back for fair pay, full-time jobs and a president who protects and helps the ***working class***.

Connie Filipcic, 41, Pittsburgh

Postal worker

George Bush is trying and doing a fantastic job of improving our place to live. … But (those in) Congress are … only interested in what helps them improve their own image and hopes of national fame.

B.J. Wenz, 52, Naples, Fla.

Architect

I don't think President Bush is responsible for creating the recession, but I don't think he is doing enough - if anything - to get America back to work.

Wayne Nutt, 52,

River Ridge, La.

Civil engineer

Ronnie and George had a heck of a party but the bill is due. I truly believe the government is not telling us the truth on the state of the economy. Perhaps they are hoping we will believe them and the problem will disappear. Well, the emperor has no clothes.

Douglas K. Manuel, 37, Cocoa, Fla.

Engineer

President Bush should have to move to the suburbs and buy a house, shop for his own food and buy clothes and other retail items like everybody else has to. Then, let him talk about recovery - as he lies on the hospital bed recovering from the shock of how things really are!

Kyle Anderson, 35, Aloha, Ore.

Former transportation specialist

Bush needs to stop trying to be president of the world and put his own country in order now.

Dolores Schiebinger, 62, Lincoln, Neb.

Printing business

Economists seem out of touch with reality

Apparently the economists live in some other society than I because the recession is not over for me and my friends - in fact it has gotten worse. Maybe the economists believe that if they say ''the recession is over, the recession is over'' like some kind of chant, it will be. They remind me of Natalie Wood in the movie Miracle on 34th Street when, near the end, she kept repeating in the car ''I believe, I believe'' and suddenly John Payne and Maureen O'Hara stopped and walked into a house which had a cane allegedly belonging to Kris Kringle on the fireplace. The economists are hopeful, the public is mindful of the realities.

W.M. Bunker, 44, Suffolk, Va.

Police officer

What did we do before the career field of ''economists'' was created? … Suddenly a group of pontificating ''pros'' emerged and even when things were rosy began talking recession. … Want to help end the recession? Muzzle these economists. Then go after Bush and Congress.

Philip Carlucci, 57, Lincoln, Neb.

Salesman

I sigh with disgust when the government and economists say the recession is over.

Phil Quaschnik, 33, Somerville, N.J.

Substitute teacher

Blame for troubles belongs to many

It's not just that millions of individuals and businesses are choking on the debts they've amassed, it's also that many have amassed an embarrassing abundance of gadgets; from clothes to cars to VCRs. That creates another reason why things are getting bad. … One can only buy so much before shopping for more becomes ridiculous. … This glut will cut demand for new goods for years.

David Legman , 23, Reno

Student

People go ''Hog Wild Crazy,'' to keep up with the Smiths and Joneses, and all the while, the Smiths and Joneses are trying to keep up with (them). It is a vicious circle, and all of us fall into it unwittingly and unknowingly. In our quest to get ''things'' and all that ''stuff'' we don't stop to think that those ''things'' and all that ''stuff' cost money, lots of money. Often times the prices are completely out of sight, but that doesn't seem to make any difference because all we have to do is drag out the good 'ol plastic.

Calvin Harrell , 58, Florence, S.C.

Sales representative

I've completed my 40th year in business and this is the worst economic downturn since the Depression. Why? Because every segment of our country is down at once. … And Congress is to blame because we are allowing the Japanese and Germans to get ahead of us in almost every product line.

Lee E. Dodge , 64, Clearwater, Fla.

City administrator, Dunedin, Fla.

The current problems … began with the Reagan administration. Reagan's reverse economic policy of cutting taxes and increasing spending killed us.

Ken Neuhaus , 35, St. Paul

College baseball coach and administrator

The U.S. economy has been pushed to the brink of a depression by Ronald Reagan, George Bush, the Senate and the Congress. They have allowed (former savings -and-loan owner Charles) Keating, (former junk -bond king Michael) Milken and thousands of others like them to steal billions of our money.

George B. Joseph , 26, Virginia Beach, Va.

Restaurant manager

White men have caused our problems. They're the generation who had the privilege of going to the best schools, but they have no loyalty to workers or sense of ethics. They're the corporate directors, presidents and chairmen. … … White women, black men and Hispanics weren't making the decisions that got us into this.

Wayne X. Davenport , 40, Stratford, Conn.

Psychologist

Humor survives tough times

I recall a line under a cartoon some years ago: ''To think we revolted in 1776 because of taxation without representation! Look at what we have now with representation!''

Allan J. Orler , 68, Mesa, Ariz.

Retiree

On my wife's side … six families have decided to not exchange Christmas gifts for adults. This is highly unusual - and not just because all six agreed to something for once!

Leo Clarke , 35, Buellton, Calif.

Service engineer

Only someone that is employed can say either the recession is over or we are not in one. Anyone unemployed will tell you their answer and probably a few other choice words.

Jimmy Whitfield , 47, Buchanan, Ga.

Dispatcher and manager in trucking industry

Media share blame for recession

I feel that if the media continues to focus on the downside, the recession will continue. I've seen our business start to increase the past two months. With some good press, (the recession) should be over.

Art Ashton, 47, Vancouver, Wash.

Manager, Flightcraft Inc.

The current straw that's breaking the camel's back is our media. Take a story with five points in it - one is negative and four are positive. The headline and 80% of the content will almost surely be about the negative aspect. John and Joan homeowner … are reading an article in the local morning paper. … John elbows Jane, pointing to the article and says ''the paper says here that people aren't spending money right now.'' … John continues ''I guess that means we should delay buying that new refrigerator.'' A real but manageable problem is made into a giant problem.

Hal Maynor III, 35, Lititz, Pa.

Financial-services salesman

Your invitation for a mail survey is an insult to thinking people!

John Miller, 49, Farmington Hills, Mich.

Consultant

Contributors

Contributing to this page were Jeffrey Albert, Aveline Allen, Peggy Bresler, Brett Brune, Ron Coddington, Deidre Comegys, Meris Connell, Tom Frazier, Chris Fruitrich, Ray Goldbacher, Alex Korab, Mark Memmott, Alma Martin-Mister, Jean Norman, Jim Norman, Dennis Peters, Kehrt Reyher, Scott Sharp, Michelle Siclait, Patty Stang, Robin Turner, Maryfran Tyler and Variny Yim.

**Notes**

SPECIAL REPORT; PULSE OF THE ECONOMY

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC; b/w, Ron Coddington, USA TODAY, Source: USA TODAY research (Bar graph, Pie chart); GRAPHIC; b/w, USA TODAY, Source:USA TODAY write-in survey (Bar graph); PHOTO; b/w, Steve Earley, AP; PHOTO; b/w, Roy W. Antal, AP; PHOTO; b/w, Keith Srakocic, AP; PHOTO; b/w, Don Heiny, AP; PHOTO; b/w, John Vincent, AP

CUTLINE: BUNKER: 'The economists are hopeful, the public is mindful of the realities.' CUTLINE: JIM SCHULTE: Works in Canada while family's in USA. CUTLINE: FILIPCIC: People constantly fear losing jobs. CUTLINE: DAVENPORT: Missing are loyalty, ethics. CUTLINE: ASHTON: Good press could end the recession.

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[***CLOSING THEIR BOOKS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J590-0094-52V5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***GRADUATION CEREMONIES WILL END MIDLAND STUDENTS' TROUBLED YEARS IN BEAVER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J590-0094-52V5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SCHOOL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-J590-0094-52V5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** TORSTEN OVE, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Jay Tillman earned two maroon-and-gray letterman jackets at Beaver Area High School.

A sturdy 18-year-old, he's proud of his athletic career as a star tailback on the Bobcat football team and a small forward on the basketball team.

But he rarely wears his jackets.

''I feel like whenever you wear something like that, you're representing the school,'' he said. ''And being that I'm not from Beaver, I feel like it's not really my school.''

Tillman is from Midland, a once-bustling Beaver County steel town five miles from the Ohio border.

He's one of 22 Midland seniors who will receive their diplomas from Beaver High tonight.

His is the last of 11 graduating classes from Midland, 289 students in all, to pass through the Beaver school system under a tuition plan begun in 1986.

In Midland's heyday, Tillman would have gone to proud Lincoln High School, as his father did. He would have worn the blue-and-yellow of the Midland Leopards and probably added his name to the tradition of Lincoln, which produced eight WPIAL basketball titles and five state championships.

But the Beaver-Midland tuition agreement, which has been tainted by allegations of race and class prejudice, changed everything.

In 1982, Midland's main employer, the Crucible Steel mill, shut down. The drop in population, combined with the loss of tax revenue, crippled the school district. In 1985, Lincoln High closed.

Under the terms of the tuition plan, Midland agreed to bus its 200 high school students in grades seven through 12 to Beaver.

Tillman was a grade-schooler then, but he understood what the agreement meant.

''I knew I wouldn't get the chance to play for Midland,'' he said. ''It was kind of upsetting.''

When he reached seventh grade, he began riding the bus to Beaver, 15 miles up the Ohio River on Route 68.

He was one of about 70 blacks attending an almost exclusively white high school in an almost exclusively white town.

For six years, he rode the bus. He made friends, played football and basketball, ran track. He got along with most of the students and his teachers. The experience, he said, was largely positive - especially this last year.

But the turmoil surrounding the tuition plan was not lost on him or his Midland classmates, then or now.

When the Beaver school board finally put an end to the agreement, the Midland students knew why.

''I know the majority of us felt like we weren't wanted,'' said Tillman, who plans to attend Robert Morris College next year. Whenever anyone talked about renewing the tuition plan, Tillman said, Beaver board members would say '' 'No, we don't want these kids in our school.' Are we dirt or something? That's how I felt. . . . Honestly, I think it's just plain ignorance. People didn't want us to come to school because (many of us) were black.'' were black.''

'We fought every day'

In 1990, John Haddad, then the superintendent of the Beaver district, held a private meeting in his office with the school board.

The subject: Whether to continue the tuition agreement.

In the community, parents of Beaver students were blaming Midland children for what they said were problems of overcrowding and lax discipline in the high school.

During the roundtable discussion, one of the board members explained his attitude this way:

''I didn't build a house in this town to have the niggers here.''

Haddad was stunned at the candor.

''I just looked,'' he said. ''What the hell could I say?''

Even now, he won't reveal which member made the comment.

But to him, it epitomizes the opposition to the agreement.

In 1985, Haddad and Bob Garvin, a Beaver school board member, came up with the idea to accept Midland's students under a five-year tuition plan. The school boards in Beaver and Midland voted in support of it.

''I just felt it was a compassionate issue,'' said George Murphy of Brighton, one of the Beaver board members. ''By the same token, it was very profitable for Beaver.''

During 11 years of the plan, in fact, Beaver has received about $ 6 million in taxes from Midland parents.

The agreement began relatively smoothly.

The school set up a buddy system in which Beaver students were matched with Midland students to help orient them. The Beaver students even designed a new sports logo, placing the head of the Beaver Bobcat mascot onto the body of the Midland Leopard.

Haddad expected some friction, however. He remembers telling the black Midland basketball players about baseball great Jackie Robinson, explaining that, like Robinson, they would have to triumph over prejudice.

And there was prejudice.

Sean McWhorter, a black who still lives in Midland, was in the first class to attend Beaver in 1986-87.

''It was terrible,'' said McWhorter, now 24. ''We fought every day.

''I hated every bit of it,'' he said. ''Everyone I graduated with hated it. It messed up a lot of people's lives, boy.''

He wasn't the only one who felt that way.

An undercurrent of resentment about the plan ran through the Beaver community. New board members, running on a platform of ending the agreement, replaced the members who had voted for it. A new principal took over at the high school.

By 1990, the arrangement had grown especially sour.

A group of vocal Beaver parents complained about the administration's reluctance to crack down on misbehavior in the school. Midland students took the blame. In the end, the new board voted to continue the plan for three more years, then phase it out, to allow the remaining classes to graduate.

In the meantime, Midland shopped around for a long-term tuition plan or, better yet, a merger. Nearby Western Beaver offered a one-year tuition plan. Aliquippa, 15 miles away, offered a tuition plan with future options to merge. And East Liverpool, Ohio, offered a 10-year tuition plan.

Midland ultimately rejected the Aliquippa and Western Beaver proposals. Aliquippa was too far away and lacked resources. Most observers say Western Beaver would have made the most sense for a merger, but the Western Beaver board refused.

State maneuvers fail

At one point, State Sen. Gerald LaValle, D-Rochester, asked then-Gov. Robert P. Casey and the state Department of Education for $ 800,000 to serve as an enticement for Western Beaver to accept a merger.

''To be honest, I plucked that number out of the sky,'' LaValle said. ''It was an incentive.''

But, he said, the state ''didn't see fit to do that.''

Don Carroll, then the secretary of education, visited Beaver County to broker a possible merger. But LaValle said that by then it was too late, and the idea died.

In 1994, strapped for a place to educate its youth, Midland accepted the 10-year tuition deal with East Liverpool.

So far, the experience has proven beneficial for Midland's students. East Liverpool is a good match; the town is six miles away, and unlike Beaver, it shares Midland's ***working-class*** heritage. In fact, the old Crucible mill once employed more workers from East Liverpool than from Midland.

But for many observers, educating students out of state is an embarrassment to Beaver County and the state - and a symbol of the parochialism that plagues shrinking school districts throughout Western Pennsylvania.

''It's a disgrace to education in Pennsylvania that the Department of Education did not step in and force a school district to take these children,'' said Jack Erath, police chief in Brighton and a former Beaver school board member who supported the Beaver tuition plan. ''I feel that we as a school board had an obligation to educate children, whether it be Midland children or Beaver children.''

''What it shows is a lack of courage by a lot of people,'' said Haddad, who is convinced he lost his job because he nurtured the plan. ''The state closed their eyes, they didn't want to help, they didn't want to get involved in a black and white situation. I think the school board didn't want to get involved in a black and white situation.''

''I think it's terrible that they have to go out of state,'' said Heather Shaw, a white senior from Beaver who recently wrote an impassioned letter to the Beaver County Times supporting her Midland friends. ''Once you let them in, I think they should be here forever.''

Culture clash

Earlier this year, the Midland district conducted a survey of its students at Beaver and East Liverpool. The students at Beaver said 1996-97 was their best year ever.

''Everyone thinks it was bad,'' said Bobbi Jo Palanza, the senior class representative, whose two brothers and two sisters attended Lincoln High. ''It really wasn't. You go to school, you do your work, you come home, and that's it.''

But as a seventh-grader, Palanza was leery about going to Beaver. She's white, but Midland has always had a reputation as a tough ethnic town. For decades, residents of Beaver had been derided as ''cake-eaters.'' Would the two groups mix?

''I was so afraid that we weren't going to fit in,'' she said. ''You heard all the stories from other people who had been up there. You hear this stuff, but it wasn't true.''

At first, she said, she didn't take part in after-school activities. But in ninth grade, she joined the Pep Club and an anti-drug group. She made friends. Eventually, she felt comfortable.

Many Midland students who went to Beaver say the same thing: They got along fine with Beaver students and they generally liked their teachers.

But there were problems. Midland Superintendent Nick Trombetta said the school itself created some of them, although inadvertently. In the early years of the plan, for example, some students felt stigmatized by the ''M'' placed on their buses. But the letter was merely intended to help students find the bus, not to label Midland students.

One former Beaver teacher's homeroom class had all the Midland students on one side of the room. That story spread quickly through Midland, where Trombetta said nothing stayed secret for long.

But Jay Tillman was in that class. The teacher, he said, allowed the students to sit where they wanted. Those from Midland simply chose to sit together.

Other problems were more tangible. In 1987, someone painted ''Beaver Hate Midland - KKK'' inside the school. Some black students heard the word ''nigger'' in the halls or saw it written on desks or walls. Bobbi Jo Palanza heard the word once, too, uttered by a teacher who was talking to a colleague.

In 1989-90, at the height of the controversy surrounding the plan, discipline at the school suffered. Some students danced in the hallways or refused to go to class. Boys and girls groped each other in the corridors. In the lunch lines, black students said whites taunted them with racial slurs and made jokes about eating fried chicken and watermelon.

Not surprisingly, fights erupted.

In September 1989, for example, police charged two Midland students with simple assault for beating up a Beaver student in a hallway. On one day in October 1991, three fistfights broke out and 12 students were either kicked out of school or told not to come back the next day.

Some Beaver parents - John Haddad calls them a ''small group of rednecks'' - seized on the incidents as an example of how Midland students were disrupting the school.

The 'troublemakers'

Tillman and others say a handful of Midland students, white and black, were indeed troublemakers. But then, so were a handful of Beaver students.

''Everything that happened,'' he said, ''they said it was those Midland kids.''

''Half of those things were fabricated and were unfounded,'' said Jack Erath, the former Beaver board member.

Parents also complained that the school was too crowded - again because of the Midland students.

Not true, supporters of the plan say. The high school was built to accommodate 1,433 in grades nine through 12. Enrollment has never reached that number. Although the Pennsylvania Economy League did recommended the district convert an elementary school into a middle school, it also said the influx of Midland students did not overburden the high school.

''There never was overcrowding,'' said Marvin Bahm, a former Beaver resident and a Midland board member for 26 years. ''That was just an excuse.''

A faction of the 1990 Beaver school board had two goals: To get rid of the Midland students and to get rid of Haddad.

They succeeded on both counts.

At a meeting in June 1990, the board voted 7-2 to continue the plan for three more years. The agreement was a compromise; it got rid of the Midland students, but it gave the Midland board time to strike a deal with another school district - somewhere.

The board wanted Haddad out, in part because of his in-your-face management style and in part because he helped bring the Midland students to Beaver. A few weeks after the vote on the tuition plan, the board bought out his contract.

The tuition plan leaves behind a painful legacy - one that was symbolized by an incident at Beaver earlier this year.

One day the last class of Midland seniors gathered for a group photo, to be included in the Beaver Class of 1997 yearbook.

A well-respected Beaver teacher, Gail Rackley, had always felt sympathy for the Midland pupils. As the yearbook adviser, she thought at least one yearbook photo should contain an acknowledgment of what the students had gone through, not so much inside the school walls as within the community.

So she asked them not to smile for the photo. They complied.

And at the end of their list of names, Rackley wrote a question that 11 Midland high school classes will always remember: ''Why did it have to be so hard?''

Still, the scars are healing.

On May 30, the Midland district held a special ceremony for its 22 high school graduates.

Each student invited a Beaver teacher to a banquet at Neel School, Midland's grade school. About 130 attended.

Bobbi Jo Palanza addressed the crowd.

''Remember always that where there is ignorance, injustice and prejudice, let us set an example and show others ways to accept each other,'' she said, ''regardless of where we live, how much money we have or what color our skin may be.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), MAP, PHOTO: Darrell Sapp/Post-Gazette: Jay Tillman wears his Beaver High; Letterman jacket outside the main entrance to the defunct, and overgrown,; Lincoln High School in Midland.; PHOTO: Bob Donaldson/Post-Gazette: High School students from Midland board; busses taking them home from East Liverpool, Ohio.; MAP: Post-Gazette: (East Liverpool)

**Load-Date:** June 13, 1997

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[***FISTICUFFS, PHILLY STYLE FROM DECAYING ARENAS TO GLITTERING CASINOS, THE FIGHT SCENE IS ON A COMEBACK.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B130-01K4-91TY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** FEATURES WEEKEND; Pg. 22

**Length:** 2201 words

**Byline:** Karl Stark, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The taller fighter from Canada kept throwing long, elegant combinations that punished the air as much as the opponent's cheekbone.

The shorter slugger from Trevose kept making forays, getting inside the opponent's longer wingspan, and punching almost uphill into the face.

The shorter fighter launched volley after volley, but the bigger opponent retreated and flailed again in the herky-jerky dance that fighters do. When it was over, the judges at the Felton Supper Club couldn't pick a winner.

A draw is supposed to be like kissing your sister, but that hardly describes the fight these two female fighters had. The lankier Nora Dagle of Toronto was left nursing a bloody nose while the more compact Helen Zagadinow of Bucks County had her cheeks beaten to a reddish hue deeper than any rouge.

Topping off the scene was a heavyset guy in a tuxedo who honored these gladiators by wiggling his butt between rounds as he carried the card signaling the next round.

Score one for gender equity in the fight game.

Female brawlers are but one of many trends that make up the earthy demimonde of Philadelphia boxing. Here in a city founded by pacifist Quakers, the blood sport of boxing thrives in an almost underground fashion.

Most boxers never make it to the big time. They punch bags in hardscrabble clubs with names like Champs and Augie's. They fight before often-hostile fans in regional championships if they're good, and a small sliver get rewarded with a spot on the Olympic team or a pro bout on HBO.

Hundreds of thousands of people gather each year to watch these young warriors with tapered waists and often outsized egos. Thanks mostly to Philadelphia, the state of Pennsylvania had the fourth-highest number of professional bouts in the country last year - only three fights behind No. 2 Florida, which had 49, according to Phil Marder, editor of the Boxing Record Book, published in Sicklerville, Camden County. New Jersey ranked eighth, with 30 bouts. (California was No. 1, with 89 professional fights.)

The crucible that is Philadelphia boxing has produced great hitters, such as former heavyweight champion Smokin' Joe Frazier, whose North Broad Street gym remains a fertile training ground for legitimate contenders. Old-timers may recall Lou Tendler, the great left-handed lightweight who never won a title. Or Benny Bass, a boxing machine who fought 500 bouts and won two world titles within 25 months in the Roaring '20s. Or Gypsy Joe Harris, the fabulous juking welterweight whose blind right eye kept him from a title shot in the late 1960s. Or Tim Witherspoon, who in 1986 was the most recent Philly native to be heavyweight champion. Not to mention the fictional Rocky Balboa.

"Boxing gets the adrenalin going like nothing else," says promoter Don Elbaum, a Phoenixville resident who is famous partly for starting Don King in boxing. "There is no athlete that has ever made as much money in one night as a boxer."

Boxing can be divided into two categories - professional, where the big money is, and amateur, which can culminate in the Olympics - and both are on the upswing in Philadelphia. The number of amateur cards in Pennsylvania, more than half of them in the city, has risen from 59 in 1990 to 73 last year, while the number of registered professional boxers has gone up 15 percent during the last two years.

Philly is blessed with champions. Top cruiserweight Nate Miller, a public-housing maintenance man in North Philly, took out Russian Alexander Gurov in a title defense in Florida last month. Bernard "The Executioner" Hopkins, another Philly product, still commands the middleweight ranks with a devastating punch.

The city is known nationally for club fights - those between professionals in small venues.

"These are the guys scrambling to make it," says Gregory S. Sirb, executive director of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. "The fights are twice as good, because they're not about money. These kids are fighting their hearts out [to rise in the rankings]. Plus the fans are there. These are ***working-class*** people who want to see a fight. They're not there to be seen. That makes a world of difference."

And in the amateur ranks, Philadelphia-based boxers accounted for an amazing one-quarter of the Olympic team last year. Three of the 12 members either trained in the city or learned the craft here. David Reid, a light middleweight who started at the city's Athletic Recreation Center at 26th and Master, was the only team member to cop a gold medal, and he did it with one dynamic punch after trailing badly in the final round. Lightweight Terrence Cauthen of Frazier's Gym took home a bronze.

This month, the Golden Gloves, the premiere amateur tournament held across the nation each year, is set to begin again, and a new crop of would-be Olympians will step forth. Weigh-ins are this Saturday, and for the next five weekends, the best amateurs will slug it out at Joe Hand's gym in Fishtown to see who might next be reaping Olympic glory.

And almost any night of the week, you can watch amateurs spar at two dozen gyms and athletic centers around the region.

Professionals

All discussion of the professional scene must begin with the Blue Horizon on North Broad Street. Set in the same block as the Freedom Repertory Theatre, the three brownstones that comprise this wonderfully Victorian coliseum have evolved into the quintessential Philly boxing locale.

Its 1,500 seating capacity is small by boxing standards. Its bills are paid largely by the cabaret and dance hall that run there almost weekly. Yet its atmosphere for boxing is unsurpassed. Patrons sit so close to the action that they can smell the fear along with the sweat.

In a 5,000-word appreciation in December's Sports Illustrated, writer Bill Barich called the Blue Horizon a "raw and smoky cavern" and "a throwback to the era of straw hats, stogies and dime beers."

"If boxing has a soul, it might well be located in the city of Brotherly Love," Barich concluded.

The quality of fights also may explain the venue's popularity. "A Blue Horizon fight crowd doesn't let you get away with nothing," observed promoter Luddy DePasquale, whose series of Friday night fights resumes April 4.

Veteran promoter Russell Peltz presents about six shows a year, all carried on cable's USA Network, and they have given the Blue Horizon a national reputation. Peltz's next show is set for April 29.

The building has attracted a long line of colorful characters. Carol Ray, one of three owners, used to work as executive director of Women Against Abuse, a line of work that might seem at odds with her occasional role as fight matron. But that was only a day job, explained Ray, who revels in the building's majestic decay and architectural possibilities. She and her partners are hoping to raise several million dollars to refurbish this relic, which once served as a Moose headquarters.

Go north on Route 1, turn right on Rising Sun Avenue, and the dark and rickety Felton Supper Club comes into view. This converted movie theater has become the favorite fight venue for promoter Isaias Aviles, a West Philly jeweler who would rather be finding rough-cut diamonds in the ring than selling them in his store.

Four people held up Aviles in his shop on July 13, 1995, and at least 17 shots were fired. Aviles, who was uninjured, hit one of the robbers twice before they all fled. Neighborhood wags agreed that the robbers "came in for the gold and got the lead," Aviles says.

Still, Aviles would rather promote fights than attract potshots. His third fight card, last week, attracted more than 700 blustery patrons and employed a wide range of marketing devices, including a smoke machine, blinking red lights and a gadget that mimicked explosions. Women from a local gentlemen's club paraded between rounds in outfits as skimpy as dental floss.

The big draw of the night was Rockin' Rodney Moore of Philadelphia, who was to commence his fourth campaign for a welterweight world title by facing Trentonian Paul "Brickhouse" Denard. But Denard didn't show, and Moore was left to fight a smaller, weaker Antonio Silot, a Cuban-born Philly import, who wisely declined to answer the bell for the third round. Moore was generous to let the fight go that long.

Some bouts conveyed an almost circus quality. Jose "Psycho" Rodriguez bent over at the waist and rushed wildly at his opponent, Philly police Officer Calvin Davis. Twice Rodriguez rushed so hard that he charged through the ropes and nearly fell out of the ring.

Other fights were more competitive. The women, Nora Dagle and Helen Zagadinow, beat on each other far more than their featherweight class might imply. Tyrone Winkler, who trains at Champs Gym, put on a convincing show against Danny Rodriguez in a bruising 147-pound, welterweight fight.

Aviles, who says he could "sell a used igloo to an Eskimo," hopes to continue promoting fights at the Felton while opening a 4,000-seat boxing emporium in part of the old Quaker City building at Ninth and Poplar Streets by the end of summer. "There are more fans here than the media will let you know," he says in his usual aggressive style. "Philadelphia is truly the boxing capital of the U.S."

Partisans of Atlantic City would disagree, of course.

Right now, Bally's is the most active Atlantic City casino for boxing, followed by Caesars and the Taj Mahal, several promoters said. Casino fights often boast blockbuster names. Bally's, for example, is presenting a fight card on April 5 topped by New Zealand heavyweight David Tua, believed by some observers to be the next Mike Tyson. The casino also is sponsoring George Foreman's fight at the Atlantic City Convention Center on April 26.

But many fans dislike casino bouts, because they're patronized by big gamblers who get free tickets. There's no crazed Blue Horizon crowd hanging on every punch.

Amateurs

Some of the best bouts tend to be held in neighborhood venues with no purses at all.

Places such as the Upper Darby Police Youth Association. This gym - above the Upper Darby firehouse on West Chester Pike - is one of the best places to watch an amateur fight. It has seating for several hundred, and is a magnet for past and present boxers.

Tex Cobb, the heavyweight-turned-movie actor, made it to a recent fight card from his home in West Philly. "There's no other city like Philadelphia for amateurs," Cobb said as he watched two 156-pounders whale away at each other.

Boxing certainly is no pasttime for the squeamish.

When David Anthony's left hook descended with a thud on Derek Weavers' cheek, the Upper Darby crowd let out a long ooooo.

The men did, anyway. One of the few women watching this match in January had her head buried in a magazine article about 50 romantic getaways. The Upper Darby PYA was not among them, she was amused to report.

Even some fight fans disdain the amateur boxing scene, because the style that prevails is less physical than in the pro ranks. Amateurs punch to pile up points - not necessarily to fracture a nose - and this fails to please pro-fight fans who live for climactic crunches.

Still, many believe that amateur clubs represent the heart of boxing in the Philadelphia area and nationwide. "It is clear that the Olympic road starts in these gyms," says George Bochetto, the Pennsylvania boxing commissioner.

Some gyms get a name from the fighters who train there. Cruiserweight champ Nate Miller still trains at the Happy Hollow Recreation Center in Germantown. So, too, do most of the Concrete Jungle, a promising group of young fighters trained by Naazim Richardson to crush the opposition. He also trains them in manners - they carry women's handbags and help them cross the street if necessary - hoping to counteract the image of fighters as young toughs.

There isn't the space here to mention the Jungle's accomplishments, which are immense and growing. But let this suffice: Richardson's 8-year-old son, Bear, set a Guinness record this winter by doing 1,000 push-ups. "He's done as many as 1,500," Richardson says. "He did 1,000 'cause he had a cold."

Other venues cater strictly to novice fighters. Promoter Damon Feldman, a former middleweight from Broomall, gives guys off the street a chance to show their prowess in his Philadelphia Tough Man tournament. Feldman's show sold out Bronko Bill's, a Grant Avenue club, last month, and he hopes to repeat that success May 3 at the same location.

More female fighters than ever are arising, but they often back away from the sport because of the bruises that come from getting hit. "It's hard to keep them boxing," says Charley Sgrillo of the Harrowgate Boxing Club in Kensington.

Jennifer Hopkins hopes to change that. As chair of women's boxing for the Middle Atlantic Association, Hopkins is charged with developing the women's game.

At this point, she acknowledges, few women have much fighting experience. But Hopkins is undaunted. She's calling local gyms to organize a women's tournament in the next three months.

The day will come, she says, when women won't be such novelties in the ring. Fans will be asking for their autographs, and women may be making the same brash assertions in news conferences that their male counterparts do.

"It's going to make a boom," she predicts.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

At Happy Hollow Recreation Center, Tiger Allen, 15, shadowboxes to start a workout. Cruiserweight champion Nate Miller trains there, too. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX) (COVER)

Concrete Jungle members (from left) Dynamite Karl Dargan, 11; Bear Richardson, 8, and Tiger Allen, 15, at the Happy Hollow Recreation Center in Germantown. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

At the Upper Darby venue, Sean Freeman cheers during a Saturday night amateur bout. Partly obscured are Robert Rogers (left) and Freeman's son Maurice, 8. All are from Germantown. (For The Inquirer, HINDA SCHUMAN)

Brahiem Carter prepares for a fight at the Upper Darby Police Youth Association. His trainers are Tyrone Davis (left) and Slim. (For The Inquirer, HINDA SCHUMAN)

Tiger Allen (center) and fellow fighters train at Happy Hollow Recreation Center in Germantown. He's one of several promising pugilists trained by Naazim Richardson. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

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[***ONE MAN'S JOURNEY OF RESISTANCE AND FAITH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-K100-0094-50YW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** BILL STEIGERWALD, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WHEELING, W.Va.

**Body**

Like the few children and dozen adults who preceded her, the little old lady filing out of the sanctuary of St. Luke's Episcopal Church is quickly captured by the powerful, wide-open arms of Father Marian.

As she half disappears in the flowing sleeves of his white cassock, the priest hugs her, tenderly kisses the top of her gray head and thumps her tiny back so soundly it can be heard 8 feet away.

''I love you all,'' the Rev. Marian Mazgaj (pronounced Maz-guy) broadcasts in a strong, Polish-accented voice to the dozen worshippers hovering in the church foyer. ''You're wonderful people.''

''We love you too, father,'' a woman responds, speaking for the entire membership of St. Luke's, an outpost of Episcopalianism on Wheeling Island that dates from 1893 but now has just 25 members and no permanent priest.

After witnessing just one of his Sunday services, it's easy to understand why everyone loves Father Marian, a retired Episcopal priest who lives in Greene County but spends a great deal of his time filling in for other priests and ministering to the old and sick in and around Wheeling.

His sermon had a heavy religious theme - if you let Christ enter fully into your life, you'll never be the same. He delivered it standing on the front edge of the altar steps, slashing the air with his strong hands, clenching his fists, pumping and extending his arms.

Forceful, credible and intellectual, it was the spiritual equivalent of a Vince Lombardi pep talk. Except Father Marian sprinkled it with Latin and Greek phrases, theological metaphors and a reference to his days battling not the Dallas Cowboys but the evil Nazi empire.

By all accounts, the parishioners of St. Luke's truly appreciate Father Marian, who arrives in a high-mileage Mercedes sedan with his priestly vestments stashed in the trunk.

Yet few of them realize what an amazing, rich and interesting life he led before he started regularly blessing and hugging them. And that along with knowing how to celebrate Mass, comfort the sick and synopsize the ideas of philosophers like Martin Heidegger and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, he knows what it feels like to blow up a railroad bridge.

\*

To go to war at 16.

To kill men in battle.

To be able to do nothing while 74 innocent men, women and children are butchered in their homes by Nazi soldiers.

To see your friends and fellow partisans tortured, shot or sent to Siberian gulags.

To sleep with a pistol under your pillow in fear of the Communist secret police.

All these terrible things Father Marian experienced during his life under Nazism and communism. He is a remarkable man, the kind we all can hope history won't be in need of anymore.

Ordained as a Roman Catholic priest in Poland in the early 1950s, but an Episcopal priest since the early 1970s, he has led many distinct lives in his 73 years - Polish farm boy, freedom fighter, scholar, priest, college professor, married man and father.

Until he retired, he was the minister of his own Episcopal parishes in Weston, W.Va., and Steubenville, Ohio. Going back in time, he's been a college philosophy professor at Penn State's McKeesport and Fayette County campuses and a theology instructor at a Catholic seminary in Ohio.

Before that, he was a philosophy graduate student in Pittsburgh at Duquesne University and in Washington, D.C., at Catholic University. In Communist Poland, which he left in a hurry in 1957 because he was afraid the secret police were about to pick him up, he earned his doctorate in theology during the mid-1950s at the same university in Krakow where Karol Wojtyla, the future Pope John Paul II, was studying.

Though not a particularly close friend of the future pope, Mazgaj remembers him as extremely self-effacing, shy, philosophical and smart. In any case, Pope John Paul has since become Mazgaj's personal hero and earthly role model.

''I adore him as a man to be imitated and followed,'' he says. ''He's my example of how to love God, love your people and serve them to the end of your life.''

It seems a contradiction that Mazgaj has come to pattern his own priestly life after the pope. One of the few significant differences between Roman Catholics and Episcopalians - two churches whose theologies and traditions have remained nearly identical since King Henry VIII established the Church of England - is that Episcopalians do not recognize the Pope as their spiritual leader. But in a long life lived during the turbulent middle of the 20th century, such contradictions make eminent sense.

\*

Many details of Mazgaj's early life in the Polish countryside can be found in ''Visiting Home in Poland After 33 Years,'' a book of reportage and reminiscences he wrote describing the trip he, his wife Mildred and two teen-age sons made to his hometown in 1990.

The paperback, available in Downtown Pittsburgh at Bradley's Book Cellar, Kirner's Catholic Book Store and Trinity Cathedral Book Store and in Oakland at University Book Store, also includes several stories about some of his most harrowing wartime experiences.

In 1939, when Mazgaj was 16 and Hitler's armies were sweeping across Poland, he left home and became a commando with the Polish Home Army. Living in safe houses in the forests far from his hometown and trained and supplied by British paratroops, he and his small unit blew up railroad lines, ambushed German patrols and raided German barracks for weapons.

Mazgaj was nearly captured or killed several times. One winter night, during an attempt by his unit to capture a railroad bridge, he jumped down from a train and ordered a German guard to drop his rifle and raise his hands.

Instead of complying, which most of the soldiers captured by the Polish resistance usually did, the guard pulled a pistol from his tunic and emptied it at Mazgaj before he could kill the German with his rifle. Miraculously, Mazgaj's only injury was from a bullet that nicked his ear.

Though they fought to free their country from a brutal enemy, the unit Mazgaj served with never killed German soldiers needlessly. They knew that many of the men in the regular German army had been forced into the service. So they treated their foes with Christian charity. If Germans they attacked or ambushed turned over their weapons peacefully, the Poles would set them free with a handshake.

The Germans who occupied Poland were not so kind, however. Mazgaj himself watched from a hillside as an SS unit surrounded a town, marched its entire Jewish population off to concentration camps and shot those who lagged behind or tried to escape.

He also was unable to stop the slaughter of Struzki, a small town whose 74 residents were shot, bayoneted or burned to death in their homes in retaliation for a partisan ambush that had killed several German soldiers.

When the war ended, Mazgaj returned to his parents' farm. It was a particularly joyous homecoming, because they had been told months before that he had been killed in action.

The celebration was short-lived, however. Mazgaj's troubles - and his country's - were far from over. Defeated German soldiers had merely been replaced by Soviet soldiers.

Poles like him who had fought in the resistance on behalf of the exiled Polish government in London - and were almost in a civil war with the Communist resistance units linked to Moscow - were not being treated as heroes. They were being rounded up by the Soviet secret police and sent to Siberia.

Mazgaj took no chances. He quickly moved far away to a part of Poland where he was not known. Keeping a low profile and staying away from the police, he finished high school and entered college. There, living in fear of the secret police, he often slept with a pistol under his pillow, ready to run ''into the orchard every time a dog barked.''

Becoming a priest didn't bring him much peace of mind. As late as 1956, when he was a popular 33-year-old pastor in a small town, he was called in for interrogation by the secret police, who wanted to know his attitude toward Communist guerrillas in World War II.

When the secret police began to follow him and he began getting phone calls in the middle of the night, Mazgaj decided it was time to leave. He had trouble getting a passport at first, but luckily, with uncles waiting for him in Buffalo, he got an American visa and flew to freedom.

\*

Fifty Christmas Eves ago, Marian Mazgaj was a 23-year-old war hero in hiding. But he sneaked home to his parents' farm to celebrate a traditional, family-centered Polish Christmas, which sounds like a ceremony straight out of the Middle Ages.

As usual, Mazgaj's father Jozef went to the barn and brought back a bundle of straw and a handful of hay. The straw went in the corner of the dining room, while the hay was placed in the middle of the long table that had been covered with a white tablecloth, lit with candles and set for a family of 12.

A huge meatless meal that included fish, pierogi, mushroom soup and several special holiday breads was prepared and waiting in the kitchen. In the middle of the table his mother Jozefa had placed wafers of a communion-like bread called oplati.

As the family of 12 stood around the table, Mazgaj's father took a piece of oplati and turned to his wife. He held the wafer out to her and apologized for all his shortcomings, asking for her forgiveness. When she accepted his apology, she ate pieces of the wafer and the two hugged and kissed each other with tears in their eyes.

Then, in the same way, Mazgaj's mother asked for forgiveness from her husband, who in turn went to his oldest son, Marian, and so on, down the line. By the time the Mazgaj family said a prayer and sat down to eat, there had been a great deal of kissing and hugging.

After dinner, the family would light the Christmas tree and sit around and sing carols until it was time to go to midnight Mass. The Mazgaj family walked 2 1/2 miles to the parish's huge 13th century English gothic church, becoming part of a stream of 2,000 worshippers coming from a dozen small towns.

The next morning, after going to another Mass, families would return to their homes. They'd eat and sing carols, but would not visit anyone, not even next-door neighbors. Visiting was saved for Dec. 26. And because presents had been exchanged weeks before on St. Nicholas Day, the sacred, holy nature of Christmas Day was preserved in a way that would appeal to many Americans today.

\*

Today and tonight, Father Marian, who continues to follow the Polish Christmas traditions of his father in his own home, will celebrate three Christmas Eve services in the Wheeling area. He'll be at St. Paul's Church in Wheeling at 4 p.m., at Old St. John's Church in Collier, W.Va., at 7 p.m. and at St. Luke's at 9:30 p.m.

In each of those churches, Father Marian will deliver a sermon entitled ''The Power and the Glory,'' in which he will show that, throughout history, the power and the glory of God often appears in the most insignificant places and through the most humble people.

''For one reason or another,'' Father Marian explained yesterday, ''God doesn't use the most important persons in the world. He doesn't use the most important places in the world. He doesn't use the powerful and the celebrities of this world.''

In his sermon, Father Marian uses many examples to make his case, beginning with the birth of ''the weak, defenseless, newborn Baby Jesus'' in a stable. Other humble instruments of God's power and glory include John the Baptist, who proclaimed the coming of Christ not in a temple in Jerusalem but in the desert; the slum dwellers of Jerusalem, who became Christianity's first converts; and Mother Teresa, who made the power and glory of God ''real and visible in the slums of Calcutta.''

Father Marain says he's trying to show that ''sometimes when people look for delivery from the situations such as the crisis in Peru or the Mideast or Africa, they look to the White House, to the politicians. But many times the delivery comes from somebody that people do not expect at all.''

A good example of what he means, says Father Marian, is the ***working-class*** Polish electrician, Lech Walesa, ''a humble fellow who never went to college,'' yet who ''for one reason or other God had chosen to be the instrument of chipping out the block of communism until it fell apart.''

Likewise, Father Marian will say in his sermons today, if God is to intervene in the midst of mankind's contemporary troubles - mass slaughter in Africa, terrorism - we should look for him to act ''through weak, unknown and humble people and places - no matter whether clerical or secular.''

''That,'' he will say in conclusion, ''is where our eyes of faith should be directed as we experience the power and the glory of the saving God appearing to us tonight in the humble stable of Bethlehem in the presence of obscure shepherds.

''Here is a clue, an indication, and a forecast of God's powerful and glorious salvation of His people in our times. Therefore there is no need for sadness and for tears. Having experienced the new sign of God's love, let us join the multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to god in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will (Luke 2:14). Amen.' ''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette: The Rev. Marian Mazgaj; celebrates Eucharist during Mass at St. Luke's Episcopal Church.; PHOTO: Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette: Father Mazgaj discusses is past in; Poland and his school and philosophy.

**Load-Date:** December 24, 1996

**End of Document**



[***The Russians are coming The Russians are here In sports, in schools, in society, migrs from former Soviet Union make mark on the USA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40PH-86H0-00C6-D09M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

NEW YORK -- Touring 34 U.S. cities with the Champions on Ice show

in May, figure skater Oksana Baiul thought at times that she was

back in Dnepropetrovsk, her hometown in Ukraine.

In Portland, Ore., Russian-speaking fans threw roses. In Detroit,

a friend from the old days invited her to dinner. In Minneapolis

and Sacramento, she could find a pretty decent bowl of borscht.

"Everywhere, so many Russians," says Baiul, 22, the 1994 Winter

Olympics gold medalist.

*Prava.* True. Hollywood's Cold War movie, *The Russians*

*Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*, has a real-life sequel:

The Russians are here. Baiul, who enjoys a Hudson River view from

her Cliffside Park, N.J., condominium, is one of 763,000 former

nationals of the Soviet Union who have moved to the USA.

Their numbers doubling since the collapse of the Soviet Union

in 1991, these immigrants have become one of the largest foreign-born

groups in the USA. They outnumber the 605,000 Korean settlers

and nearly match the figures from Vietnam and India, the Census

Bureau estimates. (Most numerous of all are the 7.2 million born

in Mexico, the 1.1 million Filipinos and the 1.1 million Chinese.)

Some of the Soviet-born have come as famous athletes, others as

religiously persecuted refugees, Web-order brides or "New Russian"

capitalists commuting between Miami and Moscow. Many resent being

called Russians. The immigrants represent 20 ethnic groups, including

Ukrainians, Chechens and Uzbeks.

Diverse as they are, the newcomers are having an impact on American

culture, sports and technology far beyond what Czar Alexander

II could have imagined when he sold Russia's big piece of the

North American continent -- Alaska -- to the United States in

1867.

Rita Simon, a sociologist at American University, says that compared

with other immigrant groups, the generally well-educated former

Soviets "have been more successful, faster":

\* The sports world looks increasingly Eastern European.

Eighty former stars of Soviet ice hockey play for National Hockey

League teams. Arvydas Sabonis, a 7-foot-tall Lithuanian, dominates

the low post for the National Basketball Association's Portland

Trail Blazers. Anna Kournikova, 19, ranks 15th in women's tennis

but monopolizes endorsement money with her good looks.

St. Petersburg-born Svetlana Abrosimova, 19, is the key to the

University of Connecticut's NCAA-champion women's basketball team.

Lenny Krayzelburg, 24, whose family emigrated in 1989, holds the

world records in the 100- and 200-meter backstroke and will swim

for the USA at the 2000 Olympics in Sydney in September.

Anna Kozlova, 27, who finished fourth at the 1992 Olympics representing

Russia in synchronized swimming, will also swim for the USA. Now

living in California, she's a new citizen.

(The Immigration and Naturalization Service says 70% of emigres

from ex-Soviet lands become U.S. citizens, a rate exceeded only

by Vietnamese and Taiwanese).

\* The FBI has its hands full with the gulag-hardened Russian

*mafiya,* a violent clique whose schemes have evolved from

blackmailing Russian hockey players to sophisticated fraud. Plots

featuring the *mafiya* regularly fill episodes of *NYPD*

*Blue* and *Law and Order*.

\* Students from the 15 former Soviet republics are boosting

U.S. science and engineering brainpower as visibly as dancer Mikhail

Baryshnikov and cellist Mstislav Rostropovich have boosted American

arts. Eugene Simuni, 19, a senior at Midwood High School in Brooklyn

whose family came from St. Petersburg two years ago, won a $ 25,000

scholarship in May by placing fifth in the prestigious Intel Science

Talent Search. He says he's looking forward to starting at Harvard

this fall because he'll have to speak more English. "All my friends

are Russians, and that's not the way to become part of the American

community," he says.

\* You can't get more American than Branson, Mo., the family-entertainment

mecca in the Ozarks. Andy Williams, the Osmonds and Mickey Gilley

own and appear in theaters there. So does emigre

comic Yakov Smirnoff, 49. As Smirnoff says in his comic routines:

What a country.

On cruise ships, Smirnoff says, he encounters many affluent Russian

emigres as passengers. "They have the funds, and

they are choosing to embrace the American lifestyle instead of

sticking together in small areas," he says.

Rebuilding communities

Assimilation took some time. Soviet refugees stuck together in

New York for years after Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev yielded

to U.S. trade pressures in 1972 and allowed the first Jewish *refuseniks*

-- those who had long been denied exit visas -- to finally leave.

Brooklyn's fading Brighton Beach district was revived as 50,000

refugees flocked in over 10 years, the salt air reminding them

of Odessa.

Brighton Beach then "was a dirty hole, like falling apart,"

recalls Zina Krigsfeld, 49, who came in 1978 from Ukraine and

now manages St. Petersburg Books on Brighton Beach Avenue. "You

couldn't even get through on the sidewalks with a baby carriage,

there were so many boxes around. Russian refugees brought a lot

of life in here."

By 1984, New York was *Moscow on the Hudson*, the title of

a bittersweet movie starring Robin Williams as a defecting Moscow

musician. New York is still home to 300,000 Russian-speaking immigrants,

the largest concentration in the USA. Brighton Beach Avenue, a

half-mile of shops with Cyrillic-alphabet signs in the shadow

of the elevated D and Q subway tracks, is the nexus of former-Soviet

immigrant life.

In the red-brick apartment neighborhoods of Rego Park and Forest

Hills in the New York City borough of Queens, Bukharian Jews from

central Asia stage concerts of their native music "at the drop

of a hat," says Lana Harlow of the Queens Arts Council.

The community of 50,000 fled anti-Semitism in Bukhara and other

ancient Silk Road cities in Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and Kazakhstan.

The Bukharians are beginning to prosper as small-business owners

after early years of disorientation and family conflict.

"I like New York like crazy," says Rafael Nektalov, 44, a jazz-loving

Bukharian musicologist. "Before, you might be Uzbek or Tajik

or Kazakh. Here, you are American."

From coast to coast

But Moscow isn't only on the Hudson these days.

\* Churches in Seattle, Portland, Ore., and Sacramento have

sponsored refugee resettlement there for nearly 150,000 evangelical

Baptists and Pentecostals from towns in Russia and Ukraine. Often

more conservative than their American neighbors, they have transformed

***working-class*** neighborhoods by renovating old churches and opening

Russian restaurants.

Elena Rubens, 40, not a refugee, moved to Portland in May to marry

an American she met in Chelyabinsk, Russia. First impressions:

Americans smile more, and TV is *nyekulturny*, uncultured.

"One show I dislike is very rude, very expressive, nothing but

a lot of problems which people should settle between each other,"

she says. She means *Jerry Springer*. She does love *Oprah*.

"It was my favorite program in Russia," she says.

\* Blocks in West Hollywood, Calif., resemble Brighton Beach:

Shops include Svetlana Deli and Tbilisi & Yerevan Bakery.

Every May 9, aging men and women wear their old Red Army uniforms

and medals and recount wartime hardships in V-E Day celebrations

at Plummer Park.

\* Los Angeles County is home to 300,000 Armenian-Americans.

In the 1990s, Armenia, formerly in the Soviet Union, fought a

war with Azerbaijan that swelled the ranks of the Armenians who

had been coming since the 1940s. In a nationally watched political

battle, Rep. James Rogan, R-Calif., and his Democratic opponent,

state Sen. Adam Schiff, are assiduously competing for the votes

of the Armenians who make up 30% of Glendale's population of 204,000.

\* South Florida attracts the millionaires of the fledgling

Russian market economy. Entrepreneurs and entertainers are snapping

up luxury condos in Sunny Isles Beach, a heavily Russian community

of 15,000 north of Miami.

The towers of Sunny Isles Beach also are favored by immigrant

Russians who have succeeded in the USA after early penury. Lana

Kushnir, 45, says that in 1979, she and her husband, Zory, had

$ 500, two children and furniture scavenged from Brooklyn streets.

Zory persevered through the traditional, blue-collar immigrant

jobs ---- driving delivery trucks, painting houses -- until his

English improved.

Now the Kushnirs live at The Pinnacle, the fanciest high-rise

in Sunny Isles Beach. Two years ago, Zory, a businessman who has

owned restaurants, a travel agency and a jewelry store, invested

in a profitable sausage factory in Russia. Their son, Alec, is

a Wall Street investment banker. Their daughter, Snezhana, is

an actress. She has played a Russian prostitute on NBC's *Law*

*and Order* and a *mafiya-*connected cabaret singer on

*Law and Order: Special Victims Unit*."Life is *kharasho,*

good," Lana Kushnir says.

A changing tide

The tide of former Soviet immigration has been ebbing. U.S. visa

policies have tightened, and the "chain migration" fostered

by new residents who bring in close relatives is near an end,

INS officials say. The peak for immigration from the 15 republics

was 1993-94, when 63,420 were admitted. In 1997-98, arrivals fell

to 30,163.

Those coming now are different from the first refugees. Only 12%

of current immigrants are Jews, INS figures show.

Every year, about 100 Muslim women travel from Kyrgyzstan to New

York to work as babysitters and hotel chambermaids. "Not well-paying

jobs, but it's quite enough for their families in Kyrgyzstan to

survive," says Seit Ubukeev, Kyrgyzstan consul in New York. "They

can send back $ 400 a month. The average salary at home is $ 25

a month."

Better-educated immigrants are learning English and earning professional

credentials. Hundreds of Soviet-trained physicians who drove taxicabs

for years now have U.S. practices. The first-rate Soviet education

in engineering enabled a rush by thousands of immigrants into

tech jobs.

Vadim Paretsky, 37, works at ground zero of the new economy. As

a programmer for Intel on the Microsoft campus in Redmond, Wash.,

"I make sure that Microsoft software runs on the latest Intel

processors." He arrived in the USA in 1990, just in time for

months of recession unemployment. Now, he says, "I'm probably

doing OK, average for the Seattle area."

Igor Pasternak, 36, designs and builds advanced-technology blimps

in Chatsworth, Calif. June 23 was a triumphant day for the shaggy-haired

engineer's Worldwide Aeros Corp., which he transplanted in 1993

from Lviv, Ukraine.

The Federal Aviation Administration certified the five-seat Aeros

40B as airworthy. Pasternak has orders for six of the $ 2.2-million

craft. He dreams of a 1,000-foot, transoceanic cargo blimp.

But confirmation of his concepts has come at a high price: In

January, his sister, Marina, 32, and an engineer were fatally

smothered inside a blimp.

One sphere in which the immigrants are underrepresented is politics.

They've simply been working too hard.

"I see no sign, even in areas of high concentration, that they're

into running for public office," says Simon. "That might take

a while longer. They've been very much focused on making it in

socioeconomic status or professional accomplishment."

Model behavior

A few women scouted by Western modeling agencies have realized

dreams of U.S. fashion careers. Carmen Kass, a tall, blond Estonian,

earns a reported $ 3 million a year as a New York supermodel. In

1998, Siberian-born Irina Pantaeva appeared in the Super Bowl

of modeling, the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue.

Often, though, would-be models become model underachievers. "Every

Russian girl we've brought here that's beautiful has become extremely

overweight," says Frances Grill, president of Click Model Management.

"They like to eat and like to go on dates with American men.

They all come to the United States thinking the streets are paved

with gold, and they want some of the gold."

Some appear to be digging for it. A tight set of club-hopping

onetime models, *femmes fatales* with eyes on prize businessmen,

supplies the New York tabloids with regular fodder.

Latvian-born Ines Misan made headlines when investment banker

John Lattanzio sued her for the return of a $ 289,000 diamond engagement

ring; she gave up other gifts but kept the ring.

Inga Banasewycz sued the rich, married Orhan Sadik-Khan for millions

after they broke up. He settled by paying an undisclosed amount.

In September, Jack Rosen, the married owner of Hazel Bishop cosmetics,

stopped fighting a paternity claim by former model Natalia Khodaeva.

"These girls are taking capitalism to an extreme," says Inna

de Silva, a public relations consultant for trendy nightclubs,

who knows many of the ex-models. "They have a mystique that American

men want to be around. It's some sort of a drug. You just have

to be able to afford the medication."

At lower prices, up to $ 4,000, American men who say they're looking

for women with "traditional values" can click on 275 matchmaking

Internet sites, such as arussianprincess.com.

The Ukrainian girls really knock them out. A 1999 INS report suggested

that Web romances with women in the former Soviet Union result

in 2,000 marriages a year. After suspecting marriage fraud, the

INS has concluded that Internet matchmaking is "basically legit,"

agency spokesman Bill Strassberger says.

Craig Rich, 46, a Boonton, N.J., psychotherapist, met his wife,

Arina, 22, of Togliatti, Russia, through a Web site. "I was an

older guy who'd never been married, and I was dealing with the

New York City market," Rich says. The outcome was so positive

that he and Arina founded their own Internet site, volgagirl.com.

A darker side

Coming to America doesn't guarantee happiness. Life has been troubled

for some immigrants:

\* About 58,000 Russian Jews in New York, mostly seniors

struggling with high rents on Social Security assistance, live

in want, says William Rapfogel of the Metropolitan New York Coordinating

Council on Jewish Poverty.

\* In Glendale and Hollywood, Armenian youths have formed

gangs that feud with Latino gangs. On May 5, police say, Raul

Aguirre, 17, a senior at Glendale's Herbert Hoover High School,

was killed by three Armenian boys and a girl while trying to break

up a gang fight. Aram Goulian, 18, was shot and wounded days later,

allegedly by a retaliating Latino.

"Some social issues we need to deal with, and it's not necessarily

a quick fix," says Glendale City Councilman Rafi Manoukian, an

Armenian-American leader in peacemaking efforts.

\* Mikail Markhasev fell in with L.A. Latino gangs as a

teenage emigre from Ukraine. At 20, he was convicted

in 1998 and sentenced to life in prison for the slaying of Ennis

Cosby, entertainer Bill Cosby's son, during a robbery attempt.

\* Even Baiul has had problems. In 1997, she was charged

with drunken driving after running her Mercedes off a road in

Connecticut; she and a friend were injured in the crash. The charge

was dropped when she completed court-ordered alcohol-education

classes. Two years ago, she checked herself into an alcohol rehab

clinic for three months.

She says she doesn't drink now. Steering her new Mercedes sedan

slowly through midtown Manhattan, she says, "I live in America,

and I follow the rules."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Peter Photikoe, USA TODAY (Bar graph) ; GRAPHIC, B/W, Peter Photikoe, USA TODAY (Line graph); PHOTO, Color, Todd Plitt for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, H. Darr Beiser, USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Ian Waldie, Reuters; PHOTOS, B/W, Todd Plitt for USA TODAY (2); Feeling at home: Skater Oksana Baiul won gold for her native Ukraine in 1994. Today, she lives in America and relaxes in Central Park. Krayzelburg: Swimming for USA. Kournikova: A star in tennis, a powerhouse in endorsements.

**Load-Date:** July 11, 2000

**End of Document**



[***DUBLIN SPEAK WHETHER AT A PRODUCE STAND OR PUB, THE CITIZENS IN THIS IRISH CITY TURN A CHANCE ENCOUNTER INTO AN UNEXPECTEDLY FUN MEMORY. HERE'S TO "HAVING THE CRAIC."***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CJ90-01K4-92GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T01

**Length:** 2065 words

**Byline:** Rita Giordano, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** DUBLIN, Ireland

**Body**

I'll tell you about the pints in smoky pubs and gray-satin skies over Georgian streets. I'll tell you about solitude in St. Stephen's Green, the sound of horse hooves on cobblestone, the smell of coal and turf fires on the outskirts of town hastening you toward the comfort of stew, brown bread and tea.

I will tell you about all those things people imagine when they imagine Dublin. But chances are, you'd find those things anyway. First, a little detour, please.

There I was, wandering around Dublin city on my own, feeling conspicuously alone. It was what the Irish call a soft day. That means carry an umbrella. I had none, and the drops had already started to fall. Where to duck? I happened to be near the Four Courts, Dublin's grand old halls of justice on the River Liffey. I figured I'd go in for a few minutes, browse - you know, be anonymous. What I was forgetting, as I quietly eased myself into a trial in progress, was that this was Dublin.

"In you go, love!" said one scruffy-looking character as he slid aside to make way for me on the spectators' bench. "You're in luck. It's a good one," he said, flashing me a minimally toothy smile and a wink.

That got the guy in front of us going.

"Ah, sure, this judge is a tough one," he said, swiveling around in his seat, obviously not one to stall at chance for conversation.

"He is that," another chimed in. "Aye, aye," a couple of our neighbors agreed, delighted.

I felt my reserve start to melt. This is a trial? It felt like a pub. And the few minutes turned into over an hour as we leaned forward in our seats and listened to the plight of a ruddy-faced grocer named Gavin, who had purchased tomatoes, lettuce and other vegetables at half the normal price from a man who usually delivered his newspapers. The trouble was the goods had been stolen from another grocer. Did Gavin knowingly buy stolen produce?

We listened to Gavin's impassioned denials, and the near amnesia of the guy he bought the vegetables from.

"Oh, go 'way ye!" groaned Mr. Scruffy to my left, getting knowing nods all around.

We watched Gavin's face grow redder as the judge, a stern scowler of a man, scaled to new heights of probing jurisprudence. "Mind now," he said, carefully choosing his words, "he's not accused with the broccoli. But in my opinion, the broccoli is key."

"Ah, I told you he was a tough one," Mr. In-Front murmurred.

And, finally, we listened as the judge delivered his verdict.

"Here you have a van that deals primarily in newspapers, and here he arrives with vegetables one day at the right price," said the judge, fixing a steely gaze on Gavin.

"Mr. Gavin," continued His Honor, voice mounting. "You bought a considerable amount of vegetables for a considerably reduced price from a man who mainly deals in selling newspapers. If you ask me, it's the classic definition of something falling off the back of a lorrie. Guilty!"

The courtroom exploded.

"Way hey!" my fellow court buffs crowed.

"See, I told you it would be a good one!" my scruffy friend said.

To a chorus of "Bye, love!" I left the courtroom, happy, dry, and laughing half the way home. All for a little jump into the human circus that I might have totally missed if not for the rain.

That circus and all its denizens, happy, sad, mad and in between, is what Dublin is about. It's a chance encounter, a sight you didn't expect to see, a turn of phrase, or a conversation you'll replay in your mind for years.

Dubliners call it "having the craic," a state that has to do with talk and laughter and all manner of good times. For all the times I've been to Dublin, it's people I remember most.

Sure, you'll say, that's what visitors always say about Ireland. The friendliness of the people. Well, that's not what I had in mind.

Dublin, you see, isn't like the rest of Ireland. The Irish would be the first to tell you that. During one Gaelic football championship, underdog Donegal enjoyed a wellspring of support. The whole country was rooting - against Dublin.

Now, it probably doesn't help that the Dubs consider everybody who's not from Dublin a culchie - a hick. But Dubliners do have an attitude. Actually, several of them. What it comes down to is a highly cultivated kind of irreverence, a certain delight in flouting the rules.

Sure, the pubs officially close at 11:30 p.m., but that doesn't stop anyone from ordering three pints at last call and staying until the barman turns out the lights and booms, "Ladies and gentlemen, please! We're closed!"

And sure, Dubliners are proud of their history, and well-versed in it. But that doesn't keep them from having a little fun at its expense. On O'Connell Street, that wide, wide boulevard on the north side of the Liffey, there's a monument to James Joyce's Anna Livia Plurabelle. It's a woman lying in running water. To most Dubliners, it's just "the floozy in the Jacuzzi."

Speaking of history, Dublin is a changing city, not always comfortable with the contradictions both in its past and present. While Dublin remains still very much an ancient city, modern office monoliths have been met with extreme controversy. And the sort-of-yuppification of Grafton Street, Dublin's fashionable shopping street and the location of some of its most famous pubs, draws sighs from some natives.

"No one gets falling down drunk on Grafton Street anymore," bemoaned one Dubliner I know. (OK, OK, but this is Dublin.)

And Irish society is being forced to reexamine itself. When a 14-year-old Dublin girl, raped by the father of a friend, was initially barred from traveling to England to get an abortion a few years ago, a long, painful debate in Ireland exploded into the world's headlines.

And while Dublin and the rest of Ireland respond quickly and generously to famines across the globe, it has only been in the last decade that Dublin has been forced to begin to confront its shameful not-in-my-backyard treatment of the traveling people, Irish itinerants or gypsies.

But you have to remember that Dublin is a city, a real and complex city full of grit and life. And the thing about real cities is, unlike the lines of ponies and traps that meet you in a place like Killarney, they do not exist, or stop, for you. The only thing to do, then, is join in the dance.

A BLUNT-SPOKEN WELCOME "They don't get any bigger by looking at 'em, love."

The subject was bananas, and this razzing, delivered with a grin, is what passes for salesmanship at the street markets and hawking stands along Dublin's Henry and Moore Streets.

By now, I'm used to this. In the eight years that I've been coming to Dublin, I've become accustomed to the kind of chop-busting that Dubliners consider a welcome, especially when it comes to us Yanks. Don't let it unnerve you. Just smile and give it back. That's one thing my Dublin friends have taught me - don't take yourself so seriously that you can't have the craic.

The first thing, though, that they taught me is the difference between north and south - at least as far as Dublin is concerned.

The Liffey - spanned by several walking bridges, including that Dublin signature, the Ha'Penny Bridge, named for the half-penny it used to cost to cross it - doesn't just divide the city into south and north. The river also divides Dubliners into Southsiders and Northsiders, and don't you forget it. Each side swears by its own part of town. The Northside was the part of Dublin that Americans were introduced to in the movie The Commitments. It's seen as grittier, more ***working class*** than the perceived-as-more-affluent Southside. That said, it's time for a wander.

In the time that I've been coming to Dublin, I've wandered north and south, and always found something I hadn't seen before, or at least not in the same way. I remember a New Year's Eve with the throng of singing, laughing revelers outside the stately Christ Church Cathedral.

I remember the dizzy swirl of Trinity College students, businessmen and shoppers rushing in all directions at the end of the day at College Green, off to pubs, home or dinner. I remember uniformed school kids flirting on the top level of a green doubledecker bus. I remember the smell of fresh bread pouring out the door of a shop in the old Liberties section.

I remember an old man with an ancient-looking key who unlocked the crypt at St. Michan's Church to show us the mummified corpses untombed within. I remember standing within the sober walls of Kilmainham Jail, the place where many Irish freedom fighters spent their last days.

But I also remember a little girl who fed the ducks at St. Stephen's Green, and fishermen sharing a bit of the day's catch with two sea lions that had swum into the harbor at Howth, a port suburb at the northern end of Dublin's DART trainline.

PICKING FROM MANY PATHS The truth is, there is no one vision that holds Dublin. Depending on your inclination, you could wander through Viking Dublin, or mix among the city's avant garde galleries and clubs in Temple Bar.

You could pick up the literary trail, tracing the footsteps of Leopold Bloom on a day in June and spend hours in Dublin's wonderful bookshops. You could peoplewatch over coffee and cream in a city centre cafe, or you could take in fine theater at houses like the Abbey or the Gaiety.

You could find yourself sipping a brandy in the grand sitting room of Dublin's grandest address, the Shelbourne Hotel. Or you could find yourself queueing up with the masses for the famous, wrapped-in-paper fish and chips at Leo Burdock's chipper shop.

The one place you will definitely find yourself, though, is in the pubs.

Dublin's pubs are a culture in themselves, social centers, homes away from home, and no two are alike. There are traditional music pubs like O'Donoghue's on Merrion Row, and cozy, little spots like the Brazen Head on Lower Bridge Street, said to be Dublin's oldest pub. There are the mirrors and chandeliers of the Stag's Head on Dame Court, and there is the honest, old pubby feel of Doheny & Nesbitt's on Lower Baggot Street, a favorite haunt of politicians, lawyers and journalists.

There's one thing all these places have in common, and that's Guinness. Despite attempted inroads by Murphy's, a Cork stout maker, and an unfathomable trend among some Dublin yuppies to order overpriced Budweiser, Guinness is a driving passion among Dubliners.

You can get them going for hours over which barman "pulls the best pint," an art form in itself, not to mention what constitutes a "lovely pint" of "durty Guinness." Along the way, politics may come up, as well as sports, music, love, family gossip, numerous and colorful profanities, and then, perhaps, the Catholic church.

If you're lucky, somewhere in the middle of all this is where you'll come in. Just remember one thing: When it's your turn, buy your round. Any Dubliner will tell you: there's nothing worse than a mean - that is, cheap - American. And true to their natures, the Dubs will tell you.

\* As best I could, I've tried to give you an idea of Dublin. Not a map; you can buy one when you get there, or read a tour book. What I wanted you to take with you is a way of looking at a place, and listening to it.

A footnote: Just in case you were wondering about the fate of Mr. Gavin, he got a six-month, suspended sentence, plus 120 hours of community service. My court-buff pals, as much as they enjoyed the rigors of justice, seemed relieved.

"Ah, sure, the poor man probably has a family," one said.

And, so, whom did I see on the street outside the court? It was Gavin and the guy who sold him the vegetables. They were smoking cigarettes and chatting, having the craic.

Dubliners have an attitude - call it an irreverence for the rules.

IF YOU GO

Getting there: Aer Lingus flies to Dublin from John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York City.

Accommodations: Georgian House, 20-21 Lower Baggot St., $110 for a double room (phone: 011-353-1-661-8832); the Shelbourne Hotel, 27 St. Stephen's Green, $210 for a double room (phone: 011-353-1-676-6471).

Pubs: Auld Dubliner, 24-25 Temple Bar, music pub; the Brazen Head, 20 Lower Bridge St.; Doheny & Nesbitt, 5 Lower Baggot St.; Kehoe's, 9 Anne St. South; Mulligan's, 8 Poolbeg St.; O'Donoghue's, 15 Merrion Row, music pub; Oliver St. John Gogarty, 58-59 Fleet St., Temple Bar; Ryan's, 28 Parkgate St.; Slattery's, 129 Capel St., music pub; the Stag's Head, 1 Dame Court.

Information: Contact the Irish Tourist Board, 345 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10154 (phone: 212-418-0800).

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Dublin's many wide streets offer urban adventure among a citizenry with a highly cultivated sense of irreverence. (Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel, THOMAS SWICK)

Flowing beneath O'Connell Bridge, the River Liffey divides the city into Southside and Northside, each with its own territorial pride.

A covered walkway connects the Christ Church Cathedral (right) with the Dubliner Museum. (THE PURCELL TEAM)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***HEARTLAND KEY TO PRESIDENCY; Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Illinois are rich in undecided voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40HR-XGD0-0027-X25R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

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**Byline:** William Hershey and Mike Wagner DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Series:** CAMPAIGN 2000: BATTLE IN THE HEARTLAND

**Body**

When national Republicans gather Monday in Dayton to talk about improving Social Security and the nation's schools, they'll be trying to get the attention of voters like Dayton elementary school principal Gwen Jarvis.

Jarvis is among thousands of undecided voters across Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Illinois whose support both Republican George W. Bush and Democrat Al Gore need to win the presidency.

Those four states from the industrial heartland are where the election could be won or lost.

Together they account for 84 of the 270 electoral votes needed to get to the White House, and neither Bush nor Gore can lay claim to any of them. The battleground for the 2000 campaign will be in places like Will County, Illinois; Lehigh County, Pennsylvania; Macomb County, Mich., and Montgomery County, Ohio.

The states are known for farms that grow corn and soybeans and for factories that turn out steel and automobiles, but they also regularly determine the winners in close presidential elections. This year will be no different.

Four other states - California, Texas, Florida and New York - have more electoral votes but considerably less suspense.

"The South and Mountain West have basically been conceded to Bush, and California and New York have basically been conceded to Gore, so the heartland states like Ohio are it for these two guys," said Allan Lichtman, history department chairman at American University in Washington.

The stated purpose of Monday's hearing in Dayton is to gather ideas on education and Social Security to be considered for the party platform at the Republican National Convention this summer. But party officials acknowledge they want to showcase their ideas in a state considered crucial to winning back the White House, occupied for the last eight years by Democrat Bill Clinton.

"One of the reasons (Dayton) was chosen is so we can convey our message to the people of the heartland, the people in Ohio," said Chris Paulitz, a spokesman for the Republican National Committee. "One of the things we can do to make it swing our way is to let people know what we stand for."

Jarvis, 59, the Dayton school principal, historically has not been a swing voter. She has never voted for a Republican, but this year she said she has an open mind.

What the candidates have to say on education will help her decide.

"Education is my life and I'm not sure which guy is truly committed to making our schools better," said Jarvis, whose school, Residence Park, was closed at the end of the school year in a budget-cutting move.

MICROCOSMS OF THE NATION

No one state represents the nation as a whole. But the Big Four industrial states provide a good window into the nation's cultural and economic diversity, said Michael Barone, co-author of The Almanac of American Politics.

These states all include big cities, small towns, suburbs, edge cities, farms, factories and factory workers, unions, corporate headquarters and racial and ethnic diversity.

"In some sense, they are microcosms of the nation," said James Penning, professor of political science at Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Mich.

They have emerged as swing states because they include voters who almost religiously support one party or another and "swing voters" who change their allegiance depending on the issues and candidates.

And they are up for grabs because, with no pressing national issue this year, nobody is quite sure how the swing voters are going to swing.

A war, recession or environmental disaster makes it possible to mobilize voters nationally, said Greg Haas, a Columbus-based Democratic consultant who directed Bill Clinton's 1992 Ohio campaign. Without such an issue, Bush, the Texas governor, and Gore, the vice president, have to appeal more to voters on a state-by-state basis, Haas said.

These states share similarities - at the moment, high gas prices. But as Dayton Daily News reporters criss-crossed the four states, from suburban Bryn Mawr, Pa., to the farm fields outside Decatur, Ill., to the inner-city neighborhoods of Detroit, separate issues emerged. For example:

\* Labor in Michigan traditionally provides a key part of the Democrats' base, but autoworkers upset with Gore's support for normal trade relations with China could dampen enthusiasm for the Democrat. On the other hand, voters who helped Arizona Sen. John McCain win Michigan's Republican primary in February still are miffed at how McCain supporters have been treated since then, a potential Bush land mine. And who will pay for "road rage?" Last week, gas prices soared past $ 2.30 a gallon in Michigan. The American Research Group poll, taken May 1-10, showed Bush leading in Michigan, 45-42, a statistical dead heat.

\* Only twice in the last century has a presidential winner failed to carry Illinois, the land of ticket-splitters. Illinois is still divided between the Democrats in Chicago and Republicans in the suburbs and downstate, but Clinton got enough votes outside Chicago to win twice here. Education is the issue in Illinois, and Gore now has a Daley running his national campaign: Commerce Secretary Bill Daley, the brother of Chicago Mayor Richard M. Daley. The big unknown: Will soaring gas prices and a death penalty controversy emerge as central issues in the race? The race here is considered even.

\* Ohio has no statewide non-judicial Democratic officeholders, but Clinton won twice here and Democrats will work hard for the trifecta. Populous Cuyahoga County remains important, but statewide voting patterns are changing. Republicans no longer believe they have to keep the Democrats' margin of victory in Cuyahoga County below 100,000 in order to win statewide. Democrats say they are making inroads in Columbus, which in 1999 elected its first Democratic mayor in 28 years. On most polls, education tops the list of 'most important issues.' Other hot topics include health care, gun control, abortion and the 'character' issue. The American Research Group's May poll had Bush up 47-41.

\* Pennsylvania is another heavy union state, but unlike Michigan, it's dominated by the industrial trades. The strong economy with lots of work is likely to matter more to labor here than Gore's stance on international trade. Social Security could also play big. Pennsylvania is among the nation's leaders for retirees, who stay to reap the state's generous benefits to seniors.

Bush's list of possible running mates also underscores the importance of this region. Prominent Republicans from Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania are all mentioned. And in Pennsylvania, for one, both parties concede that if Republican Gov. Tom Ridge were chosen, the Keystone State and its 23 delegates would almost surely go to the GOP.

In all four states, political power, which helps determine voter turnout, is divided between Republicans who control all the governors' offices and Democrats who hold all the big-city mayor's offices, including Columbus, Cincinnati and Cleveland.

In all four states, President Clinton is a wildcard: a mostly popular president but a controversial one whose ethical lapses serve as a lightning rod for voters of both parties.

And in all four states, swing voters hold the key. Michigan autoworker Alan Koles III, 31, personifies the region's swing vote. When the economy soured in 1992, he backed Democrat Clinton.

Turned off by Clinton's conduct, he switched to Ross Perot and the Reform Party in 1996. This year he's backing Bush.

Gore's support for normalizing trade relations with China reinforced Koles' doubts about the vice president. He already was upset with what he considered Gore's extreme positions on the environment, particularly the vice president's attacks on the internal combustion engine, a sacred cow in Michigan.

Then there's Gore's support for more gun control.

"Bush is a pro-gunner and so am I," said Koles, who lives in suburban St. Clair Shores, north of Detroit, and commutes 40 miles to work at a Daimler-Chrysler engine plant in Trenton, south of the Motor City.

In Chicago, Brenda Owens is another of those fence-sitting swing voters. Owens, director of Kenyatta's Day Care, is still sizing up the candidates using education as a measuring stick.

She tentatively supports Bush's proposal to provide federal money for vouchers that parents could use to send their children to private schools. She spent her own money sending her children to private schools. Chicago has some excellent public school magnet programs but the programs were full, she said.

"I remember when my kids were in school I had to spend large amounts of money to put them in a school that was safe and would give them a good education," she said.

Still, she leans toward Gore in the presidential race. President Clinton has pushed for more federal money for education and day care and Gore is likely to continue that, she said.

FREQUENT VISITS AND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

Swing voters in these four pivotal states - along with New Jersey, Missouri and a few smaller states thought to be up for grabs - will have plenty of opportunities to make up their minds before November: After the conventions, candidates Bush and Gore will all but take up residency.

John Green, director of the Ray C. Bliss Institute of Applied Politics at the University of Akron, said one of the principal campaigners from each side - the major candidates or their spouses - will make a stop in each of the four big states at least once a week.

Altogether the candidates or spouses from each side probably will make 20 or more visits to Ohio and the other three states, Green said. At least $ 40 million to $ 50 million will be spent by each side in the four states, not counting national advertising, he said.

"It's driven mostly toward maximizing the (voter) turnout," Green said.

Haas said that in 1992, Clinton, Gore or one of their spouses made 26 visits to Ohio between the Democratic convention and the election. Haas directed Clinton's Ohio campaign.

"We went through a two-week-period in October when every single day one of the principals was in Ohio," Haas said.

Gore was in Scranton, Pa., and Cincinnati last week, unveiling a tax cut plan and touting himself as the candidate best able to keep the economy booming. Bush was in Canton Friday pushing his education proposals.

In May, Gore went to Chicago where he urged Congress to pass a patients' bill of rights that would give patients the right to sue their HMOs, a popular issue in Ohio and the other states.

Bush, who has been campaigning in traditionally Democratic areas, came to a ***working class*** neighborhood in Cleveland in April to unveil his "compassionate conservative" plan to help the working poor by cutting taxes, improving access to health insurance and helping them buy homes and save money. He touted the same ideas a few days later in Dayton.

Also in April, Gore picked Philadelphia to outline his plan for improving Social Security benefits for women who take time off from work to raise children.

Gore has spent a day in public schools in suburban Detroit and Columbus, while Bush has campaigned at schools in predominantly black areas of Columbus and Detroit, trying to reach out beyond traditional Republicans.

POLITICS, POLLS AND FRUSTRATIONS

Bush has good reason to reach beyond the Republican base. Neither of his two predecessors did, and Clinton swept all four states in 1992 and again in 1996.

But although Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Illinois share much in common, there are political differences that could be a factor this year.

Historically, Ohio leans the most Republican and Illinois the most Democratic, said Democratic pollster Mark Mellman, who grew up in Bexley, a Columbus suburb. Michigan leans slightly Democratic, although less than Illinois, while Pennsylvania is somewhat Republican oriented, but less so than Ohio, said Mellman.

This analysis is based partially on the results of the Clinton sweep, particularly his win over Republican George Bush in 1992.

In 1992 in Ohio, Clinton squeaked his way to victory with just 40 percent of the vote, compared to 38 percent for Bush. Ross Perot got 21 percent of the vote and exit polls showed that his presence in the race probably cost Bush the state.

Meanwhile, Clinton decisively won in Illinois, getting 49 percent of the vote to just 34 percent for Bush and 17 percent for Perot. In Pennsylvania, Clinton got 45 percent to 36 percent for Bush and 18 percent for Perot.

In Michigan, the results were similar, 44 percent for Clinton, 36 percent for Bush and 19 percent for Perot.

The partisan tendencies aren't ironclad, however.

In 1976, Ohio and Pennsylvania, the two most Republican states, voted for Democrat Jimmy Carter while Illinois and Michigan backed Republican Gerald Ford.

In other words, winning Illinois or Michigan or Pennsylvania does not necessarily mean a candidate will win Ohio.

The polls so far show Bush with a slight lead or even in each of the four states, but the Gore campaign isn't panicking.

"Bush's slim lead in Midwest polls is misleading," said Douglas Hattaway, the Gore campaign spokesman. "Bush has been sliding and Gore has been rising in the polls for several months. As people start to pay more attention to the candidates that trend will continue."

The Bush campaign welcomes the early polls.

"Voters don't really know who Al Gore is," said Ray Sullivan, a Bush campaign spokesman. "The baggage from the Clinton-Gore administration is clearly hurting him and the polls reflect that."

In Columbus, Republican political consultant Curt Steiner knows better than to take anything for granted. He and other Ohio Republicans have cheered for a decade as their party took over every non-judicial statewide office and both houses of the legislature.

Yet, the Democrats haven't gone away, said Steiner.

"In the greatest Republican era in decades, during that time the Democratic presidential candidate carried Ohio twice," Steiner said. "That's all you need to know."

It shows that not much has changed in 40 years.

The late John F. Kennedy summed up the frustration of running and losing in Ohio and the other battleground states. In 1960 he campaigned throughout Ohio to adoring crowds everywhere. Victory surely would be his.

On election night, however, Republican Richard M. Nixon won the state in what the late Theodore H. White, author of The Making of the President 1960 , called "the greatest upset of the election."

Kennedy held up his right hand, swollen and inflamed by months of handshaking.

"Ohio did that to me," said Kennedy. "They did it there."

RELATED STORIES

\* 270 votes: Presidential election really 51 elections. 20A

\* Swing states: A look at four undecided voters. 21A

\* GOP platform: Policy hearing planned for Monday. 1B

ABOUT THE SERIES

\* Today: Four states from the industrial heartland are the biggest of the 'swing states' that will determine whether Democrat Al Gore or Republican George W. Bush gets to the White House.

\* Monday: Ohio

\* Tuesday: Illinois

\* Wednesday: Pennsylvania

\* Thursday: Michigan

**Notes**

Staff writers Jim Bebbington and Scott Montgomery contributed to this report.

**Graphic**

COLOR PHOTOS: (4): (#1) (Graph) Four vital states CREDIT: JOHN HANCOCK/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#2) 'EDUCATION IS MY life and I'm not sure which guy is truly committed to making our schools better," said Gwen Jarvis, a Dayton elementary school principal. CREDIT: JIM WITMER/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#3) (Graph) United States CREDIT: JOHN HANCOCK/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#4) MICHIGAN AUTOWORKER Alan Koles III, 31, backed Democrat Clinton in 1992. Turned off by Clinton's conduct, he switched to Ross Perot and the Reform Party in 1996. This year he's backing Bush. CREDIT: AIMEE OBIDZINSKI/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

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[***What's the best way to handle change?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9HP0-009B-P502-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

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**Byline:** Bob von Sternberg; Staff Writer

**Body**

Inside Loretta's Tea Room, it seems as though nothing has changed since 1929, the year the elegant old restaurant opened amid the mansions of Minneapolis. Waitresses primly attired in white and black serve up chicken pot pie and meatloaf dinners to elderly widows and power-dressing businessmen.

But so much has changed. A $ 5 bill isn't quite enough anymore to pay for lunch - which manager Adina Wrobleski calls, without irony, "comfort food."

On the cash-register counter is a small rainbow flag, a discreet signal to gay and lesbian customers that they're warmly welcome. Well before the place closes every afternoon at 2, the security door is tightly locked. Just outside the door, one of Loretta's canvas signs has been defaced, tagged by the Unorthodox Vice Lords Nation.

"We're really so ordinary here," Wrobleski said of the restaurant and the Phillips neighborhood where it's located. "There's the crime and fear everyone talks about, but that's not the reality for most people. No, things aren't what they used to be around here, but that's true everywhere."

Outside Loretta's Tea Room, the changes are bigger - some, more jarring. Four-seat buggies circle the block, filled with little kids who spend their days at Head Start while their single moms work. Sprung from school a couple of blocks away on Park Av., four teenage boys pass around a paper-wrapped 40-ounce bottle of malt liquor. The street - jammed with downtown-bound commuters every weekday morning - is given over to the kids.

These days, the mansions are white-collar offices - or long vacant. A few are boarded up; others sport front-yard security-system badges - Armor, Floyd, ADT. After dark, a few more blocks north, Peavey Park is awash in floodlights that bathe soccer and volleyball games played deep into the night. The air is filled with yelling and cheering - in Spanish and Vietnamese. And some nights, a helicopter thrums overhead, its spotlight sweeping the streets for criminals.

"People worry," Wrobleski said. "It's a fear of the fear. It's a big circle, where something bad's happened to someone you know, and that makes you worry. And the politicians exploit that. Some of these issues are too big to be dealt with seriously in an election. But they work from scripts - and scripts are safe."

Call it fear of the fear. Or fear of the future. Beneath the optimism about an economy that's humming along quite nicely - more jobs, low inflation, relatively low interest rates, slightly higher wages - lies a deep concern about the health of society, an uncertainty about how much is changing - your kids, your job, your neighborhood, your city, your nation.

As an issue in the presidential campaign, it dwarfs nearly every other - at the same time defining the state of the nation in 1996 while perversely defying any neat, satisfying solution.

It's not that President Clinton and Bob Dole haven't repeatedly tried to grapple with the issue. Just a week ago, during their first debate, both nibbled at the edges.

"Millions of you still have anxieties," Dole said. "You worry about the future. . . . The truth is there's a lot wrong with America."

"It is not midnight in America," Clinton replied. "I'm glad we're going in the right direction."

Change? Yes, Dole says, change back to an America where things used to work. Yes, Clinton says, crossing the bridge into the next century will accomplish the change - even if no one knows what's on the other side.

Their rhetoric ricochets off the surface of the nation's deep worries, amounting to little more than lip service to something that is tangible and profound for voters. And voters and political analysts alike say that, no matter who wins Nov. 5, this election may do absolutely nothing to resolve the nation's anxiety - in large part because politics has become so deeply disconnected from so many Americans' lives, where these changes are a daily, nagging reality.

"Not only are the candidates not really addressing this, but they're actually creating deeper frustration and anxiety among the public," said Richard Harwood, whose company, the Harwood Group, specializes in examining public opinion.

"The essence of politics has become divorced from the essence of peoples' lives," he said. "The two are as separate as Earth and Mars. At the same time, there's all this talk about change, but it has a very hollow ring because it's got no context for peoples' lives."

Harwood is only one of dozens of public-opinion researchers who in recent months have produced a towering mountain of polling data that shows just how badly shaken and off-center Americans have become.

Worry over children

Closest to home, worries about economic security crowd out other issues. Paychecks that don't keep pace with the monthly bills, every year coming to be worth a little less. Worries about paying kids' college tuition, much less squirreling enough away for retirement. One job may cover the mortgage and utilities, but the second job is needed to take care of groceries and a car payment - and taxes owed the government.

With the middle class stalled, staggering wealth accumulates at the top. ***Working-class*** voters say they think they can improve their own lot with overtime, second jobs or new careers, but they don't kid themselves that the wealth will be spread, or that government can help them make it. Belief in economic fairness has withered, replaced by a corrosive sense of betrayal.

Scarier still are their kids' prospects. Not only do people believe their kids are worse off than they were, but nearly half say the childrens' future will be tougher. They're worried about everything that fills the kids' days: schools, TV, music and the drugs and sexual activity that lure them.

In some ways, it's a longing for a Lost America; whether or not it was ever that good, gauzy memories of the '50s have made that the golden decade, the one most adult Americans say was the best time to grow up. Where most Americans a generation ago preferred today over the good old days, the reverse is true in 1996.

Fear of crime is pervasive, along with a longing for safety - whether the fear is spawned by personal experience or media bombardment. But crime is only a symptom, however ugly and brutal, growing out of the withering of civility and crumbling moral values. Many cry out for rebuilding those values, even though there's no clear consensus about whose values should be shared. Personal responsibility? Help your neighbor? The Ten Commandments? Something else?

The ache for a return to values even outstrips economic issues in some polls; George Gallup found earlier this year that Americans' concern about values had never been higher in 60 years of polling.

Meanwhile, the nation's citizenry - those who vote, those who don't - want government to butt out, but not all the way. Quit wasting tax money on the undeserving poor, but make sure the truly needy don't slip through the safety net. Provide basic medical and retirement benefits. Quit making it harder to raise kids and live a good life. But government gets the back of Americans' hands, too - many have given up on believing it can do anything right, and among most, trust in it (and its practitioners, those politicians) has simply evaporated. They're not angry at it anymore - just disgusted.

Or, as Harwood concluded about most of these trends after listening to several focus groups, "People are deeply frustrated and exasperated . . . [and] seem to be in a more reflective, introspective mood, questioning what is happening around them, fearful of what the future holds, ambivalent about what should be done."

'Values are just gone'

Imagine you're crossing a glacier. The sky is a high, brilliant blue. The ice below your feet glistens. The horizon stretches forever, and the view is breathtaking. But every step is treacherous because the glacier is riddled with crevasses - all equally invisible, equally lethal. At any moment, you can pitch into an abyss.

That's what it's like for many Minnesotans traversing their lives this fall, if conversations with dozens of voters are any indication. As these voters make their way day after day, the noise from the candidates is at best an irritant, at worst a distraction.

From his perch behind the counter at the creamery in Rice, Minn., Greg F. Kelash, 42, has all but given up trying to figure out the answers.

"Values are just gone - abortion, the murder rate in the cities. All of it, from stealing an apple to stealing a car to killing someone. I have a hard time driving a decent vehicle. But you go down there to the cities and the nicest vehicles on the road are all these guys from other countries, going around selling drugs.

"All of it goes back to values, to what you have inside, from your childhood on up - help your neighbor, what your parents taught you. When you have to work for that dollar, you respect that dollar. When it's handed to you - why work when it's just going to be given to me? If we all had the right values and didn't try just for the almighty dollar, we wouldn't even need the police, much less the government.

"If someone knew how to fix all that - but we don't have that kind of repairman. That repairman is just not available."

These strands of disenchantment, economic and moral alike, weave together.

In downtown Moorhead, Minn., Cassie Clark sits behind the counter of the Heritage Hjemkomst Interpretive Center, selling tickets and answering tourists' questions. "Everyone's so gloomy these days; they aren't even talking about the election," she said. "Or maybe it's just the weather. Sure, you vote, go on jury duty, but why should you think you even count?"

Clark, 39, is a single mother who's juggled a job and college, sometimes needing welfare. "I've never believed in it myself, but you have to experience these things before you can judge people," she said.

"Sure, there's jobs, there's always jobs, but no medical benefits, or what if you need child care or your kid is sick? Or how do you keep your grades up and work full time? It really peeves me off. They can come up with plans, say things that sound good - it always sounds good."

Clinton and Dole have tried to confront these anxieties, offering substantially different solutions. Dole would return individual accountability to the nation, crack down on violent criminals, return tax money to voters' pockets, trust the marketplace.

Golden future?

But a lot of voters are in no mood to trust. Clinton's course tries to sound more reassuring. He urges staying the course already begun: job growth, business prosperity, education improvements and more personal responsibility. His program amounts to dozens of small "fixes" designed to answer nearly every anxiety: He'll put 100,000 cops on the street; he'll give a tax credit for college.

But compared with the breadth of the problems identified by a lot of Americans, the candidates' answers fall well short of the questions. Both are asking leaps of faith by people whose faith is already badly battered. Dole's invoking of the market could ring hollow to a middle-class voter who's decided that the marketplace itself is a big reason that times are so tough. Clinton's assertion that some government action can make the journey to the next century easier ignores a voter skepticism about a government that doesn't seem to have done much right for 25 years.

"You've got a public very anxious about its future, recognizing there's very little that can be done in the short run," said poll-taker Andrew Kohut. "Major problems are bugging people - and they realize these guys can't do anything about it."

Invoking a golden future, whether it's like the past or the undiscovered 21st century, won't wash. "Dole and Clinton are standing in the middle of the bridge, saying let's go forward or back," Harwood said. "But people want them to walk across and tell them what it will really look like. They don't, so people ask, 'Why should I go anywhere with you? It's just too risky.' "

"This discontent is more enduring than one election," Kohut said. "Americans have always refused not to be optimistic, but they don't see what this election means to their lives. They can see that the economy and these social changes are bigger than the political system. People are very turned off by this election, and that's a harbinger of them saying, 'These guys just don't get it.' "

Back on Park Av., Gyanna Dickerson was making precisely that point as she pushed a stroller past Loretta's. A day-care worker trying to raise her daughter in the inner city, she's bedeviled by gunfire (and the resulting deaths) in her neighborhood, a wage that doesn't stretch far enough and the fact that parents are hard-pressed to afford the day care that keeps her employed.

"These are all important things, but none of them running for office can see it," said Dickerson, 28. "They're not here with us, at our level. They can quit cracking jokes about each other and get down here, where so many people need help. Not this 21st century stuff - we need help now."

Economy up, society down

Index of social health and gross domestic product

(See microfilm for chart.)

Park Av.: From carriage houses to crack houses

In the 1890's, above, Park Avenue was becoming one of Minneapolis' showcase boulevards. A hundred years later, its elegance has faded. A street gang has left graffiti on the entrance to Loretta's, right, a popular and stylish tea room known for its "comfort food." "Things aren't what they used to be around here," said manager Adina Wrobleski, below, talking about the neighborhood, "but that's true everywhere."

"Trusting the People," by Bob Dole and Jack Kemp: "If times are so good, why do Americans feel so anxious about their future? Why do both parents often have to work to make ends meet, when it used to take only one? Why is this the first recovery on record in which working Americans are being left behind? Why do so many Americans feel like they are running on a treadmill and the treadmill is winning?"

"Beyond Hope and History," by Bill Clinton: "In the face of bewildering, intense, sometimes overpowering change, people react differently. There are those who would try to avoid the future, to turn back the clock, or simply to hold out for as long as they can. And there are those who embrace the future with all its changes and challenges."

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart

**Load-Date:** October 15, 1996

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[***THE PEAK OF ROMANCE; GRANDVIEW AVENUE IS STILL THE PRIME SPOT FOR A ROMANTIC VALENTINE'S DAY DINNER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J78-XRG0-TX33-C27S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Some say that Valentine's Day is rooted in an ancient spring pagan festival, Lupercalia, which honored Lupercal, god of fertility. As part of the rituals of that festival, each young man drew the name of a young woman to love and protect in the coming year. Others claim that we owe the origin to a Roman bishop named Valentinus, who in the third century secretly married lovers who had been forbidden by the emperor to wed. The bishop was executed for his crime, and St. Valentine's Day commemorates the anniversary of his death.

In either case, Feb. 14 is tied to love and romance. In America, Valentine's Day has evolved from a celebration for sweethearts into an occasion enjoyed by everyone. For restaurants and florists, it is the busiest day of the year, after Mother's Day. This year more than 1 billion Valentine's will be exchanged.

On this special day, according to the National Restaurant Association, one-third of all Americans will be dining in a restaurant. Dining atop Pittsburgh's Mount Washington, admiring the view, is where I will be.

The view from Mount Washington has been officially proclaimed one of the 10 most beautiful places in America (by USA Weekend magazine). I would take that even further and suggest that this view is world class, standing proudly with the view of Hong Kong from Victoria Peak, Sydney Harbor from the top of the Sydney Tower or Rio de Janeiro from Sugar Loaf Mountain. Grandview Avenue is aptly named, for this is truly one of the world's grandest city views. At sunset the sky is washed in varying shades of orange and purple. From this 400-foot-high bluff, where George Washington is reputed to have first glimpsed Fort Duquesne and the forks of the Ohio River, the majesty of our city is overwhelming.

Mount Washington was once called Coal Hill and in the 19th century was the site of extensive coal mines. In those days Grandview Avenue was just a cow path clinging to the edge of the cliff that became a wooden boardwalk called High Street. There were no fancy restaurants in this ***working-class*** neighborhood of primarily German immigrants. Only in the late 1950s did two small eating establishments with panoramic views open. One was the Tin Angel, which over the years has expanded and is today one of the mount's largest restaurants.

It is fortunate that for Valentine's Day the moon will be 98 percent full (waning gibbous to be precise). When dining on Mount Washington, it is advisable to go for sunset, which will be at 5:24 p.m. on Tuesday. Twilight ends at 6:22 p.m., and the moon will rise at7:27 p.m. For the ultimate icing on your romantic cake, take the Duquesne Incline to Grandview Avenue. There is free parking in a lot at the incline's lower station. You will ride to the top in the original cars built in 1877.

LeMONT

With huge canted windows providing sweeping views of the city, a fine kitchen and sumptuous interiors, LeMont, which opened in 1960, became Pittsburgh's premier dining destination. Almost a half-century and several renovations later, it is still the "grande dame" of Mount Washington. The elegant dining room looks more like Paris than Pittsburgh. Multiple, massive crystal chandeliers illuminate the expansive dining room. Tables covered with crisp linen cloths and small bronze lamps are set with handsome china and surrounded by upholstered Louis XV armchairs. Waiters wear formal attire. Windows start at the floor and swoop in giant panes to the high ceiling, giving every table an uninterrupted view. LeMont has recently expanded into an adjoining space that now houses a large lounge area with bar and a second bar for cigar smokers. The lounge has live entertainment Tuesdays through Saturdays.

The menu is a la carte, the cuisine Continental. For Valentine's Day there is a special menu with a selection of the chef's favorite entrees and appetizers. For an appetizer, I recommend the all-vegetable Portabello en Croute ($9.95). The buttery puff pastry dough is wrapped around a filling of meaty roasted portabello mushrooms bound with creamy Boursin and mascarpone cheeses and flavored with basil and tomatoes.

For an entree, I suggest Steak Diane ($35.95) or Chateaubriand ($72 for two people). Both of these entrees are prepared by the waiter from a gueridon next to your table. This classic European-style service so popular in the 1960s is rarely practiced in American restaurants today. It is a dramatic thrill to watch the waiter ignite brandy to de-glaze the pan in which he has browned the beef.

After this show of flames, the dessert cart with multi-layered cakes of varying colors is anti-climactic. Instead, I suggest a glass of port. The wine list is extensive and impressive, and the markup is high. Kim Crawford New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc is $50. I buy this wine in the state store for $12.99. A Chilean Merlot that pairs nicely with the beef is $60. Wines by the glass average $10.

LeMont is offering a special three-course prix fixe menu for the winter season. Although not available on Valentine's Day or on Saturdays, this menu will introduce diners to the charms of the LeMont experience at a very affordable price.

LEMONT AND CLUB LEMONT

Critic's Call: Three Stars

1114 Grandview Ave.

412-431-3100

[*http://lemontpittsburgh.com*](http://lemontpittsburgh.com)

\* Hours: Dinner from 5 p.m. Mondays-Saturdays, from 4 p.m. Sundays.

\* Basics: Palatial surroundings and formal, Old-World ambience accompany awesome views of Pittsburgh's skyline and the three rivers. Live entertainment Tuesdays through Saturdays.

\* Prices: Appetizers, $5.95-$15.95; entrees, $24.95-$72; desserts, $6-$7.

\* Summary: Smoking in club and lounge area; accessible; major credit cards accepted; valet parking $5.

%% BELLA VISTA %%

You might remember when Bella Vista was Pasquarelli's. The new owners have re-worked the menu and are gradually making changes to the interior of the restaurant. The dining room is nicely decorated, and the vista is indeed bella. All tables can enjoy the views. The entire place, including the small bar, is smoke-free.

An a la carte menu offers some surprise appetizers, such as Frogs Legs ($8.50 for four pair) or Bluepoint Oysters on the Half Shell ($9.95 for five). There are also Pittsburgh standbys such as Fried Zucchini ($6.95) with tasty marinara sauce or Stuffed Banana Peppers ($7.95) to keep the home crowd happy. Sliced Tomatoes and Mozzarella ($6.95) should be avoided this time of year, when tomatoes are mushy and tasteless.

Dinner includes a choice of wedding soup or salad. My salad was fresh, and the blue cheese dressing was loaded with chunks of cheese. Veal Piccata ($23.95) is five thin escallops with mushrooms and capers in a well-prepared light and lemony wine sauce. Steamed fresh vegetables and pasta marinara come on the side. A good vegetarian Manicotti ($17.95) is made in house. It is stuffed with ricotta and Romano cheeses and bathed in tomato sauce. For Valentine's Day there will also be heart-shaped ravioli on the menu.

For dessert there is house-made Tiramisu ($5.95) flavored with Galiano and Amaretto liqueurs or cheesecake. There will be a special dessert on the Valentine's Day menu: Chocolate Tulip Cup filled with White Chocolate Mousse ($6.95). Wines range from $7.50 to $9 a glass. Bottle prices start at $25 for a California Pinot Noir.

BELLA VISTA

Critic's Call: Two-And-One-Half Stars

1204 Grandview Ave.

412-431-1660

\* Hours: Dinner from 5 p.m. Mondays-Saturdays, from 4 p.m. Sundays.

\* Basics: This is a pleasant interior with nice service and a kitchen and management that strive to please.

\* Prices: Appetizers, $3-$11; entrees, $18-$21; desserts, $6-$7; wines, $7.50-$9.

\* Summary: No smoking; major credit cards accepted; parking on street or in Mount Washington lot.

%% ISABELA ON GRANDVIEW %%

This restaurant, unlike its neighbors, is as much about awesome food as it is about million-dollar views. A super-talented chef will have you swooning over his seven-course prix-fixe menu, which changes daily. If you dine in the upstairs room (my preference), it closely resembles dinner at a chef's table. You have the Pittsburgh view on one end of the dining room and the open kitchen on the other. Each end offers intriguing sights. I would never choose to order seven courses, but I must say that the creative dishes that chef Kevin Hunninen produces had me relishing every bite and anticipating the arrival of each new course. Portions, thank goodness, are small.

On the night I dined at Isabela, after an amuse bouche tidbit of caramelized onions on puff pastry, there was Mushroom and Artichoke Strudel with Gorgonzola Cream Sauce. This glorious appetizer was light yet bursting with layers of complementary flavors. Grilled quail with toasted cumin couscous in a red curry sauce hit all the taste bud high notes. I especially loved the unexpected combination of ingredients. Then it was on to the fish course. Given three choices in each category, I chose Sauteed Hawaiian Wahoo for this one. The sweet and mild fish was perfectly complemented by the slightly licorice taste of the fennel and the tang of the tomato ragout.

After a granite of watermelon, sweet cherries and lime, it was on to Seared Duck Breast with Pomegranate-Walnut Sauce. The duck was cooked to perfection. A bright pink center was circled by the charred brown exterior. The tart pomegranate sauce was a welcome change from the more familiar oranges or cherries. After a perfectly dressed salad of baby greens and mild chevre cheese, it was time to savor a delicious Dark Chocolate and Toffee Terrine. Its rich and silky texture was highlighted by crunchy bits of praline sprinkled on top and garnished with a dollop of chantilly cream. The service throughout was impeccable.

Wine prices are high. A 6-ounce pour is available by the glass for $9 to $14. Ferrai-Carano Chardonnay from Alexander Valley is $65 and Grgich Hills Napa Cabernet 2001 is $130. Bottled mineral water is included in the price of dinner, which is a nice gesture. The wine glasses are the best that I saw in all of the restaurants reviewed today.

ISABELA ON GRANDVIEW

Critic's Call: Three-And-One-Half Stars

1318 Grandview Ave.

412-431-5882

\* Hours: Dinner from 5 p.m. Mondays-Saturdays.

\* Basics: Isabela tops the scale for an ultra-romantic experience. Even if you can't get a table for Valentine's Day, come with your Valentine date at another time. The night I was there, a young man proposed on bended knee to his dinner companion. He had obviously planned his big moment, and the engagement ring was delivered from the kitchen on top of a birthday cake with candles. I once witnessed the same act at the Jules Verne restaurant atop the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Watching this young man in a restaurant looking down on our magnificent city made me think about what a glorious thing it is to match good food and wine with city views.

\* Summary: No smoking; a flight of stairs to enter the main dining room; major credit cards accepted; valet parking, $6.

%% MONTEREY BAY FISH GROTTO %%

This glass cage, with windows facing northeast and west, sits up seven floors from the street, atop a large apartment complex. This is where you go for "fish with a view." There is a happy buzz in the large dining room. This is a place people come to eat well and have fun. It seems much less self-conscious than the street-front restaurants below. The view, although very present, seems incidental, and in fact there are some tables that don't afford much of a view, at least not of the Point. The room is neither intimate nor romantic, but the place swings. You might be dining next to a table of Steelers out for a festive night with their wives.

Whatever you order as an entree, don't miss the Smoked Salmon and Potato Pillows ($8.95) appetizer. The pillows are made from long, thin slices of Idaho potato that are wrapped around a filling of Boursin cheese, browned in butter and served on top of a bed of ambrosial creamed leeks with thick slices of smoked salmon.

A fish special available last week was porcini crusted sturgeon, char-grilled and served over crab risotto ($33.90). The firm-fleshed sturgeon had a blackened crust with nice charcoal flavor and a sweet, moist interior. Perfectly prepared and properly chewy, the risotto was an interesting partner for the sturgeon. There were 23 other fish on the menu that night. Prices range from $17.95 for catfish or trout to $29.95 for Hawaiian Parrotfish. There are non-seafood entrees available, but this is essentially a seafood restaurant.

Monterey Bay is one of the few restaurants in Pittsburgh to have a pastry chef on site, and the desserts are amazing. I can personally vouch for White Chocolate Macademia Nut Mousse ($6.95), the kind of dessert you will dream about for years after partaking. The mousse is sandwiched between two wafers of praline and served with an individual pot of chocolate ganache flavored with Chambord (raspberry) liqueur.

The wine list at Monterey Bay is impressive. Frogs Leap Napa Chardonnay is $38. Chateau St. Jean Sonoma Merlot is $47. A 6-ounce glass of California Pinot Gris is $10.75.

MONTEREY BAY FISH GROTTO

Critic's Call: Three Stars

1411 Grandview Ave.

412-481-4414

\* Hours: Lunch, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Mondays-Fridays; dinner from 5 p.m. daily.

\* Basics: A casual fish restaurant with a phenomenal view, friendly service, good kitchen staff, a pastry chef and an impressive wine list. What's not to love?

\* Prices: Appetizers, $8.95-$12.95; entrees, $18.95-$33.90; desserts, $6.25-$7.95; wines by the glass, $9-$12.

\* Summary: Smoking in large downstairs bar; accessible; major credit cards accepted; valet parking $4.

%% TIN ANGEL %%

The original Tin Angel dating from the 1950s has been transformed into a much larger establishment that offers three floors of dining rooms. The ground floor is small and intimate. Tables abut the window wall, and mirrors on the three solid walls reflect the view in all directions while visually enlarging the space. Tables are dressed in white cloths and small lights. The room is very dark, making the lights of the city below seem mega-bright. The darkness does, however, make it difficult to read the menu or to see what is on the plate. I was surprised to find that the Tin Angel menu does not quote prices. Only when I complained to the waitress was I offered a menu with prices.

The price of the entree includes five courses. Much of what I was obliged to pay for were things I never order and did not eat, making the meal a poor value for me.

The five-course menu begins with a choice of fresh fruit or wedding soup. The second course is the restaurant's signature vegetable boat, which I consider to be more appropriate for a cocktail party than as a prelude to dinner. I would prefer to order an appetizer of my choice. The boat contains raw cauliflower, carrots, celery and scallions, a sour cream and clam dip, a few slices of salami and provolone, canned artichoke hearts, canned baby ears of corn, olives, pickled vegetables and stuffed grape leaves.

The Filet of Sole Bertone ($41) main course was next. The fish was topped with mushrooms and shrimp in white wine sauce. The shrimp were succulent, but the sole had a mealy texture and was overcooked. Chicken a la Angel ($41) is a flattened chicken breast wrapped around a stuffing of spinach and lump crab meat and topped with bechamel sauce. The ingredients were fine, but the stuffing was dry and the bechamel lacked seasoning. Both plates were attractively garnished with a baked tomato, a crunch stalk of bright green broccoli and rice pilaf. Toasted garlic bread also comes with the meal. Salad of fresh greens was next, followed by dessert and coffee. Toasted Walnut Ball with Hot Fudge Sauce ended the meal on a happy note.

Wines are available by the glass for $8.50. A bottle of Hardy's Australian Shiraz for $25 would be a better value. The romantic quotient at the Tin Angel was reduced by a sound system that broadcasts music from a radio station, which included intermittent advertising.

TIN ANGEL

Critic's Call: One-And-One-Half Stars

1200 Grandview Ave.

412-381-1919

\* Hours: Dinner from 5 p.m. Mondays-Saturdays.

\* Basics: A small, dark and attractive dining room with a superb view and good service. The entree price includes five courses.

\* Prices: $41-$63; wines, $8.50 a glass.

\* Summary: No smoking in main dining room; major credit cards accepted; parking in lot or on street.

%% GEORGETOWN INN %%

This funny building with half timbered walls of stucco stalactites looks more like a British country cottage than it does a big-city restaurant. These architectural features continue inside the dining room where both walls and ceiling are of the same stalactite design. All of the tables on the main floor in the dining room have a view of the city. At dinner they are covered with white cloths and candlelight. Unfortunately, the bar, where smoking is allowed, is in close proximity to the dining room. If there are smokers in the bar, it is virtually impossible not to notice fumes in the dining room. Ambient light is extremely low, making it difficult to read the menu.

Georgetowne serves an attractive and affordable lunch. Daytime views from Mount Washington offer an interesting glimpse of the business side of our rivers with coal barges and river freight passing below. At lunch, there are sandwiches from $6.95 (fried fish) to $8.50 (French dip). Pasta for $10.95 (scampi over angel hair) or crab cakes ($11.95) come with two side dishes.

Dinner appetizers go from the predictable Fried Zucchini ($7.50) to the unusual Escargots ($8.50). I can't remember seeing French snails cooked in garlic butter on any other Pittsburgh menu. Dinner entrees come with a plate of melba toast and sliced cheese and a choice of soup or salad. The soup is French Onion made from a rich broth and lots of sliced onions. Spinach salad made from baby leaves and served with sliced red onions was overpowered by a too-thick warm bacon dressing. Veal Marsala ($19.95) is suitably sauced and served with lots of sliced mushrooms. Petite strip steak ($22.95) is a nice-sized portion for a delicate appetite. Entrees come with a choice of baked potato or pasta in marinara sauce. A nice touch is the early-American-style pewter dishes used for some of the service and in keeping with the Georgetowne theme.

Desserts here center around ice cream. Peach Melba or Pecan balls are available for $4.50.

GEORGETOWNE INN

Critic's Call: Two Stars

1230 Grandview Ave.

412-481-4424

Hours: Lunch 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Tuesdays-Saturdays; dinner from5 p.m. Mondays-Saturdays, from 4 p.m. Sundays.

Basics: A small intimate dining room with a great view and an interesting early American decor.

Prices: Appetizers, $7.50-$11.50; entrees, $18.95-$28.95; desserts, $4.50.

Summary: Smoking in bar; major credit cards accepted. Parking on street or in Mount Washington lot.

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG/ Restaurants are rated on a scale from one (poor) to four (excellent) stars/ Elizabeth Downer can be reached at [*edowner@post-gazette.com*](mailto:edowner@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1454.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: At LeMont: Sweeping views of the city and a sumptous interior.

\ PHOTO: Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: Valentine's Day diners, your table awaits at one of the restaurants with a view on Mount Washington. Here, the Bella Vista.

\ PHOTO: Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: At Isabela on Grandview: Lin and Sol Toder of Mt. Lebanon relax.

\ PHOTO: Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: At Monterey Bay Fish Grotto: Diners sit seven floors above street level.

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**End of Document**



[***Chicago '68: Revisiting the storm***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-GWS0-00C6-D3WS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Andrea Stone

**Body**

By the summer of 1968, the Vietnam War, assassinations, urban

riots and campus protests threatened to tear the nation apart.

At the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, they did as

a world watched on TV.

As deeply divided Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey for president

inside the convention hall, anti-war demonstrators clashed with

Mayor Richard J. Daley's police on the streets outside. Protesters

chanted, "The whole world is watching," as helmeted police were

seen beating radicals, demonstrators and middle-class kids who

had come to Chicago to try to stop the war.

"I felt terror that America was slipping off the rails of decency,"

recalls Todd Gitlin, a journalist in Chicago who later wrote *The*

*Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage*. "Something terrible

was in process."

An independent commission later called the chaos in the streets

a "police riot."

Now, 28 years to the day after that historic convention convened,

a united Democratic Party returns to Chicago for the first time.

The city is still run by a Daley -- the former mayor's son, Richard

M. Daley. Despite potential demonstrations over issues ranging

from welfare reform to gay rights, no one expects a repeat of

1968. The current mayor has reconciled with protest leader Tom

Hayden, now a California legislator and delegate.

Political historians say the 1968 convention marked the beginning

of the end for the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Voters

elected Richard Nixon that fall. By 1972, Democrats had splintered

into a collection of competing interests, allowing Republicans

to live in the White House most of the next two decades.

But for those who were there, the 1968 convention was more than

a turning point for the nation. It was a milestone in their lives.

The radicals

After Chicago, everything in Janet Heettner's life felt anticlimactic,

even the muddy music fest at Woodstock a year later. For Brent

Garren, who dated Heettner in high school, Chicago was "a revelation."

"We were radicals. My boyfriend saw himself as an anarchist,"

says Heettner, who met Garren at an anti-war meeting in New York.

"The revolution was happening and we were at the forefront."

Heettner, then 18, had grown up in left-leaning Greenwich Village.

She attended her first protest march at age 13. Garren, 17, was

a member of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and worked

with the National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam to recruit

protesters for Chicago. They arrived together a few days before

the convention began.

"When we got there the first day, the cops were lined up with

matchbooks over their name-tags," Garren recalls. "They were

there to beat us up. It was a turf battle over who was going to

run the city."

The first skirmishes came in Lincoln Park, where the Yippies --

Abbie Hoffman's marijuana-smoking band of hippies -- had camped

out without a permit. Mayor Daley vowed to maintain curfew.

"It was dark when the police started coming through on horses

with clubs. We were running out of the park," Heettner says.

"I have a memory of hiding in the vestibule of a building and

listening to the sounds outside, the shouting. I remember being

scared they would come in and drag us out.

"There was tear gas. My eyes were burning with a chokey, strange

smell. It felt like a war zone."

But the worst came Wednesday night when the convention rejected

a peace plank and nominated Humphrey. Garren was among thousands

in Grant Park, across from Humphrey headquarters at the Conrad

Hilton. The protesters tried to march south to the Amphitheatre,

where the convention was held. But police, reinforced by National

Guardsmen, would not let them pass.

"The police said to disperse and anybody who doesn't will get

arrested," says Garren, who was at the front of the surging crowd.

He tried to turn, but it was too crowded to move. "I was lucky.

I didn't get beaten. I was just grabbed from behind by this cop,

who said, 'Are you coming with me?' My memory was he was 8 feet

tall. They charged me with failure to disperse, even though I

was doing my damnedest to disperse." Garren was one of 668 protesters

arrested that week.

Heettner tried to visit him but was forbidden. Two black women

leaving the jail offered her a ride. One said, " 'This kind of

police rioting -- it's not new in Chicago. The only difference

now is they're doing it to white college kids.' "

Heettner's radical days ended soon after Chicago. In 1971, she

moved to Israel, where she supported the liberal Labor Party.

Now a Manhattan psychotherapist and mother of two, she pays little

attention to politics. After Chicago, "I stopped feeling I could

make that amount of difference."

Garren hasn't. As a New York labor lawyer, he fights garment industry

sweatshops.

"At 17, it seemed like all we had to do was try hard enough and

we could change the world," he says. "At 45, you realize if

you can change a little something here and there, you're accomplishing

something."

The delegate

Dan Rambo will attend his fifth Democratic National Convention

as a delegate next week. None since 1968 have rivaled that first

one.

Rambo is a lawyer in Norman, Okla., and chairman of the Cleveland

County Democrats today. In 1968, he was a floor manager for the

Humphrey campaign and had a front-row view of history.

"I was assigned the area just in front of the podium," says

Rambo, then 40. His job was to monitor votes in several state

delegations. In Connecticut's, Paul Newman, a McCarthy delegate,

created a glamorous fuss. In Illinois', Mayor Daley caused his

own ruckus.

Rambo recalls a series of scuffles on the floor. Security guards

wary of anti-war infiltrators questioned many delegates' credentials.

Some legitimate delegates were dragged out. CBS reporters Dan

Rather and Mike Wallace were both slugged while covering credentials

melees.

Those outside provoked violence, as well, Rambo believes. "It

came about by people challenging the police. I didn't see anybody

struck on the ground like Rodney King."

Rambo would witness the scene that came to symbolize the deep

rifts among Democrats. When Connecticut Sen. Abraham Ribicoff

took the podium to nominate liberal Sen. George McGovern of South

Dakota, he condemned the "Gestapo tactics" of Chicago police.

TV cameras showed Daley's angry response.

Says Rambo, "I just took it as part of the drama of the convention."

The photojournalist

Chicago turned into another stop on Stephen Northup's "Great

American Riot Circuit" in the '60s. By August 1968, the *Washington*

*Post* photographer had covered Pentagon sit-ins, anti-war marches

and inner city riots. That came after two years in Vietnam for

UPI.

But Chicago was different. Suddenly Northup, then 27, found himself

part of the story. He was one of 65 journalists who were injured

or arrested or saw their equipment damaged while covering the

chaos.

Northup became part of it early Tuesday morning near Wells and

Goethe streets on the city's north side. At the time, his hair

was clipped short and he wore a suit, tie and card-sized press

credential.

He already had been knocked down several times by police chasing

protesters down alleys and streets. He was about to leave when

he spotted a group of police hitting a young woman cornered in

a bush. Northup raised his new Leica 35mm and flashgun and snapped.

The police turned. One shouted, "Get him, he's got a camera!"

"I realized there wasn't any press pass in the world that was

going to get me out of the trouble I was about to get in," Northup

says. So he ran.

Two cops grabbed him. "A guy struck me on the head with a nightstick.

He knocked me onto my hands and knees. I got hunkered down, shielding

the camera with my body. One of them grabbed the flashgun in my

hand . . .

"He threw it on the ground and beat it with his stick. Really

mauled it. Then he jumped on it. It was a mess, bits of plastic.

Crunch, crunch . . . I was bleeding pretty well."

Volunteer medics took Northup to a nearby hospital, where he received

seven stitches in his scalp.

Northup, who later worked for *Time* and is mow a freelancer

in Santa Fe, came to understand why the media then, as now, have

been targeted for blame. "We were the bearer of bad news. We

brought them Vietnam every night. We brought their kids marching

in the streets."

The police officer

Pigs and Gestapo.

That's what they called guys like Joe Pecoraro in those days.

But the retired Chicago police detective insists he and his brethren

in blue were not the bad guys of the convention.

"These people came to cause trouble," Pecoraro says. "As police,

we were supposed to protect life and property -- and we did our

job well."

Pecoraro, then 42 and a plainclothes patrolman posted at the Hilton,

was one of 12,000 Chicago police working 12-hour shifts that week.

Most were ***working-class*** high school graduates from white ethnic

neighborhoods. They respected authority and the man who wielded

it most in Chicago: Mayor Daley. To them, the hordes of middle-class,

college-educated hippies invading their town were spoiled, ungrateful

brats.

"They pulled an American flag down off a flagpole, urinated on

it and burned it," recalls Pecoraro of an incident in Grant Park.

"That didn't sit well with the cops. Most of us were World War

II veterans."

And it got worse. "They threw human waste at police, spit in

their face. You can only take so much.

"But they didn't show that on TV. They didn't show how they walked

along and kicked us in the shins. Or how a cop lost an eye when

a brick was thrown at him."

More than 190 police officers were injured, most by flying objects.

Yet, despite rancorous provocations by demonstrators, Pecoraro

says, a sympathetic media focused on the violent actions of a

few police.

It was too much to bear. "I was angry reading all this garbage

in the papers. People did not understand the policemen's job."

He decided to start a museum to tell the public the truth about

police. Raising money from other cops, he opened the American

Police Center and Museum in 1974. A few blocks from Chicago's

police headquarters, it is dedicated to telling the story of police

around the world.

A small section deals with the 1968 convention. It includes two

mannequins. One is a police officer in riot gear. The other is

a bearded hippie in poncho and dark sunglasses. Nearby sits an

artifact from the '68 convention: a nail-studded tennis ball Pecoraro

says was thrown at police.

"The kids came here with a message about the war and for some

reason or another it all got out of hand. Policemen got caught

in a trap. We took a beating.

"But that's water over the dam. Nobody got killed. No shots were

fired. Not another police department anywhere in the country could

have handled it like we did."

The activist

The well-known photograph still carries drama today: The demonstrator

in a leather jacket, unfettered fury pressing his cheek as he

rocks the police paddy wagon with other protesters. Time has tempered

the rage. But Michael James retains the convictions that thrust

him into history at the corner of Michigan and Balbo.

It was Wednesday, the most violent night of the convention. James,

then a 26-year-old community activist, recalls the chaos on the

street that night.

"A paddy wagon drove into the crowd quite recklessly," he says.

"People started rocking it back and forth. We were pretty hostile

. . .

"A bunch of police officers then came out (and) one of the cops

grabbed some kid. I went from behind and took (the cop) to the

ground. Then I ran into the crowd and left."

James escaped but was arrested three months later for attacking

the cop. Police tracked him through his role as a national SDS

officer. He paid a $ 100 fine.

Today, James is a father of five and a tax-paying businessman

who serves on the local zoning board and as a Chicago Democratic

ward officer. A sometime movie actor -- his most recent small

role was in *Chain Reaction* -- he is celebrating the 20th

anniversary of the Heartland Cafe, the counterculture health food

restaurant he founded to combine "principled" business practices

with political activism.

The cafe is a magnet for musicians, artists and left-leaning activists.

Come next week, when James hosts the "Heartland Howl" to mark

the 28th anniversary of the '68 convention, he hopes it also will

attract Democratic delegates.

"It's a party for anybody who wants to come," he says. But,

he urges, "keep it peaceful."

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, B/W, Todd Buchanan(2); PHOTO, B/W, UPI; PHOTOS, B/W(2); PHOTOS, B/W, Norman Lono(2); PHOTO, B/W, AP; PHOTO, B/W, Pat Conroy, AP; PHOTO, B/W, Natasha Lane; The activist: Michael James was captured in a famous United Press International photograph, right, helping to overturn a police paddy wagon during the chaos at the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago. Then a 26-year-old community activist, James, third from right, says, 'We were pretty hostile.' Nowadays, James is a sometime movie actor and continues his political activism with the Heartland Cafe, above, a counterculture health food restaurant he owns in Chicago. The police officer: Joe Pecoraro, now retired, stands near the 1968 convention display in his American Police Center and Museum. The radical: Brent Garren, who was a member of Students for a Democratic Society and worked to end the Vietnam War in '68, visits a picket site in July as labor union lawyer fighting sweat shops. 'At 45, you realize if you can change a little something here and there, you're accomplishing something,' he says. The radical: Janet Heettner, in her apartment, says her life as a radical ended soon after the Chicago convention. 'I stopped feeling I could make that amount of difference,' she says. Now she's a psychotherapist in Manhattan and the mother of two children. She pays little attention to politics. The mayor: Richard J. Daley clashed with Sen. Ribicoff while his police battled protesters. The delegate: Dan Rambo keeps photos of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey in his law office in Norman, Okla. The photojournalist: Stephen Northup, now a free-lancer, worked for 'The Washington Post' when he got caught in the chaos of '68.

**Load-Date:** August 21, 1996

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[***In KG's court;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:403W-NVP0-00J2-316Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Kevin Garnett's inner circle of friends \_ the Official Block Family \_ has evolved from a privileged support group to a businesslike team with a game plan. Inside the swank OBF offices, there are no apologies.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:403W-NVP0-00J2-316Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

They've heard all the names \_ moochers, leeches, hangers-on. To some, they are synonymous with entourage and all the negative connotations that accompany the word in pro sports today.

     The largely anonymous buddies of Minnesota Timberwolves superstar Kevin Garnett, however, known collectively as the "OBF" or "Official Block Family," shrug off such labels. Like other celebrities and athletes, Garnett has put many of his family members and friends on the payroll. But their relationships with him, in some cases tracing back to his childhood in South Carolina, are much deeper than his $126 million contract, the richest in National Basketball Association history.

     Known mostly as "K.G.'s boys," sitting courtside at Target Center, they help run his fledgling business venture, OBF Inc., based in Minnetonka. They're already making moves, among them deals for a coat line with Wilson's leather this fall and the development of a Fox-TV sitcom.

   Then there are other tasks for the half-dozen or so "family" members \_ including keeping Garnett, 23, on schedule for meetings and appearances, attending to his fleet of cars and nine dogs, making sure his bills are paid.

The OBF provides Garnett with a support system, a haven from the pitfalls that have devoured so many others. It exists at a time when leagues are wary of athletes' associations.

The NBA warned Philadelphia 76ers guard Allen Iverson to watch with whom he associates; National Football League figures Rae Carruth and Ray Lewis face murder charges \_ possibly as a result of their off-the-field friendships.

     Garnett, whose endorsements include Nike and Upper Deck trading cards,   has helped them achieve their dreams through his business.

      The boss even persuaded his older sister, Sonya, to join the fold.

     "As I've grown and become more familiar with the business side of things, I thought it would be cool to try this with my friends," Garnett said. "Not necessarily business partners, but friends. Their goals are my goals and vice versa.

     "I have a real problem with trust. I don't really trust too many people, and I hate that. At the same time, I'm always on guard. In this lifestyle, so many get screwed and done over because they let their guard down. . . . I'm at a point where I want my family and friends to be more involved in my dealings. It's only natural. I don't apologize for that."

     Neither does the OBF.

     "We work for him," said Roderick Kelly, 30, a friend from South Carolina and the group's manager of fan relations. "He pays us a check. We pay our bills. The only difference is we work for a good friend. He's paying you for a job to do. But to him, business is business and pleasure is pleasure.

     "We've had other friends who tried it, but got star-struck and [were sent] back home. We're still cool, but you've got to handle your business."

     Kelly, a 1992 graduate of the University of Mississippi, moved to the Twin Cities from Mauldin, S.C., in 1997 to be Garnett's first business manager (When he arrived, another member of the OBF taught him winter-driving skills in a Byerly's parking lot). At that time he was on the management track at a Metropolitan Life insurance branch in Greenville, S.C.

      "A lot of people think we don't work," he said. "Once a woman came up to me at courtside and asked, 'What do you do?' I told her I work, just like her."

     For example, the group recently signed a deal with Wilson's the Leather Experts of Brooklyn Park for a premium line of men's apparel and accessories. It will be called OBF by Kevin Garnett.

     The brand bears Garnett's name, but the entire group had a hand in the national distribution deal, including Arthur Johnson, 23, the OBF's vice president of design. He will work with a team to create two lines of urban-inspired leather jackets and coats expected to debut this fall.

      Mention how it must have taken an aggressive sales pitch to woo the nation's largest leather retail chain, and the soft-spoken Johnson smiles.

      "This has taught me a lot of patience," said Johnson, who briefly attended Harvard. "It took three years to get to this, so we're really excited."

     So is Joel Waller, Wilson's chairman and CEO.

     "They showed persistence," he said, praising Johnson and Garnett for their fashion sense and marketing skills. "They came to us. I said, 'How about if we just license the name?' They said, 'No, we want to own it.'

     "A lot of my business conversations don't start off with 'I'm willing to put up my own money for it.' That shows me they're truly behind the product."

      Johnson is also the creative force, with fellow OBF member Jamie (Bug) Peters, in a development deal with the Fox Network for a TV sitcom loosely based on the group. They're hoping it will be a midseason replacement next season.

      Tom Tyrer, Fox's vice president of corporate communications, said the "Garnett Project" is being discussed in the network's alternative and comedy divisions. He said it's hard to say whether it will ever air.

     "We often tend to look outside the norm to find really unique voices and points of view," he said. "Kevin Garnett, his friends and Hungry Man [the production company that creates those catchy ESPN promo commercials] have given us a clever option to consider."

     Johnson, who went to high school with Garnett and Peters, adds, "If that doesn't work, we have something else. We're full of ideas."

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Behind the scenes

A mix of rap and jazz fills the air on this recent April afternoon at the OBF's 1,700-square-foot office at Carlson Towers in Minnetonka. The office is buzzing with activity. In one section, Kelly sorts Garnett's overflowing fan mail \_ about 700 letters a week. No impersonal responses from an ad agency \_ Kelly goes through each one. Special fan letters and requests are placed atop Garnett's desk.

     Many come from Africa, Europe and Japan. Most request an autograph on their Garnett trading cards. He usually obliges. The staff also adds a form letter about his new KG 21 fan club and an autographed photo.

     In a nearby office, Johnson is on the phone while going quickly through several multicolored sketches of an OBF clothing line he hopes will hit the racks by Christmas.

     In another office, business manager Michael Moore chats on a speakerphone with a representative from Upper Deck \_ among the 50 calls he receives daily. The rep wanted to know whether Garnett would sign a few hundred cards in Los Angeles during the Wolves' recent West Coast trip. "You know, Kevin's on a really tight schedule," responded Moore, 27, who jumped aboard last fall after six seasons with the Wolves' community/player relations staff. "I know you're flexible, but we don't know how long practice will last on Saturday. They play the Lakers the next day. I'm sure he can give you a couple of hours."

     Sonya Garnett is at her desk near the office's entrance, opposite a huge OBF portrait on a wall. She's the troubleshooter, the gatekeeper. She's also sending faxes, spell-checking memos and making plans for Garnett and the OBF's summer basketball tournaments \_ one in South Carolina \_ and another, Aug. 4-6 at Concordia University in St. Paul.

      After leaving the Twin Cities 15 months ago to become a supervisor for a medical-equipment company in Atlanta, Sonya started working on the tournaments during a Christmas visit. Her 7-foot-tall little brother, Kevin, asked her to stay. To help.

     "He likes to be hands-on in pretty much everything," said Sonya, 29. "But what I'm trying to get across to him is that when he has three-four   things happening simultaneously, he has to learn how to delegate. He has the final word, but he will get some help and input.

     "What I want to reassure him is if he has the right people in place, he will be OK."

     Inside the OBF, said Kelly, "everybody has a say. Everybody is heard and respected. From my experiences, I don't think it's like that with other companies \_ do you?

     "Me, I can tell from the conversation if it's something I'm interested in. I'm a straight-up person. I will tell them if I'm not interested.

     "Then they say, 'Well it might be something Kevin's interested in.' Then go talk to Kevin, because he makes his own decisions. But as far as business, we make them together."

     Garnett calls the office frequently when he's out of town. But he's confident that the ship can sail steadily without his presence. This was his plan all along, his "I shine, you shine" vision, which now glistens.

     "You can hire the best lawyers, accountants who may have your best interests at heart, but you also need people who have your back," Moore said. "You can't replace people who you trust."

     Yet, somehow, the whole experience still has Peters in disbelief.

     "I thank Kevin for this opportunity," he said, glancing around the six-month-old OBF offices. "I don't get to tell him that every night. But he put me, all of us, in a good situation. This hasn't really caught up with us yet. I don't think we can fathom what's going on. We're so cautious to everything, that we've become cynical. And maybe that's a good thing because we're aware that we need and want to succeed."

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High school days

     The OBF moniker can be traced to friends who lived in Mauldin (population about 14,000), a ***working-class*** and middle-class suburb of Greenville, S.C. During a car ride with Garnett and Peters, another friend, Will Valentine casually said it. The name stuck. They thought it reflected their close relationship.

     "We didn't want to forget where we came from, because it wasn't that bad of a place," said Peters of their mixed-race, mixed-income neighborhood. "When we were younger, our families, our mothers and fathers raised us to look out for each other because we had to."

     Peters said the name fit because they were together, whether in Mauldin or when he moved with Garnett, his mother and younger sister to Chicago. Peters and Garnett attended Farragut Academy their senior year.

     Peters was there to hug Garnett when Farragut lost the Illinois state basketball finals in 1995.

     He was there when Garnett wowed NBA executives in an exhaustive predraft workout at a small-college gym in Chicago.

     Peters was there to drive Garnett's packed car on Interstate Hwy. 94 from Chicago to Minneapolis two days after the Timberwolves made him their No. 1 pick in the 1995 draft.

     And Peters vividly recalls when Garnett, then 19 and known as "Da Kid," signed a three-year $5.6 million deal:      "We went to the T'wolves offices that day. They handed Kev his first paycheck in a white envelope. Kev didn't open it. He held it up towards the light. His eyes popped. Then he shows it me, and I do the same thing.

     "He said, 'Bug, what am I going to do with this?'

     "Then, Kev looked at them and said, 'Are you sure all these zeroes are supposed to come after this number?'

     "When you graduate from high school at 19 and you get a big check worth hundreds of thousands, what would you do?

     "Then two years later, they call you 'the Franchise' and you get $126 million? Guaranteed! Man, he has to live with the burden that comes with it.

     "Could you?"

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Courtside connection

     When the OBF's Reggie Goldsmith, 31, yells during Wolves home games, Garnett can hear him. Goldsmith sits a few rows behind the basket at the southwest end of the floor, and Garnett constantly points at him \_ except when he shoots free throws. Then Goldsmith, who played small-college ball in South Carolina, puts his head down so they don't make eye contact.

     But when Garnett nailed a last-second jumper to beat the Detroit Pistons, 102-100 on April 10, Goldsmith was the first person he saw.

     "It's in! Watch him point over here," Goldsmith said afterward, grabbing the guy next to him. "I see you, Partna!' "

     The OBF's presence is good for Garnett, said Jimmy Jam, a Grammy-winning music producer, a huge Wolves fan and a mentor to Garnett. "They realize that their friend is on a different level, and they have to do the same. The best thing about them, however, is they keep him focused instead of distracted."

     Like during the countless chats Garnett had with Kelly when the Big Ticket was maligned in some quarters as the root of last season's NBA lockout.

     "Kevin said, 'Man, they blame me.' I told him, Kev, really, we can't control it. It's not your fault," Kelly said. "A lot of people tried to use his contract as a scapegoat. They didn't look at the players who make $7 million a year, only play two-three minutes, average one point and four rebounds a game."

     They're also around to help Garnett when he's feeling charitable, such as when he gave away coats to underprivileged kids last Christmas. Or the many times this season when he rented a suite at Target Center so young cancer patients could see Wolves games.

     And, on a more personal level, to be a good enough friend to "tell him when [his] breath stinks," Moore adds.

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'Go forward together'

     The OBF's focus is on the Wolves' opening-round playoff series against the Trail Blazers, beginning today in Portland, Ore. However, once the season ends, "Operation Go-Hard," an extended vacation, begins. The OBF went to Japan last November; in September it will travel to Australia, where Garnett will play for the United States in the Olympics.

     Said Peters: "One of the first things he said when we came here was [that] when this team becomes elite he wants to be a part of it. He wants us to be a part of it, too. I said, 'the Timberwolves?' He said, 'Yes, the Timberwolves!'

     "He still says, 'In order to grow together, we have to go forward together.' "

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     Quotes: Garnett on his 'family'

          .

     Jamie (Bug) Peters, webmaster: "My backbone. He's the brother I never had. He's very creative. He's different from me with ideas. If I see something one way, he sees it another."

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     Sonya Garnett, project coordinator: "The glue. She knows where everything and everybody is. Nothing goes through without her. She the eyes in back of my head. I couldn't imagine doing this without her."

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     Reggie Goldsmith, office assistant: "A proverbial jack of all trades. He's our 'Motivation Man.' That spark who can pull us up by the bootstraps if needed."

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     Michael Moore, business manager: "Savvy. He brings a lot to the table. He's a pitbull, he stands firm on a lot issues, just like me. He's knows the league, too."

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     Roderick Kelly, manager, fan relations: "Most mature of the bunch. He's seen a lot more than we have, especially, businesswise. He brings us to the next level. He always says, 'to be professional, you have to look and act professional.' "

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     Arthur Johnson, vice president of design: "I call him 'Art Deco.' Get it? He's my left hand. He's very conscientious. A quick learner, very enlightening. He went to Harvard, you know (laughs). Deep thinker."

**Graphic**

PHOTO

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[***SPARKLE AND GRAVITAS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D44-3000-0094-51N9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***'CREATIVE CLASS' URBAN PLANNER WITH LOCAL TIES WOWS THEMAT LECTURES BUT NOT EVERYONE IS IMPRESSED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D44-3000-0094-51N9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** MARY CAROLE MCCAULEY, THE BALTIMORE SUN

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**Body**

It's yet another stop on the Richard Florida World Tour, a journey that already has taken its star to London and Melbourne, Antwerp, Dublin and Copenhagen. He's appeared in Las Vegas, Toronto, Providence, Tampa and New York. Not to mention 290 other cities, some more than once.

But if it's Wednesday, June 23, it must be Roanoke. Cue lights and sound. Florida, dressed head to toe in black, his shirt open at the neck just enough to be interesting, strides on stage with his bad-boy swagger and trademark smirk. The audience in the Roanoke Hotel and Convention Center greets Florida with tumultuous applause that hushes the moment he opens his mouth. For those seated in the rear of the cavernous hallway, a closed-circuit television system beams a magnified image of the 6-foot-4 Florida onto a video screen. He has a head of inky hair that is just beginning to thin on top, and a cleft in his chin like the Cumberland Gap.

It has been going on like this for two years, ever since Florida, an urban planning professor at George Mason University, made an improbable best seller of an economics tome called "The Rise of the Creative Class," which has 326 pages plus 55 pages of charts, appendices and footnotes. The book, published in 2002, argues that the key to a city's economic vitality is attracting artists, scientists and entrepreneurs, not offering financial incentives to large corporations. Since then, Florida has been getting the kind of celebrity treatment more frequently accorded a rock star than a professor of urban planning.

"Richard certainly has that star quality," says Pittsburgh architect Don Carter, a friend of Florida's. "People are fascinated by him when they hear him speak."

Florida has made himself a familiar name, and he's made himself some money. His lecture fee is currently $35,000 plus expenses. By the end of 2004, he will have spoken in roughly 300 cities.

His theories have been embraced by cities such as Denver, Detroit and Memphis, Tenn. He has explained his ideas to British Prime Minister Tony Blair's economic advisers and to the American Council of Mayors, but hasn't been able to carve out time for India's Cabinet ministers.

And, although no formal relationship exists between the consultant and Baltimore, his ideas have been championed by Mayor Martin O'Malley, who has appointed a staff member to devise ways to make the city more creative. So far, two different regional groups have held brainstorming sessions, and Florida's theories have been cited as the rationale for initiatives ranging from trapeze lessons in the Inner Harbor to increasing the funds for public art.

In a nutshell, Florida argues that cities err when they chase after companies and offer them incentives to relocate. Instead, a city should focus on luring members of the so-called "creative class" of workers who are paid to innovate, to make something new instead of following a series of rote actions, such as a grocery store worker ringing up a sale.

Jobs follow workers, he says, not the other way around.

Attracting this elite group, which includes professionals from lawyers to social workers, is more important now than ever before, he says, because the force driving the economy is changing from manufacturing to knowledge-based, creative industries. In 1950, the creative class was just 10 percent of the work force. Today, it includes 30 percent of all the nation's workers, or about 38 million people.

Florida argues that creative workers exert an influence on society disproportionate to their actual numbers because they are paid so well. According to 1999 data from the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, the average creative worker's salary was $48,752 -- or nearly as much as was earned by an average member of the ***working class*** ($27,799) and serving class ($22,059) combined.

To draw this creative group, a city must transform itself into a place where its members will want to live. Instead of building sports stadiums or convention centers, Florida argues, a city would be wiser to invest in funky jazz clubs, cafes and bike trails.

That might not sound all that radical. But prominent economists and urban planners have attacked Florida's theories with unusual intensity, arguing that luring families and companies is the key to economic health, not yuppies and their Generation X equivalents. They also argue that Florida's ideas ignore the people most in need of help, the urban poor.

Here are some of the less complimentary things that have been said about Florida and his book:

"Economic snake oil." That's from Steven Malanga of the Manhattan Institute, a conservative think tank.

Florida's theories promote the lifestyles of "singles, young people, homosexuals, sophistos and trendoids." That's from Pepperdine University's Joel Kotkin, who also runs an urban planning consulting firm.

"Success has inflated an already strong ego." That's from Robert McNulty, a Washington consultant who claims that Florida, a former friend, stopped returning his phone calls once his book became a hit.

And these criticisms don't even include the response to Florida's most controversial finding, his Gay Index.

Florida, drawing on analysis of U.S. Census data by one of his colleagues, claims that the cities with the largest homosexual populations are most likely to thrive because creative class members (regardless of sexual orientation) value a diverse, tolerant environment.

"These are the four pages of my book for which I have taken the most heat," Florida tells the crowd in Roanoke. "I've been accused of undermining the American family, advocating for gay-lesbian issues and calling for the end of Judeo-Christian civilization."

Then he adds with his trademark insouciance: "I just hope to God it lands me on 'Oprah' some day."

Florida became interested in cities and their problems at age 10, when his hometown of Newark, N.J., went up in flames during 1967 riots. Two or three years later, he was checking out books on urban policy from his local library.

He was raised in a blue-collar neighborhood filled with Italian immigrants like his grandparents. His father quit school in the eighth grade and later went to work in a factory that made eyeglass frames. "My father had a mixture of bitterness and disappointment over not having had a formal education," said Richard's younger brother, Robert Florida. "All of that drive went into their sons. As a kid, Richard was thin, brainy and hyper. He had a temper, and to this day, neither of us can stand being told what to do."

Even as a kid, Richard was a natural showman. When the boys were age 10 and 8 respectively, Richard was given a guitar, and Robert, a set of drums.

"In grammar school, we were playing in a 'Battle of the Bands,'" Robert recalls. "Rich was singing and playing, and all of a sudden, he jumped up on the amplifier and began doing these maneuvers. Even then, he thrived on public attention."

It was in a university setting that Florida found his first community of young people like him -- smart, outspoken and passionate about ideas. He earned a bachelor's degree from Rutgers University in Newark and his doctorate in urban planning from Columbia University in New York.

For 17 years, Florida taught at Carnegie Mellon University, and as a young professor, he adhered to traditional economic theories. But in 1995, he was stunned when the Internet search engine Lycos announced that it was pulling up stakes and moving its engineering offices and technical operations to Boston -- a huge blow to Pittsburgh, the city where the technology was developed.

After talking to Lycos insiders, Florida concluded that the firm was moving "to get access to a pool of talented, knowledgeable, creative people who already were in Boston. That was the attraction. Boston didn't offer any financial incentives for the company to move -- not one red cent."

It was a life-altering realization, and it resulted in the theories contained in "The Rise of the Creative Class." When that book became successful, Florida joined the lecture circuit under the aegis of Catalytix, the consulting firm he co-founded.

"He is unbelievably valuable, and we're very excited to get him," said Kingsley Haynes, dean of George Mason University's Institute of Public Policy, which Florida is joining this month.

"We'd been after Richard for six or seven years. There aren't a lot of people who can excel in an academic framework, and then step out of it and do public work. Richard is one of them."

Florida, who hopes to open a center for creativity and innovation that would be affiliated with both Carnegie Mellon and George Mason universities, says he's excited about his new appointment. "I'm going to George Mason because they want me to be me," he said.

"I'm so used to a place molding me to fit their needs. When I met with the interviewing committee, I couldn't believe it. They just want me to be me."

In conversation, that theme comes up again and again. "I've lived for 17 years in a city where I can't be myself," Florida said. "If you try to be different, they won't talk to you. That's the worst feeling in the world."

He is talking here of Pittsburgh, a city that he characterizes as being slow to embrace newcomers and new ideas.

But other Pittsburgh transplants have the opposite impression. "I have found Pittsburgh a very easy place to break into," said Maxwell King, president of the Heinz Endowments, two foundations that support regional arts, environmental and education causes.

King, who has lived in Pittsburgh for five years, says Florida was resented for detailing the city's shortcomings in national publications.

"There's been some defensiveness about Richard's criticisms," he said. "Richard is an extremely charming and bright man with very interesting ideas and a lot to contribute. But my sense is that he always was so busy with his writing and speaking and teaching that he didn't participate in programs and meetings and discussions that could have helped make Pittsburgh a better place."

Cities are one of Florida's twin passions. The other is rock music.

His home has a room dedicated primarily to guitars, amplifiers and guitar gear. "Jimi Hendrix is his idol. When he sees a guitar, his whole face lights up," said his friend Michelle Bauer of Tampa, Fla.

Given their similar interests in the future of cities and in rock music, it's not surprising that he and Mayor O'Malley instantly hit it off when they met Oct. 29, 2003, at Baltimore's annual cultural town hall meeting. Florida's usual fee of $35,000 was reduced to $12,000 because Florida spoke for 20 minutes instead of an hour, and because he already was in the area for an unrelated event.

The two men -- roughly the same age, smart, driven, charismatic and outspoken -- went out after the meeting, accompanied by Florida's colleague, Rodgers Frantz, who handles public relations and special events for Florida.

Florida smiles at the recollection.

"Your mayor and I got along great," he said. "Rod had to be the chaperone."

He's pleased that his new job at George Mason will put him in closer proximity to Baltimore -- a proximity on which he hopes to capitalize. "Baltimore is clearly a city on the rise," he said. "I'm trying to think of a way to partner with someone in Baltimore. I could easily see us building some think-tank capacity there over time. Baltimore would be a spectacular laboratory in which to do some urban planning."

That's good news for O'Malley, who says he will consider hiring Florida as a consultant. "Richard has important insights for anybody who's trying to make their city grow or make it a more dynamic or creative place," he said.

Nor is he deterred by Florida's critics, whom he compared to "egrets on the back of a rhino."

"People whose theories have become popular always have other people who try to gain notoriety by being the counterpoint to their ideas," O'Malley said, adding that he is pleased that Baltimore is on Florida's radar.

Florida's friends note, in fact, that he always has his antenna out, collecting impressions that either bolster or contradict his theories. "Richard and I were walking down a Toronto street one night when he stopped dead in his tracks and said, 'Did you hear that?' " Bauer recalls. "He said, 'There's no music in this street. Cities have to have music to be alive.'"

So often and so hard does Florida think about urban planning that it can be difficult to get him to talk about anything else.

Bauer, a longtime friend, has a hard time remembering any conversations longer than 15 or 30 minutes that she and Florida have had on nonwork topics. "The thing about Richard is that his work is his passion, and his passion becomes consuming, a real 24/7 kind of thing," she said. "The lines of demarcation are not as solid as they are for some other people. Work, friends, colleagues, all travel in and out of the same membrane that is his life."

Even when Florida discusses his divorce after seven years of marriage, he connects it to the genesis of his economic theories. "It was the first time I had failed," he said. "It forced me to ask questions about everything. It opened my eyes, made me find my own voice."

Florida has said that his dedication to work has taken a personal toll, and it's clear that romance has not been his top priority. When asked if he has a significant other, he leans back in his chair, fingers laced behind his head. "You might want to research that more later this summer," he said, and grins. "I'm dating an absolutely terrific woman. I've been very lucky. But she's in Pittsburgh, and I'm moving to Washington. Just put in the paper that I'm single."

If Florida's work is his life, critics say that is all too apparent in his theories. They say the professor's ideas too closely reflect his own values and not what may be true for society at large. Is it a coincidence, they ask, that Florida, an avid biker, frequently cites bike trails as a must-have urban amenity? Is he literally leading cities down the garden path?

In particular, Florida and Joel Kotkin of Pepperdine University in Malibu, Calif., have waged mouth-to-mouth combat from their respective Web sites and in published articles. In the January 2004 issue of Metropolis Magazine, Kotkin, the Irvine Fellow at New America, a Washington-based institute for research, planning and analysis, wrote:

"The problem with city planning directors is that they're like a school of French generals: They're always fighting the last war. Now they're saying, 'Oh God, we've got to attract culture, bohemians, high-tech.' …

"Places are not served with respect by experts who come in like rock stars with their Sermon on the Mount, say their piece, and then leave. Unfortunately, economic development officials tend to be pretty gullible."

Perhaps. But it's easy to understand why these leaders are eager to embrace Florida's theories. Turning a city around financially is a daunting and seemingly intractable problem. Florida tells them they can fix the situation, and they won't have to spend much money to do it. Who can blame them for giving his ideas a spin?

Spurred on by Florida's theories, officials in Albuquerque, N.M., expanded Digifest, an annual moviemaking festival; the state of Michigan reallocated $30 million in development credits from the suburbs to urban areas as part of its "cool cities" initiative; and Memphis, Tenn., has begun an ambitious program to develop more state parks on the Mississippi River waterfront. It is too early to tell if these programs will attract creative workers, but officials are optimistic.

For his part, Florida enjoys the controversy his theories arouse. "I'm willing to be a lightning rod," he said. "I think it's fun."

But he acknowledges that there's a cost attached to having a supersized personality. People tend to react to him in one of two ways: Some are enthralled by the giant, brightly colored bird who has landed in their midst and is splashing about, happily making waves. Their energy is replenished by his.

"Richard is the perfect guest at any dinner party because at any gathering, he is the planet and everyone else is a satellite orbiting around him," Bauer said.

But not everyone wants to be a satellite. Mention his name to a group of academics, and you'll hear complaints that his fees are sky-high, that he imposes conditions for his lectures -- such as two first-class plane tickets and top-flight hotel accommodations -- that strapped nonprofits can little afford.

"He's arrogant, and his fees are exorbitant," said McNulty, who heads Partners for Livable Communities, a Washington think tank. "Colin Powell, before he became secretary of state, made $50,000 for a speech. Richard charges $35,000."

McNulty admires Florida's flair for delivery, but understands why he rubs some people the wrong way. Many of his predecessors fit the worst academic stereotypes -- dry speakers with little media savvy or interest in popularizing their research. (His Web site, [*www.creativeclass.org*](http://www.creativeclass.org), has photos of the professor in shades and full biking regalia. It includes praise from eminent economists -- and actress Cybill Shepherd.) "Richard is the only guy who looks, acts and dresses like a kid, who puts on a battery-powered headset and waltzes around the stage like an actor."

While McNulty gives Florida points for style, he's more skeptical about his substance.

"He's been the flavor of the month," McNulty said. "Is his work so revolutionary that it is of stunning intellectual quality? The answer probably is 'no.' Is he a flash in the pan? Will he be remembered three years from now? Who knows?"

In Roanoke, at least, the Richard Florida World Tour shows no signs of ending. The evening wraps up a bit before 9 o'clock, on the late side for a work night.

"Richard's being here is a real affirmation," said Kimberly Templeton of the Art Museum of Western Virginia. "It lets us know that we're completely going in the right direction."

Already, there's talk of bringing Florida back for a return visit. Assuming that is, that he ever gets to leave. The lights in the ballroom dim, and Florida is still taking questions, surrounded by a dazzled crowd.

**Graphic**

Photo: Former Carnegie Mellon University professor Richard Florida, shown in a promotional photograph from his [*www.creativeclass.org*](http://www.creativeclass.org) Web site.

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**Body**

Last of three parts

     Kathy and Tom Cline have had three mortgages in the past two years - one at 7.6 percent interest, another at 5.25 percent and one that carried a far higher rate of 11.05 percent.

     That last mortgage, from Wells Fargo Financial, a division of Wells Fargo & Co., also came with more than $8,600 in closing costs - and it placed the St. Paul couple in the middle of a growing backlash against a segment of the mortgage market that has become a mainstay of ***working-class*** America.

     The Clines complained to the Minnesota Department of Commerce that the lender waited until closing to significantly increase the interest rate, citing new questions about their credit. They later turned around and refinanced with another lender - at less than half the interest rate.

     Wells Fargo Financial was "taking us for a ride" in making that loan, Kathy Cline said. Wells Fargo Financial declined to discuss the Clines' case and other complaints in detail but said in a statement, "Not only are these claims false, they are totally, 100 percent against our ethical standards and our business practices."

   The Clines' mortgage was so high because it was classified as subprime, meaning a loan given to borrowers who may have heavy debt or damaged credit.

     In recent years, this has become a profitable niche because the lenders can charge significantly higher interest rates. Nationwide, subprime lending has surged from $35 billion to $332 billion in the past decade. In Minnesota, these high-priced mortgages are now an estimated $4 billion industry, with more than 25,000 such loans made in the Twin Cities in 2003 alone.

     Subprime loans have put more Americans in houses and have rescued others who have gotten in over their heads and need to cash out equity from their homes. But increasingly, academics, federal agency heads and consumer advocacy groups contend that the industry is too aggressive in lending to borrowers who may not be able to afford the loans.

     The result can be a downward spiral of late payments, ruined credit and even foreclosures or bankruptcies.

     People who take out these expensive loans are eight times more likely to lose their homes through foreclosures than those with conventional mortgages, studies show.

     The Clines have one of at least 50 complaints against several subprime lenders pending before the state Commerce Department, while more than 700 calls regarding finance companies have been made to Minnesota's new state-sponsored "Don't Borrow Trouble" hot line in the past year alone.

     Numerous consumer advocacy groups also have been taking lenders to court. Last year, the Legal Aid Society of Minneapolis sued Ameriquest Mortgage and Household Finance, alleging abusive subprime lending practices.

     In June, the activist group ACORN sued Wells Fargo in Illinois and California, accusing its subprime unit of charging fees in excess of what is allowed by state law and of failing to provide conventional mortgages to customers who should qualify for them.

     Even some shareholders are getting involved. In March, four Wells Fargo shareholders inserted a proposal inside the company's proxy statement accusing the bank of harmful predatory lending and requesting new policies that would prevent such actions in the future. The board denied wrongdoing, and the proposal was voted down.

     Lenders' defense

     In Minnesota, the top lenders include Wells Fargo's subprime unit, Wells Fargo Financial, as well as Town & Country Credit, New Century Mortgage and Ameriquest Mortgage, which in past years has been picketed and sued by community groups and housing advocates alleging abusive lending practices.

     Ameriquest is now the largest subprime lender in the state with roughly 5,000 subprime loans made annually.

     Ameriquest Senior Vice President Adam Bass said subprime lending serves an important role. "My belief is that folks with imperfect credit should still have an opportunity to own homes and obtain mortgage financing," Bass said.

     The industry has "given people access to the credit or home ownership that they maybe would not have qualified for" otherwise, Bass said.

     Wells Fargo has been aggressively fighting critics of its subprime business.

     As a response to the Cline case and two other complaints that made their way to the Commerce Department with ACORN's help, the bank printed a brochure called "Our Story." While not citing names, the bank's brochure says all three loans decreased the customers' overall monthly debt payments by $200 to $400, and one of the loans helped prevent foreclosure.

     Wells Fargo points out that subprime lending is a fraction of its overall mortgage business and said $100 million worth of business has been referred from its subprime unit to its mainline mortgage bankers because the borrowers qualified for better terms. David Kvamme, who oversees 800 offices as the president of Wells Fargo Financial's U.S. consumer business, said his unit has 5 million customers and gets few complaints.

     "Typically, if a customer comes to us for a loan, it's because they didn't qualify at the bank, or they know that they are not going to qualify at the bank," Kvamme said.

     The Clines, however, think they should have been given conventional financing instead of the higher-interest subprime mortgage that Wells Fargo Financial offered them.

     'Instant loan' in mail

     Kathy and Tom Cline's first contact with Wells Fargo came in the mail - an unsolicited "instant loan check" that arrived at their Dayton's Bluff home on St. Paul's East Side in July 2002.

     The Clines, who earned about $2,200 a month, cashed the check and soon were contacted directly by a Wells Fargo representative.

     "They called and said that our present [mortgage] interest rate was 7.6 percent and that we could consolidate all or debts in one loan with them. … They said their rate would be around 6 percent," Kathy Cline recalled.

     The Clines figured the deal would give them a lower rate and let them pull out enough equity from their home to pay off eight credit cards, fix some plumbing problems and have something left over, too.

     Everything changed when it came time to close the loan, the Clines contend.

     Wells Fargo Financial, citing questions about their credit, raised their interest rate and closing costs to roughly two and three times those for standard mortgages, according to the Clines' complaint to the Commerce Department.

     The Clines still agreed to the refinancing, despite the 11.05 percent rate.

     "We needed the money. By the closing, some of the charge-card companies were calling," Kathy Cline said.

     The $8,626 in closing costs equaled about 7.7 percent of the total $111,000 mortgage.

     "When I see anything over four [percentage] points, that is when I start to think, 'That is excessive,' even for a subprime loan," said Amber Hawkins, the housing attorney with the Legal Aid Society of Minneapolis.

     The Clines also contend that they later learned their scores with the three big credit bureaus - 680, 682 and 731 - could have gotten them a conventional loan at the time they borrowed from Wells Fargo Financial. The couple also complained to the Commerce Department that Wells Fargo reported the loan to the credit bureaus as $258,000 - the total principal and interest for the entire 20-year term.

     Tom Cline discovered the issue when he went to buy a car and was turned down for credit.

     Wells Fargo Financial responded to the Commerce Department last year, saying that there was no proof anyone offered the Clines a 6 percent rate and that their loan was "precomputed" to include all interest payments.

     The Clines later refinanced with TCF Financial, their original mortgage company, at 5.25 percent.

     While declining to discuss the Clines' case in particular, Wells Fargo Financial spokeswoman Judy Corcoran said that her company has been the target of an "orchestrated" campaign by ACORN, which helped the Clines and others in filing complaints.

     "Our customer relations are confidential, but suffice it to say sometimes there is another side to stories such as these," Corcoran said.

     Common occurrence

     Several nationwide studies suggest that it's not unusual for borrowers to be given higher rates by mortgage lenders than seems warranted by their credit scores.

     In a study released in July, Freddie Mac surveyed 7,942 borrowers for creditworthiness and found that credit scores matter but that homeowners also landed in subprime loans at a greater rate if they used a mortgage broker, failed to shop around, were over 65, were Hispanic or refinanced to consolidate debt and cash out equity.

     Amy Crews Cutts, deputy chief economist at Freddie Mac, said some borrowers clearly were in too much financial trouble to get any other type of loan, but in other cases the rates looked excessive. "Some of it makes sense from a risk perspective. But a 12 percent mortgage, now, when rates are so low? That sounds pretty far out there," she said.

     No similar analysis focusing solely on credit scores has been done in Minnesota.

     However, Jeff Crump, a housing professor with the University of Minnesota, has found that the industry has made its greatest inroads in the inner cities.

     Using federal home mortgage disclosure data, which tracked loans by census tracts in 2002, Crump found that more than 10 percent of mortgages in predominantly low-income and minority neighborhoods were subprime, including north Minneapolis, Phillips, Powderhorn Park, the East Side of St. Paul, the West Side of St. Paul and Frogtown.

     Even when income was held constant across racial categories, Crump's analysis of the federal data from 1997 to 2002 found that Twin Cities blacks had a 34 percent chance of getting a subprime mortgage, compared with 10 percent for whites and 8 percent for Asians. Native Americans and Hispanics had a respective 22 percent and 13 percent chance, Crump said.

     Crump said the high fees that are common for subprime loans led him to suspect that some lenders are "green-lining" certain areas - making credit readily available but at punishing prices.

     However, a May study by PricewaterhouseCoopers, commissioned by the subprime industry group Coalition for Fair and Affordable Lending, warned against drawing quick conclusions.

     Persistent pitches

     Regardless of credit scores, some customers simply are more susceptible than others to pitches from subprime lenders. Consumer advocates are particularly critical of the persistent telemarketing of subprime mortgages.

     South Minneapolis residents Lynn and Rick Morneau became subprime mortgage customers that way, not long after they closed on a $25,000 loan from Wells Fargo Financial in 2001, according to the complaint the couple filed with the Commerce Department last year.

     "They would call every other week and then every week. They really got pushy," Lynn Morneau said. "We were getting phone calls and left voice-mail messages asking, 'Are you sure you don't want to upgrade to a new Silverado?' "

     Spokeswoman Judy Corcoran objected to the characterization. "Certainly, we make calls to customers who have established a relationship, but we do not make repeated calls. We do not force customers into products."

     After their car broke down, the Morneaus decided to take Wells Fargo's offer.

     In the end, the couple refinanced their bungalow with a $163,000 loan that helped them buy a car and pay down other debt but also came with $8,500 in closing costs and an annual percentage rate of 12.9 percent. They told the Commerce Department that they initially were promised a 6 percent rate and that the terms were changed at their loan closing.

     "We got a surprise. Oh man, I felt like such a fool," said Rick Morneau, 56, who admits to not reading his loan documents carefully at the closing.

     In its response to the Commerce Department, Wells Fargo said that a company representative discussed the terms of the loan with the Morneaus and that the 12.9 percent rate "was based on their creditworthiness at the times the loans were closed."

     The Morneaus refinanced in June 2003 with Ameriquest at 7.25 percent.

     Kvamme, the executive at Wells Fargo Financial, said employees don't contact potential borrowers or send them instant checks unless their credit scores are below 700 - the industry standard for conventional financing. He added that the company won't mail an instant check to someone whose credit is too shaky.

     "If they don't have a good credit record, then we don't mail the check," he said.

     Some self-policing

     Nudged by complaints, lawsuits and the consolidation of subprime lenders (25 businesses now control 80 percent of the market), some companies started policing themselves in the past few years, adopting more customer-friendly policies, said Mike Staten, director of the Credit Research Center at Georgetown University.

     In Minnesota, 60 lenders and groups, including Ameriquest, TCF, U.S. Bank and Wells Fargo & Co., joined the "Don't Borrow Trouble" campaign last year.

     Wells Fargo Financial also has made changes. It no longer reports to credit bureaus all of the interest money due over the life of the loan, as happened to the Clines.

     Wells Fargo stopped the practice "because our customers told us that it was causing them problems when they were working with other creditors," Corcoran said. The company also no longer requires borrowers to pay for years of credit insurance premiums at once, and it now requires loan officers to show that each subprime loan benefits the customer in some way.

     If no benefit can be shown, Wells "would either reduce fees or reduce the interest rate or in some way restructure the situation so that it would benefit the customer," Kvamme said.

     Even with recent improvements, the industry still needs to lower the cost of subprime products and consumers must be watchful, contends Autumn Lubin, program manager of the Don't Borrow Trouble Minnesota campaign. "It only takes one bad loan officer. Any lending practice can be abused … and taken to the predatory level," she said.

     "We are trying to get information to the consumer so they know when the [loan] practice is being abused and they have enough information to say no. They need to know they have other resources. So many consumers don't."

     News researcher Roberta Hovde contributed to this report.

     Dee DePass is at [*ddepass@startribune.com*](mailto:ddepass@startribune.com).

Studies examine scope of predatory lending

     Numerous state and federal groups have examined whether subprime loans are predatory in nature. Here are some key findings:

     Freddie Mac

     When: July 2004

     Scope: Surveyed 7,942 borrowers for creditworthiness

     Findings: Credit scores matter, but homeowners landed in subprime loans at a greater rate if they also used a mortgage broker, failed to shop around, were over 65, were Hispanic or refinanced to consolidate debt and cash out equity.

     Department of Housing and Urban Development and U.S. Treasury

     When: 2000

     Scope: Studied 1 million mortgage loans throughout the country

     Findings: "There is growing evidence that some lenders are engaging in predatory lending practices, [involving] excessive front-end fees, single premium credit life insurance and exorbitant pre-payment penalties that make homeownership much more costly for families that can least afford it."

     Jeff Crump, University of Minnesota housing studies professor

     When: February 2004

     Scope: Examined federal home mortgage disclosure data, which tracked loans by census tracts in 2002 across the Twin Cities

     Finding: "The expansion of the subprime lending finds subprime lending mainly in minority and low-income neighborhoods" in the Twin Cities. Even when income was held constant across racial categories, Crump's analysis of the federal data from 1997 to 2002 found that Twin Cities blacks had a 34 percent chance of getting a subprime mortgage compared with 10 percent for whites and 8 percent for Asians. Native Americans and Hispanics had a respective 22 percent and 13 percent chance.

     PricewaterhouseCoopers/Coalition for Fair and Affordable Lending

     When: May 2004

     Scope: Analysis of U.S. census data, which tracked loans

     Findings: "A careful study seeking to determine the separate influence of race on subprime borrowing must adequately control for the wide range of differences in these economic and financial characteristics. As found (in a 2000 study) African-Americans, Hispanics and other minority groups are not more likely to be subprime borrowers than whites when a range of additional risk and demographic characteristics are taken into consideration, and the analysis is performed at the individual borrower level."

HELP FOR CONSUMERS

Avoid borrowing pitfalls

     - Shop around with several lenders to find the best loan for which you qualify. Understand the best loan terms available in the marketplace and compare the annual percentage rate (APR) among the different lenders. The APR takes into account the interest rate, the points and fees of the loan.

     - Compare loan terms from different lenders. A nonprofit housing counselor or a lawyer can review the information with you.

     - Protect home equity by resisting multiple refinancings. If you must take equity out of your property, you should take out the minimum amount needed. The equity in a home is a source of wealth, which builds up slowly over time.

     - Work with credit counselors to get all the facts before deciding to combine credit card or other debt into a home loan. Talk to a consumer credit counseling agency or nonprofit housing counselor before signing the loan documents.

     - Don't sign that loan document if any information in the loan is incorrect or incomplete. Be cautious of a lender who offers to falsify your income information to qualify you for a loan. Be wary of promises that a lender will "fix it later" or "fill it in later." Be prepared to walk away from a loan if you are unsure of any of the terms. Talk to an objective consumer counseling agency or nonprofit housing counselor.

     - Got prepayment penalties? Find out whether the loan offered has any prepayment penalty that charges a fee if you pay off the loan early. A prepayment penalty should be a choice, not a requirement, to get the loan.

     - Say no to easy money: Beware if someone claims that credit problems won't affect your interest rate. Watch out for quick and easy loan offers over the phone or mail. Read the fine print before you sign.

     - Ask about fees on any items you don't ask for. Beware if you are told that single-premium credit insurance is required on the loan. It's not. Also beware if you are told that buying such insurance will help loan approval. Review every fee and compare different lenders' fees to ensure the most competitive loan terms. Typically, mortgage closing costs, points and fees should total no more than 4 percent.

     - Get it in writing: Don't rely on verbal promises. Get all loan fees, interest rates and terms in writing. Wait until the closing to move or take other action on the loan.

     Sources: Freddie Mac, Don't Borrow Trouble Minnesota, Legal Aid Society of Minneapolis

Subprime loans and foreclosures

     High-cost subprime mortgage loans proliferate primarily in low-income and minority neighborhoods, critics say. They note the high numbers of subprime lenders in these areas: north Minneapolis, Phillips, Powderhorn, Frogtown and East Side and West Side of St. Paul.

Source: Jeff Crump, University of Minnesota housing studies program.

(See microfilm for map.)

BORROWING TROUBLE // A STAR TRIBUNE SPECIAL REPORT

SUNDAY: Payday loans

MONDAY: Quick-cash tax refunds

TUESDAY: Mortgage lenders target 'subprime' customers

To read the entire series, go to [*www.startribune.com*](http://www.startribune.com)

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**Length:** 3398 words

**Byline:** Dee DePass; Staff Writer

**Body**

Last of three parts

     Kathy and Tom Cline have had three mortgages in the past two years - one at 7.6 percent interest, another at 5.25 percent and one that carried a far higher rate of 11.05 percent.

     That last mortgage, from Wells Fargo Financial, a division of Wells Fargo & Co., also came with more than $8,600 in closing costs - and it placed the St. Paul couple in the middle of a growing backlash against a segment of the mortgage market that has become a mainstay of ***working-class*** America.

     The Clines complained to the Minnesota Department of Commerce that the lender waited until closing to significantly increase the interest rate, citing new questions about their credit. They later turned around and refinanced with another lender - at less than half the interest rate.

     Wells Fargo Financial was "taking us for a ride" in making that loan, Kathy Cline said. Wells Fargo Financial declined to discuss the Clines' case and other complaints in detail but said in a statement, "Not only are these claims false, they are totally, 100 percent against our ethical standards and our business practices."

   The Clines' mortgage was so high because it was classified as subprime, meaning a loan given to borrowers who may have heavy debt or damaged credit.

     In recent years, this has become a profitable niche because the lenders can charge significantly higher interest rates. Nationwide, subprime lending has surged from $35 billion to $332 billion in the past decade. In Minnesota, these high-priced mortgages are now an estimated $4 billion industry, with more than 25,000 such loans made in the Twin Cities in 2003 alone.

     Subprime loans have put more Americans in houses and have rescued others who have gotten in over their heads and need to cash out equity from their homes. But increasingly, academics, federal agency heads and consumer advocacy groups contend that the industry is too aggressive in lending to borrowers who may not be able to afford the loans.

     The result can be a downward spiral of late payments, ruined credit and even foreclosures or bankruptcies.

     People who take out these expensive loans are eight times more likely to lose their homes through foreclosures than those with conventional mortgages, studies show.

     The Clines have one of at least 50 complaints against several subprime lenders pending before the state Commerce Department, while more than 700 calls regarding finance companies have been made to Minnesota's new state-sponsored "Don't Borrow Trouble" hot line in the past year alone.

     Numerous consumer advocacy groups also have been taking lenders to court. Last year, the Legal Aid Society of Minneapolis sued Ameriquest Mortgage and Household Finance, alleging abusive subprime lending practices.

     In June, the activist group ACORN sued Wells Fargo in Illinois and California, accusing its subprime unit of charging fees in excess of what is allowed by state law and of failing to provide conventional mortgages to customers who should qualify for them.

     Even some shareholders are getting involved. In March, four Wells Fargo shareholders inserted a proposal inside the company's proxy statement accusing the bank of harmful predatory lending and requesting new policies that would prevent such actions in the future. The board denied wrongdoing, and the proposal was voted down.

     Lenders' defense

     In Minnesota, the top lenders include Wells Fargo's subprime unit, Wells Fargo Financial, as well as Town & Country Credit, New Century Mortgage and Ameriquest Mortgage, which in past years has been picketed and sued by community groups and housing advocates alleging abusive lending practices.

     Ameriquest is now the largest subprime lender in the state with roughly 5,000 subprime loans made annually.

     Ameriquest Senior Vice President Adam Bass said subprime lending serves an important role. "My belief is that folks with imperfect credit should still have an opportunity to own homes and obtain mortgage financing," Bass said.

     The industry has "given people access to the credit or home ownership that they maybe would not have qualified for" otherwise, Bass said.

     Wells Fargo has been aggressively fighting critics of its subprime business.

     As a response to the Cline case and two other complaints that made their way to the Commerce Department with ACORN's help, the bank printed a brochure called "Our Story." While not citing names, the bank's brochure says all three loans decreased the customers' overall monthly debt payments by $200 to $400, and one of the loans helped prevent foreclosure.

     Wells Fargo points out that subprime lending is a fraction of its overall mortgage business and said $100 million worth of business has been referred from its subprime unit to its mainline mortgage bankers because the borrowers qualified for better terms. David Kvamme, who oversees 800 offices as the president of Wells Fargo Financial's U.S. consumer business, said his unit has 5 million customers and gets few complaints.

     "Typically, if a customer comes to us for a loan, it's because they didn't qualify at the bank, or they know that they are not going to qualify at the bank," Kvamme said.

     The Clines, however, think they should have been given conventional financing instead of the higher-interest subprime mortgage that Wells Fargo Financial offered them.

     'Instant loan' in mail

     Kathy and Tom Cline's first contact with Wells Fargo came in the mail - an unsolicited "instant loan check" that arrived at their Dayton's Bluff home on St. Paul's East Side in July 2002.

     The Clines, who earned about $2,200 a month, cashed the check and soon were contacted directly by a Wells Fargo representative.

     "They called and said that our present [mortgage] interest rate was 7.6 percent and that we could consolidate all or debts in one loan with them. … They said their rate would be around 6 percent," Kathy Cline recalled.

     The Clines figured the deal would give them a lower rate and let them pull out enough equity from their home to pay off eight credit cards, fix some plumbing problems and have something left over, too.

     Everything changed when it came time to close the loan, the Clines contend.

     Wells Fargo Financial, citing questions about their credit, raised their interest rate and closing costs to roughly two and three times those for standard mortgages, according to the Clines' complaint to the Commerce Department.

     The Clines still agreed to the refinancing, despite the 11.05 percent rate.

     "We needed the money. By the closing, some of the charge-card companies were calling," Kathy Cline said.

     The $8,626 in closing costs equaled about 7.7 percent of the total $111,000 mortgage.

     "When I see anything over four [percentage] points, that is when I start to think, 'That is excessive,' even for a subprime loan," said Amber Hawkins, the housing attorney with the Legal Aid Society of Minneapolis.

     The Clines also contend that they later learned their scores with the three big credit bureaus - 680, 682 and 731 - could have gotten them a conventional loan at the time they borrowed from Wells Fargo Financial. The couple also complained to the Commerce Department that Wells Fargo reported the loan to the credit bureaus as $258,000 - the total principal and interest for the entire 20-year term.

     Tom Cline discovered the issue when he went to buy a car and was turned down for credit.

     Wells Fargo Financial responded to the Commerce Department last year, saying that there was no proof anyone offered the Clines a 6 percent rate and that their loan was "precomputed" to include all interest payments.

     The Clines later refinanced with TCF Financial, their original mortgage company, at 5.25 percent.

     While declining to discuss the Clines' case in particular, Wells Fargo Financial spokeswoman Judy Corcoran said that her company has been the target of an "orchestrated" campaign by ACORN, which helped the Clines and others in filing complaints.

     "Our customer relations are confidential, but suffice it to say sometimes there is another side to stories such as these," Corcoran said.

     Common occurrence

     Several nationwide studies suggest that it's not unusual for borrowers to be given higher rates by mortgage lenders than seems warranted by their credit scores.

     In a study released in July, Freddie Mac surveyed 7,942 borrowers for creditworthiness and found that credit scores matter but that homeowners also landed in subprime loans at a greater rate if they used a mortgage broker, failed to shop around, were over 65, were Hispanic or refinanced to consolidate debt and cash out equity.

     Amy Crews Cutts, deputy chief economist at Freddie Mac, said some borrowers clearly were in too much financial trouble to get any other type of loan, but in other cases the rates looked excessive. "Some of it makes sense from a risk perspective. But a 12 percent mortgage, now, when rates are so low? That sounds pretty far out there," she said.

     No similar analysis focusing solely on credit scores has been done in Minnesota.

     However, Jeff Crump, a housing professor with the University of Minnesota, has found that the industry has made its greatest inroads in the inner cities.

     Using federal home mortgage disclosure data, which tracked loans by census tracts in 2002, Crump found that more than 10 percent of mortgages in predominantly low-income and minority neighborhoods were subprime, including north Minneapolis, Phillips, Powderhorn Park, the East Side of St. Paul, the West Side of St. Paul and Frogtown.

     Even when income was held constant across racial categories, Crump's analysis of the federal data from 1997 to 2002 found that Twin Cities blacks had a 34 percent chance of getting a subprime mortgage, compared with 10 percent for whites and 8 percent for Asians. Native Americans and Hispanics had a respective 22 percent and 13 percent chance, Crump said.

     Crump said the high fees that are common for subprime loans led him to suspect that some lenders are "green-lining" certain areas - making credit readily available but at punishing prices.

     However, a May study by PricewaterhouseCoopers, commissioned by the subprime industry group Coalition for Fair and Affordable Lending, warned against drawing quick conclusions.

     Persistent pitches

     Regardless of credit scores, some customers simply are more susceptible than others to pitches from subprime lenders. Consumer advocates are particularly critical of the persistent telemarketing of subprime mortgages.

     South Minneapolis residents Lynn and Rick Morneau became subprime mortgage customers that way, not long after they closed on a $25,000 loan from Wells Fargo Financial in 2001, according to the complaint the couple filed with the Commerce Department last year.

     "They would call every other week and then every week. They really got pushy," Lynn Morneau said. "We were getting phone calls and left voice-mail messages asking, 'Are you sure you don't want to upgrade to a new Silverado?' "

     Spokeswoman Judy Corcoran objected to the characterization. "Certainly, we make calls to customers who have established a relationship, but we do not make repeated calls. We do not force customers into products."

     After their car broke down, the Morneaus decided to take Wells Fargo's offer.

     In the end, the couple refinanced their bungalow with a $163,000 loan that helped them buy a car and pay down other debt but also came with $8,500 in closing costs and an annual percentage rate of 12.9 percent. They told the Commerce Department that they initially were promised a 6 percent rate and that the terms were changed at their loan closing.

     "We got a surprise. Oh man, I felt like such a fool," said Rick Morneau, 56, who admits to not reading his loan documents carefully at the closing.

     In its response to the Commerce Department, Wells Fargo said that a company representative discussed the terms of the loan with the Morneaus and that the 12.9 percent rate "was based on their creditworthiness at the times the loans were closed."

     The Morneaus refinanced in June 2003 with Ameriquest at 7.25 percent.

     Kvamme, the executive at Wells Fargo Financial, said employees don't contact potential borrowers or send them instant checks unless their credit scores are below 700 - the industry standard for conventional financing. He added that the company won't mail an instant check to someone whose credit is too shaky.

     "If they don't have a good credit record, then we don't mail the check," he said.

     Some self-policing

     Nudged by complaints, lawsuits and the consolidation of subprime lenders (25 businesses now control 80 percent of the market), some companies started policing themselves in the past few years, adopting more customer-friendly policies, said Mike Staten, director of the Credit Research Center at Georgetown University.

     In Minnesota, 60 lenders and groups, including Ameriquest, TCF, U.S. Bank and Wells Fargo & Co., joined the "Don't Borrow Trouble" campaign last year.

     Wells Fargo Financial also has made changes. It no longer reports to credit bureaus all of the interest money due over the life of the loan, as happened to the Clines.

     Wells Fargo stopped the practice "because our customers told us that it was causing them problems when they were working with other creditors," Corcoran said. The company also no longer requires borrowers to pay for years of credit insurance premiums at once, and it now requires loan officers to show that each subprime loan benefits the customer in some way.

     If no benefit can be shown, Wells "would either reduce fees or reduce the interest rate or in some way restructure the situation so that it would benefit the customer," Kvamme said.

     Even with recent improvements, the industry still needs to lower the cost of subprime products and consumers must be watchful, contends Autumn Lubin, program manager of the Don't Borrow Trouble Minnesota campaign. "It only takes one bad loan officer. Any lending practice can be abused … and taken to the predatory level," she said.

     "We are trying to get information to the consumer so they know when the [loan] practice is being abused and they have enough information to say no. They need to know they have other resources. So many consumers don't."

     News researcher Roberta Hovde contributed to this report.

     Dee DePass is at [*ddepass@startribune.com*](mailto:ddepass@startribune.com).

Studies examine scope of predatory lending

     Numerous state and federal groups have examined whether subprime loans are predatory in nature. Here are some key findings:

     Freddie Mac

     When: July 2004

     Scope: Surveyed 7,942 borrowers for creditworthiness

     Findings: Credit scores matter, but homeowners landed in subprime loans at a greater rate if they also used a mortgage broker, failed to shop around, were over 65, were Hispanic or refinanced to consolidate debt and cash out equity.

     Department of Housing and Urban Development and U.S. Treasury

     When: 2000

     Scope: Studied 1 million mortgage loans throughout the country

     Findings: "There is growing evidence that some lenders are engaging in predatory lending practices, [involving] excessive front-end fees, single premium credit life insurance and exorbitant pre-payment penalties that make homeownership much more costly for families that can least afford it."

     Jeff Crump, University of Minnesota housing studies professor

     When: February 2004

     Scope: Examined federal home mortgage disclosure data, which tracked loans by census tracts in 2002 across the Twin Cities

     Finding: "The expansion of the subprime lending finds subprime lending mainly in minority and low-income neighborhoods" in the Twin Cities. Even when income was held constant across racial categories, Crump's analysis of the federal data from 1997 to 2002 found that Twin Cities blacks had a 34 percent chance of getting a subprime mortgage compared with 10 percent for whites and 8 percent for Asians. Native Americans and Hispanics had a respective 22 percent and 13 percent chance.

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(See microfilm for map.)

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**Graphic**

MAP; PHOTO

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[***Chris Hovan and Jim Kleinsasser are just the kind of players coach Mike Tice is trying to build around - strong, smart and tough - to augment the dazzling talents of Randy Moss and Daunte Culpepper.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46P4-G8W0-00J2-34Y3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** SPECIAL; Pg. 6S

**Length:** 2613 words

**Byline:** Kevin Seifert; Staff Writer

**Body**

They are laughing, hopping around, close to toppling the makeshift studio in their exuberance, glancing from the photographer to each other to the growing crowd around them, negotiating over who gets to display which tattoo, one-upping each other with mock poses, speculating where the picture will one day hang.

    Frenetic and highly amused, Chris Hovan and Jim Kleinsasser are relishing a photo shoot few would expect them to tolerate. Hovan, the long-haired defensive lineman described affectionately as "a whack job" by his coach, is insisting the hand signal he is making is merely an inside joke, not a gang sign. Kleinsasser, the 275-pound tight end whose neck has gone MIA, looks over at noted tough guy Scott Studwell, former Vikings middle linebacker and current director of college scouting, who is watching the scene.

    "What about the hair and makeup people?" Kleinsasser deadpans.

  "Wouldn't do any good," Studwell shoots back.

    Hovan and Kleinsasser are close friends, aspiring radio hosts, acceptors but not seekers of public attention. And in some ways, they are the image of the new Vikings. Behind front men Daunte Culpepper and Randy Moss are a group of blue-collar workout mavens, centered on a pair of goofballs whose idea of a cool night off is watching pro wrestling in Hovan's basement while listening to Metallica and drinking cheap beer.

    It is a group, however, whose performance could largely decide whether the Vikings are a 4-12 team with a great receiver and quarterback, or a 10-6 playoff team whose great receiver and quarterback are surrounded by a winning supporting cast.

    "What they are," coach Mike Tice said, "are warriors. They have this mentality that at this stage of their careers and their lives that football is the most important thing. They're both single guys. They're both gym rats. They both eat, drink and sleep the game. That's all they can think about. Football."

    Returning Kleinsasser to tight end was Tice's first personnel move as the Vikings' new coach. Later, he rebuilt the Vikings' defensive personnel around Hovan, the 2000 first-round pick on the verge of Pro Bowl status this season.

    "People are like, 'Man, is this kid going to break out?' " Hovan said. "They say, 'When's this kid really going to take over?' My rookie year was kind of hard with John [Randle] around here. Last year, I started giving you flashes. And this year, I'm just ready to take over and dominate."

Who are these guys?

    One is the son of a truck driver, the other the son of a sunflower farmer, two kindred spirits who are not so much the same as they are compatible. Hovan, wilder and more prone to gab, is, "what I've always been \_ and I don't care what people say about this \_ a white trash kid from Cleveland. I like Metallica. I like to rock and roll."

    Kleinsasser, quieter and more brooding, graduated in a class of 57 from Carrington (N.D.) High School and in his typically reserved fashion said: "Chris and I, we're a lot alike, but at the same time, we've got a lot of differences, too."

    But make no mistake about the bond between them, said Matt Cercone, a tight end and charter member of their growing cartel in the Vikings locker room.

    "If one of them was a girl," Cercone said, "they'd probably marry each other."

    There is no time for marriage \_ to anyone \_ now, not with practice, their daily workouts and, of course, the continuing saga of the Undertaker, The Rock and the rest of the boys of World Wrestling Entertainment. It was that trinity that brought Hovan and Kleinsasser together this winter, the first offseason in the Twin Cities for Hovan.

    "I got together with Jimmy and said, 'You know I'm going to be living here,' " Hovan said. "He said, 'Yo, I'm with you, man.' We started working out together, and it just carried on throughout the whole offseason and until the summer."

    They watched wrestling \_ "my soap opera," Hovan said \_ and visited a few local establishments that met their criteria.

    "I'm going to tell you what," Hovan said. "Me and Kleinsasser, you won't find us . . . at Club Cancun or anything like that. You're going to find us at a bar where there's beer, enjoying the company of the people around us."

    They care for their dogs \_ Hovan's bulldog, Rocky, and Kleinsasser's beagle, Vince \_ and make sure others do the same.

    "Those dogs, they're just like them," Cercone said. "Hovan's got this dog, walks like him, looks like him. You can't say anything negative about either of those dogs. They call them their sons. They're very particular about that. You come over to one of their houses, and you say something bad about their dogs, or if you don't like dogs, then you're kicked out. That's the rules."

    They also care for their hair, an observation Cercone offers when asked what people might find surprising about them. Hovan has moved from a buzz cut his rookie year to shoulder-length red locks, and says he decided to "let yourself go. If they like you, they like you. If they don't, who cares. That's me."

    Kleinsasser's thatch is shorter but kept manageably wild on top.

    "They both have probably about seven or eight different hair products they use," Cercone said. "Extra conditioner, light gel for light days, whatever. They're real self-conscious about their hair, both of them. And that's the truth. They're always talking about it. I'd say Jim's a little more pretty boy when it comes to his hair. He's always worried about how neat it is, whether it's a good hair day or a bad hair day."

    But seriously, folks . . . their bond formed not in comparing hairstyles or debating the merits of Brock Lesnar's rise to wrestling power. They became "Hovan and Kleinsasser" while working out in the Vikings' weight room during the offseason. Disappointed with the team's 5-11 performance in 2001, Hovan fanatically dropped his weight to 280 pounds before rebuilding it with more than 20 pounds of muscle. Kleinsasser, meanwhile, altered his grueling regimen for his position switch to strengthen his lower body for blocking defensive linemen this season.

    "People just don't understand," Kleinsasser said, "how important having someone there with the same drive and having someone who is going to push you farther than you even think you can go. People take for granted that kind of stuff. It was a big help to have [Hovan] around, just to push me a little extra harder and make me know what we're working for."

    Kleinsasser had worked out two years ago with former long snapper Mike Morris, and one day this winter Morris invited him to join Hovan during for a weekly spot on Morris' morning radio show on KFAN. What resulted was a rollicking parade of banter that pushes the limits of many FCC regulations.

    "It was a blast," Kleinsasser said, which is sort of the effect the two had on the Vikings when training camp began. The physical results of their workouts were evident in Hovan's bulging arms and Kleinsasser's continually shrinking neck. Hovan's personality seemed transformed, from a reticent youngster to gregarious veteran, while Kleinsasser began reminding everyone why he had been drafted as a tight end in the first place.

    While neither is likely to make many pregame speeches, they have emerged as a crucial part of the Vikings' locker room leadership.

    "It's just the way they practice hard and show up every day," Cercone said. "They practice hurt. That's how I would define a leader, not a guy that yells all day but misses practice because his ankle hurts. It doesn't matter what drill it is, they're both going full speed. You've got to make sure you step it up to match them."

    Tice has tapped Moss, Culpepper and a few other veterans as his traditional team leaders, yet he has appreciated what Hovan and Kleinsasser have added this season.

    "Those are two guys that know the message, that accept the message, that accept the vision of our football program," Tice said. "I can count on them to make sure they . . . not only are going to have themselves ready, but they're going to bring some other guys with them. That doesn't mean physically. That means mentally. Those two guys lead in a different way. Really, neither one is real vocal. Chris is a little wackier. Jimmy is quiet.

    "They lead by results, and that's their style of leadership. That's how they're going to bring guys with them. You can look at them in the eyes in the locker room, and you know that these two guys are ready to go out there and do battle."

Hovan: controlled intensity

    Hovan appeared as a quiet rookie with a simmering temper when he arrived in Minnesota from Boston College. The product of a ***working-class*** Cleveland household \_ his father, Dennis, drove trucks, his mother, Rosemary, worked as a high school secretary \_ he learned long ago to survey the situation before taking charge.

    He sat quietly while Randle served as the Vikings' defensive line leader, starting 13 games and recording 54 tackles. Hovan appeared more comfortable last season, tripling his sack total to six and making 55 tackles, convincing the Vikings he could have a breakout year if they upgraded the line around him.     "I don't know where it came from, but I can tell you pretty much what I think," Dennis Hovan said. "You keep to yourself and don't express your opinion in your rookie year and maybe halfway into the second. That's the time to listen and not try to show what you think you know. I think this is probably the good time to demonstrate what you know."

    The Vikings added four new defensive linemen, including left end Kenny Mixon, who should help limit the times opponents double-team Hovan. Even at 300 pounds, Hovan is at his best when he can use his quickness rather than have to defeat double teams.

    "I'm big, but I'm not naturally a huge man, like a [365-pound Chicago Bears defensive tackle] Ted Washington or somebody," Hovan said. "I've always believed in quickness, strength and explosion. That will make plays for you."

    Indeed, in his first two seasons Hovan was so fanatical and preoccupied with quickness that he often ran past ball carriers or otherwise took himself out of the play. New line coach George O'Leary has helped Hovan get his intensity under control, resulting in a notably productive preseason.

    He also has helped generate Tice's tongue-in-cheek description as "a whack job," rolling up his shorts during practice to highlight his tree-trunk thighs and carrying on a nonsensical banter reminiscent of Randle's days with the Vikings.

    "Right now Chris Hovan's game is at a very, very high level," Tice said. "He's playing with more vision. The biggest thing I see in Chris is he's not out of control \_ or, I should say, as much. You can't really slow him down, because he's a whack job. But you can teach him to play with his head up and his eyes up to find the ball and not run himself out of plays. He's doing a better job of that."

    And although Hovan denies it, many Vikings have noted his more outgoing and social disposition. Instead of boiling beneath the surface, his intensity is radiating to those around him.

    "Chris, especially from his rookie year here, has taken on a little transformation," Kleinsasser said. "When he first came in, he was a quiet guy. He didn't really say a lot. Now he's become one of the main vocal guys on the team, just by example, his high energy, the way his style is. I agree with Tice. He is the total whack job."

Kleinsasser's comeback

    Rock bottom for Kleinsasser came Oct. 10, 1999. In a 24-22 loss to the Bears, the rookie tight end lost fumbles after each of his two receptions. The Vikings held Kleinsasser out of their next three games, and by the time he got back on the field he was a fullback. The position suited him better at the time; after growing up in Carrington (population 2,600) and attending a Division II school, the University of North Dakota, Kleinsasser adjusted well to the more gradual learning curve.

    He developed into one of the NFL's most dominating lead blockers, helping former running back Robert Smith rush for 1,015 yards in 1999 and a team-record 1,521 in 2000.

    "We asked a lot of him early," said Tice, who was the Vikings offensive line coach at the time. "Looking back on it, we shouldn't have asked so much of him with the football in his hands. We needed to let him carve a niche for himself, carve a role for himself. He had a rough first outing. Fortunately for him, it couldn't get any worse, and so he's gotten better since then in every way, as far as I'm concerned."

    Tice, however, never forgot about one day returning Kleinsasser to tight end. During his introductory news conference as the Vikings' new head coach, Tice fielded early questions about Moss. The second player he mentioned was Kleinsasser, whom he envisioned as a blocker and occasional pass receiver in the Vikings' two-tight end alignment.

    "I was excited," Kleinsasser said. "I was kind of hoping Mike would get the job, because he had told me earlier that the last couple of years he wanted me at tight end. That made me feel good, and that really put the drive in me to get started with the workouts and start hitting it hard."

Tice's guys

    One thing they are not is a mirror image of their coach, an intense former NFL tight end who now relies as much on psychological motivation as physical intimidation. Yet Hovan and Kleinsasser jump at the suggestion they share a common bond with Tice, who will rely on them as much as any players to keep locker room order this season.

    "He's such a competitive and fiery coach," Hovan said. "And when you look over at me, you're going to see me swearing. That's just my nature. I've always been a fiery kid. I've always try to outdo myself on the field. I take it as a compliment if you say that about me and Tice."

    "Mike will carry on," Kleinsasser said, "and he can also bring in the light side of things, joke around, give it to each other. With all the hard work he puts into it, it's kind of pushed on to us."

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    \_ Kevin Seifert is at [*kseifert@startribune.com*](mailto:kseifert@startribune.com).

CHRIS HOVAN

Born: May 12, 1978

Height/weight: 6-2, 300

Position: Defensive tackle

Hometown: Grew up in Cleveland but now lives in Twin Cities

College: Boston College

Acquired: First-round draft choice in 2000

Personal: Single, lives with bulldog Rocky

JIM KLEINSASSER

Born: Jan. 31, 1977

Height/weight: 6-3, 274

Position: Tight end

Hometown: Grew up in Carrington, N.D., but now lives in Twin Cities

College: North Dakota

Acquired: Second-round draft pick in '99

Personal: Single, lives with beagle Vince

SUPERMEN

CHRIS HOVAN has the traits Vikings coach Mike Tice looks for in selecting players for his team: Here is a look at Tice's formula

     1. INTELLIGENCE

"I like smart guys that have aggressive personalities," Tice says. "That's my favorite kind of player. Believe me, smart is very important. When I put those player traits on the board, I put intelligence No. 1. Mental mistakes are the easiest way to get you beat. The successful teams I've been a part of have all had that mental part of the game."

     2. EXPLOSION

Explosion is what Tice calls lateral quickness. "It's how fast you get side to side," he says. "That's important for chasing players or getting away from them."

     3. SPEED

"A lot of people say speed should be No. 1, but I don't think so," Tice says. "A lineman doesn't have to be fast. He just has to slide quickly. Your lateral speed is more important than your straight speed."

     4. WORK ETHIC

Says Tice: "I want a guy that loves to work."

     5. TOUGHNESS

"Some people will put toughness ahead of everything," Tice says.

"But I think intelligence is more important."

**Graphic**

PHOTO

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[***Miracle On Ice;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMP-0MN0-00J2-301C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***20th ANNIVERSARY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMP-0MN0-00J2-301C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Frozen in time;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMP-0MN0-00J2-301C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Twenty years ago tonight the U.S. Olympic hockey team achieved one of sports' greatest upsets, stunning the Soviet Union 4-3 at the Lake Placid Winter Games. The 20 players have gone their separate ways since, but remain bound by the memory of their gold medal journey.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMP-0MN0-00J2-301C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The players remember the night as one great blur, punctuated by powerful moments. The U.S. flags billowing in the Lake Placid stands. The tension of the game's final 10 minutes, when time seemed to slow almost to a halt. The tears, the unspeakable joy, the lusty singing of "God Bless America" by a dozen Minnesotans and eight hockey teammates who didn't remember most of the words.

     Members of the U.S. Olympic hockey team never will forget Feb. 22, 1980 \_ 20 years ago today \_ when they defeated the Soviet Union 4-3 at the Lake Placid Winter Games in one of the greatest upsets in sports history. They all were in their early 20s then, a bunch of kids from ***working-class*** homes who galvanized a country. After beating the mighty Soviets, they followed with a 4-2 victory over Finland, becoming the first U.S. hockey team since 1960 to win Olympic gold.

     Though their memories dimmed with time, the extraordinary bonds they formed have not. Those speedy forwards and stout defensemen now fly airplanes, sell stocks, run businesses and perform oral surgery. Coach Herb Brooks believed their tenacity and intelligence could carry them to the gold medal. Two decades later, those qualities \_ and those friendships \_ endure.

   "Winning that gold medal was a great moment for all of us, and we feel fortunate and proud and grateful," said forward Dave Silk, now a financier in Boston. "But it shouldn't define who we are 20 years later. Life moves on. We have been a very successful group, in hockey and after hockey. We also made history together, and that has kept us close over time."

     Team members occasionally convene for charity games and reunions, but all 20 have not gathered since President Jimmy Carter toasted them with soft drinks at the White House just after the gold medal victory. The players hope to change that this spring at a fishing and golf getaway in South Carolina. A few years ago, they began pooling the money the team members got for the use of their pictures and names.

     That account has grown to about $40,000, which will fund a weekend of nostalgia, jibes about hairlines and waistlines and stories that have grown as huge as the heart of America on that February night 20 years ago.

     "I've always told people even if we didn't win, we would still have these friendships, this bond," said Mike Eruzione, who scored the winning goal against the Soviet Union. "It was a great moment for me and my teammates, and it touched so many people in positive ways. I can be walking down the street in Texas, and somebody will stop me and say, 'Let me tell you where I was on that night.' That makes what we did even more special."

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Jim Craig:

public pain, private joy

     Of all the members of the 1980 Olympic team, Jim Craig seemed the one destined to remain frozen in time. Millions of Americans watched the goalie skate around the Lake Placid rink, draped in an American flag, searching for his father in the stands.

     That single image cemented Craig's fame and made him an instant celebrity. But he never felt comfortable in the spotlight, and its glare soon turned harsh. The golden goalie of the Olympics struggled in the NHL, playing 30 games in three seasons stained by injury and inconsistency. Two years after the Olympics, he was involved in an automobile accident in which a woman was killed.

     Craig said goodbye to hockey in 1984 after a hamstring injury. Unlike other famous athletes whose identities are forever bound to their sport, he welcomed the chance to begin a new life. Craig returned to his hometown of North Easton, Mass., and reinvented himself as a successful businessman, a devoted husband and father and a man whose life became richer after his celebrity faded.

     "Some athletes know they will be famous, and by the time it happens, they're ready," Craig said. "None of us were prepared. I was never really used to it. And as Americans in a Canadian game, we had to prove ourselves as hockey players even more after the Olympics. It wasn't easy, but I wouldn't change it. That's just how life is."

     That philosophy allowed Craig to handle fame, disappointment and challenges with grace. At first, he enjoyed his celebrity; he and his father, Don, made a Coke commercial, and Craig got hundreds of letters from fans. But those who watched him compile a 6-0-1 record and 2.14 goals-against average in the Olympics expected him to hop effortlessly to the NHL, and his fame became a burden.

     Craig said the high expectations and low patience of others gave him no time to break in to the league. As a goalie, and as the best-known member of the Olympic team, he also knew all eyes were fixed firmly upon him. He played four games for Atlanta in the months after the Olympics, then went 9-7-6 with the Boston Bruins the following season. After one season in the minor leagues and another with the U.S. team, he played three games for the North Stars in 1983-84 and called it a career.

     "I had proved to myself I could play at that level, and it had been long enough since the Olympics," Craig said. "And I knew I wasn't going to be a superstar. I was comfortable with the fact that that aspect of my life could be finished."

     Craig said the Olympics rejuvenated his father, who had become reclusive after his wife's death in the late 1970s. Don Craig spent hours watching videotapes of the games and lived eight happy years after the Olympics. Jim's happiness grew, too, as he coached his children's sports teams and flourished in his career with a company that sells and designs advertising inserts.

     The flag that surrounded Craig's shoulders at Lake Placid returned to him two years ago. The man who owned it presented it to Craig at a minor-league all-star game in Syracuse, reuniting two Olympic icons.

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Mike Eruzione:

'Miracle' worker

     Practicality caught up with Mike Eruzione a few years ago. After nearly two decades as the keeper of the 1980 team flame, Eruzione decided to take a regular job so he could get health benefits.

     But that position \_ director of athletic development for Boston University \_ allowed him to continue the cottage industry he built around his Olympic fame. Eruzione still delivers motivational speeches to corporate audiences, appears at charity events and works as a TV hockey analyst. He also remains a national spokesman for underdogs, maintaining the legacy of the Miracle On Ice.

     "It's my claim to fame," said Eruzione, who is from Winthrop, Mass. "People call me to comment on the Olympics, Super Bowls, the World Cup, the NCAA basketball tournament, big upsets in basketball or football. After the Olympics, when I decided not to play pro hockey, I thought this might last another six months or a year. Well, it's been 20."

     Eruzione scored the winning goal in the U.S. victory over the Soviet Union, ensuring the team's place in history and his place as its spokesman. He considered the Olympic gold medal the crowning achievement of his athletic career and immediately retired from hockey. "My father always told me there was more to life than athletics," Eruzione said. "There was no money in it, and I wasn't Neal Broten or Mike Ramsey. I would have played two years. I left with peace of mind."

     But hockey still figured heavily in Eruzione's future. The Miracle On Ice lingered in America's consciousness for years, and Eruzione \_ with his charming, effusive personality \_ became its human embodiment. He barnstormed the country, spreading the message of the Miracle to audiences both new and familiar.

     Though Eruzione was the only player to make a career of his Olympic glory, none of his teammates resented it. They welcomed his willingness to become the caretaker of their legend, and they seem surprised and amused that he has breathed life into it for so many years. When Sports Illustrated named the Miracle On Ice the greatest sports moment of the 20th century, Wayne Gretzky joked to Eruzione that he could extend his fame another 20 years. Eruzione joked back, "I just doubled my fee."

     But the audiences are growing grayer now, and Eruzione has begun preparing for his fade from public life. He has his work at BU and a new job with a fitness Web site. Still, he's comfortable knowing he will forever be linked with the 1980 Olympics.

     "We just went to Lake Placid to play hockey, and wow!" Eruzione said. "This big thing happened. I probably would have been a coach or teacher, but the Olympics gave me the opportunity to do the things I do now. I like to think I've done a good job with it. But if I'm still doing this in 10 years, find me and shoot me."

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Bill Baker:

defenseman to dentist

     Some people bought flags or pins as souvenirs of the 1980 Winter Games. The Brainerd, Minn., Amateur Hockey Association bought the dasher boards that surrounded the Olympic ice sheet where local boy Bill Baker made good.

     Those boards stood in the Gold Medal Rink \_ named for the 1980 Olympic triumph \_ until they fell apart. Baker remains a fixture there as a coach of his children's youth teams. He's an oral surgeon who spends his days in scrubs and his evenings in skates, passing his knowledge of the game to kids born long after the Miracle On Ice.

     Some of Baker's Olympic teammates discovered that their gold medals thrust them onto the public stage. Baker, a low-key defenseman, stepped right back into the anonymity of small-town Minnesota. He credits his family, teachers and coaches with preparing him for his Olympic moment, and he wanted to repay them by continuing that legacy.

     "It's great to know I was a part of the 1980 Olympic team, and I enjoyed being part of it," Baker said. "We were well-known as a team, but as far as being famous, I was a nobody then \_ and I'm still a nobody. We were 20 down-to-earth, average, small-town people who were motivated to reach a goal. And after we did it, life went on."

     Baker's life took him to the NHL, where he played for four teams over three years and earned a University of Minnesota business degree during the offseasons. He attended dental school at Washington University in St. Louis, then returned to Minnesota and eventually started a practice in Brainerd.

     None of Baker's dental school classmates knew of his Olympic exploits, and few patients ask Baker about the goal he scored to tie Sweden in the opening game. He gets three or four autograph requests through the mail each year and an occasional flash of recognition from a parent or coach of a youth hockey opponent. Like most of his teammates, Baker never traded on his Olympic fame, and he speaks of it only when someone asks.

     While Brainerd sustained the Lake Placid memory with the old rink boards, Baker collected a few Olympic souvenirs as well. His gold medal rests in a safe-deposit box, and other memorabilia sits in boxes for want of display space. Of all the things he brought home from Lake Placid, Baker's favorites are the friendships he rekindles at team reunions, when a bunch of small-town guys catch up on the present and recall the past.

     "It's nice to be remembered every few years, and the really fun part is getting together with the other players," Baker said. "Everyone has kids to raise and jobs to do, so it's hard for us to all get together. But when we do, it feels like nothing's changed. For 20 amateur players to sneak up on everyone and do what we did, it will never happen again. It's a very special thing we share."

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Neal Broten:

home state hero

     Neal Broten, one of three brothers from the famous Roseau, Minn., hockey family to play in the NHL, had many highlights during a long and storied career. He played on the University of Minnesota team that won the 1979 NCAA championship . . . he spent 17 years in the NHL and played in two All-Star Games . . . he was a member of the Stanley Cup champion New Jersey Devils in 1995.

     But for Broten, nothing compares to winning an Olympic gold medal.

   "It definitely was the highlight of my career," he said. "I think winning the '79 NCAA championship was really important to me. I had been in three state [high school] tournaments and never had the success of winning a state championship. Winning the national championship was pretty nice, a tremendous feeling to be part of that Gopher team. But the Olympics was the highlight. It's a tremendous feeling that you were part of the team and such a great experience."

     These days, Broten does promotional work for the Minnesota Wild and is in demand for speaking engagements and autograph sessions. He and his wife, Sally, and their two teenage daughters live near River Falls, Wis. The Brotens raise, sell, train and show quarter horses, which Sally has been doing for about 10 years. They have about two dozen horses on their 75-acre ranch, where Broten refers to himself as the "farm manager."

     When he thinks back to his Olympic experience, Broten doesn't immediately conjure up images of facing the Soviets or the horn sounding to end the gold medal game in Lake Placid. His most vivid memory came months earlier, in Colorado instead of Lake Placid.

     The Olympic tryouts were held in Colorado Springs, with more than 80 players vying for spots on the team. Broten recalls when coach Herb Brooks gathered all the candidates and read the names of the players who had made the cut.

     "Herb Brooks called off 24 or 25 players, and I was the last guy he called off," Broten said. "I was sitting there waiting for my name to be called. I had a pretty good camp, but you never know, there were a lot of good players there. He started reading off the names, and I wasn't even aware he was on the last name. He read my name, then he said, 'That's it. There's your team.' I ran right to the pay phone and called Mom and Dad to tell them I made the team."

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A memory to savor

     Sports Illusitrated editors selected the 1980 "Miracle on Ice" victory over the Soviet Union as the greatest sports moment of the 20th century. Here's a look at Sports Illustrated's top 10 sports moments of the century, announced Dec. 2, 1999.

     1. 1980 US Olympic Team upsets the Soviet Union

     2. Bobby Thomson's 'Home run heard 'round the world' in 1951

     3. Mark McGwire's record-breaking 62nd home run in 1998

     4. Cassius Clay's victory over Sonny Liston in 1964

     5. Bob Beamon's monumental long jump at the 1968 Olympics

     6. N.C. State upsets Houston for the 1983 NCAA hoops title

     7. Roger Bannister breaks the four-minute mile barrier in 1954

     8. Michael Jordan's last career shot wins sixth NBA championship for Bulls in 1998

     9. Secretariat wins going away at the 1973 Belmont to win the Triple Crown

     10. Don Larsen's perfect game in the 1956 World Series

**Graphic**

PHOTO

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USA TODAY

January 21, 2000, Friday,

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**Length:** 2560 words

**Byline:** Mike Clark; Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

Any Given Sunday

\* \* \* (out of four)

In Oliver Stone's football melodrama, Al Pacino plays a Miami

Sharks coach trying to keep his cool after his No. 3 quarterback

(Jamie Foxx) disdains teamwork and tradition on his way to individual

glory (and a few much-needed wins). The movie stumbles but isn't

sacked when its finale resolves too many story threads too conveniently.

But you have to admire a potboiler that finds roles for Cameron

Diaz, Charlton Heston, LL Cool J, Ann-Margret and enough boomer-youth

gridiron icons to make middle-aged men weep. (R: strong language,

nudity/sexuality) -- Mike Clark

The Cider House Rules

\* \* 1/2

In the screen version of John Irving's best seller, Tobey Maguire's

boy-man screen persona is well suited to playing a '30s orphan

who as a young man abandons the tutelage of his orphanage's doctor

and abortionist (Michael Caine). Delroy Lindo and Charlize Theron

(an awful lot of woman for Maguire) round out a capable cast,

but the movie never approaches the levels of director Lasse Hallstrom's

best -- *My* *Life as a Dog* and *What's Eating Gibert*

*Grape*. (PG-13: mature themes, sexuality, substance abuse,

violence) -- M.C.

Cradle Will Rock

\* \* \* 1/2

Writer/director Tim Robbins' colorful Depression melange is filled

with strange bedfellows, including communists, capitalists, out-of-work

actors, even Orson Welles. Chaotic and sometimes strident, it

deals with a 1936 production of the left-leaning musical *The*

*Cradle Will Rock* by the FDR-mandated Federal Theatre Project

as Congress' right-wing Dies Committee brings pressure to shut

it down. Until overplaying its hand in the final 20 minutes, this

is one of the year's most entertaining movies. (R: language and

sexuality) -- M.C.

Diamonds

\* 1/2

How great to see that Kirk Douglas' 1995 stroke hasn't decreased

his vitality or de-creased his chin cleft. But as nice at it is

that the role of an ex-prizefighter was custom-fitted to his disabilities

and employs footage from his 1949 boxing classic, *Champion*,

he's still stuck in a zirconium dud. This road-trip piffle is

basically a male version of a chick-bonding flick, down to having

Corbin Allred, from estrogen-heavy *Anywhere but Here*, play

Douglas' grandson. The teen is estranged from his divorced pop,

a whiny Dan Aykroyd. And Aykroyd, a sportswriter who doesn't turn

ESPN on even once, is desperate to earn the respect of dad Douglas.

They head to Reno, where a three-generational brothel visit is

beyond embarrassing. (PG-13 for sexuality, drugs, profanity) --

Susan Wloszczyna

The End of the Affair

\* \*

The second screen version of Graham Greene's highly regarded 1951

novel puts *The* *English Patient*'s Ralph Fiennes in

another star-crossed situation with a married woman during World

War II. Though there's a lot more sex here than 1955 moviegoers

saw, the result is a weightless shrug-off doomed by the lack of

chemistry between Fiennes and Julianne Moore. She has promised

God to end the affair if her lover survives their London bedroom

bombing -- a moral dilemma in the making when he walks out of

the rubble. The movie's proponents (and it has many) might want

to compare Moore's work here with her more forceful performance

in *Magnolia*. (R: strong sexuality) -- M.C.

Fantasia 2000

\* \* \* 1/2

Disney's animated concert feature, retitled for its millennial

incarnation, remains one of the trippiest journeys you can take

without ingesting hallucinogens. It's an unbeatable blend of pop

'toons and classical tunes. During an exclusive four-month run

on IMAX screens, the magic is magnified while fulfilling Walt

Disney's wish that his 1940 experiment would be continually revised.

Seven new sequences join the first's signature piece, Mickey Mouse

in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Best of the new pieces is

Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, a jazzy Big Apple valentine

to caricaturist Al Hirschfeld. Missing, however, is the kitschy

cultural collage of Uncle Walt's day, from lusty centaurs to dancing

mushrooms. By comparison, *F2K* seems positively tasteful

-- and somehow diminished. (G) -- S.W.

Girl, Interrupted

\* \*

Reality bites again for Winona Ryder as a lost child of the '60s

who lands in a mental hospital after swallowing a bottle of aspirin

with a vodka chaser. What is supposed to be a brief respite from

life turns into a two-year imprisonment. The film is like every

cinematic snake pit, only less so, taking its mood cues from Ryder's

mopey depression. The doctors aren't monsters, just merely inept,

and the kindly chief RN (Whoopi Goldberg) is far from a despotic

Nurse Ratched. Angelina Jolie chews the institutional scenery

as a sexy sociopath, but her worst suffering is kept off-camera.

As for Ryder, no one apparently told her to take it easy on the

lip gloss and flattering hairdos if she wants to flag down an

Oscar. (R: language, drugs, sexuality, suicide) -- S.W.

Holy Smoke

\* \* \* 1/2

Sexy, snotty, vulnerable and, above all, contentious, Kate Winslet

gives cult deprogrammer Harvey Keitel the tough time of his life.

Her loony-tunes Sydney family imports this swaggering Yank to

Australia after she falls under the spell of an Indian guru. Flaky

but also exuberant, the film gives *The Piano*'s Jane Campion

another opportunity to show a side of the actor that has thus

far evaded other filmmakers -- even getting him into a red dress

and lipstick. Winslet is spellbindingly good. She's the catalyst

in a movie that creates more male-female electricity than any

other of the past year. (R: strong sexuality, language) -- M.C.

The Hurricane

\* \* \* 1/2

This screen bio boasts all the right elements for a dramatic knockout

-- heavyweight star, a master filmmaker of socially conscious

cinema and a subject who is a true folk hero. Denzel Washington,

director Norman Jewison and boxing champ Rubin "Hurricane" Carter's

wrongful triple-murder conviction and 19-year incarceration are

an unbeatable one-two-three punch. So it's painful to watch as

the film stumbles across decades of narrative until finding the

right hook: a solemn teen (Vicellous Shannon) who begins a relationship

with the jailed "warrior-scholar" that leads to a battle to

prove his innocence. Despite well-shot boxing segments, this is

no raging bull but the essential truth about a man who fought

his toughest bouts outside the ring. (R: language, violence) --

S.W.

Magnolia

\* \* \* 1/2

Too long, occasionally heavy-handed and certainly full of itself,

writer/director Paul Thomas Anderson's follow-up to *Boogie*

*Nights* is also a frequently powerful, brilliantly acted intimate

epic about the interlocking lives of about a dozen principals

(much in the mode of Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*). No actor

dominates, but the movie's conversation piece is Tom Cruise's

performance as a seminar guru who instructs revved-up male losers

on how to humiliate women into sexual submission. Anderson saves

his grandest stroke for the near-finale -- a set piece out so

far into the Twilight Zone that some viewers may not accept it

-- but by itself one of the decade's most unforgettable movie

sequences. (R: language, drug use, sexuality, some violence) --

M.C.

Man on the Moon

\* \* \*

Entertaining but underachieving, director Milos Forman's too-episodic

portrait of comic Andy Kaufman is put over by Jim Carrey's eerily

spectacular lead performance. Though the movie doesn't even attempt

to tap into the inner being of its eccentric subject, Kaufman's

public side is fodder for its much more successful second hour

-- when the comic's notorious escapades (wrestling women, instigating

donnybrooks on live network TV) are pursued. A respectable entertainment

when judged in a vacuum, this still ranks low in the Forman food

chain, including Oscar winners *One Flew Over the* *Cuckoo's*

*Nest* and *Amadeus*. (R: language, brief sexuality/nudity)

-- M.C.

A Map of the World

\* \* 1/2

As a farmland tragedy, this fair adaptation of Jane Hamilton's

novel comes closer to achieving dramatic power than the hapless

movie of *A Thousand Acres* did, but it finally puts too

many of its eggs into lead Sigourney Weaver's basket. An outsider

in a rural Wisconsin community, Weaver's character experiences

one of life's worst imaginable nightmares: having someone else's

child suffer a fatal accident on your watch. The movie seems to

be making this culturally displaced woman out to be the town eccentric,

but this is just of one many points that the movie never clarifies.

Weaver, though, can be interesting in just about anything, and

the film does make a neat package of curiosities when bunched

with her blond transformation in *Galaxy Quest*. (R: some

sexuality, language) -- M.C.

My Dog Skip

\* \* \*

You may call it puppy love. But this is not just any tender nostalgia

tale about a sheltered kid and his waggish pooch. For one, the

movie's main animal star is the offspring of Moose, the Jack Russell

terrier who handily (pawsily?) upstages the humans on TV's *Frasier*.

Like father, like son, as Skip transforms Willie, his 9-year-old

owner (Frankie Muniz of TV's *Malcolm in the Middle*, a saucer-eyed

wonder), from sports-shy reject to outgoing youth. And the story

is based on Willie Morris' 1995 memoirs about growing up during

World War II in the sleepy town of Yazoo City, Miss. So expect

plenty of lovingly etched details and boyish misadventures as

Willie and his scruffy pals try to enlist Skip and encounter evil

moonshiners. Like its shaggy protagonist, *My Dog Skip* proves

to be a rare breed, a family film with a heart and a brain. (PG:

violent content, some language) -- S.W.

Next Friday

\* 1/2

Here we go again with more dopes on dope and fun with guns. Booty

and doody jokes? They're here, too, along with the ghetto stereotypes

and near-constant use of the "n" word. This is the cul-de-sac

sequel to 1995's modest hit about a day in the life of a south-central

L.A. underachiever (Ice Cube, rap's own Pillsbury Homeboy, who's

also a co-writer and executive producer). But now the action has

moved from the crime-ridden city to the grime-free burbs, where

Cube's Craig has decided to hide out after bully Debo escapes

from jail. And what once had a legit urban edge has dulled into

a repetitive burlesque that wallows in bathroom humor and ugly

portraits of desperate women. (R: strong language, drugs, sexual

content) -- S.W.

Play It to the Bone

\* \* \*

Another invigorating, extremely raunchy sports movie from Ron

Shelton (*Bull Durham*, *White Man Can't Jump*).

It's the cock-eyed tale of a pair of over-the-hill boxers (Woody

Harrelson, Antonio Banderas) on the road to Las Vegas for their

last big fight. As their best friend, the superb Lolita Davidovich

grabs a strong, wacky role and doesn't let go. This crew gets

into such an amiably down-and-dirty groove that the movie doesn't

even need its exciting fight-footage climax. Or the sudden, flat

ending. (R: brutal violence, strong sexuality, pervasive language,

drug content) -- Andy Seiler

Snow Falling on Cedars

\* \*

This handsomely shot courtroom thriller from director Scott Hicks

(*Shine*) tells the story of anti-Japanese prejudice in the

Pacific Northwest. But despite some poignant moments, the kaleidoscopic

structure, which features patchwork plotting, and fancy camera

angles neuter the emotional moments and make everything unnecessarily

confusing. Based on the David Guterson best seller. (PG-13: disturbing

images, sensuality, brief language) -- A.S.

Stuart Little

\* \* 1/2

Purists may belittle what Hollywood has done to E.B. White's beloved

1945 children's book about a dapper mouse raised in a human household.

Indeed, midway through, the attractively urbane production turns

into little more than a high-tech *Tom and Jerry* cartoon.

But the tiny squeaker in red sneakers is a delight, and the voice

of Michael J. Fox imbues the dimpled creature with common decency

and a whiskery charm. (PG: brief language) -- S.W.

Supernova

\*

Good actors seem plastic and plastic actors seem worse in a knockoff

of every rocket-ship movie you've ever seen, with the probable

exception of Mel Brooks' *Spaceballs*. A medical rescue vessel

has to deal with a distress call, the strange young man the ship

rescues in space and the escalating number of crew members dropping

dead. The stars are James Spader (who apparently has been pumping

iron), an underutilized Angela Bassett, Lou Diamond Phillips and

Robert Forster. The director is Thomas Lee, who doesn't actually

exist: The name is a pseudonym for Walter Hill, who took his name

off the picture. Combine that lovely fact with the studio's wise

refusal to screen the film before opening, and you don't need

a film critic to tell you that you're better off spending even

bargain-matinee money on bubble gum or beef jerky. (PG-13: sci-fi

action violence, sensuality/nudity) -- M.C.

Sweet and Lowdown

\* \*

Woody Allen's latest has gorgeous '30s production design and a

chuckle-packed opening 20 minutes before degenerating into an

uncompelling portrait of a selfish jazz guitarist (Sean Penn)

who falls into semi-obscurity despite having been rated second

to Django Reinhardt. Britain's Samantha Morton plays the mute

he mistreats before meeting a glamorous socialite (Uma Thurman),

a union that hits the skids as well. Jazz experts and enthusiasts

such as Nat Hentoff and Allen himself take part in mock interviews

-- a cute idea but not enough to salvage one of the year's most

curiously torpid movies. (PG-13: sexual situations and substance

abuse) -- M.C.

The Talented

Mr. Ripley

\* \* \* 1/2

Patricia Highsmith's 1955 novel -- and Rene Clement's 1960 film

version, *Purple Noon* -- gets a lavish makeover from writer/director

Anthony Minghella, who pours on production values to compare to

his career-making *The English Patient*. Matt Damon plays

a '50s poor-boy opportunist hired by an American industrialist

to bring his wayward son back from a life of indolence in Italy.

Only he starts enjoying sonny's "good life" and develops a sexual

attraction to his target. Unlike *Noon*, this has a terrific

first half and a weaker second -- but this overall superior version

is still put over by its splendiferous looks and cutting-edge

cast, which includes Jude Law, Gwyneth Paltrow, Cate Blanchett

and Philip Seymour Hoffman. (R: violence, language, brief nudity)

-- M.C.

Titus

\* \* 1/2

Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* gets a movie makeover by

its 1995 stage director Julie Taymor (also of *The Lion King*).

It's a period/modern hybrid with the play's vicious revenge angle

intact, only now with video games, newspapers and modern vehicles.

Anthony Hopkins is the Roman general who takes the life of conquered

Queen Tamora's firstborn -- a "nothing personal" custom of warfare

that nonetheless has a way of establishing bad blood (which is

soon flowing in buckets). As Tamora, Jessica Lange's combination

of rage and sexual allure earns her the movie's MVP award, but

at 165 minutes and a tendency toward absurdity, it wears out its

welcome -- though with its wild culinary finale, no one can say

it's short on "event." (R: strong violence, sexual images) --

M.C.

Topsy-Turvy

\* \* \* \*

A master of British ***working-class*** portraits, Mike Leigh (*Life*

*Is Sweet*, *Secrets & Lies*) now turns us on our heads

with a wholly unexpected portrait of Gilbert and Sullivan on the

19th century comeback trail, mounting *The Mikado*. Jim Broadbent

and Allan Corduner are splendid as librettist William Schwenck

Gilbert and composer Arthur Sullivan. Both smart and entertaining,

the movie is such a visual feast that it recalls director Michael

Powell's Technicolor extravaganzas of the '40s. The result: a

backstage movie you can mention in the same breath with *All*

*About Eve*, Judy Garland's *A Star Is Born* and Powell's

own *The Red Shoes*. (R: scene of risqué nudity) --

M.C.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Fox Searchlight; PHOTO, B/W, David Appleby, Paramount Pictures; Excessive to a fault: Jessica Lange and Alan Cumming vamp it up in the latest Shakespeare-based vehicle, 'Titus.' Down and out: Michael Legge stars as Frank McCourt in 'Angela's Ashes.'

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[***THE EVOLUTION OF MARIO LEMIEUX; 30 YEARS IN PITTSBURGH; MARIO: THIRTY YEARS IN A LIFE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5DPF-73X1-JC8R-34RY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

    The friendly voice over the speaker says to come in, and the black iron gate rises and retreats. Inside, behind the towering green shrubs and ivy-covered brick walls that fortify his home, Mario Lemieux is waiting on the veranda.

Climbing the steps, there is so much to take in. Water springs from a sun-drenched fountain. His 11-year-old chocolate lab, Tara, ambles around. Lemieux reaches out his big right mitt for a handshake. In just a few seconds, it is very clear that, in building this immaculate terrace that overlooks a sprawling backyard complete with a small pool and a putting green, he has missed no detail.

Lemieux is prepared, having placed two small bottles of water on an end table that sits between a small sofa and a deck chair. The veranda's red brick facade provides shade on a serene morning. He does not have to do any of this. He does not like to talk about himself, so why is he? Maybe it's just time. He is not a nostalgic guy, though. Up in the attic, a box of mementos from his early days in Pittsburgh gathers dust. It was given to him by a family friend after his battle with Hodgkin's disease, and it contains some of the mail he received during those trying days. He has never opened it.

"I don't sit here and just think about what I did in the past," he says.

He is constantly evolving, has been since he rode in a black sedan with his father and agent through the Fort Pitt Tunnel and first laid eyes on the impressive skyline of a then-distressed city with a laughable hockey franchise.

With this fall marking his and Pittsburgh's 30th anniversary together, Lemieux knows there are questions, and he has agreed to answer them. He will be honest but understated, open yet wary of going too far, many of his responses ending short of revelation and often with a quick smile, as if to say, "Trust me, that's really all I've got." English is his go-to language now, the French left for talks with his wife, Nathalie, or close friend Pierre LaRouche in the owner's suite at Consol Energy Center.

This is as relaxed as any outsider will see him, in a white golf shirt, navy blue shorts and Crocs, his left leg tucked under his right as he leans his neatly groomed visage into his left hand. At 6-foot-4, he is as strapping as he was as a young centerman, if not more; the massive hands he inherited from his father, a painter, no longer stick out, fitting his regal stature. The features of his made-for-caricature face are more pronounced with age, and the one-time famous mullet of hockey hair is now cropped short, showing a few hints of gray. Lemieux wears 49 as gracefully as he skated at 19, 29 and 39.

The years have flown by, he says, and the last two decades have been here, attempting to blend in among Pittsburgh's most affluent citizens in this leafy western suburb. This is a man who approved every nut and bolt of the first home he built, in Mt. Lebanon, made sure it was constructed to his specifications, and left it five years later because he wanted more privacy. He found it in Sewickley, but he still couldn't escape his own mind.

Golf with his buddies is a cherished release, but mostly, the brain never stops, to the point that, since starting his career in Pittsburgh, he has struggled to sleep more than a few hours at a time. What does Lemieux think about? He insists it isn't anything that deep; he has always been consumed by the ever-present tomorrow.

"I can't figure it out," he says. "When I played, at times I would pop an Ambien here or there. It's been more and more the last few years, too, just thinking about a lot of stuff."

Like what? The answer is a study in Lemieux.

"Just stuff that needs to be done," he says. "You know, a couple houses here and there, paying the bills, just normal stuff that people go through."

He laughs, a bit embarrassed. His restlessness doesn't quite add up, especially now, with his seemingly cushy existence (those houses he mentioned are this one; a $20 million mansion in Mont Tremblant, a high-end ski area in his native Quebec that was completed in the last few years; and an oceanfront condo in South Florida). Plus, he can drive each morning to that sparkling arena downtown and be reminded of a future as secure as one of his trademark breakaways. That building at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Washington Street is a monument to his loyalty to Pittsburgh and a bond forged slowly and quietly over three decades. On this morning, he will give rare insight into how a French Canadian teenager with a 10th-grade education, a small grasp of the English language and no knowledge of this city became a pillar of the community and, along the way, a Pittsburgher.

Put into that context, his sleepless nights having begun here shouldn't come as a surprise.

"With Mario, there were very few years where I'd say everything went exactly as he planned," says Steve Reich, who helped his uncle, Tom Reich, as Lemieux's agent during his prime.

"He has always had an iron will."

A generation of young Pittsburgh hockey fans has grown up watching Sidney Crosby, only hearing about the legend of Mario Lemieux. They can lace up their skates and play the game they love at the 40 rinks that have popped up throughout the region (there were six or so when Lemieux arrived), but they might know little of the man who patiently watered the foundation and turned it into ice with his heroics.

Where to start? He led the Penguins to two Stanley Cups, playing many nights at half-strength or worse because of chronic back pain. He beat cancer and won the NHL scoring title in the same season. With no business background and the help of his tight circle of savvy Pittsburgh friends, he put together a group to buy the Penguins out of bankruptcy. Nearly a decade later, when city and state politicians weren't listening, he played hardball and got an arena deal done that would keep the team here for good and make his initial investment in the franchise pay off 10 times over. His gift for all of that? Crosby, and another Stanley Cup.

"He's had a doctorate degree in life," says Tom Mathews, who, along with his wife, Nancy, took Lemieux into their home during his first year in Pittsburgh. "He's comfortable with who he is."

Comfortable is a word that Lemieux uses often when discussing his personal life and his relationship with Pittsburgh. He has never been comfortable being fawned over by strangers, unless they are children (for them, he knows how to pose just right). He has never been comfortable speaking in public, but in becoming a VIP, he's had to step into the spotlight more frequently. The constant all along, what has made this unlikely power couple of Lemieux and Pittsburgh work, is that the city and its people have given him just enough space in which to grow. He has never wanted or needed an entourage, and that's OK here.

"I was very careful with choosing my friends," Lemieux says. "I don't have a lot of friends. The friends I have are very special.

"I like the people here. They're very nice. They respect my privacy. It's probably the main reason I decided to stay here all these years. I can have a normal life, like anybody else."

Lemieux's lifelong search for normalcy began the moment he became a teenage star in Montreal. Where could he be the best hockey player in the world -- Lemieux, after all, means "the best" -- but not have to be treated like it every day?

In the tiny two-bedroom house on Jogues Street in the ***working class*** Ville Emard neighborhood, Jean-Guy and Pierrette Lemieux raised Mario and his two older brothers, Richard and Alain, in a close-knit atmosphere. An occasion wasn't needed for Pierrette to invite over dozens of friends and family, spilling into the front and back yards. Molson bottle caps popped, music played and laughter bounced off the old brick. Pierrette liked to be the center of attention. Mario was more like his father, Jean-Guy, who barely said a word but enjoyed the good company.

They encouraged Mario's and his brothers' hockey obsession, but they did not raise him to want to be different from anybody else because of his talent. Of course, that didn't stop Pierrette from telling Mario's first agent, Bob Perno, who signed him as a client when he was 14 years old, how she felt about her youngest.

"You know, Mario is special," Perno remembers her saying while they sat at the kitchen table early on. "There's something about him. Good things happen to Mario, all the time. He's very special."

Pierrette somehow knew that life wasn't going to stay simple for her boy. At 12, Mario was so dominant that top NHL executives were hearing his name. Perno heard about Mario from Scotty Bowman, then the coach of the Montreal Canadiens. To sign Mario, Perno promised the family that his first contract in the NHL would be for a total of at least $1 million -- an unheard of amount for a draft pick in those days.

"His parents looked at me like I had five heads," Perno says.

At that age, Mario did not say much, but he wasn't bashful about what he had in store for hockey. He had always worn the number "27" because that's what Alain wore, but when deciding what number he should wear after he was drafted by the Laval Voisins of the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League, he first suggested Wayne Gretzky's "99" to Perno. Fixing Mario's target straight at hockey's "Great One" was too bold, Perno knew, so he suggested a more subtle route: How about "66," turning Gretzky's number upside down?

"I want you to become as good if not better than Wayne," Perno remembers saying. "I think you've got the potential to do that. Every time you look at that sweater, you will know who you have to measure yourself with."

The expectations for Mario spread across Canada. At 17, he was named to the World Juniors team that would travel to Russia in 1983 for the annual tournament. Canadian coach Dave King picked Mario because his offensive game was more than ready, but he was unsure if he could count on Mario's defense. As the tournament progressed, King elected to play Mario sparingly, only on the power play, if at all. Early one morning, Perno was woken by a phone call. It was Mario from halfway across the world, frustrated by the lack of ice time and asking Perno to book him an early flight home. Perno told him to stick it out, but, the next year, Mario decided that he would play for Laval during the Christmas holiday instead of for Team Canada. When the major junior league said it was a breach of contract for Mario to ignore his country's call, he took the league to court and won an injunction.

"Boy, when Mario got something in his head, he sure stuck by his guns," Perno says. "He was a stubborn dude, even at a young age."

Says King, "That's what makes some players so great, their belief in themselves."

The Mario mystique was real. He knew that when he glanced up into the press box at the small Laval arena and saw Wayne Gretzky and his fellow Edmonton Oilers star Paul Coffey looking down on him. Mario's pursuit of Guy LaFleur's major junior records was generating quite the buzz, and Gretzky, who was in town to play the Canadiens, thought he had better check out the kid, at Perno's urging (Gretzky also was a client of Perno's boss, Gus Badali). After the game, Gretzky and Coffey went to introduce themselves.

"A quiet kid with a curious smile," Coffey says.

During the ride back to Montreal, Coffey asked Gretzky if Lemieux could do it at the next level.

"You're sitting there talking to the 'Great One,' you might as well hear it from him," Coffey says. "Wayne had a twinkle in his eye, and he said, 'Oh, yeah.' "

As Lemieux's draft day approached, he was the unquestioned best prospect, a player who could change a team from day one. Lord knows, the Pittsburgh Penguins, who were barreling toward the No. 1 pick in the 1984 draft with their ineptitude, were in need of a makeover -- a new era to close nearly two decades of irrelevance.

It's ironic that the Penguins were brought to Pittsburgh in 1967 because politicians like young state senator Jack McGregor thought another pro sports franchise would help the city create a renaissance through tragic economic times. The Penguins would only bring a dark cloud of their own. Their first young star, Michel Briere, died in April 1971 from a car accident after spending 11 months in a coma. After blowing a 3-0 playoff series lead to the New York Islanders in 1975, the franchise filed for bankruptcy. After the 1982-83 season, Penguins general manager Baz Bastien attended a team banquet, had too many drinks and drove home. He also died in a car accident.

Eddie Johnston was the team's head coach at the time, and he would take over for Bastien as GM. The Penguins had so few viable players at training camp heading into the 1983-84 season that basically everybody was guaranteed a spot. The team had a history of trading first-round picks to manufacture playoff runs, but this time, Johnston was firm: The team was keeping its top pick. Johnston, also a French Canadian, had heard about Mario Lemieux and taken a few trips to see him play. But could they sign him?

Paul Steigerwald, then the Penguins' marketing director, sure hoped so. Selling the Penguins in a football- and baseball-obsessed city was pretty thankless. One straightforward promo he used was "We have a hockey team"; Pittsburghers needed to be reminded. This Lemieux guy, well, he was hope on skates. Steigerwald was planning a party for season-ticket holders at the Igloo the night of the draft.

Behind the scenes, though, negotiations with Lemieux were not going anywhere. When he heard that the Penguins were hosting a draft party, essentially trying to make money off his name before he had signed, he was offended.

On the morning of the draft, Perno called Lemieux's home to make plans. Fittingly, the draft was at the Montreal Forum, which would be packed with fans wanting to see their native son begin his race to greatness. But Lemieux had decided he was not going to attend because he did not want to wear the Penguins sweater if he hadn't been signed. Instead, Lemieux was going to play golf, his new passion.

Perno couldn't let Mario win this one. He asked Gretzky to call Mario.

"Wayne told him that he owed it to the fans in Montreal, being a Quebecer, to show up," Perno says.

Mario would appear and give a salute to his city, which was already pushing the limits of the attention he was willing to receive when in public. His excellence had stripped him of his comfort there, and, at that moment, he truly would have rather been playing golf. The Penguins called his name, and Lemieux did not come to their table to put on the jersey. The Forum stirred with disbelief. Perno says it was Mario's decision, even though the agent was saddled with the blame.

"What drives Mario is his pride," Perno says. "He's got the pride of 10 men.

"I was criticized heavily by a lot of people for coddling him. I was not coddling him. I was backing him."

Within days, Perno and Johnston agreed on that $1 million, paid over three years. Perno, Jean-Guy and Mario flew to Pittsburgh, where Steigerwald giddily greeted them at the airport. Steigerwald couldn't decide whether the kid was more like a puppy, with those oversized hands, or a prince.

Perno had been telling Mario that he would like Pittsburgh. It was bigger than Ville Emard, but it had a small-town feel. The people there, they worked hard for what they got. As the black sedan drove east and emerged through the Fort Pitt Tunnel, Lemieux's mind began to open to this foreign land.

"It seems like yesterday," he says.

CHAPTER 2: Life in a new city

Tom Mathews could not figure out what his new friend, Eddie Johnston, was up to. They had met at a party, and Mathews was a hockey guy, his three boys having played the sport. But Johnston was the Penguins' general manager. He wasn't lacking for hockey guys in his life. Yet, Johnston kept calling Mathews, who just went with it.

Johnston knew exactly what he was doing, of course. He had just brought a crown jewel to Pittsburgh. The franchise had been a joke, but it didn't have to be anymore. Mario Lemieux was precious, and he could not be tarnished. His early years with the Penguins would set the tone for everything that was to come for the 19-year-old rookie. The team was years away from competing, and the kid seemed to relish that challenge. But his life away from Civic Arena would be equally crucial to his development.

Lemieux would be making his first friends and connections in a new country while facing tough lifestyle decisions for a teenager with a ton of cash. Johnston was not about to have Lemieux, who hardly spoke English, living in some downtown apartment where anybody could get to him. The first thing he needed was a good family to nurture him, give him a real sense of home.

Mathews and his wife, Nancy, were Johnston's choice. Tom was a prominent businessman in Bridgeville, working in construction, and their house in Mt. Lebanon was more than suitable for Lemieux, who had practically been raised in a box in Ville Emard. Johnston would drop hints to Tom. You wouldn't believe this guy up there in Montreal. ... But he wouldn't go further, leaving Tom to wonder. One day early in the season, Johnston invited Tom to practice and finally made his move.

"I was thinking, here's this superstar, probably spoiled, probably treated like royalty, might have an attitude problem," Tom says. "I don't want to deal with it. I said, 'Eddie, it's got to work for both of us.' "

After practice, Lemieux and Johnston visited the Mathews' big white house in exclusive Virginia Manor. Lemieux would have some privacy, with a third floor bedroom that had been used by the Mathews' oldest son. It even had a water bed.

Nancy did not meet Mario until later, after a game. She thought he looked rather lonely.

"Let's take him home now," she told Tom.

Nancy's youngest son had just left the house, and she could already tell that an empty nest was not going to be her thing. In short, Tom's reservations weren't going to matter. The Mathews had Mario, Johnston and his wife, Diane, over for Sunday brunch to cement the deal.

"Why don't you go get your clothes?" Nancy offered.

"I already have them with me," Mario said.

Mario was sold on the Mathews. He did not want to live by himself, and he knew that he needed help getting acclimated to life in his new city.

"As talented as Mario was," Diane Johnston says, "he still had to learn how to shake someone's hand and look them in the eye."

Everything came so naturally to Lemieux on the ice. Here was a kid who turned 19 just days before his NHL debut in Boston, stripping the puck from Bruins star defenseman Ray Bourque and charging in for a goal on his first shift as a pro. Paul Steigerwald had been relentlessly promoting Lemieux, chauffeuring him around town from spot to spot. He did an ad for Mario's bar on the South Side, even though he wasn't old enough to imbibe. In one ad, Lemieux had to wear a Crocodile Dundee hat and pose for a picture. It wasn't his idea of fun, but he tolerated the demands on his time. His dramatic start in Boston had made the Penguins look smart.

At home with Tom and Nancy, Mario eagerly worked on his English. He found himself extremely self-conscious when he had to do interviews.

"Because I would make a lot of mistakes," he says. "Nancy was a good English teacher. I used to watch a lot of TV. If she was there, if I didn't understand a phrase or word, she would try to explain it."

Above all, they were fine as long as Mario could explain to Nancy what he wanted to eat. One time, she was trying to gauge if he liked lamb, and Mario responded, "Is that fish?" Once they had reached an understanding, she'd cook it up for him.

After a month, Mario's two worlds met when his parents visited Pittsburgh. They did not speak English, and the Mathews did not speak French. Mario did his best to handle the role of translator with the help of agent Bob Perno.

"Mario was very shy, really very quiet, stayed to himself a lot," Nancy says. "But after his parents came, we all sat around and talked with one another, and I think after that point, he felt more safe. If he had a question, he would come and ask me."

There was nowhere Nancy wouldn't take Mario: To the dermatologist for a bout with acne. To the mall for Christmas shopping, where Mario picked out clothes and a piece of jewelry for his Montreal girlfriend, Nathalie. When Mario bought a machine that imitated sounds of the ocean to help him sleep, it was Nancy to whom he went with questions. She eventually became the team mother, her nest suddenly full of hungry hockey players for whom she'd cook about 20 large chickens.

Most of the time, having Mario around wasn't much different for the Mathews than it had been with their three sons. But, one day, a truck pulled up in front of their house carrying a white Ferrari. Neighbors assumed that Tom Mathews was going through a mid-life crisis, but nope, that was just their Mario, stepping out a bit.

"He was too tall," Tom Mathews says, "so we had to take it to a custom place to give him more leg room."

Riding in style, Lemieux would win the Calder Trophy as rookie of the year. After, he would spend the summer in Montreal, the trip affirming that it was no longer a place he could live.

"Hockey is everything in Montreal," Lemieux says. "It's tough for players to go anywhere without being recognized."

Nathalie would join Mario in Pittsburgh for his second season, and Nancy found them an apartment just blocks away. For years, the Mathews kept close tabs on the young couple. And with Mario taking his place among the game's best, Tom knew that Mario would be due for a significant bump in pay. It just so happened that big-time baseball agent Tom Reich lived on a parallel street and shared a backyard with the Mathews. Lemieux met Reich at Tom's urging, and Reich, who was known as a fierce negotiator, worked his way into Mario's graces with his boisterous personality.

But what about Bob Perno? He and the Lemieuxs had been like family since Mario was 14. It was a tough decision for Lemieux, but he felt he needed more than Perno could offer him from Montreal. Reich (pronounced rich) would work with the Penguins on Mario's next contract.

"It's a decision that hurt me to no end for many years," Perno says. "It's not the monetary side. It's the personal side. I understood he had moved to Pittsburgh, so I guess he had another life."

Lemieux may have increased his firepower with Reich, but it ended up being the player himself who took the lead in negotiations with the Penguins. He had proven that he was worth much more than what he was making under the contract Perno drew up, and it was time to cash in. The DeBartolos, who owned the team then, weren't going to give in easily. They hadn't built a shopping mall empire out of Youngstown, Ohio, grit and taken the NFL's 49ers to a Super Bowl victory by being pushed around.

One day in fall 1988, Lemieux and Reich drove to Steubenville, Ohio, where the DeBartolos operated their business, intent on forcing their hand. Lemieux demanded that they draw up a new contract right then and there and threatened to leave the team and return to Montreal if they didn't.

Lemieux knew they would have no choice. Attendance was up, and the Penguins were starting to make a dent in the market. By that point, he was the franchise.

"It wasn't a class organization until he got there," says Tony Liberati, who worked for the DeBartolos and was in the room when Lemieux made his ultimatum.

The DeBartolos extended Lemieux's contract that day, agreeing to a deal that would put him over the $2 million per year threshold, joining only Wayne Gretzky. For a guy who was still learning the language, Lemieux certainly knew how to get his point across. He wanted to be in Pittsburgh, and now he had the security to know it was going to happen. He enjoyed life in Mt. Lebanon and would often be seen around the neighborhood.

"He really anchored in," Reich says. "He quickly became ingrained in the fabric of the city. He went to his favorite places to eat, and he was very familiar with people. He was a magnet. People loved Mario. He was royalty without acting like royalty."

Lemieux would need a more princely residence. He and Nathalie loved to entertain and were generous hosts. With Mathews' help, Lemieux planned to build a house in Mt. Lebanon. In the process, he needed an attorney, and that's when he met Chuck Greenberg, a young lawyer who would become a key part of his inner circle a decade later when Lemieux would make his transition to businessman.

"Initially, it was a challenge not to be in awe of the fact that he was Mario Lemieux," Greenberg says. "But he was so humble and grounded and funny that he put you at ease right away."

That was young Lemieux: Charming, but if you happened to get in his way, he had no problem skating right through you.

He liked being around people who would shoot straight and weren't overly impressed with him (Greenberg must have hid it well).

Lemieux was out golfing one day when he met Tom Grealish, who worked in insurance. Grealish knew nothing about hockey, but he made Lemieux laugh a few times during the round, and so Lemieux invited him over for dinner that night. Grealish returned the favor a few weeks later, and a friendship began.

Grealish was in his mid-20s, had recently lost both his parents and was trying to run the family business. He was under a lot of stress, and so, clearly, was Lemieux.

"Mario and I were talking," Grealish says, "and he's saying, 'Tell me a little bit about your life.' I said, 'I feel like I never have anyone I can talk to,' and he goes, 'I feel the same way a lot.' "

As Lemieux added to his group, Tom Mathews was always there, watching. He liked the way Tom Reich had handled Mario because "Tom would have killed for Mario." With Greenberg and Grealish, and anyone else who earned Lemieux's trust, Mathews was looking for a commonality.

"Going through this era when he became highly successful, visible, there wasn't anyone that he was associated with that we know of that would do anything to harm him," Mathews said. "We were always looking out for that."

    CHAPTER 3: The rise of 66

Mario Lemieux spent his first three years in the NHL in the shadow of a legend.

Wayne Gretzky's numbers said it all after the 1987 season: Eight straight Hart Memorial Trophies as the NHL's most valuable player. Seven straight Art Ross Trophies as the league's leading point scorer. Winner of three of the last four Stanley Cups.

Lemieux had emerged as the second-most popular player in the game and a legitimate Hart candidate. His ascension was on schedule by any reasonable measure. Still, Lemieux had not forgotten why he chose to wear the 66 as a nod to Gretzky's 99.

"I had the mindset of becoming the best in the world," Lemieux says. "Looking at Gretzky, the way he was racking up points, I had a long way to go."

The chase was officially on, but playing in Pittsburgh had been frustrating. There weren't many meaningful games, and when Lemieux did have a big stage, like when Gretzky's Edmonton Oilers came to town, he didn't have the talent around him that could help him shine.

So when Lemieux arrived at training camp for the 1987 Canada Cup late that summer, he relished the chance that was in front of him. He would be skating against the best players in the world, surrounded by the firepower of Team Canada, including the "Great One." All over the globe, the sport's rabid fans would be watching the dynamic between Gretzky and Lemieux. Would one defer to the other? Would their egos get in the way? Canada coach Mike Keenan couldn't resist pairing them up to find out.

"Mario was always a study," says Paul Coffey, another Canada Cup teammate. "Mario watched every move Gretz made. There were no insecurities, and Wayne wanted to teach him."

Four years after passing on a chance to play for his country in World Juniors, Lemieux dazzled on his home soil, scoring seven goals in the first six games and helping the Canadians advance to the three-game championship series against the Soviet Union, which would bring its incomparable allure to the event. Back in Pittsburgh, Penguins diehards gathered around their televisions to see if Lemieux could show the world what they already knew: Mario was unstoppable.

The Russians took Game 1, 6-5, holding Lemieux without a goal. But in Game 2, he began to live up to his name. He scored the last three Canada goals in a 6-5 victory -- all on assists from Gretzky -- including the winner in the second overtime. It would go down as one of the greatest hockey games of all time.

"When they played on a line together, it was magic," says Rick Tocchet, a Canada Cup teammate. "There's one puck there, and two superstars. If they both want the puck, it might not work."

Game 3 followed the same script. The teams were tied 5-5 with less than 2 minutes left. After a face-off, Lemieux poked the puck ahead and then flipped it up to Gretzky on his left. Lemieux trailed, and there was no doubt that Gretzky was going to give it back to the kid at just the right time. Lemieux was free and received the pass in the slot, skated in with a clear shot and beat the Soviet goaltender high glove side. Lemieux grabbed Gretzky, and their teammates crowded them. All over Canada, pandemonium.

You don't give Lemieux that kind of room! the play-by-play man bellowed.

For the tournament, Lemieux scored 11 goals -- the closest competitor had seven -- and Gretzky took MVP honors with 21 points. Lemieux then headed for Penguins training camp, where he arrived a different person.

"That was the turnaround in my career," Lemieux says. "It was six weeks of playing with the best in the world, learning what it took to be a champion. I looked up to Gretzky. He was the hardest worker in practice, even though he was the most talented. His work ethic was incredible."

Lemieux's teammates immediately took notice. In past years, he had shown up to camp and dominated simply because he was Mario Lemieux. Phil Bourque recalled one time asking him where he'd been all summer, because Bourque hadn't seen him. "This is the first day I put my skates on," Lemieux had said.

"It was night and day to me," Bourque says. "He was a man. It was a body language thing. When he looked at you, and you looked at him, you knew ... he's going to another level right now, and you better get on board."

Coffey had seen enough of Lemieux in the Canada Cup to know that Pittsburgh was now a destination. Coffey's contract negotiations with Gretzky's Oilers were at a standstill, so when the Penguins became an option, "I couldn't get there fast enough," says Coffey, a Hall of Fame defenseman.

As one of the few who played with Gretzky and Lemieux during their primes, Coffey would field the question for the rest of his days: Who was better?

"The answer always is you cannot accumulate the points Wayne did and not be the greatest player who ever played," Coffey says. "That being said, the most talented player that ever played the game was Mario. You can't be 6-foot-4, have a reach from here to the Allegheny River, with hands that soft ...

"I have a simple way to describe it. When I played with Wayne, and I threw him a long pass, I'd hustle after him, and he would deke and draw four or five guys and throw it to you or someone else. When I played with Mario, I'd hit him with that long pass, then I'd bust my butt up there to get a front-row seat, to watch him do his thing and go score. It was incredible."

Lemieux's game was elegant, effortless. From the time he started playing as a boy, he had a heightened awareness on the ice, seeing things before they happened. As a pro, he had begun to harness it, and it would play out in odd ways. Like, during a game, he always knew if his friends were in their seats at Civic Arena, and one time he smacked the glass with his stick to make a beer spill on Tom Grealish. Then there are the ways that mattered -- like banking a puck off Tocchet's stick for a goal that would go in the books as a Lemieux assist.

"It's always been with me as far as far as I can remember," Lemieux says. "I think that's what made me better than some other guys. Just being one step ahead all the time ... not only having the talent but putting it all together with your mind."

Nobody could control the flow of a game like Lemieux, and his teammates felt lucky just to be a part of it.

"When the coach puts the lineup on the board and you see your name up there beside Lemieux, you can't imagine ... just talking about it right now gives me goose bumps," says Bob Errey, a longtime Lemieux winger. "All of a sudden, your heart rate goes up."

He had the same effect on opponents.

"You couldn't handicap him," legendary coach Scotty Bowman says.

"An exercise in futility," says longtime Rangers goaltender John Vanbiesbrouck, who gave up more Lemieux goals (30) than anyone. "You just keep trying stuff and seeing if it works."

Lemieux would follow the Canada Cup with his breakout season in 1987-88, unseating Gretzky for the first time as the Hart and Ross winner with 168 points (70 goals). The next year, he would tally 199 points to bring home another Ross.

Still, for many Pittsburghers, he remained an afterthought in a Steelers- and Pirates-dominated sports scene. He was the best athlete in the city at a time when people needed something, anything, to believe in, but some simply wouldn't give hockey a chance. To break through in this town, after the four Super Bowls and two World Series titles in the 1970s, you had to win the big one. The same standard applied in the hockey world: A player couldn't be considered one of the best until he won a Stanley Cup.

What nobody outside the Penguins knew, because he was so quiet, was that Lemieux had his own personal mountain to climb each day before he could even take the ice.

Since his major junior days, Lemieux had been playing with back pain, and it had worsened with wear. It was Dr. Charles Burke's job as the Penguins team physician to monitor the situation, but there was only so much he could do. Lemieux had congenital spinal stenosis -- he was born with a narrow spinal canal -- which had been intensified by spondylolysis, a defect of the vertebrae.

At his peak, as he pursued Gretzky's record 51-game point streak at the end of the 1989-90 season, Lemieux was burdened with pain that most mortals couldn't fathom. He could not bend over to tie his own skates, so the Penguins built him a stool where he could rest them while a team employee laced him up. His teammates knew what he was going through to be out there with them; heck, they could smell the stench of his back ointment on the bench.

"What people don't understand," Dr. Burke says, "is that the majority of nights he played, he played at 25 percent, 50 percent. He played so little of his career at full or 100 percent. I remember one game against the New York Rangers during the streak, we picked him up and stood him up and literally gave him a push to get him going."

The streak stopped at 46, and Lemieux knew he couldn't continue playing in this shape. That offseason, he had back surgery.

The Penguins had made some key moves to compete for a Cup, and they had hired the experienced Bob Johnson as coach. Lemieux sensed that his time had finally arrived, but he had to work on that back first. Only, after the surgery, Lemieux was in more intense pain. An MRI revealed a post-surgery infection. Lemieux would spend the first half of the 1990-91 season bedridden in his Mt. Lebanon home. The longer he wasn't around the Civic Arena, the more media and fans panicked.

"People thought his career was over," Dr. Burke says. "We didn't want him to be crippled as an adult."

Lemieux returned to the ice Jan. 26, 1991. The Penguins had managed to go 26-21-3 without him, and with their leader, they pushed on to the division title. In the playoffs, Lemieux's game rose with the stakes, just like in the Canada Cup. He was in so much pain that he had to sit out Game 3 of the Stanley Cup final against the Minnesota North Stars, but he still scored 44 points in the postseason, second in NHL history.

Along the way, Lemieux found his voice as a captain, too. "We're not going back for Game 7," he told the team before Game 6 in Minnesota.

"He never lets anybody down," Errey says.

The Penguins jumped on the North Stars from the start and won 8-0, clinching the franchise's first Stanley Cup. Lemieux led all scorers with 12 points in five games and was awarded the Conn Smythe Trophy as playoff MVP. As the team plane flew toward Pittsburgh, thousands of people had gathered at the airport in the middle of the night to welcome them home. It had taken seven years, but Lemieux finally had everyone's attention.

He was now walking in rarefied air. So it was no coincidence that he would cross paths with Michael Jordan that summer. His Airness, who had just won his first NBA Finals, and Lemieux met in Lake Tahoe at a celebrity golf tournament and clicked through their shared passions of golf, French wine and cigars. It didn't hurt that Lemieux was also one of the few people on the planet who happened to be going through the exact thing Jordan was -- mostly, intense relief.

"It was very similar," Jordan says. "It was a dogfight. We were scoring champions who couldn't win a championship. We had great conversations about it. It was that type of relationship, that type of brotherhood."

Michael Jordan had few peers, but he saw Lemieux as one of them.

"Even though Mario was a bigger guy on skates," Jordan says, "it just seemed like he was moving so gracefully, like he had a rhythm about everything he did. I had a strong aggression about the way I played. It looked like his game came easier than mine."

The gradual polishing of Lemieux was becoming apparent off the ice, too. Howard Baldwin, the Penguins' new owner, was part of the Los Angeles social scene as a Hollywood producer and sensed his newly acquired talent in Pittsburgh -- had he wanted to live life in the spotlight -- would have fit right in.

"It's just the aura he gives off," Baldwin says. "We've worked with pretty much anybody and everybody out there, and there are a few that have the aura of a superstar. When they walk into a room, you know they're there. It's almost like a spiritual thing. It's an intangible gift that not many people have, and he has it."

Baldwin was in awe of Lemieux. After the second Stanley Cup in 1992, when Lemieux and agent Tom Reich approached Baldwin about a major contract extension that would make him the highest-paid player in the NHL and keep him in Pittsburgh until the end of the decade, Baldwin didn't balk, agreeing to a seven-year deal worth $42 million plus bonuses.

And to show how just how far Lemieux had come, Reich had included some specialized language in the contract: Lemieux would always be paid at least $1 million more per season than Wayne Gretzky.

CHAPTER 4: Crises create deeper bond

The prophecy laid out by Pierrette Lemieux in the small kitchen on Jogues Street had rung true. Mario is special. There is just something about him. Good things happen to him, all the time. Yes, and that did not seem likely to change.

The 1992-93 Penguins were rolling toward the top seed in the conference, with Lemieux on pace to challenge Gretzky's single-season scoring record of 216 points. He was playing the best hockey of his career, with goals in 12 consecutive games. In his personal life, he was taking steps that would make Pierrette a very happy mother. He and his longtime girlfriend, the devoted and fiery blonde Nathalie Asselin, had moved to a beautiful home in Sewickley. They were engaged to be married that summer, and Nathalie was pregnant with their first child.

That just made it all the more jarring in early January when Dr. Burke received a phone call from a specialist who had shocking news: Mario Lemieux, the greatest hockey player in the world, had cancer. It had happened so fast -- Mario showing him the lump on his neck, the doctor's decision to have it removed and tested, just as precaution, so that Mario could have no worries at all going forward. Odd, but they had already decided to sit Mario for three or four weeks because his back was acting up again. Now, Dr. Burke had to invite Mario to his office and deliver the crushing blow.

Dr. Burke stressed to Mario that they had caught it early, Stage 1. That Hodgkin's lymphoma, a cancer of the lymph nodes, had a survivor rate of 90 percent. Those assurances helped, but here was a 27-year-old man contemplating his mortality for the first time.

Lemieux drove back to Sewickley with the news eating away at him. Nathalie waited at home, planning Lauren's birth and a fancy Montreal wedding at historic Notre Dame Basilica. Lemieux pulled over to the side of the road and cried, a scene he softly described at an emotional news conference days later. Whether he wanted to or not, he had let people in, and, all over the city, those who knew him and those who didn't joined in praying for his quick recovery.

"People sent him family medals, bottles of holy water, Rosary beads," says Nancy Mathews, Mario's Pittsburgh mother. "He touched a lot of people, even more than he realized."

At home, Nathalie showed impressive strength. "Don't cry for him, don't show any weakness. He's going to be OK," she told Nancy when the Mathews first visited.

Lemieux had spent so many nights over the years awake, thinking about what lay ahead and what he was going to do about it. With weeks of radiation therapy staring him down, that wasn't easy to do. So, he just thought about hockey.

"I had a big lead on Pat Lafontaine," Lemieux says of the points race. "I would stay up at night and watch ESPN and find out how many points he got, day after day. He got a lead, and that was my goal, to come back after the last treatment and step on the ice and start chasing him. That was important for me. That was a challenge."

On the morning of March 2, 1993, Lemieux had his last radiation treatment. He had missed 23 games, and Lafontaine now led him by 12 points with 20 games to go. The Penguins were playing that night at Philadelphia against the hated Flyers, and Lemieux wasn't going to miss it. He hopped a charter flight and arrived at the Spectrum, surprising everyone, even NHL commissioner Gary Bettman, who didn't have time to get to Philadelphia from New York to witness it.

When Lemieux took the ice, the Philadelphia fans who had lustily booed him for years were now on their feet, cheering him. Having not skated for nearly two months, his body tired from blasts of radiation, Lemieux scored a goal and an assist in a 5-4 loss. That felt remarkable, but he was just getting started.

The Penguins ran off an NHL-record 17 consecutive wins, as Lemieux set his sights on Lafontaine. Playing some of the most inspired hockey anyone had seen -- never mind the circumstances -- he scored 30 goals and had 26 assists after his return to pass Lafontaine and win by 12 points.

It was one of the most unfathomable seasons an athlete has had in any sport, and for a guy who valued his privacy, all it did was pull his fans and admirers closer.

"He was a superhero of flesh and blood," close friend Chuck Greenberg says. "He hurt, and he got sick, like real people do, and he did things that only superheroes can do. I think it made him that much more accessible, that much more relatable to people."

Lemieux had given Pittsburghers the joy of two Stanley Cups, but he felt a responsibility to do more. Now, he had a worthy cause. Penguins president Jack Kelley approached Lemieux about starting a foundation. As a cancer survivor who was thriving under a spotlight, he could stand for something bigger. Lemieux put best friend Tom Grealish in charge of it, and they would begin raising money with small golf outings that paired Mario up with donors for nine holes at a time. They had no idea where it was headed, but with the Lemieux name behind the project, the possibilities were endless.

A decade into his Pittsburgh tenure, Lemieux viewed the city as home. For proof, all one would need to see was his latest contract, orchestrated by Tom Reich, who got owner Howard Baldwin to agree to provisions that nobody in hockey had ever seen. Like this one: If Lemieux wanted to return to Montreal or to play in a bigger market like New York or Los Angeles, all he had to do was give the team six months' notice and they were required to find him a landing spot.

Reich might have asked for it -- he hoped to give his client the power to steer the franchise -- but Lemieux had no interest in testing the waters.

"It was a non-starter," says Steve Reich, who helped his uncle, Tom Reich, as one of Mario's agents. "As his agent, it would have been fun to see what he could have gotten on the open market. But at the end of the day, he wouldn't be who he is either. He always had the sense that his legacy was as a Penguin, and from the very beginning, he had a sense of the things he was going to be able to do as a Pittsburgher well beyond his playing days."

Lemieux had taken the lockout-ridden 1994-95 season off from hockey to rest his back and fully recover from his bout with cancer. As the 1995-96 season came around, he was refreshed, even with two little Lemieuxs, Lauren and Stephanie, running around in Sewickley. Soon, he and Nathalie would find out that she was pregnant with their third child.

The excitement would be short-lived, though. Doctors informed them that this was going to be a complicated pregnancy for Nathalie. To have a chance at a successful birth, she would have to remain bedridden throughout. It was hard to imagine, but somehow Mario and Nathalie still hadn't been through enough. This time, it would be him sitting by her bedside, paying her back for all the times she had woken up in the middle of the night to give him his medication.

"It was weighing heavily on Mario's mind, how this was going to unfold," Steve Reich says. "He said 100 times, he's been through a lot, but he always had control over it. With the helplessness of not being able to do anything about it, he was more of a passenger as opposed to the conductor."

Lemieux used hockey as an escape, continuing his mastery. Back in Sewickley, Nathalie's spirit was undaunted. When visitors suggested Nathalie should sit up instead of laying in bed, she wouldn't budge. This baby -- it was a boy -- was going to make it.

In late March 1996, three months before her due date, Nathalie went into labor. Her pregnancy was suddenly even more complicated. Mario was out with Grealish after a game when he got the call and high-tailed it to the hospital, where Nathalie gave birth to their son, Austin.

"It was scary to see this little baby," Lemieux says, "weighing two pounds and seven ounces, holding him in the palm of your hand."

Finally, Lemieux could breathe easier. Nathalie was going to be OK, and, with the care of some of Pittsburgh's best neonatal doctors and nurses, there was no shortage of hope for Austin.

Two nights after Austin's birth, Wayne Gretzky's St. Louis Blues came to town. Throughout Lemieux's career, he had shown that no moment was too big. There was the first career goal on his first shift, the Canada Cup game-winners, the goal and assist on that magical night in Philadelphia, and now this.

Publicly dedicating the game to his tiny fighter of a son, Lemieux scored five goals and added two assists. Once again, his private struggles had fueled an amazing public display on the ice.

For months after the birth, Mario and Nathalie practically lived at the hospital, watching Austin slowly grow into a healthier baby.

In the process, they would see an opportunity for their new foundation. The Lemieuxs had noticed that there was nowhere for Lauren and Stephanie to play as they waited for their brother to get well. The foundation had been raising money for cancer research, but why not help in another area of health care where there was clearly a need? "Austin's Playroom" would become Nathalie's pet project, brightening dark days for families throughout the region.

"Certainly," Lemieux says, "all the adversity I went through created a great bond between our family and the people here in Pittsburgh."

A distinct quality had emerged from Mario Lemieux during the mid-1990s, one that wouldn't become clear until years later: When he encountered personal strife, he did not do the easy thing and let go of those memories. Instead, he funneled them into causes that would benefit everyone.

CHAPTER 5: A fortune at stake

Retirement was supposed to be golf outings with the guys, relaxing strolls down Sewickley's Beaver Avenue with the dogs, fun-filled evenings at home with the wife and children. Mario Lemieux left the game behind at 31 to save his ailing back while he still could enjoy the sweet fruits of his labor.

After all he had been through, nobody could begrudge him that. And certainly nobody could have imagined that, in the fall of 1998, just a year after his grandiose exit -- the Hockey Hall of Fame waived its three-year waiting period to enshrine him as soon as possible, and the Penguins promptly raised his retired jersey to the rafters -- he'd be sitting in the private back room at Morton's Steakhouse in Downtown, contemplating questions about his financial future.

The Penguins owed Lemieux $32.5 million, even as he did not play out the length of his contract. But Roger Marino, who had joined Howard Baldwin's ownership group and kept it afloat, had decided that paying Lemieux was not part of his plans. Lemieux had already sued Marino, but now that Marino had taken the team into bankruptcy, the situation was even more serious. Depending on how it went in the courts, Lemieux, an unsecured creditor, could get next to nothing.

Tom Reich and his nephew Steve, Chuck Greenberg and bankruptcy attorney Doug Campbell joined Lemieux in the room that night. The group was eerily quiet, without the laughter and verbal one-upmanship that usually livened up their steak dinners. There was also no panic. Lemieux believed in himself and his friends. It wasn't that he had been purposefully assembling a team all these years in Pittsburgh, but whether it was his motive or not, he had one of the most fierce negotiators in the business in Tom Reich and a savvy young entrepreneur in Greenberg ready to fight for him at a moment's notice. This was that moment.

Lemieux was Tom Reich's favorite client, and he prided himself on making sure he had gotten Mario every dollar he was worth. Reich was ready to move back to Pittsburgh from Los Angeles to steer Lemieux out of this mess. Reich could not have forecast that the monstrous contract he constructed for Lemieux could have ended up putting the player in jeopardy.

The thing was, Mario's contract allowed for millions in deferred compensation, especially over the last three years. The Penguins had also deferred many of the performance bonuses Lemieux had earned, including the "Gretzky bump" that stated Lemieux had to be paid more than the "Great One." Lemieux was OK with the deferrals because he wanted to free up money in the short term for the franchise to surround him with talents like Jaromir Jagr. He deeply wanted to win another Cup or two.

When Lemieux decided that 1996-97 would be his last season, his contract was still guaranteed. Reich had gotten doctors' notes for Baldwin that said the long-term health of Lemieux's back was in jeopardy. If it had been a leg injury, for instance, Baldwin could have had grounds to not pay Lemieux for the remaining years. Because it was the back, and Reich had included stipulations about this exact scenario in the contract, there was nothing Baldwin could do about it. Mario was a rich man who was about to get richer.

"I thought everything was secured," Lemieux says.

So how does a franchise that recently won two Stanley Cups go bankrupt? Baldwin had bought the team from the DeBartolos without investing much capital, striking a deal with arena management company SMG that allowed it to take on the running of the events and pocket the profit as long as the Penguins could remain at the Civic Arena. At that time, though, player contracts (like Lemieux's) were about to skyrocket, and arena revenues, with the inclusion of luxury boxes and corporate suites, were about to explode. Baldwin's stake was in the side of the operation with growing expenses, not the one with increasing revenues. His business model was flawed from the start, and he didn't have the resources to reverse the tide.

It seemed like Marino's buying a $50 million stake was going to keep the franchise viable. But Marino had bristled at paying a retired superstar millions of dollars and used bankruptcy as a weapon against the creditors. SMG and Fox, which owned the Penguins' TV rights, were joining in a bid to buy the team.

That night at Morton's, it was time to discuss the options. Lemieux just listened, which was his way. Tom Reich started talking, which was his way. To Reich, it was clear: In order for his client to get his money and the Penguins to remain in Pittsburgh with proper ownership, Lemieux would have to put together a group to buy the team out of bankruptcy. It was wild, insane even. But Lemieux considered it.

They proposed the scenario to Campbell, who had the legal know-how.

"I said, 'OK, do you have any money?' No. 'Do you have any investors lined up?' No," Campbell says. "OK, so you're telling me a $30 million unsecured creditor who has no investors lined up is going to go head to head against two publicly-traded corporations, one of which has the master lease for the Civic Arena and the other the TV rights, and we don't even have a telephone or an office, and we're going to outmaneuver them legally and financially and get control of the franchise?"

Well, yes.

"I just thought, that's something that's never been done before," Campbell said, "especially in the context of a sports franchise, to have an unsecured creditor try to take control of a case where he had so little leverage. The only thing we had going for us is the goodwill that comes with Mario Lemieux's name. Otherwise, it was a little bit like if someone said to you, 'I'd like to build a bridge across the Grand Canyon, but I don't really have any financing lined up, and you have to get it done within the next 12 months.' "

Through osmosis, Lemieux had picked up some business acumen from friends like Grealish, Greenberg and Reich, but he knew he was out of his element here. Still, he understood the weight that his name carried in Pittsburgh. Surely, if potential investors were aware that the Penguins could be headed for some other city like Portland, Ore., or staying in town under ownership that only cared about the bottom line, they'd pony up. Then again, $50 million was a lot to raise anywhere, much less in a city trying to recover from severe economic trauma.

Team Lemieux traveled to New York to make its case for ownership to Gary Bettman, and, if the NHL commissioner came off skeptical of the fresh-faced Lemieux running a franchise, please forgive him.

"I asked them a series of very difficult questions," Bettman says, "and I pressed them very hard, because I wanted Mario to understand what he was getting into, that it wasn't going to be easy. I was testing his commitment, pushing to see if they were going to be able to have the fortitude to get this done."

Bettman did not give the level of support they felt Lemieux deserved. Simply put, he was going to need to see more, and they received similar reactions from city politicians. Some were doubting Lemieux's intentions, assuming he was only out to recover his money.

So, Team Lemieux went to work. Each morning, Lemieux would arrive at Greenberg's office downtown at Pepper Hamilton law firm and try to understand the day's challenges. Reich would send daily faxes breaking down the proper course of action, and there was always room for debate. Greenberg and Reich, with huge personalities, often butted heads, but Grealish was there to protect Lemieux from the drama. With Lemieux, reasoned discussion was the way to win an argument. He would never raise his voice.

"If you disagree, you're not banished from the kingdom," Grealish says. "In fact you probably get elevated. But you don't pick a fight just to pick a fight."

They referred to their new life as "Groundhog Day," and Lemieux was in for all the tedium.

"He inspired us every day," Greenberg says.

Sometimes, it was hard not to worry: What if they didn't win? Grealish would fume just thinking of his friend signing autographs for hours at the Monroeville Mall. That was an exaggeration, of course, but it just felt wrong that Lemieux could be shortchanged. Throughout his career, he had turned down hundreds of chances to do advertisements and appearances because he was not comfortable in front of cameras and simply would have rather been playing golf. Now it seemed like he should have better capitalized on the height of his fame.

"He was very self-conscious about being viewed as a self-promoter," Steve Reich says.

Lemieux was the one with a fortune on the line, yet it was his friends who were losing their cool. Oddly, they were leaning on him.

"We were trying to find solutions, so I didn't dwell too much on what could happen," Lemieux says.

From the start, their plan called for Lemieux to receive some cash up front. That did not seem out of line, but maybe it was contributing to his perception problem.

Early one Sunday morning, Greenberg got a call from Lemieux.

"I've been up all night thinking," Greenberg recalls Lemieux saying. "If I went through everything I did in my career only for the Penguins to leave town a couple years later, what have I really accomplished? We have to make sure they stay in Pittsburgh."

Lemieux had decided that he was no longer going to receive any money after acquiring the team. He would turn much of what was owed him into equity and also contribute the $5 million he made from his suit with Marino. Greenberg was taken aback. He asked that Lemieux take a minute and think about his family. He would be risking never getting the money or even losing more if the Penguins weren't successful.

"This is the way it has to be," Greenberg recalls Lemieux saying. "For anyone to think that I'm just doing this to line my pockets is wrong. The only way we can stop that talk is by doing this."

When Team Lemieux told the bankruptcy judges about this change in strategy, they became the favored option. Lemieux's name, combined with his money, was undeniably enticing.

They still needed to reel in a big fish to invest with Lemieux. Once they had that, they could easily fill in the rest. Tony Liberati, who was a minority part of Team Lemieux's ownership group, reached out to Ron Burkle, a Southern California venture capitalist who made hundreds of millions of dollars in the grocery business. Liberati and Burkle had a prior relationship from when Burkle bought Ralph's grocery company from the DeBartolos.

Liberati asked Burkle, who was scheduled to fly from London to the U.S., to make a stop at the airport in Palm Beach, Fla. He agreed, and Lemieux and his team met him there. For about 20 minutes, Lemieux and Burkle spoke to each other alone, as Lemieux sold the billionaire on himself, the Penguins and Pittsburgh as a worthy investment.

"Just that it was a great franchise, that I was going to be involved on a day-to-day basis," Lemieux says. "He wanted to help me out. He had done some research on my career and wanted to be involved."

Lemieux had his guy. Burkle would go in as an equal partner with Lemieux. When they delivered the news to Bettman in New York, the commissioner's eyes got big. Lemieux had now legitimized himself.

"The big thing about him," Tom Reich says, "is he never showed weakness even when we were very weak."

With the judge's backing, Team Lemieux brokered a deal with SMG that would transfer the arena lease back to the team after a few years. Fox had already joined Lemieux's side. By spring 1999, the pieces had come together, and after a tense summer of final negotiations, the court approved Lemieux's purchase of the team on Sept. 3.

For Campbell, it would remain the most improbable victory of his career. It would not have been possible without Lemieux.

"He took a huge risk and was still very much at risk at the moment he acquired the team," Campbell says. "That's his money still there, and if it doesn't work, he's out."

Says Pittsburgh mayor Bill Peduto, a longtime Penguins fan who was just starting his political career at the time, "He helped to make sure we didn't lose a critical asset at a time when this city was struggling. There were those that made sure we worked to save the Pittsburgh Symphony and Pittsburgh Opera, that we didn't let our Downtown diminish, that we built a cultural district, and there's also one guy who everyone can point to and say with all honesty is the person that didn't let hockey leave Pittsburgh, and that is Mario Lemieux."

But there was no Stanley Cup-style celebration at Lemieux manor. There was too much to be done. On Lemieux's orders, the 29 creditors were to all be paid 100 cents on the dollar -- a rare feat in bankruptcy cases -- and it wouldn't be long before the new owners would have to start the colossal endeavor of getting a new arena built. Civic Arena was ready to fall on top of them, and the franchise wouldn't be safe until it had a new home.

"I remember right after the bankruptcy I went into the Penguin office to walk around and meet people," Lemieux says. "That was certainly a big change. I didn't feel as comfortable as I did on the ice, but I knew that it was going to be a new chapter in my life."

CHAPTER 6: The double life of 66

In the early days of his playing career, Mario Lemieux was a man on an island. The game's unforgiving rules allowed opponents to use their sticks to yank, flip and pull at him, disrupting his flow at any cost. Referees? They were basically zebra-themed decoration. Lemieux, with his size and reach, could play through the abuse, but other stars across the league had intimidators on their bench who would deter such behavior with just a pointed glance, and Lemieux did not.

Then Jay Caufield arrived. A football player at the University of North Dakota who eventually joined the school's storied hockey program, he was a linebacker on skates. The guy looked too much like G.I. Joe for anyone's comfort, so Lemieux could operate with more freedom. Caufield relished his role, and he would do anything for No. 66. Mostly, though, all Lemieux had asked of him in retirement was to frequently join him for 18 at The Club at Nevillewood.

When Caufield picked up his phone in fall 2000 and heard Lemieux's voice on the other end, he figured it was just his friend setting up another tee time. Turned out, it was anything but.

"Hey," Caufield recalls Lemieux saying, "what are you doing the next couple weeks?"

Lemieux wanted Caufield to start working him out, and Caufield did not push for more information. With Lemieux, it was always better not to pry.

The next day, in the early morning darkness, Lemieux and Caufield met at the Island Sports Center in Moon, on the campus of Robert Morris University. Their workouts were to remain secret, and Caufield had stressed that with ice rink operator Dale Rossetti, who had cleared out a small locker room for them.

Lemieux had not skated with any real purpose in more than three years, but the good news was that he had been able to rest his back. At 35, he wasn't exactly a clean slate, but there was reason for optimism.

Once they hit the ice, Lemieux did not have to say that he was thinking of making a comeback. Caufield could see it in his frustration at all the things he was unable to do. Lemieux had talked to his friend Michael Jordan about the challenges that he would face in coming back after an extended layoff, as Jordan had done, but experiencing them for himself was another thing entirely.

"The toughest part that we found in our comebacks," Lemieux says, "was your body adjusting to the training that it needs to be a world-class athlete."

Lemieux left the game on top, with a sixth scoring title, and he was not going to return unless he was sure he could reach that level again. The first workouts were fraught with the kind of self-doubt that "Le Magnifique" had never known.

One day, less than a week in, Lemieux was clearly struggling. He took a break and sat on the bench, and Caufield tried to lighten the mood with a story: His first practice with North Dakota after coming over from football, the other guys were skating circles around him, and he questioned whether he had made a huge mistake. Caufield thought it was funny that he was sharing that seemingly insignificant tale with the man he believed to be the greatest hockey player who ever lived, but somehow it connected.

"I don't know if I can do this," Lemieux confided.

His teammates had always joked that Lemieux's idea of training was not ordering ketchup with his French fries. He was having to earn it now, without any guarantees that it would be worth it.

"That was his hump day," Caufield says. "He got a second wind, a third wind, from there. He went stronger, stronger, stronger. He wanted to do everything. If I said 'Go run into the wall 10 times,' he'd run into the wall 10 times."

For a few weeks, it remained their secret. Lemieux hadn't even told his wife, Nathalie, or close friends Tom Grealish and Chuck Greenberg. He had to know he could do it first.

On a Thursday night in early November, as George W. Bush sweated out a contested victory in Florida over Al Gore, Lemieux asked Grealish and Greenberg to join him for a post-dinner drink at Grealish's apartment on Mount Washington.

With the sparkling Pittsburgh skyline a fitting backdrop, Lemieux delivered the news.

"I want to tell you something," Grealish recalls Lemieux saying. "I'm thinking of coming back to play."

"I'm like, 'Oh, that's great, I mean you should, get back in shape,' " Grealish says. "I'm thinking he's going to play in an alumni game."

No, Lemieux said. He was talking about playing for the Pittsburgh Penguins.

"I just screamed, 'NOOOO! NOOOO! You said you weren't going to do this!' " Grealish says.

Lemieux told Grealish that he had been training with Caufield, and that he'd turned a corner.

"This is going to work," Grealish recalls him saying.

Well, that was that. As Lemieux had proven over and over, once he decided something, there was no stopping him. For Grealish and Greenberg, the excitement quickly sunk in. They knew how big it would be, and since they couldn't discuss it with anyone else, they'd call each other to gab like giddy teenagers.

Soon, Lemieux would pick a date -- Dec. 27, 2000, against the Toronto Maple Leafs at the newly named Mellon Arena -- and announce his comeback to the world. He would remain the team's owner, and certainly his return would put more people in the seats, helping the bottom line.

"But that's not who Mario is," Greenberg says. "That would have been a mercenary decision."

Lemieux looked at players like Jaromir Jagr and Alexei Kovalev, and he thought there was a window for another Stanley Cup run. He also wanted his children, especially 4-year-old Austin, to be able to see him play and remember what it was like. Plus, "I missed the game," he says.

Tickets for the Lemieux return flew off the shelves. Fans never did retire their '66' sweaters, but now they wore them with extra vigor. Longtime announcer John Barbaro, the man in the booth with the melodious voice, dusted off his famous Lemieux cadence. And when the night arrived, the old building hummed and buzzed like never before.

Seeing Mario Lemieux skate onto the ice again was the best of both worlds -- a trip down memory lane and a thrill you'd never forget. The anticipation was palpable; everybody knew his first goal just had to be coming. In the second period, with the Penguins leading 2-0, Jagr brought the puck into the zone, spun around and fired a pass cross-ice to the trailing Lemieux, who one-timed it past the goaltender and sent the crowd into delirium.

Whether you were in the arena or at home or your local pub, the moment was a blur -- ESPN play-by-play man Gary Thorne yelling "MARIO! IS! BACK!", Lemieux raising his hands as he skated with a big smile along the boards, Barbaro practically singing "Mario LEMIEUUUUUUUUX!" for the first time in nearly four years.

Caufield looked on and knew he had the best view of it all.

"I knew what it entailed," he says. "Only certain players ... only certain people ... you got to have that intestinal fortitude."

Caufield had brought Lemieux back just as he'd planned. In 43 regular season games, he scored 76 points (35 goals and 41 assists), finishing second in the MVP voting. The Penguins advanced to the Eastern Conference final, losing in five games to New Jersey.

It had been a magical season for Lemieux, the Penguins and Pittsburgh. But through it all, Lemieux was still having to switch hats. A brutal reality had set in that the franchise had to consider trading Jagr -- who won the scoring title that year and had played all 11 seasons of his career in Pittsburgh -- to save money. Jagr was owed $20.7 million the next two seasons, and he had been asking for a trade for months. So Lemieux and the cash-strapped Penguins gave Jagr his wish, dealing him to the Capitals for three players who would never impact the Penguins.

Two seasons later, in February 2003, the Penguins would trade Kovalev to the Rangers for $4 million cash and more throwaway players.

These were not the kind of moves a competitor like Lemieux would have ever wanted to make, but, living in a post-bankruptcy world with an NHL lockout looming, he had to do what was best for the franchise's long-term stability.

"We had no choice at the time," Lemieux says. "We were fighting for a new arena, and the team was not very good. At times, we had 7, 8,000 in the building. It was pretty depressing. There were times when I didn't think we were going to make it."

The magic of Lemieux's return had worn off, and making matters worse, he was now battling issues with his hip as well as his back. In the three seasons after his comeback year, Lemieux missed more games than he played.

"There's no doubt he had a lot on his plate," says Eddie Olczyk, a former Penguins player who was hired as coach in June 2003. "Look, I'll just say this: One minute, he's worried about the power play and how we're going to generate a little bit more there, then a period of time after that, he's in the middle of a PowerPoint presentation and talking about finances and stuff like that. He was trying to do everything."

It was Olczyk's job to coach a bad Penguins team in the present while marketing what Lemieux still hoped was a promising future. After trading assets like Jagr and Kovalev, they were going to build through the draft. In 2003, the Penguins selected Canadian goaltender Marc-Andre Fleury with the first overall pick, and, as Tom and Nancy Mathews did for him, Lemieux invited Fleury into his home for the first year of his career.

In 2004, the Penguins drafted Russian Evgeni Malkin, a dynamic scorer, with the second overall pick. At least they got something out of their sorry 23-47-8-4 record heading into the sport's longest winter.

While the lockout of 2004-05 was disastrous for hockey, it would end up being a blessing for the Penguins. To stay afloat, small-market teams especially needed a salary cap. The players, after 10 months of bitter negotiations, agreed to one July 21, 2005.

A day later, the NHL hurringly held a draft lottery. It was the Sidney Crosby Sweepstakes. Even more so than Lemieux, who had to play in the shadow of Wayne Gretzky, Crosby, a Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia, native, had been anointed by Canadians as the next coming of the "Great One." Some team and some city were about to get very lucky.

The Penguins, because of their recent on-ice woes, were one of four teams with the best chance (6.25 percent) to get Crosby. Sure enough, the last two pingpong balls remaining were the Penguins and Ducks (who started at 4.17 percent). After having Lemieux drop into their laps two decades ago, it was hard for anybody outside of Pittsburgh to root for the Penguins. But Mario Lemieux knew just how much his franchise needed anything positive to happen.

The Ducks were the second-to-last ball taken. Crosby was headed to Pittsburgh.

"Mario called me and said, 'We got him! We got Sidney!' " Grealish says. "I don't remember ever hearing him that excited."

Chuck Greenberg immediately had an idea. He called Lemieux and volunteered to take in Crosby. Lemieux didn't say no, but he had to talk to Crosby's agent, Pat Brisson, first.

"I've got good news and bad news," Greenberg recalls Lemieux saying. "The good news is Pat thinks it's a terrific idea. The bad news is he'll live with me, not you."

The hockey gods had bestowed a once-in-a-lifetime gift upon the Penguins -- well, maybe it was more like twice-in-a-lifetime -- and Lemieux, like Eddie Johnston before him, wasn't going to leave anything to chance.

With Fleury, Malkin and Crosby, the Penguins suddenly had the best young nucleus of talent in the league. That alone wasn't going to get an arena built, but any assets could be used as bargaining chips with city and state politicians who were all too skeptical of the franchise's long-term benefit to Pittsburgh.

The 2005-06 season had the potential to be a hockey fan's dream. Here was the 40-year-old Lemieux handing off the baton to the 18-year-old Crosby each night for the world to see. Lemieux enjoyed the opportunity to mentor his new housemate, but he could not deny that the business demands were taking their toll.

"There was a lot of stress that he was wearing," Olczyk says.

That summer, Lemieux had noticed that he had an irregular heartbeat. He took some tests, and doctors said he was OK to play. But in late November on a Florida road trip, Lemieux experienced it again. He called Olczyk to help him in his Tampa hotel room.

"He was scared," Olczyk says. "We were all scared."

A few weeks later, after a practice in Pittsburgh, Lemieux's heart rate increased once more. He went to the hospital, where he was hooked up to a monitor and diagnosed with atrial fibrillation, a condition that causes one's pulse to flutter unpredictably.

Stubbornly, he played a week later on Dec. 16 against Buffalo at Mellon Arena, and the condition flared up again. That night, his resolve shaken, Lemieux called Grealish and asked him to come to Sewickley to talk.

"I think I'm done," Grealish recalls him saying. "I can't get past this thing. I am getting older. I used to be able to control the pace of the game. I could slow everyone down. I just can't do it anymore."

Lemieux had never wanted to be one of those guys who hung on too long, and he knew that's where he was headed. He suggested having a news conference, but Grealish urged him not to be rash. This was too big of a decision. Lemieux gave it another month before announcing on Jan. 24, 2006, that he had played his last game.

"This is it, and it hurts," Lemieux said then.

He retired as the game's seventh-leading career scorer with 1,723 points, and yet hockey observers couldn't help but wonder how much more he could have done without his four maladies: the back, the Hodgkin's, the hip and the heart.

Lemieux's comeback might have been stirring, but what had it really accomplished? The larger circumstances on the day of his second retirement were the same as five years earlier on the day of his triumphant return: Much of his fortune was unsecured, tied up in a business that was in desperate need of a lifeline, and nobody that mattered seemed to be listening.

CHAPTER 7: A test of loyalty

It was hard for the politicians to see, but truly, Mario Lemieux did not owe Pittsburgh a thing. The Penguins had become his livelihood, and the financial fate for generations of his family was now dependent on the franchise's success.

Much was on the line, and there was little room for romance. Lemieux had loved Pittsburgh, sacrificed for Pittsburgh, believed in Pittsburgh enough to play his whole career here and raise his four children here. He knew this arena business wasn't personal, but hadn't he earned more faithful cooperation from his city's elected officials?

An angry Mario Lemieux was not good for anyone. Those closest to him knew that.

"Mario's a very loyal man," says Nancy Mathews, his Pittsburgh mother. "Don't screw him. You just don't do that with him. He very quietly turns his back, and that's the end of it."

There were a few factors working against Lemieux. First, the city was broke, having been designated as financially distressed and put under state supervision in December 2003 as part of Act 47. Plus, city and county taxpayers had been asked to pony up for the building of Heinz Field and PNC Park, and officials were hesitant to do so again this soon. Voters would have revolted, but the fact remained: A big city with two professional teams instead of three, simply put, becomes less of a big city. Ask people who live in Cincinnati or Baltimore how much fun the winter is.

There was one way that the Penguins could stay in Pittsburgh: In December 2006, Pennsylvania was going to be awarding slot machine licenses for the first time, and a Pittsburgh casino was on the table. Isle of Capri Casinos Inc. was one of three gaming companies competing for the license, and it and the Penguins had agreed that Isle of Capri would contribute $290 million to the building of a new arena if it won the license, taking on the entire cost of construction.

But if one of the other two bidders won, an alternative Plan B crafted by Gov. Ed Rendell would be in play. It required that the Penguins contribute $8 million up front and $4 million a year for the 30-year lease, which was like walking off a cliff from the Isle of Capri plan.

Lemieux did not want to go down in history as the guy who moved the Penguins out of Pittsburgh. He would have rather sold the team than end up going down that road, and so he and co-owner Ron Burkle began talks with Canadian billionaire Jim Balsillie, who was the co-CEO of Research In Motion, which makes BlackBerry wireless devices. Balsillie had always wanted to own a franchise, and he indicated to Lemieux that he hoped to keep the Penguins in Pittsburgh. In early October 2006, Lemieux and Burkle signed away the Penguins to Balsillie for $175 million -- a respectable haul but not nearly what they would have been worth with a new arena.

Two months later, though, Balsillie withdrew from the sale after he and the NHL reached a stalemate over terms in a last-minute agreement. Reports said that Balsillie balked at a stipulation that made him promise to keep the club in Pittsburgh. It had been theorized that he would rather have the franchise in Hamilton, Ontario, within an hour of his home, and his reaction seemed to confirm that theory.

Balsillie's move "shocked and offended" Lemieux, who was now left to hope that Isle of Capri would win the bid.

Days later, the Pennsylvania Gaming Control Board pulled the rug out from beneath the Penguins and their fans by awarding the Pittsburgh license to the smaller PITG Gaming LLC, owned by Detroit-based Don Barden. If the Balsillie sale had gone through, this would not have been Lemieux's problem anymore. But now, he had no choice but to white-knuckle through a Plan B that worked for the Penguins and the state, city and county, or move the team.

"I don't think anybody appreciated how close this team was to being gone," Tom Grealish says. "And this is not a guy that is prone to making threats and pounding the table and calling news conferences. He's just going to say, 'OK, you don't want to do this? We'll do something else.'

"This is dangerous. This is really close to being a disaster for Pittsburgh. And he's just getting pushed, and pushed, and pushed, and somebody is going to push one too many buttons, and then it will be over."

As the calendar turned to 2007, Lemieux, Burkle and Chuck Greenberg, operating as counsel, were going head-to-head with Rendell, Pittsburgh Mayor Luke Ravenstahl and Allegheny County Chief Executive Dan Onorato. Lemieux felt more at ease in this setting than he did during the bankruptcy chaos of 1999, but he still leaned on Burkle and Greenberg.

The one thing each side had going for them was that Burkle and Rendell had a previous relationship, with Burkle having been one of the Democratic party's biggest donors and Rendell having served as general chairman of the Democratic National Committee during the 2000 election. Burkle did most of the talking, but Rendell respected Lemieux's presence.

"Mario Lemieux as a businessman and a negotiator is the same as he was as a hockey player," Rendell says. "He was charming and a great guy, but when it came down to brass tacks he was tough as nails and would give you an elbow in the back.

"Mario was very much pro-Pittsburgh. He was trying to find a way to make it work. He was tough to deal with and he squeezed every ounce of energy that we had."

The Penguins soon realized that, to get the best deal from Pittsburgh, they would have to do a little flirting -- or, elbowing, if you will. In early January, Lemieux and Burkle visited Kansas City, which was building a state-of-the-art downtown arena. The Anschutz Entertainment Group, which operated the Sprint Center, told the Penguins they could play there rent-free with a half-stake in management of the arena.

"The deal Kansas City had on the table was too good not to take," says David Morehouse, the Penguins' president who then was advising Lemieux and Burkle during the arena negotiations. "That was the frustration point ... there's this city that really wants us."

But, even as Kansas Citians joyfully prepared to welcome Sidney Crosby, the Penguins could not get the politicians back home to take them seriously. So, in early March, they went back to Kansas City for an impromptu meeting with many of the city's corporate leaders, who promised they would sell out all of the club suites. Lemieux already was impressed with the Sprint Center, telling the Kansas City folks that it had the best sight lines outside of the Bell Centre in Montreal, and the devotion of the city's businesses only made him think more about uprooting the team to America's heartland.

"It would have been easy for us to pack up and move to Kansas City," Lemieux says. "Everything was taken care of. But at the end of the day, I wanted to give Pittsburgh one last shot to make a deal with us before we decide to make the move."

The Penguins finally had created enough leverage to move Rendell. The governor agreed to not make the Penguins pay anything up front, and they would only have to contribute $2.2 million annually. On March 13, 2007, the sides announced that the Penguins would remain in Pittsburgh for the next 30 years with a new arena in Uptown. The franchise -- and Lemieux's legacy as its savior -- would live on.

That night, the Penguins were playing the Sabres at Mellon Arena, and the team's vice president of communications, Tom McMillan, asked Lemieux to go onto the ice and trumpet the victory. Lemieux said no. He was not one for victory laps. But McMillan called Grealish and asked him to plead with his friend.

"I'm not going out on the ice tonight," Grealish recalls Lemieux saying.

"You are going out on the ice tonight," Grealish told him. "You've got to go out and say something. This isn't about you. It's about them."

Lemieux suddenly understood. The fans, who had cheered him for more than two decades, needed to hear from him in that moment. Before the game, he went onto the ice and took the microphone.

"Your Pittsburgh Penguins," he said, "will remain right here in Pittsburgh where they belong!"

Those words, from this man in front of these people, signified a completed journey. What had the past 23 years been other than Mario Lemieux slowly finding his voice and then realizing what he could do with it, if used at just the right time? It had been that way as a captain, as the face of a foundation, as the owner who surprised everyone by stepping forward. Through it all, he was an observer first, a decision-maker second, and he had somehow managed to get what he needed for himself and his family while at the same time doing what was right for Pittsburgh.

Now, the fun could start. This was supposed to be fun, remember? Hockey had always been the easy part, and from the owner's box, Lemieux could see it coming together. Crosby was a dynamo, Marc-Andre Fleury was developing in net, and they had gotten Evgeni Malkin over to Pittsburgh from Russia through some Cold War tactics.

That spring, the Penguins were on their way back to the playoffs, and how about this? Crosby was still living with Lemieux, who would joke with friends about his million-dollar baby sitter. Nathalie and Mario had made their manor feel like a home, a comfortable place for Crosby to ease into his transition from boy to man. Funny, but Lemieux and Crosby didn't talk much about hockey, at least in a serious way. Lemieux just let him be, giving his star player the space he would have wanted himself, and Crosby could just watch the legend in his midst.

"Him being pretty even-keeled, that's something that I think over the course of a season or a career worked really well for him," Crosby says. "There were a lot of things that happened on and off the ice, and I think all those things just allowed him to have experience and be able to handle things well. Those things stuck out a lot to me."

As an owner, Lemieux was now solely focused on the business and helping to create the right hockey culture. He stayed in the background publicly, but he would visit the locker room after each game to show his support for the guys, and when the Penguins would bring in a new player, he would always personally greet him. Somewhere along the way, he had figured out what a handshake and a smile meant to others.

"He is aware of it, but almost in a shy way," Morehouse says.

When the Penguins fired coach Michel Therrien during the 2008-09 season and promoted Dan Bylsma from their American Hockey League club in Wilkes-Barre/Scranton, it was Lemieux who met Bylsma at Mellon Arena on his first day in Pittsburgh.

"It was very cordial, respectful," Bylsma says. "We talked about the team a little bit, and that was probably the longest conversation we had in my five and a half years in Pittsburgh. He was just a presence, an encouraging and steady force more than being there to offer an opinion."

That team had lost to the Red Wings in the Stanley Cup final in six games the previous year and was expected to return. So for the Penguins to be trailing two games to none in the conference semifinals against the Capitals was harrowing, especially for Bylsma, who was coaching in the biggest series of his life. He would never forget what Lemieux said to him in the locker room after Game 2.

"It's a long two months, Coach," Lemieux told him.

The message was subtle yet clear enough -- Mario Lemieux still believed that the Penguins were going to be playing for a while.

They won that series 4-3 and then swept the Hurricanes in the conference final. They would meet the Red Wings again in the Stanley Cup final, and after six games, they were knotted, 3-3. The home team had won each game, and the decider was back in Detroit at famed Joe Louis Arena.

The night before the game, Tom McMillan was at a restaurant in Detroit with Morehouse, general manager Ray Shero, Bylsma, his assistant coaches and director of team services Frank Buonomo. McMillan glanced at his phone to see an email from Lemieux, who was still in Pittsburgh, at 7:34 p.m.

"Do you think I should have a message posted for the guys in the dressing room before the game tomorrow?" Lemieux asked.

McMillan was a bit shocked. Lemieux never did that kind of stuff. McMillan discussed it with his dinner group, and everyone thought it would be great for the players to hear from Lemieux. Before McMillan could respond, Lemieux had typed out his message and sent it along:

"This is a chance of a lifetime to realize your childhood dream to win a Stanley Cup. Play without fear and you will be successful!! See you at center ice," he wrote.

McMillan asked Lemieux if he would be OK with Buonomo sending it as a text message to the players as well.

"Go for it," Lemieux responded. "We are going to win tomorrow ... "

He and McMillan continued their exchange for a bit more. Mario was like a kid again.

"I'm not a novelist," Lemieux wrote, "but I speak from the heart and I think that might give the boys a little boost before they step on the ice... Hope so anyway!!"

And then ...

"Text the boys before they get up tomorrow. Like it!!"

When the players woke up, Lemieux's words were waiting for them.

"The players just dubbed them the 'Braveheart texts,' " Bylsma says.

Mario Lemieux was no William Wallace, but he was growing a pretty fierce playoff beard, and he had picked a perfect spot to make himself heard. The Penguins knew that Lemieux's expectation was that they would meet him at center ice to receive the Stanley Cup, and so that's exactly what they did, after Fleury stoned Nicklas Lidstrom's final shot attempt with one of the greatest saves in playoff history to preserve their 2-1 victory.

Seventeen long years had passed, and now Lemieux was hoisting the Cup once more.

"It was very satisfying," Lemieux says. "It's certainly not the same as when you're a player and you win the Cup for the first time. It was a great process. Obviously getting the lottery changed the whole franchise, to be able to get Sid and build around him, knowing that year after year we were going to have a pretty good chance to be successful."

They were champions again, and after one final season at Mellon Arena, they would have a new home at Consol Energy Center, where they'd make fresh memories.

Oct. 7, 2010, was opening night. Before the drop of the puck, Lemieux skated to center ice with a surprise. Concealed in his suit jacket was a water bottle containing melted ice from Mellon Arena. A spotlight shined on him as he revealed the bottle, raised it into the air and poured the water onto the ice, christening this new building that for a decade had only been a dream he clung to during sleepless nights. Thousands screamed as he kissed the empty bottle, and this time, no words were needed.

CHAPTER 8: It's for them

The vision is always there. No matter what the present holds, Mario Lemieux can look into the distance and see something grander ahead. From a tiny Montreal basement where his father would deliver snow for a makeshift playing surface, Lemieux could see NHL superstardom. From anywhere on the ice, he could see a highlight developing before it happened. From the Penguins' consistent standing at the bottom of the league, he could see Lord Stanley's Cup and imagine it in Pittsburgh. From inside the brittle bones of old Mellon Arena, he could see the light across the street at Consol Energy Center.

The vision applies everywhere, and, once he's fixed on something, he will never do anything halfway. As a golfer, he has worked his way to a 2 handicap. How about his love of wine? Early in his career, he became friends with veteran goaltender Gilles Meloche, who joined the Penguins in 1985. Meloche was a wine connoisseur, and with Lemieux just coming of age to drink, he passed his passion for the grape down to the kid. In his first apartment in Mt. Lebanon, Lemieux kept about 10 cases of wine next to his sofa. At his first home, he built a small cellar, which held about 200 bottles. He was intoxicated, not so much by the heady buzz, but by the expansive world that could open through the pursuit of a good bottle. He began to dabble in wine futures, investing in vintage Bordeauxs while still in the barrel, purchasing them at least a year ahead of their official release.

When he and Nathalie moved to their Sewickley home in 1993, they picked the place with an eye on staying there for a while, and for Lemieux, that meant giving proper respect to the vine. The contractors would take about a year to complete his plan, but when finished, Pittsburgh's prince would have a wine cellar befitting a Parisian king.

On an early September morning, after a second hourlong discussion of his 30 years in Pittsburgh, Lemieux graciously offers up a quick tour of the house. It starts in his first-floor office, where he makes note of his messy desk -- yet, everything is stacked in orderly fashion -- and points to the shelves displaying all of his hockey hardware, the six Ross Trophies, the three Hart Trophies, the two Conn Smythe Trophies and much more. Lemieux might not like talking about the past, but he values it.

"Where's my gold medal?" he says, looking for the 2002 Olympic prize he brought home from Salt Lake City and finding it in another corner.

The trophies are impressive, but what of this wine cellar? Surely, it will serve as the key into the padlocked mind of Lemieux. He agrees to open it, and walks across the house, by the ornate, antique fixtures at each turn, and down a staircase to a side room that appears to have no real purpose. But Lemieux pushes against the wooden wall, and a door suddenly appears, revealing a hidden passageway.

Inside, it is chilly, damp, dark. If one didn't know the cavelike surroundings were leading to a wine cellar, it wouldn't be out of line to wonder if Mario Lemieux were actually Batman.

The next flight of stairs leads into the main room of the cellar, where old bottles and boxes cover the walls. With the contents of the two other rooms off to the right, Lemieux has collected about 2,500 bottles from all over the globe. Down here, he couldn't be further from his parents' home in Ville Emard, where Molson was the drink of choice.

"If we had wine, it was in a box," Lemieux recalls with a chuckle.

Sheets of paper sit on a table in the middle of the room. They make up Lemieux's wine registry, what has made it here and what is on the way. He says he is not as into it as he used to be, but friends say he will spend hours at a time in this dank dungeon, chronicling his acquisitions with the exquisite handwriting of a perfectionist.

No, Lemieux is definitely not Batman, although he has swooped in to save the day several times -- and, given his personality, he would probably prefer to be the masked kind of hero. A more apt comparison would be Bruce Wayne, only minus the dark undertones; Like Wayne, Lemieux quietly owns one of the biggest businesses in town, keeps a low public profile and takes pride in hosting great parties.

He is the son of Pierrette, generously filling glasses. He is the son of Jean-Guy, happy to thrive off the energy and conversation of others. He is a deeply private man, but he is not a loner.

"He really likes to have a lot of people around," best friend Tom Grealish says. "I don't know how many days in his life he's been alone in any house that he's lived in. My guess is you could count them up on one hand."

When he's in the right mood, Lemieux will show his mother's flare. He will play the piano. He will sing. He will do impressions. He can imitate anything from singer Englebert Humperdinck to basketball announcer Marv Albert -- Jordan from the key ... YES!

"Everything about Mario is very classy," Jordan says. "It's totally natural. If you first see him, you think he's so quiet, but he's not. He's very observant. Even when I first met him, he seemed much more mature for his age than you would expect. He was always that way."

Always? Well, yes. Tom Mathews took Lemieux into his home when he was just a 19-year-old trying to learn a new language and handle the rigors of his rookie season, and Mathews could tell there was something inside of the kid that just hadn't been tapped yet.

"He's always carried himself with some sort of dignity," Mathews says, "First of all, he's big. He's 6-4, a good-looking guy. Mario's a presence, and I think that, over time, he has grown into that so nicely. He's grown, to me, in stature, how he carries himself."

But not many people get to witness Lemieux's polish. Around Sewickley, he is polite, but will often be seen eating alone at the Sewickley Hotel or Sewickley Cafe, where people are good about letting him be. At 18-year-old Austin's hockey games, it has been rare that he has had to tell a persistent stranger that he is there to watch his son play.

Usually, if he's going to step out of his comfort zone, it will be in the name of his Mario Lemieux Foundation, which has raised and donated millions for cancer research, the latest gift a $2.5 million sum to establish a lymphoma center for children and young adults in his name. And there are now 31 "Austin's Playrooms" across the Pittsburgh area, with more on the way.

The foundation, more than his handprints all over the city's hockey scene, will be how his name endures and touches the most people. Lemieux admits that the foundation has far exceeded even his original vision.

"A little bit surprised," he says. "I think the least we can do as celebrities or athletes is try to help other people who are less fortunate."

That comment, taken without context, could read like a staid cliche straight out of the philanthropist's handbook, but that is just how Lemieux talks. He proves that his words are more than platitudes by giving his time in ways that few get to see.

Over the years, he has kept in contact with children who have Hodgkin's lymphoma or other cancers. He figures that in their minds, if they know Mario Lemieux went through it, it can't be that bad.

"Kids from Canada, the U.S., everywhere in the world, I'm glad to do it," he says. "I keep their number in my phone, and I text them."

Grealish has noticed that Lemieux puts more effort each year into making his annual fantasy hockey camp fundraiser a first-class event. The last thing Lemieux would want to subject himself to is a bunch of middle-aged men fawning over him, and it would be easy for him to make a few cursory appearances, tell some stories about the good ol' days and let his staff handle the brunt of it. But Lemieux has put his personal touch on it, having a contract signing ceremony for each participant and being present for most of the three to four days.

"That's far more Mario than putting on a black tie," says Dr. Andy Urbach, the chief pediatric resident at the Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh of UPMC and a member of the foundation's board of directors. "He likes being one of the guys, where he can relate to people and make the time special for himself and for everyone else."

At his annual golf fundraiser -- which in Lemieux fashion has gone private after years of having celebrities descend upon Pittsburgh for a public show -- he will make some comments at a post-round dinner in a room full of the foundation's biggest donors. This year, Grealish and friend Chuck Greenberg were blown away when Lemieux unleashed a 10- to 12-minute speech about all the important things the foundation was doing.

"Mario had a page of notes that he never looked at," Greenberg says. "To go from someone who preferred to be in the background to someone who can speak from the heart about something that's intensely personal, without ever seeming like a huckster, is a wonderful reflection of his evolution and growth as a person. He does it every year, and it gets stronger and more meaningful every year. It's time-lapse photography."

When deciding whether to come out from behind the curtain, Lemieux first considers how his actions will be perceived. He will gladly do it for his foundation because the goal is clearly to help others. But if there's a chance people will think he is hunting the spotlight, he will shy away.

That's why his answer to the Penguins wanting to build a statue of him outside the arena was an immediate "no." Of course, the Penguins called on Grealish to once again remind him: It's not for you. It's for them.

"It's OK to be a big deal," Grealish says. "You don't need to be a big shot, but you are a big deal."

That statue, unveiled as "Le Magnifique" in March 2012, is a 4,700-pound rendering of Lemieux breaking through two defenders in a game from 1988.

Lemieux's parents, wife and four children attended the ceremony on that sunny spring-like day, as past, present and future united. Pierrette and Jean-Guy Lemieux still live in the small house on Jogues Street in Montreal, and, while their four grandchildren have an appreciation for their French-Canadian heritage, they're proud to have been molded in Pittsburgh.

Lauren Lemieux is in school at Babson College in Wellesley, Mass., but she interned this summer in Pittsburgh. Stephanie did her first year at Boston College but then transferred home to Carnegie Mellon. Austin and Alexa have one more year of high school at Central Catholic and Oakland Catholic, respectively, before Mario and Nathalie will have an empty nest.

All generations of the Lemieux family will now be able to congregate at Mont Tremblant, the mansion Lemieux recently built in Quebec. But he does not want there to be any confusion.

"This is my home, our home," Lemieux says of Pittsburgh, "and we're going to be here for a long time."

Says Grealish: "He's a Pittsburgher at heart. Pittsburghers don't like change a whole lot. We like predictability. We like going to the same golf course, the same restaurant. He's a Pittsburgher in that he wants the same. He wants to be around the same people, go to the same places. He doesn't want to be a jet-setter and go to parties and meet new people. He is content."

At 30 years and going strong, it's safe to say: the Lemieux-Pittsburgh partnership stands alone.

"It is unique," says former Rangers goaltender John Vanbiesbrouck. "A lot of guys leave, go home, come back and wave every once in a while. There's very few that have built a relationship with a fan base and a city like Pittsburgh and Mario. You look through all sports, I mean, who has that relationship?"

Credit Pittsburgh, too.

"This wouldn't happen in New York," Morehouse says.

Lemieux understood at a young age that he wouldn't be able to create the life he wanted in a big city like New York or a hockey-obsessed one like Montreal. Pittsburgh, thankfully, had just the right chemistry.

Back in Sewickley at Lemieux Manor, the tour is ending, and as Lemieux walks up the stairs from the wine cellar and emerges into the kitchen, there is Nathalie, his partner all these years. She briskly addresses him in French and is apparently about to make him a sandwich.

Before leaving the Lemieuxs to their lunch, a question lingers: Why now? Why did he agree to this particular interview? Well, it was 30 years, so, he figured, "Do this one and take 10 years off."

"There are some people that need attention even after their career is over," Lemieux says. "I'm totally the opposite. I just want to do my own thing. I don't need to be celebrated every time there's an anniversary or something like that."

Now fully explained, Lemieux strides out to the front gate, where he receives a thank you for his time.

"My pleasure," Lemieux says.

The door closes, and Lemieux turns away, returning to his wife, to the dogs, to the normalcy he craves. It might be a decade before he opens up again in this way. But if the last 30 years are any indication, he will give a little bit more of himself each day, and, almost without realizing it, he won't need an official occasion to let people see the real Mario Lemieux.

THE SECTION: Mario Lemieux begins his fourth decade in Pittsburgh this NHL season. Perhaps no athlete has meant more and given more to the city that he has come to call home. In a series of rare interviews spanning four months, Lemieux, his contemporaries and members of his inner circle spoke to that life that has been so public yet also private -- a story today told in eight chapters.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: TOP RIGHT: Mario Lemieux can be found not on the ice these days, but above it in the owners' box at Consol Energy Center, where he watches the 2014-15 home opener.

PHOTO: Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: BELOW: Lemieux wasn't born a Pittsburgher, but in 30 years he has become one.

PHOTO: THE COVER: As captured by Post-Gazette photographer Peter Diana, Mario Lemieux brings the old and new together the night the Penguins christened Consol Energy Center -- Oct. 7, 2010. He pours melted ice from Mellon Arena onto center ice at their new home.

PHOTO: Post-Gazette archives: ABOVE: Fans who had seen far too much bad hockey by the Penguins in the early 1980s let their voices, if not their identities, be heard during a game in the 1983-84 season -- the season before Mario Lemieux arrived.

PHOTO: Post-Gazette archives: RIGHT: Lemieux dons the Penguins sweater for the first time after signing his first contract with coach and general manager Eddie Johnston June 19, 1984.

PHOTO: BELOW: Mario Lemieux considered wearing No. 99 with his junior league club -- the same as "The Great One," Wayne Gretzky -- but that would have been too bold, advised agent Bob Perno.

PHOTO: Associated Press: TOP: Mario Lemieux scores goal No. 1 against the Boston Bruins and goalie Pete Peeters Oct. 11, 1984.

PHOTO: Post-Gazette archives: MIDDLE RIGHT: Parents Jean-Guy, right, and Pierrette take in Mario's home debut Oct. 17, 1984, at the Civic Arena. With them are then-girlfriend Nathalie Asselin and agent Bob Perno.

PHOTO: Post-Gazette archives: MIDDLE LEFT: Lemieux with part of his Pittsburgh family: Nancy Mathews, left, and son Michael.

PHOTO: BOTTOM: Lemieux on the eve of his NHL debut in 1984.

PHOTO: Darrell Sapp/Post-Gazette: ABOVE: Mario Lemieux hoists the first of two Stanley Cups he helped bring to the Penguins -- May 25, 1991, in Minneapolis. At left is teammate Bob Errey.

PHOTO: ABOVE: Howard Baldwin, Penguins owner from 1991-99, made the contract happen that guaranteed Lemieux would always be paid more than Wayne Gretzky while also putting Lemieux and the team on a path that would force him to pursue ownership before the 1990s were out.

PHOTO: BELOW: Michael Jordan had few peers in the 1990s, but he considered Mario Lemieux one of them. Said Jordan: "It looked like his game came easier than mine."

PHOTO: Gene J. Puskar/Associated Press : TOP: Few sporting events in Pittsburgh sports history were met with as much buzz as the night of Dec. 27, 2000, when Mario Lemieux stepped back on home ice for the first time in more than 3 1/2 years.

PHOTO: Keith Srakocic/Associated Press : ABOVE: In keeping with his mother's proclamation that good things happen to him all the time, Lemieux added to the storybook feel of that night by assisting on the first goal of the game and later scoring one of his own.

PHOTO: Bill Wade/Post-Gazette : ABOVE: Mario Lemieux arrived in Pittsburgh to find a struggling franchise and little hockey tradition. Thirty years later, he has helped bring it three Stanley Cups and has a statue in his honor outside an arena he helped create.

PHOTO: ABOVE: Mario and Nathalie Lemieux's four children, from top: Alexa, Stephanie, Austin and Lauren, All were born in Pittsburgh.

PHOTO: BELOW: Mario and Nathalie at a Mario Lemieux Foundation fund-raiser in 2013. The foundation has raised tens of millions of dollars for cancer research in its 20-plus years.

PHOTO: TEAM LEMIEUX/Key players in Mario Lemieux's career in Pittsburgh, particularly in his efforts to buy the team and then those that got Consol Energy Center built: Tom Reich, Agent

PHOTO: Chuck Greenberg, Lawyer

PHOTO: Tom Grealish, Adviser

PHOTO: Steve Reich, Agent

PHOTO: Doug Campbell, Lawyer

PHOTO: Ron Burkle, Investor

PHOTO: THE POLS/Politicians Team Lemieux dealt with in getting Consol Energy Center built: Ed Rendell, Governor, 2003-11

PHOTO: Luke Ravenstahl, Mayor, 2006-14

PHOTO: Dan Onorato, County executive, 2004-12\

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[***HOW THE SOUTH SIDE GOT ITS GROOVE BACK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:468J-88K0-0094-53T8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Bobby Pessolano thought he had found his place.

South Side residents thought he had lost his mind.

Why, they wondered in 1982, would anyone invest money to transform an East Carson Street storefront, one that had seen much better days, into an upscale tavern and restaurant?

Couldn't he see that more than half of the storefronts on East Carson were boarded up, that the South Side business district, a once-thriving marketplace supported by Eastern European steel and glass workers, was in its death throes, just as those industries were?

Pessolano, 25 at the time, saw all that and a whole lot more. With a background in the restaurant business, he saw the beauty that could be restored inside and outside the worn-down building, a place where he could create something unlike anything else on the South Side.

Ignoring the skeptics' snickers, Pessolano pressed on and opened Mario's South Side Saloon at 1514 East Carson.

Today, two decades hence, Mario's remains and no one's laughing at Pessolano or any of entrepreneurs who followed him in taking a gamble on the South Side.

Like the large artistic community that also settled there, they initially were attracted by quality but low-cost properties, subsequently spending $70 million in private money to develop their businesses.

In doing so, they and the nonprofit South Side Local Development Company (SSLDC) have transformed the neighborhood into a destination location for dining, entertainment, shopping and services in beautifully restored, historically designated Victorian buildings.

Most are one-of-a-kind establishments that cater to niche clientele, residents and visitors alike, ranging from the old guard to the avant-garde.

"We always say we have both kinds of blue hair," chuckled Carey A. Harris, executive director of the SSLDC, which likewise is celebrating its 20th year of historic preservation and economic revitalization there.

"We have seniors and the alternative lifestyle folks. We have young professionals, a large arts population [and] families."

On East Carson and its cross streets, beginning around 10th Street, on to the Birmingham Bridge and beyond, restaurants run the gamut from diners to fine dining. There are art galleries, coffeehouses and music venues. It's the kind of place where shot-and-beer watering holes mix easily with martini bars, where one can enjoy City Theatre performances and cutting-edge performance art.

There, you can find everything from expensive minimalist furniture to magic supplies, from high-priced luggage to studded collars, from vintage clothing to custom-embellished jeans.

Where else in this area can you find as many antiques stores -- four -- as tattoo parlors?

On a street where 20 years ago the vacancy rate was 60 percent, now fewer than 7 percent of the storefronts are empty. During that span, more than 125 facades were restored, 150 new businesses moved in, and 600 new jobs were created.

In short, the renaissance of the East Carson Street commercial district -- along with ongoing residential, retail and office development on the former LTV steel mill site that starts at 25th Street -- has made the South Side arguably the most eclectic, vibrant and diversified of the city's 88 neighborhoods.

"It's the houses on the Slopes and the Flats, our ethnic heritage," Harris said. "I think we're the one place in Pittsburgh that borders on being Bohemian. There are other really cool neighborhoods, but I think we might have that niche."

Pessolano, who went on to also develop Blue Lou's next to Mario's and Nick's Fat City across the street, insists he never foresaw what the South Side would become.

"I wish I could say I was smart enough to realize all of this would happen but I really wasn't," he said. "Not in my wildest dreams. All I wanted to do was survive."

New York state of mind

Under an azure sky and a brilliant sun, an elderly couple and teens with body piercings walk the sidewalks of East Carson. A Mercedes shares the road with Harleys and bicycles. Professionals, young couples pushing baby strollers and slackers pass each other. Not an eyebrow is raised.

At 1913 East Carson, the sweet smell of incense wafts through the open front door of Nick's Imports. Two young women in tank tops, shorts and sandals stop to peruse imported merchandise displayed on sidewalk tables -- everything from African drums to Ethiopian and Indian bags to sterling silver jewelry.

Nearby, owner Nizar Sandi, 31, wears a mustache, shorts and an infectious smile as he sits on a stool. A native of Morocco who married a Pittsburgher, he hawked imported wares at 17th Street for a few years before moving into the storefront in 2000.

"I love the South Side," he says, beaming. "It reminds me of home -- lots of people outside. I like that. It's historic, unique, ethnic, a variety of cultures. It's like a little New York."

Don't just take Sandi's word for that. Ask Jane Bettenelli, 21, whose family moved from Irwin to New York when she was 8. A New York University student, she recently visited relatives in North Huntingdon and took the opportunity to go bar-hopping on the South Side one night and shop on another day.

"I think it's really eclectic, fun, energized. It reminds me of the Village," as in Greenwich Village, she said, after buying some clothes at Pittsburgh Jeans Company, 2222 East Carson.

Or ask Tracy Brigden, who moved to Pittsburgh from Manhattan's West Village last summer to take the position of artistic director at the City Theatre, which is housed in a former church on South 13th.

Earlier this year, she was among 400 people -- new and old residents and business owners -- who attended a SSLDC- and PNC Bank-sponsored get-together for South Side newcomers. Appropriately, it was held in a former industrial building on Jane Street that has been converted into a working art studio, J. Verno Studios.

Brigden compared the neighborhood to chic Brooklyn locales such as Williamsburg and Cobble Hill as a tattooed woman with brightly dyed hair stood in the dessert line behind a Brooks Brothers-attired Web site designer. Nearby, a fellow with callused hands and work boots recommended the bruschetta to a musician sporting dreadlocks.

"I never thought I'd like anywhere as much as where I came from, but this is pretty close," Brigden said. "And this is coming from a snooty New Yorker."

Transformation

But it wasn't magic or luck that brought about this 20-year transformation of the South Side from has-been to hotspot.

It was a lot of hard work, urban planning and risky decisions that have turned out to be beneficial, said Harris, who has been in her job for five years and who praised the work and foresight of the community leaders who went before her.

One of the smartest decisions was pursuing national and later local historic designations for the Carson Street corridor.

"In 1983, we were one of the first urban demonstration projects for the National Trust for Historic Preservation," she said. "We carved out a [historic] niche for East Carson Street."

Such districts of historic buildings were usually done for smaller towns, not sections of large cities such as Pittsburgh, but the gamble paid off for the South Side, winning it national attention.

Then, in 1992, Carson Street became a city historic district, which sets standards for renovations of buildings. "Having standards protected people's investments," Harris said. It's also easily accessible from Oakland and Downtown, she noted.

Creation of the South Side Summer Street Spectacular, the third-largest festival in the city (after the Three Rivers Arts Festival and the regatta) has helped bring non-South Siders to the neighborhood. This year's festival starts tomorrow .

Another smart move was SSLDC's decision to build new residential units, mostly owner-occupied but including a Columbus, Ohio, developer's soon-to-start construction of 270 rental units at 25th and Carson.

"We needed a diversity of incomes," Harris said, adding some higher-income newcomers to what had been lower-income longtime residents, who often were elderly.

A public financial subsidy was needed for the developments in the early 1990s in order to make the housing affordable and attract new residents, but now the area has become so popular that no subsidies are needed for housing, Harris said.

Growing pains

Traffic congestion, parking problems, large crowds and noise have at times over the past two decades sparked the ire of some longtime residents.

Harris said some friction is inevitable when a neighborhood's dynamic changes so dramatically because the burgeoning commercial district needs so many visitors to survive.

Bu the majority of residents "understand it was either progress or die. A lot more voice has been given to critics than what they really represent."

As in any popular locale, parking remains thorny. Particularly on weekends, finding a space is sometimes akin to searching for El Dorado.

"Not a year goes by we don't try to find a new way to tackle parking," Harris said, "but I think Pittsburghers have a certain expectation about how close they like to park. It does remain a challenge for us but I will say it's not keeping people away."

On another front, bar patrons using side streets and residents' yards as outdoor restrooms became so chronic in 1994 that residents and shop owners complained to police. The problem was alleviated when officers, on the orders of police brass, started charging violators with open lewdness -- a third-degree misdemeanor.

Likewise, noise problems seem to have dissipated. Virginia Carik, a resident for 55 years and an SSLDC board member, said she doesn't notice them any more.

That view was echoed by Scott Niederberger, 26, who rented on the South Side for two years before buying a South 14th Street house with his brother in 2000.

"It's a bad perception. People think there's a bunch of kids running around on the weekend but it's quiet for the most part," said Niederberger, a MetLife sales rep who works in Wexford.

Side by side

The "O's" in the sign for O'Leary's Donuts, 1421 East Carson, are shaped like -- what else? -- pink-glazed donuts. Inside on a recent sunny weekday afternoon three men sit inside at the counter and enjoy each other's company.

"It's a social thing," Joseph James Smith, 49, explains of his visits to the South Side from his Arlington Heights home. "I come down, get coffee, go to the bank, pay bills, stop in here."

"The South Side is a good place to relax," chimes in Nicholas Kapotas, 69, of White Oak, a retired teacher and football and wrestling coach at both Canon-McMillan and McKeesport high schools. "It's safe at night. People can walk the streets. Everything you want is right here."

"Freedom of choice," Smith agrees. "And there's lots of good people around. That's what makes it nice. It's like a melting pot."

That coming together can be found on the streets and in the businesses, such as the Carson Street Deli at 17th and East Carson. Customers who have noshed on corned beef, hummus, roasted peppers and other deli offerings have included professionals and punk rockers, little old ladies and Bruce Springsteen, pro athletes and bikers.

"It's just a good vibe," says owner Fred Shaheen, who saw the diversity of people and businesses 10 years ago and jumped right in.

Brian Davis feels it, too. Four years ago, he bought the Pickle Barrel, a diner now in its 34th year at 1301 East Carson that's decorated with school lunch boxes from the 1960s and ' 70s. As waitresses Renae Beck and Samantha Hamill busily work the grill and serve burgers and steak salads, Davis notes that his clientele changes upon the time of day.

"In the morning, until 11 a.m., I get senior citizens who come by to socialize. At lunch, I get the business people. And at night, I get the people from the bars.

"And the people with blue and red hair," he added, chuckling. "And the vampires."

Ask just about anyone familiar with the South Side, and they'll say the key to its vibrancy is that it evolved around but didn't displace a ***working-class***, ethnic neighborhood.

"That's the beauty of the whole area," said John Lewis, co-owner of Bruschetta's, which opened in 1996 and then expanded to a building next door and a patio next to that. "There's something here that can't be created.

"The North Shore will turn out really nice but you can't manufacture what we have here."

That view was shared by Pittsburgh Assistant Police Chief William Mullen, who worked as commander of the South Side Station from 1992 to 1996, during which time he ordered the public-urination crackdown.

"A lot of people have been living there their entire lives and they keep the neighborhood up. It's a neighborhood in the truest sense of the word," Mullen said.

"And it's not only the variety of people there, but they're nice people. It was a pleasure to work there. It was one of my favorite duty locations."

Mullen, who now heads the police bureau's Investigations Branch, noted the low crime rate -- "It's so safe there you don't feel threatened" -- and the success of the annual Coors Light South Side Summer Street Spectacular.

"Who else has a festival like that?" he said.

Last year, it drew an estimated 150,000 people. Among them was Mullen, who took his former college roommate, a school principal visiting from Kirkfield, Ontario, Canada.

"He just e-mailed me and asked if we could go back to the festival. He said the people there were really genuine, that it was the greatest time he's ever had."

Party time

On the sidewalk outside a home on South 14th Street, an impromptu get-together for four is taking place. The young men and women munch on taco chips, sip beer and listen to music in the sizzling mid-afternoon sunshine, priming for a party that will be held there that weekday night.

The occasion? "I wanted to throw one," shrugged resident Adam Seewald, 27.

Shirtless and tattooed, his friend, Jim Patterson, 24, says he's from Carrick "but I consider myself from the South Side because I'm down here every night."

His grandmother used to own an old neighborhood bar in the 1800 block of East Carson but sold it. It's been rehabbed and is now called Casey's Draft House. Patterson had been among the crowd there the preceding night.

He shakes his head at what might have been.

"If only I had been old enough and she had sold it to me. I'd be looking good right now."

Today, that's easy to see. Twenty years ago, who knew?

Coors Light South Side Summer Street Spectacular

Dates: Tomorrow through next Sunday, July 14.

Activities: Tomorrow through Wednesday, carnival and main food court only. At 6:30 p.m. Thursday, the UPMC Parade officially opens the spectacular. Thursday through next Sunday, browse the Citizens Bank Sidewalk Sale. There will be a children's area, and, for those 21 and over, bands performing on the Coors Light Main Stage.

Details: [*www.southsidepgh.com*](http://www.southsidepgh.com).

**Notes**

Post-Gazette staff writers Tom Barnes and Dan Gigler contributed to this article.

**Graphic**

Photo: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette photos: Side by side on the South Side: Dressed in leather, chains and spikes, Mark Dobosh, 18, of Clairton calls himself a "mutt" and says he often haunts East Carson Street, where his look gets plenty of attention but acceptance, too.

Photo: East Carson Street today bears little resemblance to the East Carson of 20 years ago, when many storefronts were beaten down or boarded up. Today, its vacancy rate has dropped from 60 percent to 7 percent, with many one-of-a-kind shops and restaurants occupying Victorian buildings with historic designations.

Photo: Just a few blocks from the bustling South Side business district, Jennifer Zekas of Mount Washington and Jim Patterson of Carrick cuddle while preparing for a party at the South 14th Street home of Adam Sewald, right.

Chart: Steve Thomas/Post-Gazette: (South Side demographics)

PHOTO: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Andrea Smith, manager of the Tuscany Cafe on East Carson Street on the South Side, says the tattoo on her leg suggests "part of my personality." One of the strengths of the South Side is that it is home to many different personalities, a vibrant city neighborhood that mixes lifelong residents and newcomers. "We always say we have both kinds of blue hair," says Carey A. Harris, executive director of the South Side Local Development Company. A diverse population, distinctive dining, entertainment, shopping and historic buildings are the result of a 20-year transformation. (Photo, Page A-1)

**Load-Date:** July 13, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Something to prove;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B8W0-009B-P2KN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Will Buca's Italian kitsch suffer in the translation?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B8W0-009B-P2KN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Terry Fiedler; Staff Writer

**Body**

To hear Pete Mihajlov tell it, he and his partners are prisoners of the success of their latest restaurant concept.

"We were going to build this nice, little Twin Cities restaurant company that would keep us comfortable, and at the appropriate time, we wanted to lie in the sun," said Mihajlov, 56, one of the principals in Parasole Restaurant Holdings Inc., Minneapolis, owners of 10 restaurants, including Manny's and Figlio.

Then, in 1993, they opened an Italian family style restaurant called Buca Little Italy.

"Buca consumed us," he said.

Now, instead of making plans to lounge poolside, Mihajlov and his associates are diving into national expansion.

Last summer, they raised $ 1.7 million in a debt offering for Buca. Within the next few months, they plan to close a private equity offering of more than $ 5 million. After that, they foresee an initial public offering and a national chain of Italian restaurants that could generate sales of $ 50 million by 1998.

Their optimism flows mainly from the performance of Bucas at three disparate Twin Cities sites, although sales at a downtown Milwaukee location have tracked with that of other stores since its November opening. Each of the dinner-only restaurants does $ 2.7 million or more annually, said Parasole Partner Phil Roberts.

Rough road ahead

The road from here, however, promises to get rougher, as distances get greater. Before Buca, Parasole had never taken one of its concepts outside the Twin Cities. But by August it will be in Palo Alto, Calif., and maybe in Seattle by the end of the year.

"Will the concept travel? That's where a lot of companies get into trouble," said John Hamburger, president of Restaurant Finance Corp. in Roseville.

Piper Jaffray Inc. restaurant analyst Allan Hickok thinks that Buca will be successful in most markets. Even so, he added, "It is a big step from Minneapolis to Palo Alto."

But Parasole's Roberts, a 17-year restaurant industry veteran, does not equivocate: "I can't think of anything that would be more successful as a nationwide company."

Roberts and Parasole are by no means alone in that belief.

For example, Maggiano's Little Italy, which was named one of the "hot concepts" of 1995 by Nation's Restaurant News, was acquired in July by Brinker International, the Dallas-based, billion-dollar parent of Chili's and other restaurants. The deal included three Maggiano's units and and five Corner Bakery stores that will be paired with Maggiano's.

Brinker has vowed to expand the Maggiano's/Corner Bakery concept aggressively from its locations in and around Chicago, naming Tysons Corner, Va., and Atlanta as future sites.

Unlike Buca, Maggiano's serves lunch as well as dinner. Annual sales per unit, which include the bakery, are about $ 10 million.

Dennis Lombardi of the Chicago restaurant consulting firm Technomic Inc. said the Maggiano's deal serves to "legitimize the segment," which is considered separate from red sauce chains such as Olive Garden, which don't serve all of their food family style.

As for Buca, industry analysts agree that, at around $ 3 million in annual sales for its dinner trade, its financial profile compares favorably to most other casual-dining restaurants. Margins also are likely to be attractive because ingredients are relatively inexpensive.

No focus group here

But Buca wasn't borne of a focus group. Asked if Parasole had created it to be a growth vehicle, Roberts said, "We weren't that smart."

"Parasole is a collection of different kinds of concepts," he said. "Buca started out as as just another one of a collection."

The first of the group was Muffuletta in St. Anthony Park, which college friends Roberts and Mijahlov began as a hobby. Parasole's third principal, Don Hays, joined the firm in 1987 when he merged his Good Earth restaurant franchises into Parasole. Roberts, who founded and ran his own industrial design firm prior to Parasole, is described by Mihajlov as the company's "visionary." Mihajlov, a former Pillsbury executive, functions as the chief marketer, and Hays brings a strong operational background, including time spent running Dayton's restaurants.

Based in Calhoun Square, which also is the home of Figlio, one of its concepts, Parasole has 1,000 part- and full-time employees and annual sales of more than $ 20 million, according to the partners. The business's success has allowed for an occasional, self-financed venture, as Buca - Italian for hole, cave or basement - was meant to be.

A number of influences contributed to the concept, primary among them the country food of Calbria, Naples and Sicily, which is served family style on large platters.

The people of these areas "didn't do much with butter and cheese, but did a hell of a lot with pasta and tomatoes," Mihajlov said. They also eat less universally accepted dishes, such as tripe - the lining of a cow's stomach - that Buca ultimately would adopt for their talk value.

Rather than trying to re-create the ambiance of southern Italian restaurants, the partners thought patrons would be amused by what Mijahlov calls "a parody of the Italian-American restaurants you'd find in Little Italy in New York City or the North End of Boston, the kind that came of the '40s after World War II."

Lots of Italian kitsch

From the music - Dean Martin's "That's Amore" is a staple - to the cheesy soccer team pennants and mismatched furniture picked up in Italian flea markets, Parasole has "taken every cliche from every Italian-American restaurant and ratcheted it up," Roberts said. "If a restaurant in New York has a picture of Frank Sinatra, we have three, and they're bigger."

There also is at least one inside joke. At the Minneapolis Buca, an Italian phrase under a plaster horse translates to "You are not at Palomino," the downtown Minneapolis restaurant that Roberts said is "so good and elegant, it's light years away" from Buca.

Kidding aside, Lombardi said that although family Italian restaurants are not new, they have picked up a lot of interest, largely because of a retail trend toward value.

The average Buca check is $ 15 per person and "you get a huge portion, another meal to take home, and the synergy and fun of sharing three of our entrees among five or six people," Lombardi said.

Patrons recognized those traits the day Buca opened in June 1993 at 11 S. 12th St. in a basement space once occupied by Nigel's restaurant.

"The most successful things I've seen were the openings of Manny's and of Figlio. But Buca outpaced them," Roberts said. "I couldn't believe the lines that were there."

The perfect location

The partners had begun to look for another Buca location when the site of the former Gannon's restaurant in St. Paul became available. In the past few years, the spot had come to be known as a restaurant graveyard, abutting a residential area with a view of a Union Carbide plant.

"I went out there and looked at it with my partners," Roberts said, "and I thought, 'What the hell am I doing here? This site is terrible.' Then I drove away and the idea was percolating. The site is so bad and so dorky, and Buca has such a down market, dorky interior, that made it right."

The St. Paul Buca opened a year after the first to a similar reception. "I can't think of another concept that would have been successful at that site," Mihajlov said.

Buoyed by sales in St. Paul, the partners felt confident enough to try a suburban location. As with the other sites, they sought an existing building, with the idea that the surroundings would give the impression that the restaurant had been around for decades.

Last June, Buca opened in Eden Prairie in a space formerly occupied by a Mexican Village restaurant, and near a McDonald's. The area is otherwise dominated by warehouses and light manufacturing. Roberts said that Eden Prairie Buca is now the sales leader.

"We saw how this darn thing cuts through almost every demographic," Roberts said. "I don't know if we have a high chair in our Minneapolis store, but in Eden Prairie we've reordered high chairs four times since we opened."

After researching several Midwestern markets for their first out-of-town restaurant, the partners chose downtown Milwaukee. Demographics were favorable, they could get there quickly even by car and it could become a jumping-off point to Chicago.

The Milwaukee restaurant opened last Nov. 14 and began recording sales similar to the Minneapolis Buca, Roberts said, with weekend waits up to 2 1/2 hours.

But that only stoked Parasole's ambitions. In a continued effort to test Buca in varied conditions, the partners sought a cosmopolitan market with plenty of attitude and competition to show that "we're not just in business in Milwaukee and flyover country Minnesota," Roberts said.

Heading west

They chose Palo Alto in the San Francisco Bay area because of its discriminating diners and its reputation for fine dining, particularly the tony Italian restaurants.

To Roberts' way of thinking, Buca looks particularly good compared with truly upscale restaurants. "Buca is so down market, so unsophiscated, that on a different level it becomes sophisticated," he said.

With distance, though, comes difficulty in maintaining control, quality, financial and otherwise. Piper Jaffray's Hickok calls the first move outside the home region a "watershed event. It's a hard process for small companies to manage."

Consultant John Hamburger has firsthand knowledge of the potential perils.

At 24, he was controller of Consul Corp., a Twin Cities-based Chi-Chi's franchisor, which embarked on an ill-advised expansion plan.

"When I hear that a store is going to Palo Alto, I think of Consul when it went to Vancouver, and how difficult it was to have an impact in the restaurant business in a big market when you're sitting back in the Midwest."

Of particular concern today, he said, is attracting qualified employees, because there has been so much restaurant expansion in the past five years.

Parasole's answer to the labor shortage is to train its own managers. The company has sent Minnesota-trained managers to run the Palo Alto restaurant, positioning it as a training ground for West Coast employees who will staff projected locations in northern California on up to Seattle.

Current financing will fund Palo Alto, but the two other restaurants projected to open this year and the six planned for 1997 will be funded from the equity placement just for Buca. An initial public offering, which Roberts said would occur in "the next couple of years," could make the partners much wealthier, but money is not their only motivation: Ego is involved.

"We need to prove to ourselves, and any other interested parties, that we can do business outside Minneapolis," Roberts said.

Headquarters: Minneapolis

Sales: $ 24 million (annualized).

Employees: 1,000 full and part-time

The Parasole lineup

1977

Muffuletta in the Park

St. Anthony Park area of St. Paul. Bistro ambiance.

1981

Pronto Ristorante

Hyatt Regency Hotel complex, downtown Minneapolis. Franchise. Upscale Italian.

1982

Blue Point Restaurant & Oyster Bar (began as Muffuletta on the Lake)

Wayzata. Seafood. Sold in 1989.

1984

Figlio

Calhoun Square in Minneapolis. Casual and upscale Italian dining.

1987

The Good Earth Restaurant.

Three franchised restaurants, merged into Parasole in 1987. Locations: Calhoun Square, Minneapolis; Galleria, Edina; Roseville.

1988

Manny's Steakhouse

Hyatt Regency Hotel complex, downtown Minneapolis. Upscale steakhouse.

1993

Buca

Original site in downtown Minneapolis; additional sites in St. Paul, Eden Prairie, Milwaukee opened later. Sites in Palo Alto, Calif., and Seattle projected to open this year. Casual Italian.

Buca's recipe

Concept

Parodies the Italian-American restaurants you might find in New York's Little Italy or Boston's North End. "When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie." That about sizes it up.

Decor

Fleamarket stuff from Italy. Frank Sinatra photographs abound. Ask for a translation of the Italian phrase under the plaster horse at Buca in Minneapolis.

Cuisine

Southern Italian ***working-class*** fare of the kind served in road houses and small family restaurants in Calabria, Naples and Sicily. Dishes served family style. Average check is $ 15 a person. Special of the day? Try the tripe.

Site choice

Existing buildings. Needn't have been a former restaurant site - or even a good one. St. Paul location was known as a restaurant graveyard with a view of Union Carbide plant. Eden Prairie store is near McDonald's, in area dominated by warehouses and light manufacturing.

Philip A. Roberts

Age: 57.

Family: Married, wife Joanne Roberts. Children: David, Steven, Jennifer.

Home: Edina.

Education: Degree in industrial design from University of Illinois.

Career: President and founder of Concepts Inc., a design and manufacturing firm that served national chain retailers, 1969-79. In 1979, sold his company and joined with Peter Mihajlov to found Parasole predecessor, Restaurant Resource Group Inc. Currently director and principal stockholder of Parasole Restaurant Holdings Inc.

Peter J. Mihajlov

Age: 56.

Family: Married, wife Marty Mihajlov. Children: Mary, Cathy, John, Mike, Maggie, Nick, Beth.

Home: Plymouth.

Education: Master's degree in marketing from University of Illinois.

Career: Experience includes 17 years of marketing and business management at Pillsbury Co. In 1979, became vice president of Pillsbury with responsibility for marketing and bottom-line performance of the refrigerated foods business unit that had more than $ 200 million in annual sales. Resigned his position with Pillsbury in 1981 to join Roberts in development of a restaurant company. Currently director and principal stockholder in Parasole Restaurant Holdings Inc.

Don W. Hays

Age: 53

Family: Married, wife Linda Hays. Children, Justin, Bart.

Home: Minneapolis.

Education: Degree from Michigan State University in hotel and restaurant management.

Career: Manager of Dayton's Southdale restaurant operation. In 1968, promoted to group manager of Dayton's downtown restaurant division. In 1973, became director restaurant operations for Dayton's, with responsibility for store operations, menu planning, concept development, personnel training and development. Left Dayton's in 1977 to form a restaurant company. In 1986, merged Good Earth restaurant franchises with Parasole Restaurant Holdings, in which he is currently a director and principal shareholder.

**Graphic**

Chart; Photograph

**Load-Date:** February 20, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Hoping to be the one still standing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:466W-SSR0-010F-K10Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

LOS ANGELES -- Diane Burroughs and Joey Gutierrez are starting to build a family.

They've got two months to finish the job -- from the teenage children to the house in which they all live.

It may sound unlikely, but that's the norm in the unnatural order of television. Burroughs and Gutierrez are the creators and executive producers of *Still Standing*, a CBS comedy about a blue-collar Chicago couple whose efforts to be cool parents often put them in hot water. The series tapes its first episode Aug. 13 and premieres Sept. 23 at 9:30 p.m. ET/PT, in the coveted slot after the hit *Everybody Loves Raymond.*

Burroughs and Gutierrez don't have much time to assemble a network TV show. Fortunately, the comedy-writing couple has been collecting pieces of *Still Standing*'s clan, the Millers, for years.

From Gutierrez's parents, they've taken a love of children that didn't prohibit having a laugh at the kids' expense. From friends with growing children, they've borrowed an intergenerational battle over cool status, with the occasional truce for joint appreciation of an Aerosmith concert.

From their own 16-year relationship -- living and working together, on a path that took them from Chicago's comedy clubs to the Mack Sennett Building on the CBS studio lot -- they bring a sense of teamwork. "We're trying to make (the Millers) our generation, but also a little old-fashioned," Gutierrez says. Adds Burroughs: "They've been together since high school. That's the 'still standing' part."

If the task seems daunting, at least Burroughs and Gutierrez can count on plenty of help. They have a budget of $ 900,000 per episode and a cast and crew that eventually will reach about 125. Like every other network series, this show is a business: They'll have to manufacture scripts, build sets, craft engaging characters and package the results into a 21-minute, 30-second product -- the length of a sitcom, minus commercials.

After all the effort and money spent polishing *Still Standing* to a prime-time shine, viewers may take just minutes on opening night deciding whether to hang with the Millers or flip to *ABC Monday Night Football*.

For Burroughs and Gutierrez, as well as stars Mark Addy (*The Full Monty*) and Jami Gertz (*Gilda Radner: It's Always Something*) and everyone else involved with the show, that means a summer-long devotion to one task: making the Millers a family America wants to watch.

The couple, who are running their first show, are often inseparable as they move from meeting to meeting; they seem to handle the pressure well. They remain friendly and polite, but they don't relax. There's a nervous feeling that wherever they are, their busy schedule demands they be somewhere else.

"There's a saying: 'The good news is, your show got picked up. The bad news is, your show got picked up,' " Burroughs says. "That we've even accomplished getting a show picked up is a huge success."

One in a hundred

Indeed, *Still Standing* has bucked the odds so far. Of thousands of prime-time ideas pitched to networks since last year, only 34 won spots this fall.

"Let's play the numbers game," says Warren Littlefield, a former NBC entertainment president who now runs his own production company, which had two new shows picked up.

"Any given network listens to over 500 series pitches a season. Of those, they buy 50 scripts, give or take. Out of those 50 scripts, they'll make 25 pilots. Five of those will make it to the air. You're looking at about a 1% success rate," he says. "To me, that says it's pretty difficult."

With an affable bearing that may trace to their Midwestern roots, Burroughs and Gutierrez -- both former stand-up comics -- have been in Hollywood 13 years, long enough to know how tough it is to land a series. As TV veterans with credits that include *Martin* and *The Drew Carey Show*, they're also aware of the financial and creative perks of running a hit show.

The odds are long on that end as well. A USA TODAY analysis of 160 fall TV series premiering from 1997 to 2001 found that nearly one in five was canceled within six episodes; more than two-thirds weren't picked up for a second season.

Having their comedy on this fall's schedule is even more of a miracle considering that, until a few months ago, *Still Standing* was flat on its back. Burroughs and Gutierrez had first proposed the series to Fox in early 2000. It was rejected, almost always the death knell for a script.

"It was heartbreaking," Burroughs recalls. "You want to leave it on the shelf and pretend it never happened."

Rejection was tougher because the concept reflected their lives. Gutierrez' parents, a blue-collar couple from Calumet City, south of Chicago, have been married 43 years. They loved and cared for their kids, but didn't spare them every bump and bruise. "When I grew up, my parents were never really our friends," he says. "They were a little rough with you, they liked to make fun of you. That was their entertainment."

At the same time, Burroughs and Gutierrez, who don't have children, wanted to show how families have changed, how the cultural gap between parents and children can blur. "It was a lot about observing our friends with their kids and remembering what it was like when we were kids," Gutierrez says.

The resurrection

But Hollywood knows how to conjure up a happy ending. Burroughs and Gutierrez submitted their rejected script as a writing sample when applying for jobs on a CBS comedy, *Yes, Dear*, premiering in fall 2000. It helped them get jobs as co-executive producers and earned them a development deal from 20th Century Fox Television, the studio that produces *Yes, Dear*.

"They have a unique blend of skills as storytellers and comedic writers," says Dana Walden, the studio's president. "They find both the funny and the heart."

The script also caught the eye of Wendi Goldstein, CBS' senior vice president of comedy development. "I remember reading it and thinking it was so great, why couldn't we make that pilot?" she says. "I thought the characters were so well drawn, and it was so funny."

She also saw it as a strategic fit for CBS' powerhouse Monday family-comedy lineup. Developmentally, *Still Standing*, with two teens in the household, caps an ages-of-man evening that starts with the childless *King of Queens* couple, moves to families with toddlers on *Yes, Dear*, and from there to *Everybody Loves Raymond*'s Barones, whose oldest child is 9.

Problem was that the script was owned by a different studio, where Burroughs and Gutierrez had been working. Complex negotiations ensued. Burroughs and Gutierrez figured that yet again, *Still Standing* was DOA.

In December, they got the call from Goldstein. They had their pilot. "We were in shock," Burroughs says. "It took it two weeks to really settle in. We're like, 'We better read this thing (again). We wrote it two years ago.' "

But the offer was contingent on coming up with what the network considered the right actors to play Bill and Judy Miller. When Burroughs and Gutierrez couldn't find the perfect Bill, CBS suggested Addy, a successful British actor who played the chunky, unemployed steelworker who doffed it all for a few quid in *The Full Monty*.

Addy wasn't necessarily looking for a stateside TV series, but the *Still Standing* script made him laugh. "A lot of people say that comedy doesn't travel well," he says. "I found it very accessible."

With no Judy jumping out during auditions, the studio mentioned Gertz. Burroughs and Gutierrez admired her work, but knew her more for playing upscale, uptight types rather than the ***working-class***, roll-with-the-punches Judy. "That wasn't how I was perceived, as blue-collar Jami Gertz," says the actress, who also hails from the Chicago area. Nonetheless, "I (understood) their voice. I knew I could play it."

The two actors jelled. "I don't know that we would have cast these people (as first choices), but they turned out to be perfect," Gutierrez says. "It's better to be lucky than smart." CBS also liked the chemistry: The network announced in mid-May that *Still Standing*, co-produced by 20th Century Fox and CBS Productions, would get its best available time period in the fall.

Making music

As soon as they got the nod, Burroughs and Gutierrez scrambled to gather a writing staff, competing with dozens of shows in an annual Hollywood hiring frenzy.

The nine writers, who range from newcomers in their 20s to TV veterans with their own teenagers, have credits from shows such as *Married . . . With Children*, *Dharma & Greg* and *Just Shoot Me*. They're working to have five scripts ready by the time the actors arrive for informal readings Aug. 7. Six days later, *Still Standing* will have its "opening night," the first episode taped before a live audience in the 207-seat studio.

"The sitcom is the closest format, shooting style, to live theater," says Randy Cordray, the producer overseeing much of the daily operation. "You're rehearsing and shooting a stage play every week."

Cordray, brought on by the executive producers, likens his line producing job to that of a general contractor -- from hiring production staff and crew to managing the budget to helping find the right music for the title sequence. On a recent weekday, as Cordray sat in his office, listening to Bob Seger tunes, Burroughs and Gutierrez huddled in a nearby room with the writers, outlining a story about the perils of disagreeing with a spouse.

The executive producers, who earlier had attended a casting session for a supporting role, had to leave for a conference call to discuss "notes" -- the comments and suggestions about stories, characters and scripts made by network and studio executives.

The execs are especially concerned about the crucial first few episodes, when a series can cement -- or alienate -- an audience. "You want to do five pilots, kind of, to give people a chance to come to the show," Gutierrez says.

Executives want those episodes to focus on Bill and Judy; they say the loving, arguing couple, who still get in trouble together, give *Still Standing* its distinctive feel. "They want us to keep shining a light on these two," Burroughs tells the writers.

For Burroughs and Gutierrez, the next few months could be the longest of their lives. But the opportunity to run their own show is a TV writer's dream. Their challenge is to hold onto it; they believe they can.

Then again, there's Gutierrez' mother, Victoria, the family pessimist and a big influence on her son's comic sensibility. The day the show was picked up by the network, he says with a laugh, "The first thing she said was, '*Ooh*, I hope it's not one of the first ones canceled.' "

Families are like that.

<>The major players

<>

Diane Burroughs and Joey Gutierrez

Age. Burroughs, late 30s; Gutierrez, 39

Hometown. Burroughs, Mount Prospect, Ill.; Gutierrez, Calumet City, Ill.

Family. Live together; in relationship for 16 years

*Still Standing* title. Each is creator and executive producer; they have overall responsibility for the series.

Notable writing credits. Martin, The Drew Carey Show, co-executive producers on Yes, Dear; Gutierrez helped with opening monologues on Seinfeld.

On influences that led to the creation of *Still Standing.*

Gutierrez: "My parents have been married 43 years. Even though they argued every day, you knew they were staying together. That's why we always loved shows like Roseanne. Just underneath it all, there's a genuine love for each other, even though you say the worst things to each other."

On experiences that motivated them.

Burroughs: "We went to see Smashing Pumpkins and Kiss at Dodger Stadium. There were entire families there, with their kids, in the Kiss makeup. There were 25,000 people there like that. These are the families we want to write something for, the parents who take their kids to (these) concerts, the kids and the parents who listen to the same music."

On leaving stand-up comedy for TV writing.

Gutierrez. "I loved doing standup. It taught me a lot of things. But I knew I would never be a George Carlin or Richard Pryor. . . . I never needed to be on stage. I liked writing the jokes."

Burroughs. "I was in it during the era of everyone being blue. That ended my stand-up career quite rapidly. . . . Midwestern content is a lot different than it is out here."

Randy Cordray

Age. 48

Hometown. Casper, Wyo.

Family. Married with two sons, 16 and 18

*Still Standing* title. Producer

Notable production credits. Dharma & Greg, Coach; got his start as a stagehand at KTLA-TV.

On what he brings to the series. "I have a long history of working in the entertainment industry. I have done predominantly situation comedy in my career. I pretty much know most of the crew people who do each of the various jobs. I bring this body of knowledge with me."

On what brought him to the series. "After I learned Dharma was canceled, I submitted for this show. I had a couple of interviews (for other shows), but this was the one I really wanted. It looked like a hit. I had an instant affinity for (Burroughs and Gutierrez). I felt like we would have fun together."

On duties that include hiring much of the staff and crew and overseeing the budget. I hire all the right people to do the show properly. It's a really fun job. . . . My job is to build the best show possible for these guys."

Mark Addy

Age. 38

Hometown. York, England

Real-life family. Married with a 2-year-old daughter

*Still Standing* role. Bill Miller, husband and father of three

Notable credits. The Full Monty, A Knight's Tale, The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; The Last Yellow; upcoming release The Sin Eater, with Heath Ledger

On what brought him to *Still Standing.* "It was the writing. I just thought it was a great script. I found it very funny."

On what he brings to the series. "I think it's probably the fact that I'm quite ordinary in terms of who I am as a person. I think that's the kind of character they wanted, just a regular guy, really. . . . I can bring a bit of heart to that character as well, a sweetness to the guy that may not be there with other actors."

On changing accents. "It's hard work for me. . . . It means putting in a few extra hours a day, but it's worth it."

Jami Gertz

Age. 36

Hometown. Glenview, Ill.

Real-life family. Married with three sons (ages 3, 7 and 10)

*Still Standing* role. Judy Miller, wife and mother of three

Notable credits. Gilda Radner: It's Always Something; Twister; ER; Square Pegs

On what brought her to the series. "I laughed. . . . This had a quality I knew. I grew up in blue-collar Chicago. I knew people who loved Rush and AC/DC, hard rockers who loved Aerosmith and drove Camaros. Diane and Joey are kind of my contemporaries. . . . (Also) I love performing in front of an audience. It's exciting, having that immediate reaction."

On what she brings to the series. "I think my sense of humor will help. It gets you through a lot in life. . . . When you have a child, you learn not to take yourself so seriously. I think that will definitely help me in the role."

Newtowrk comedy's fall-semester math

\* Episodes committed to: 13

\* Budget: $ 900,000 per episode

\* Studio seating: 207

\* Pages per script: 48 to 52

\* Revised scripts per week: 4

\* People receiving scripts: 50

\* Script pages printed per production week: 10,000 (studio has extensive recycling)

\* Cast and crew: About 125 full- and part-time, including:

\* Writing department: 9

\* Art department: 7

\* Sound: 6

\* Wardrobe: 4

\* Hair and makeup: 4

\* Props: 2

\* Teachers for child actors: 2

A 'Standing' storyboard

Early 2000: Diane Burroughs and Joey Gutierrez write a script; Fox decides not to make a pilot.

2000: The couple use the script to get a job on CBS' Yes, Dear.

December 2001: CBS executive says the network wants to make a pilot if they can come up with the right cast.

February-April 2002: Mark Addy and Jami Gertz are cast as lead characters Bill and Judy Miller. Pilot episode is taped.

May 15: CBS announces that Still Standing will air Monday evenings at 9:30 this fall.

June 5: Writers have their first meeting.

Mid-July: Cast and producers meet the media.

Mid-July to early August: Set constructed.

Late July: Costume selection starts.

Early August: Rehearsals begin.

Aug. 13: First show is taped before an audience.

Sept. 23: Still Standing premieres.

**Graphic**

GRAPHICS, color, Keith Simmons, USA TODAY(8 Illustrations); GRAPHIC, color, Quin Tian, USA TODAY, Source:USA TODAY analysis of Nielsen Media Research; statistics on 160 fall premieres by Anthony DeBarros(Pie charts); PHOTOs, color, Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY(3); PHOTOS, color, Monty Brinton, CBS(2); Art imitating life: Executive producers Joey Gutierrez and Diane Burroughs based their sitcom Still Standing on family and friends. The comedy, which premieres next month, will air Mondays on CBS. <>It's Miller time: Mark Addy with his TV wife, Jamie Gertz, and their TV children, Soleil Borda (in braids), Renee Olstead and Taylor Ball.<>Diane Burroughs and Joey Gutierrez<>Randy Cordray<>Mark Addy and Jami Gertz

**Load-Date:** July 5, 2002

**End of Document**



[***HOW THE SOUTH SIDE GOT ITS GROOVE BACK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TS5-WRX0-TX33-C022-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 7, 2002 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; COVER STORY FESTIVAL PREVIEW; Pg. F-1

**Length:** 2465 words

**Byline:** MICHAEL A. FUOCO, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Bobby Pessolano thought he had found his place.

South Side residents thought he had lost his mind.

Why, they wondered in 1982, would anyone invest money to transform an East Carson Street storefront, one that had seen much better days, into an upscale tavern and restaurant?

Couldn't he see that more than half of the storefronts on East Carson were boarded up, that the South Side business district, a once-thriving marketplace supported by Eastern European steel and glass workers, was in its death throes, just as those industries were?

Pessolano, 25 at the time, saw all that and a whole lot more. With a background in the restaurant business, he saw the beauty that could be restored inside and outside the worn-down building, a place where he could create something unlike anything else on the South Side.

Ignoring the skeptics' snickers, Pessolano pressed on and opened Mario's South Side Saloon at 1514 East Carson.

Today, two decades hence, Mario's remains and no one's laughing at Pessolano or any of entrepreneurs who followed him in taking a gamble on the South Side.

Like the large artistic community that also settled there, they initially were attracted by quality but low-cost properties, subsequently spending $70 million in private money to develop their businesses.

In doing so, they and the nonprofit South Side Local Development Company (SSLDC) have transformed the neighborhood into a destination location for dining, entertainment, shopping and services in beautifully restored, historically designated Victorian buildings.

Most are one-of-a-kind establishments that cater to niche clientele, residents and visitors alike, ranging from the old guard to the avant-garde.

"We always say we have both kinds of blue hair," chuckled Carey A. Harris, executive director of the SSLDC, which likewise is celebrating its 20th year of historic preservation and economic revitalization there.

"We have seniors and the alternative lifestyle folks. We have young professionals, a large arts population [and] families."

On East Carson and its cross streets, beginning around 10th Street, on to the Birmingham Bridge and beyond, restaurants run the gamut from diners to fine dining. There are art galleries, coffeehouses and music venues. It's the kind of place where shot-and-beer watering holes mix easily with martini bars, where one can enjoy City Theatre performances and cutting-edge performance art.

There, you can find everything from expensive minimalist furniture to magic supplies, from high-priced luggage to studded collars, from vintage clothing to custom-embellished jeans.

Where else in this area can you find as many antiques stores -- four -- as tattoo parlors?

On a street where 20 years ago the vacancy rate was 60 percent, now fewer than 7 percent of the storefronts are empty. During that span, more than 125 facades were restored, 150 new businesses moved in, and 600 new jobs were created.

In short, the renaissance of the East Carson Street commercial district -- along with ongoing residential, retail and office development on the former LTV steel mill site that starts at 25th Street -- has made the South Side arguably the most eclectic, vibrant and diversified of the city's 88 neighborhoods.

"It's the houses on the Slopes and the Flats, our ethnic heritage," Harris said. "I think we're the one place in Pittsburgh that borders on being Bohemian. There are other really cool neighborhoods, but I think we might have that niche."

Pessolano, who went on to also develop Blue Lou's next to Mario's and Nick's Fat City across the street, insists he never foresaw what the South Side would become.

"I wish I could say I was smart enough to realize all of this would happen but I really wasn't," he said. "Not in my wildest dreams. All I wanted to do was survive."

New York state of mind

Under an azure sky and a brilliant sun, an elderly couple and teens with body piercings walk the sidewalks of East Carson. A Mercedes shares the road with Harleys and bicycles. Professionals, young couples pushing baby strollers and slackers pass each other. Not an eyebrow is raised.

At 1913 East Carson, the sweet smell of incense wafts through the open front door of Nick's Imports. Two young women in tank tops, shorts and sandals stop to peruse imported merchandise displayed on sidewalk tables -- everything from African drums to Ethiopian and Indian bags to sterling silver jewelry.

Nearby, owner Nizar Sandi, 31, wears a mustache, shorts and an infectious smile as he sits on a stool. A native of Morocco who married a Pittsburgher, he hawked imported wares at 17th Street for a few years before moving into the storefront in 2000.

"I love the South Side," he says, beaming. "It reminds me of home -- lots of people outside. I like that. It's historic, unique, ethnic, a variety of cultures. It's like a little New York."

Don't just take Sandi's word for that. Ask Jane Bettenelli, 21, whose family moved from Irwin to New York when she was 8. A New York University student, she recently visited relatives in North Huntingdon and took the opportunity to go bar-hopping on the South Side one night and shop on another day.

"I think it's really eclectic, fun, energized. It reminds me of the Village," as in Greenwich Village, she said, after buying some clothes at Pittsburgh Jeans Company, 2222 East Carson.

Or ask Tracy Brigden, who moved to Pittsburgh from Manhattan's West Village last summer to take the position of artistic director at the City Theatre, which is housed in a former church on South 13th.

Earlier this year, she was among 400 people -- new and old residents and business owners -- who attended a SSLDC- and PNC Bank-sponsored get-together for South Side newcomers. Appropriately, it was held in a former industrial building on Jane Street that has been converted into a working art studio, J. Verno Studios.

Brigden compared the neighborhood to chic Brooklyn locales such as Williamsburg and Cobble Hill as a tattooed woman with brightly dyed hair stood in the dessert line behind a Brooks Brothers-attired Web site designer. Nearby, a fellow with callused hands and work boots recommended the bruschetta to a musician sporting dreadlocks.

"I never thought I'd like anywhere as much as where I came from, but this is pretty close," Brigden said. "And this is coming from a snooty New Yorker."

Transformation

But it wasn't magic or luck that brought about this 20-year transformation of the South Side from has-been to hotspot.

It was a lot of hard work, urban planning and risky decisions that have turned out to be beneficial, said Harris, who has been in her job for five years and who praised the work and foresight of the community leaders who went before her.

One of the smartest decisions was pursuing national and later local historic designations for the Carson Street corridor.

"In 1983, we were one of the first urban demonstration projects for the National Trust for Historic Preservation," she said. "We carved out a [historic] niche for East Carson Street."

Such districts of historic buildings were usually done for smaller towns, not sections of large cities such as Pittsburgh, but the gamble paid off for the South Side, winning it national attention.

Then, in 1992, Carson Street became a city historic district, which sets standards for renovations of buildings. "Having standards protected people's investments," Harris said. It's also easily accessible from Oakland and Downtown, she noted.

Creation of the South Side Summer Street Spectacular, the third-largest festival in the city (after the Three Rivers Arts Festival and the regatta) has helped bring non-South Siders to the neighborhood. This year's festival starts tomorrow .

Another smart move was SSLDC's decision to build new residential units, mostly owner-occupied but including a Columbus, Ohio, developer's soon-to-start construction of 270 rental units at 25th and Carson.

"We needed a diversity of incomes," Harris said, adding some higher-income newcomers to what had been lower-income longtime residents, who often were elderly.

A public financial subsidy was needed for the developments in the early 1990s in order to make the housing affordable and attract new residents, but now the area has become so popular that no subsidies are needed for housing, Harris said.

Growing pains

Traffic congestion, parking problems, large crowds and noise have at times over the past two decades sparked the ire of some longtime residents.

Harris said some friction is inevitable when a neighborhood's dynamic changes so dramatically because the burgeoning commercial district needs so many visitors to survive.

Bu the majority of residents "understand it was either progress or die. A lot more voice has been given to critics than what they really represent."

As in any popular locale, parking remains thorny. Particularly on weekends, finding a space is sometimes akin to searching for El Dorado.

"Not a year goes by we don't try to find a new way to tackle parking," Harris said, "but I think Pittsburghers have a certain expectation about how close they like to park. It does remain a challenge for us but I will say it's not keeping people away."

On another front, bar patrons using side streets and residents' yards as outdoor restrooms became so chronic in 1994 that residents and shop owners complained to police. The problem was alleviated when officers, on the orders of police brass, started charging violators with open lewdness -- a third-degree misdemeanor.

Likewise, noise problems seem to have dissipated. Virginia Carik, a resident for 55 years and an SSLDC board member, said she doesn't notice them any more.

That view was echoed by Scott Niederberger, 26, who rented on the South Side for two years before buying a South 14th Street house with his brother in 2000.

"It's a bad perception. People think there's a bunch of kids running around on the weekend but it's quiet for the most part," said Niederberger, a MetLife sales rep who works in Wexford.

Side by side

The "O's" in the sign for O'Leary's Donuts, 1421 East Carson, are shaped like -- what else? -- pink-glazed donuts. Inside on a recent sunny weekday afternoon three men sit inside at the counter and enjoy each other's company.

"It's a social thing," Joseph James Smith, 49, explains of his visits to the South Side from his Arlington Heights home. "I come down, get coffee, go to the bank, pay bills, stop in here."

"The South Side is a good place to relax," chimes in Nicholas Kapotas, 69, of White Oak, a retired teacher and football and wrestling coach at both Canon-McMillan and McKeesport high schools. "It's safe at night. People can walk the streets. Everything you want is right here."

"Freedom of choice," Smith agrees. "And there's lots of good people around. That's what makes it nice. It's like a melting pot."

That coming together can be found on the streets and in the businesses, such as the Carson Street Deli at 17th and East Carson. Customers who have noshed on corned beef, hummus, roasted peppers and other deli offerings have included professionals and punk rockers, little old ladies and Bruce Springsteen, pro athletes and bikers.

"It's just a good vibe," says owner Fred Shaheen, who saw the diversity of people and businesses 10 years ago and jumped right in.

Brian Davis feels it, too. Four years ago, he bought the Pickle Barrel, a diner now in its 34th year at 1301 East Carson that's decorated with school lunch boxes from the 1960s and ' 70s. As waitresses Renae Beck and Samantha Hamill busily work the grill and serve burgers and steak salads, Davis notes that his clientele changes upon the time of day.

"In the morning, until 11 a.m., I get senior citizens who come by to socialize. At lunch, I get the business people. And at night, I get the people from the bars.

"And the people with blue and red hair," he added, chuckling. "And the vampires."

Ask just about anyone familiar with the South Side, and they'll say the key to its vibrancy is that it evolved around but didn't displace a ***working-class***, ethnic neighborhood.

"That's the beauty of the whole area," said John Lewis, co-owner of Bruschetta's, which opened in 1996 and then expanded to a building next door and a patio next to that. "There's something here that can't be created.

"The North Shore will turn out really nice but you can't manufacture what we have here."

That view was shared by Pittsburgh Assistant Police Chief William Mullen, who worked as commander of the South Side Station from 1992 to 1996, during which time he ordered the public-urination crackdown.

"A lot of people have been living there their entire lives and they keep the neighborhood up. It's a neighborhood in the truest sense of the word," Mullen said.

"And it's not only the variety of people there, but they're nice people. It was a pleasure to work there. It was one of my favorite duty locations."

Mullen, who now heads the police bureau's Investigations Branch, noted the low crime rate -- "It's so safe there you don't feel threatened" -- and the success of the annual Coors Light South Side Summer Street Spectacular.

"Who else has a festival like that?" he said.

Last year, it drew an estimated 150,000 people. Among them was Mullen, who took his former college roommate, a school principal visiting from Kirkfield, Ontario, Canada.

"He just e-mailed me and asked if we could go back to the festival. He said the people there were really genuine, that it was the greatest time he's ever had."

Party time

On the sidewalk outside a home on South 14th Street, an impromptu get-together for four is taking place. The young men and women munch on taco chips, sip beer and listen to music in the sizzling mid-afternoon sunshine, priming for a party that will be held there that weekday night.

The occasion? "I wanted to throw one," shrugged resident Adam Seewald, 27.

Shirtless and tattooed, his friend, Jim Patterson, 24, says he's from Carrick "but I consider myself from the South Side because I'm down here every night."

His grandmother used to own an old neighborhood bar in the 1800 block of East Carson but sold it. It's been rehabbed and is now called Casey's Draft House. Patterson had been among the crowd there the preceding night.

He shakes his head at what might have been.

"If only I had been old enough and she had sold it to me. I'd be looking good right now."

Today, that's easy to see. Twenty years ago, who knew?

Coors Light South Side Summer Street Spectacular

Dates: Tomorrow through next Sunday, July 14.

Activities: Tomorrow through Wednesday, carnival and main food court only. At 6:30 p.m. Thursday, the UPMC Parade officially opens the spectacular. Thursday through next Sunday, browse the Citizens Bank Sidewalk Sale. There will be a children's area, and, for those 21 and over, bands performing on the Coors Light Main Stage.

Details: [*www.southsidepgh.com*](http://www.southsidepgh.com).

**Notes**

Post-Gazette staff writers Tom Barnes and Dan Gigler contributed to this article.

**Graphic**

Photo: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette photos: Side by side on the South Side: Dressed in leather, chains and spikes, Mark Dobosh, 18, of Clairton calls himself a "mutt" and says he often haunts East Carson Street, where his look gets plenty of attention but acceptance, too.

\ Photo: East Carson Street today bears little resemblance to the East Carson of 20 years ago, when many storefronts were beaten down or boarded up. Today, its vacancy rate has dropped from 60 percent to 7 percent, with many one-of-a-kind shops and restaurants occupying Victorian buildings with historic designations.

\ Photo: Just a few blocks from the bustling South Side business district, Jennifer Zekas of Mount Washington and Jim Patterson of Carrick cuddle while preparing for a party at the South 14th Street home of Adam Sewald, right.

Chart: Steve Thomas/Post-Gazette: (South Side demographics)

\ PHOTO: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Andrea Smith, manager of the Tuscany Cafe on East Carson Street on the South Side, says the tattoo on her leg suggests "part of my personality." One of the strengths of the South Side is that it is home to many different personalities, a vibrant city neighborhood that mixes lifelong residents and newcomers. "We always say we have both kinds of blue hair," says Carey A. Harris, executive director of the South Side Local Development Company. A diverse population, distinctive dining, entertainment, shopping and historic buildings are the result of a 20-year transformation. (Photo, Page A-1)

**Load-Date:** February 28, 2009

**End of Document**



[***A NEW DIRECTION IN D.C.< DOES THE MALL PALL? LOOK AWAY FROM THE FAMILIAR ATTRACTIONS< WEST OF THE CAPITOL. LET EASTWARD, HO! BE YOUR MOTTO.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C980-01K4-93N1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 28, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T01

**Length:** 2156 words

**Byline:** Ralph Vigoda, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

Stand on the steps of the U.S. Capitol and gaze out over the familiar vista: the Mall stretching in front of you, the magnificent museums of the Smithsonian, the monolithic Washington Monument pointing to the sky, the Lincoln Memorial in the distance.

Spend your time taking in - and taking pictures of - the inspiring view. And as you're doing that, linger on this sobering thought:

You don't know what you're missing.

If you're like most visitors, the city's attractions begin for you on the west side of the Capitol and extend straight ahead to Virginia: the Air and Space Museum, the tour of the White House, the funky restaurants of Adams-Morgan, the world-class shopping of Georgetown, the handsome turn-of-the-century mansions in Dupont Circle, the embassies up Massachusetts Avenue.

There is, though, a wonderful, often overlooked, world of history, sights, and monuments - not to mention perhaps the finest breakfast spot in Washington - to be found simply by pointing yourself in the other direction.

Go East, young man - and woman - and discover that there's a lot more on Capitol Hill than the Capitol. And it's more than enough to fill a weekend visit to the nation's capital.

Want to learn about the teenage girl whose daring Revolutionary ride makes Paul Revere's jaunt seem like a leisurely canter? Feel like wandering through a marketplace that's been serving the city since 1803? Have a yen to visit places of juicy scandal, or see some of the most important sites in black history?

And avoid the crowds, too?

It's all outside the Capitol's back door.

Although calling it the "back door" doesn't quite seem fair. Or accurate. The fact is, the most imposing view of the building is from the east side, and that was by design - the design of Pierre L'Enfant. The Frenchman who planned the city expected the well-to-do to build their homes out toward the Anacostia River at the eastern edge of the city, and he wanted to give them something to look at.

Instead, starting nearly as soon as Capitol construction began in 1793 on what was then called Jenkins Hill, the area turned ***working class***, filling with pubs, boardinghouses and markets. When he was an Illinois congressman, Abraham Lincoln and his family lived in one of the long-gone homes on First Street.

During the Civil War, Capitol Hill took on the feel of a gigantic medical ward, with much of the available space turned into hospital rooms. By the late 19th century it had changed again, this time into a middle-class haven, which it remains today.

It's a pleasure to move along the tree-lined streets, filled with townhouses built a century ago. The homes are well-maintained, architecturally intriguing - and colorful. One house in the 900 block of East Capitol Street is particular cause for a double take: It's bright orange.

To get a quick sense of the area, you can take the perfectly straight East Capitol Street exactly one mile from the Capitol to Lincoln Park, one of the many green oases planned by L'Enfant. This park, though, stands out from the others because of the two monuments within its borders. One is a large memorial to Mary McLeod Bethune, an early 20th-century educator, civil rights leader and the first black woman to head a federal office; in 1936, during President Franklin Roosevelt's first term, she was appointed Director of Negro Affairs in the National Youth Administration.

The other, older statue has a fascinating history. The Emancipation Memorial depicts a slave kneeling at the feet of Abraham Lincoln, who holds the Emancipation Proclamation. According to The Guide to Black Washington, the kneeling figure was modeled on Archer Alexander, the last man captured under the Fugitive Slave Law, who is shown breaking the chains of slavery. Fund-raising for the memorial, which was financed almost completely by freed men and women, began shortly after Lincoln's assassination; a plaque points out that the first donation of $5 was given by Charlotte Scott, a former slave in Virginia. The statue was the city's primary tribute to Lincoln until the Lincoln Memorial was built in 1922.

In between the Capitol and Lincoln Park, the east-west streets are lettered and the north-south streets are numbered. Although it sounds simple, you have to keep in mind that the four quadrants of the district - northwest and southwest, northeast and southeast - meet at the Capitol. That means that one block north of East Capitol Street is A Street N.E., while one block south is A Street S.E.

It doesn't help that North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Massachusetts Avenues all move through Capitol Hill at different angles. But it really doesn't take long to get your bearings, and while walking is obviously the best way to get up close and personal, you can scout around in your car; free street parking isn't difficult, even on weekends.

The question is where to begin. One good spot is across the street from the Capitol, with two of the most important buildings in the country: the Library of Congress and the Supreme Court.

The Library of Congress was established in 1800 when Washington replaced Philadelphia as the capital. The early collection, though, was burned by the British in 1814, and the beginnings of the present collection - 6,487 volumes - were purchased from Thomas Jefferson.

When the library ran out of space in the 1890s, work was begun on what is now known as the Jefferson Building. Recently refurbished, it looks more like a French palace than a library. Today there are more than 100 million items in the library: films, scripts, sheet music, the largest map collection in the world, and, of course, millions of books. It is open for research, but even if you don't have to look up anything, the Great Hall is worth a visit. The ceiling is 75 feet high, covered with gold leaf. Statuary, paintings and frescoes cover the floors and walls, and the railings along the two great staircases are decorated with whimsical, white-marble carvings of babies.

Visitors to the Supreme Court building, constructed in 1935, can move through a quick line to get a sample of how the court works, or wait in another queue that leads to a gallery seat. The session begins the first Monday in October and generally runs through June.

SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

The next building on East Capitol Street is the Folger Shakespeare Library. You can't miss it: It's large, white and the walls are decorated with scenes from Shakespeare's plays. Inside, in addition to the world's finest collection of works by and about Shakespeare, are a gallery for exhibits and a theater.

That's about it for the big, showy places. The area quickly becomes a residential and commercial mix. One home near the Supreme Court is especially worth seeing.

The Sewall-Belmont House (144 Constitution Ave. N.E.) is the headquarters of the National Woman's Party. Parts of the house have been dated to 1680, although the history of the current structure began in 1800 when it was built for Robert Sewall, a wealthy Washington resident. Treasury Secretary Albert Gallatin lived there when he drafted the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 for President Thomas Jefferson.

The Belmont in the home's name is from Alva Belmont, a wealthy suffragist who was the major benefactor of the National Woman's Party. Alice Paul, who founded the party and drafted the Equal Rights Amendment in 1923 (it's yet to be ratified), lived there.

Today the mansion collection honors female activists. There's a desk used by Susan B. Anthony, marble busts and portraits of women suffrage leaders, and a small bronze sculpture showing Sybil Ludington riding sidesaddle. Sybil's role in the Revolutionary War has been all but forgotten, a fact the guides at the mansion are trying to correct. Ludington was 16 when, on April 26, 1777, she made a 40-mile round-trip through the region around what is now Danbury, Conn., to alert her father's militiamen to an impending British attack. Longfellow, though, never wrote a poem about her. (The mansion is open 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Tuesday through Friday; noon to 4 p.m. Saturday and Sunday.)

CAPITOL FRIEZE

Most of the other key sites are in the Southeast quadrant. A couple of blocks from the Folger library is an old stucco house at 326 A St. S.E. Built in 1850, it was the home of Constantino Brumidi, a 19th-century artist who painted the fresco in the center of the Capitol dome in 1865, applying the paint directly to the wet plaster. Brumidi began the frieze around the rotunda, but died after starting Penn's treaty with the Indians. It wasn't until 1953 that the frieze was completed.

Two historic churches bear noting. Ebenezer United Methodist Church (Fourth and D Streets S.E.) began life 160 years ago as Little Ebenezer Church, and as such in 1864 became the home for the first free school for black children in Washington. Today's building dates to 1897. A model of the original Little Ebenezer stands on the Fourth Street side.

Christ Episcopal Church (620 G St. S.E.) is believed to be the oldest church within the original city limits of the district. The congregation was founded in 1795 and the present church dedicated on Oct. 8, 1809 by Bishop Thomas J. Claggett, who was the first bishop consecrated on American soil. Presidents James Madison, Jefferson and John Quincy Adams are reputed to have worshiped here.

A few doors away (636 G St.) is the birthplace of John Philip Sousa, the march king. The home, though, is not open to the public.

Farther east on G Street, at the corner of Eighth Street, is the site of the original Marine Corps Barracks, the oldest Marine post in the country. Jefferson picked this spot in 1801. The Commandant's House was built four years later and is the only original building on the base, which occupies a city block. On Fridays in the summer Marines take part in the Evening Parade, a colorful pageant featuring banners, a march in dress blue and the Drum and Bugle Corps. Reservations are necessary.

One of the odder tourist stops is at 517 Sixth St. S.E. That's where Gary Hart lived in 1987 when he was caught apparently getting cozy with Donna Rice. He was considered the frontrunner for the Democratic presidential nomination until then.

Another senator who called the neighborhood his home was Joseph McCarthy, leader of the red-baiting Communist scare in the early 1950s. He lived from 1953 until his death in 1957 at 20 Third St. N.E.

One last homestead remains only in the memory of longtime Capitol Hill residents. Seward Square, a small park between Fourth and Fifth Streets, is the location of the nondescript Capitol Hill United Methodist Church. Before the church was built, the home of J. Edgar Hoover stood on the site. Hoover was born in the house in 1895 and lived there until 1938.

Seward Square is one of the neighborhood's pleasant parklets and in a great spot, just a block from the city's oldest marketplace, Eastern Market, which occupies a triangle bordered by C and Seventh Streets and North Carolina Avenue. A combination outdoor/indoor flea and food market, the place is busy on weekends with produce-sellers from Virginia, Maryland, West Virgina and Pennsylvania, local craftsmen selling jewelry, florists, booksellers, artists, woodworkers and rug merchants. Those on the outside crowd their booths next to one another. Inside, in a long building that dates to 1873, it's reminiscent of Reading Terminal Market.

Occupying a small space inside is the Market Lunch, a well-worn breakfast-and-lunch spot with such a lofty reputation that it is not uncommon to see a line of 30 to 40 people stretching out the door, waiting an hour or so as four or five cooks - squeezed into a spot no wider than a theater aisle - frantically try to fill orders for pancakes, omelettes and crabcake sandwiches.

The wall in front of the seating area is covered with newspaper clippings that sing the praises of the food, and a sign warns customers not to read newspapers while they eat, an order designed to keep the turnover brisk.

It's a gem of a spot. And it's perfectly situated, right in the middle of a gem of a neighborhood.

IF YOU GO Getting there. By car: From Philadelphia, take Interstate 95 south to Interstate 495 - the Capital Beltway - and take the beltway east to Exit 22 (Baltimore/Washington Parkway). The parkway leads to Route 50, which turns into New York Avenue in Washington. New York intersects with North Capitol Street. Turn left and head straight for the dome. By train: Take Amtrak to Union Station, which is within walking distance of the Capitol.

Staying there. Washington is awash in hotel rooms and many of them go begging on weekends. Plenty of hotels offer special weekend packages; ask about them. Quite a few of the chains - Best Western, Holiday Inn, Quality Inn - are within walking distance of the Capitol.

Information Contact the Washington, D.C., Convention and Visitors Association, 1212 New York Ave., N.W., Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20005. Phone 202-789-7000.

**Notes**

WEEKEND JOURNEY

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (3)

1. The east side of the Capitol, which some might think of as its "back door," actually is the most imposing.

2. Necks crane for a view of the lofty ceiling covered with gold leaf in the Jefferson Building of the Library of Congress. The building holds 100 million items.

3. Eastern Market, operating since 1803, spreads its wares outdoors and in a building that houses the popular Market Lunch. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RALPH VIGODA)

MAP (1)

1. Capitol Hill (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Racy-sounding stuff***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45XT-P0K0-007M-440B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

May 17, 2002, Friday Cook,DuPage,F1,F2,F3,Lake,McHenry

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**Section:** TIME OUT!;; Main Event;

**Length:** 2959 words

**Body**

Can't stop the music

"Drumline" - A New York drummer (Nick Cannon) packs his bags for a university in Atlanta, Ga., where he starts marching to the beat of a different - well, you know. He discovers that it takes more than talent to reach the top. It takes Orlando Jones as a wise teacher and Zoe Saldana (she appeared in "Crossroads") as his girlfriend. Aug. 23

"I am Trying to Break Your Heart" - The Chicago band Wilco finally gets its own documentary. Take that, "The Last Waltz"! Aug 2

"Twenty-Four Hour Party People" - Set against the Manchester music scene in the '70s and '80s, this drama tells the blazing story of rock 'n' roller Tony Wilson (Steve Coogan), a TV journalist who zips to the top of the hot Factory Records company before his career takes a powder on coke. From Michael "Wonderland" Winterbottom. Aug. 7

Shooting on locations

"ABC Africa" - Iranian filmmaker Abbas Kiarostami's documentary about his trip to Uganda where thousands of children struggle for survival after their parents have died of AIDS. June 14

"Bay of Angels" - Jacques Demy's 1964 drama about a bank employee (Claude Mann) who goes nuts at the gaming tables in the south of France after meeting up with the seductive Jackie (Jeanne Moreau). Can life be nothing more than a game of chance? May 28

"Cinema Paradiso" - The director's cut of Giuseppe Toratore's 1989 Oscar-winning foreign film runs 51 minutes longer than the one we saw 13 years ago. (If you wanted to see what really happened to the romance between Salvatore and Elena, this will be a must-see.) June 7

"Lagaan: Once Upon a Time in India" - Requiring two years to complete, "Lagaan" ranks as the most expensive Indian film to date and one of the most technically ambitious in Bollywood history. Shot on location for six months, the film took a year of post- production to become the first Hindi film to incorporate the use of sync sound in more than 40 years. In 1893 India, the tyrannical Captain Russell (Paul Blackthorne) challenges a rebellious young farmer (Aamir Khan) and his men to a game of cricket, a sport completely foreign to India. If Bhuvan defeats Russell's team, a hefty land tax will be repealed. If Bhuvan's team loses, the tax will be tripled, which will drive the village into poverty. June 7

"Metropolis" - Fritz Lang's original 1926 black-and-white silent masterpiece of future shock reportedly gets the "definitive" restoration - without the raucous Giorgio Moroder score this time. A young man gives up his privileged life to labor with the ***working class***. Along the way we get a glimpse of what Lang sees coming. Aug. 30

"Road to Perdition" - Shot in the suburbs, this Depression-era gangster drama could be the critical big enchilada for the summer. Tom Hanks plays a hit man (working for Paul Newman's mob boss), until his wife (Jennifer Jason Leigh) dies and the man's 14-year- old son (Tyler Hoechlin) begins to see what dear old Dad really does for a living. Directed by Sam "American Beauty" Mendes. July 12

"Sunshine State" - Edie Falco, Angela Bassett, Timothy Hutton and Mary Steenburgen star in John Sayle's independent drama about two women trying to reconnect with their estranged families and the changing community in their small Florida hometown. July 3

Love and marriage

"Blue Crush" - Women surfers! Pro quarterbacks! Young love! A female surfer (Kate Bosworth) anxiously awaiting the Rip Masters surf competition loses her balance over a beefy football player (Matthew Davis). With Michelle Rodriguez. July 12

"Cherish" - A fantasy-prone young woman (Chicago's own Robin Tunney) gets accused of murder and is placed under house arrest, supervised by a parole officer (Tim Blake Nelson). Listen for the soundtrack stuffed with so many vintage pop hits that WJMK 104.3 FM will be jealous. A hit at the Sundance Film Festival. June 14

"The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys" - Two feisty Catholic school kids (Kieran Culkin and Emile Hirsch) create a sacrilegious comic book called "The Atomic Trinity" and sets off a firestorm with their teachers (Jodie Foster and Vincent D'Onofrio). A comedy about a chain-smoking priest, a peg-legged nun and rebel teens. June 21

"Happy Times" - Zhang Yimou's comedy about Zhao (Zhao Benshan), a poor, aging bachelor who meets the woman of his dreams, then lies about being rich. He agrees to a too-expensive wedding, so his best friend (Li Xuejian) suggests renting out an abandoned bus to young couples who need some privacy. Sounds good, until Zhao turns out to be too old-fashioned to follow through. Aug. 9

"The Importance of Being Earnest" - The amazing Reese Witherspoon becomes the next American actress to tackle a classic British role in director Oliver Parker's update of Oscar Wilde's famous comedy of manners. Rupert Everett, star of Parker's splendid Wilde comedy "An Ideal Husband," heads the cast, with Colin Firth, Judi Dench and Tom "In the Bedroom" Wilkinson. May 24

"Late Marriage" - Tradition says that 32-year-old Zaza must marry a young virgin selected by his parents. But he has fallen in love with Judith, a divorcee with a 6-year-old daughter. Another "us against the world" romance where the heart battles familial and cultural expectations. Directed by Dover Kosashvilli. May 31

"Lovely and Amazing" - An odd comic look at the Marks sisters (Catherine Keener, Emily Mortimer and Raven Goodwin) and their mother (Brenda Blethyn), each of whom has her own bizarre relationships and circumstances. Topics for the story include liposuction, statutory rape, fast food, show biz and maybe even rabies. July 12

"My Wife is an Actress" - A screwball romantic comedy about Yvan (first-time director Yvan Attal), a sports writer married to movie star Charlotte (Charlotte Gainsbourg). Her latest on-screen romance with John (Terence Stamp) sends Yvan over the edge, prompting him to devise all kinds of schemes to test his wife's fidelity. July 19

"Son of the Bride" - The successful owner of an Argentinian restaurant ("Nine Queens" star Ricardo Darin) has a mid-life crisis and a heart attack. Can he stop feeling guilty over his Alzheimer- stricken mom? Will he see his estranged daughter more? Can he come out from his father's shadow? A deeply personal, oddly reassuring story that tells us that in the midst of chaos, it'll all be OK. June 28

Rain, reign, go away

"Rain" - A 13-year-old girl (Alicia Ford-Wierzbicki) discovers the power of her own sexuality just as her parents' marriage seems headed for the rocks. When her mother hooks up with a drifter, the daughter carries out an undeclared war against her. A film festival favorite, based on the novel by Kristy Gunn. May 24

"Reign of Fire" - It takes an American to save the world from dragons. Texas dude Matthew McConaughey plays a tattooed guy who claims he can rid Earth of the dreaded fire-breathing dragons that have flourished ever since a London construction worker awakened them from their centuries-old sleep 20 years earlier. With Christian Bale. Directed by Rob ("X-Files") Bowen. July 12

Shhh!

"Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood" -"Thelma & Louise" writer Callie Khouri makes her directorial debut with this drama about four friends at three stages of their lives. Mostly it concerns a playwright (Sandra Bullock) who locks horns with her near-alcoholic mom (Ellen Burstyn). Ashley Judd, Maggie Smith and Shirley Knight co-star. Based on Rebecca Wells' 1996 novel. June 7

"Secret Ballot" - A quirky romance, directed by Tehran-born Babak Payami. A soldier gets his hum-drum world turned upside down when he accompanies a female government agent across the desert to gather ballots during an election. By sunset the woman's idealistic notions come down to earth and a lonely man discovers there can be more to voting by secret ballot than he imagined. Aug. 30

Animal attractions

"The Country Bears" - Just how desperate can Hollywood get? Movies have been based on books, comics, magazine articles and even video games, but now animatronic characters at Disney World? The estranged ursine members of the famous singing group the Country Bears reunite for a benefit concert to save Country Bear Hall. Did Uncle Walt foreclose on the mortgage or something? How did director Peter Hastings get Elton John, Don Henley, Bonnie Raitt, Brian Seltzer, Willie Nelson and Queen Latifah to appear in this movie? July 26

"Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course" - Reportedly, Australian TV star Steve Irwin never even got to see the script while filming this spy comedy about the search for a crocodile that swallowed a secret U.S. satellite beacon. That way his bubbly personality wouldn't be affected by anything as constricting as pre-written dialogue. With Terri Irwin and Magda Szubanski. July 12

"Scooby Doo" - The 1969 classic cartoon about four ghost-hunting college kids and their sleuthing dog Scooby-Doo makes it to the big screen with Freddie Prinze Jr., Matthew Lillard and Sarah Michelle Gellar fleshing out the 2-D drawings. Director Raja "Big Mama's House" Gosnell wanted a computer-animated dog that blended enough with the live-action characters for audiences to buy. We'll see on June 14.

"Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron" - After kicking Walt Disney's animated buttocks at the Academy Awards in March, DreamWorks Pictures continues its campaign to push the cartoon envelope with a tale about a brutalized U.S. Cavalry stallion (voiced by Matt Damon) rescued by a fleeing Indian brave (Daniel Studi). James Cromwell gives voice to the army general who wants his horse back. A combination of traditional 2-D and computer-enhanced 3-D animation. May 24

"Tadpole" - Egad. Another movie shot on video. This one stars Sigourney Weaver, Bebe Neuwirth and John Ritter in a comic look at a prep-school student (Aaron Stanford) who returns to his Manhattan home and puts the moves on his dad's new wife. July 19

Between the sheets

"Insomnia" - Christopher Nolan, the writer of the inventive "Memento," directs an atmospheric crime tale about an L.A. cop (Al Pacino) suffering from sleep deprivation while chasing down a young woman's killer (Robin Williams as an alarmingly pleasant murderer). The kicker: the villain writes crime novels, and knows all the ins- and-outs of the murder business. Where's Columbo when you need him? May 24

"Undercover Brother" - Sounds like a project dreamed up by the Wayan brothers after eating too much rich food. A send-up of 1970s blaxploitation movies starring Eddie Griffin as an agent of the B.R.O.T.H.E.R.H.O.O.D., out to rescue a black presidential candidate brainwashed by "The Man" and his henchman Mr. Ferather (Chris Kattan). Downers Grove native Denise Richards co-stars as White She-Devil, otherwise referred to as "black man's kryptonite." Directed by Malcolm D. Lee, Spike's cousin. May 31

Letter perfect

"Apollo The IMAX Experience" - Winner of the Chicago Film Critics Association's Best Picture Award, Ron Howard's 1995 drama about the near disaster of Apollo 13 becomes the first 35 mm. movie to be digitally remastered into the IMAX big-screen format. Tom Hanks, Bill Paxton star. Awesome score by James Horner complements the action. In August

"CQ" - The sexy star (Angela Lindvall) of a 1969 science-fiction movie has such an appeal for men that she not only befuddles her director into being unable to end the picture, she beguiles an American (Jeremy Davies) brought in to finish the project. Hey, Gerard Depardieu also stars. May 31

"K-19: The Widowmaker" - If fans can buy Harrison Ford using a Russian accent, any other stretches in realism will be acceptable in this drama based on the true story of the Soviet Union's first nuclear sub. In 1961 the K-19 suffered a reactor malfunction. Ford plays the commander. Liam Neeson stars as his executive officer. Directed by Kathryn "Near Dark" Bigelow. July 19

"Signs" - Remember when investigators finally debunked those weird crop circles as an elaborate hoax? "Sixth Sense" creator M. Night Shyamalan poses the question: What if they really meant something supernatural? Mel Gibson plays a former minister, now a farmer, who discovers intricate crop designs that have terrifying consequences for his two sons, his brother (Joaquin Phoenix) and himself. If the trailers don't lie, this could be unbreakable at the box office. Aug. 2

Frightful fare

"Eight Legged Freaks" - A take-off on classic bug movies such as "Them" and "Tarantula" stars David Arquette as a mining engineer out to stop mutant spiders from eating up the citizens of a rural mining community and giving Spider-Man a bad name. With Kari Wuher as a sheriff. From the team who gave us "Independence Day." July 19

"Halloween: Resurrection" - Why not just call it "Halloween: The Race to Make As Many Sequels as Friday the 13th"? Rick Rosenthal, who directed the dreadful "Halloween II," returns with a story that pits The Shape against original star Jamie Lee Curtis along with Tyra Banks, Sean Patrick Thomas and Busta Rhymes. July 19

"Jackass - The Movie" - Go ahead. Be afraid. The wild and raucous MTV series comes to the big screen, now unrestricted by the laws governing the tube. Directed by series regular Jeff Tremaine. With Steve-O and Jason "Wee-Man." Aug. 9

"Possession" - Two literary scholars, played by Gwyneth Paltrow as a Brit and Aaron Eckhart as an American, uncover a secret romance involving two 19th-century poets (Jeremy Northam and Jennifer Ehle). Tracing their affair the scholars begin to echo the affections of their academic subjects. Directed by Neil "Nurse Betty" LaBute and based on the 1990 novel by A.S. Byatt. Aug. 30

"Pumpkin" - A socially aware college lass (Christina Ricci) jeopardizes her good standing in an image-conscious sorority when she falls in love with Pumpkin (Hank Harris), a wheelchair athlete. June 28

"Sum of All Fears" - Wait a second! Last time we saw Jack Ryan, Harrison Ford played him as the head of America's CIA. Now Ben Affleck plays Ryan, and he doesn't know Jack about being an action hero. This story takes place when a much younger Ryan starts out in the CIA as an analyst who gets involved in a plot to detonate a nuclear device in Baltimore. Pretty convincing explosion, too. With Morgan Freeman as yet another sage mentor. May 31

"They" - A grad student in psychology (Laura Regan) begins to suffer flashbacks of her childhood nightmares. Why? Maybe she should have stuck to marketing and left that psychology stuff to her boyfriend, played by Marc Blucas. Aug. 23

Talk is cheap

"Minority Report" - Steven Spielberg teams up with Tom Cruise in this futuristic enterprise that has to be more interesting than "A.I." In the future cops can determine who will murder whom by using aggrandized psychics. A cop (Cruise) has no problem with the system - until his fellow cops come after him for not committing a murder just yet. With the great Max Von Sydow and Samantha Morton. June 21

"13 Conversations About One Thing" - Mark this one down as a possible sleeper that examines the seemingly unconnected lives of several people going through problems and changes. A housewife (Amy Irving) catches her husband cheating. A professor (John Turturro) needs to change his boring existence. A businessman (Alan Arkin) makes trouble for a co-worker because he seems too happy. Do the actions of one affect others? From "Clockwatchers" filmmaker Jill Sprecher. June 7

"Windtalkers" - Two U.S. Marines (Nicolas Cage and Christian Slater) protect two American Indian code-talkers, Navajos who use their own language to thwart Axis powers from intercepting top secret messages during World War II. They all know that if it looks as if the Navajos might be captured, the Marines must kill them. With Adam Beach and Frances O'Connor. Directed by Hong Kong action guru John Woo. June 14

Photo ops

"The Kid Stays in the Picture" - A documentary based on the slightly self-serving autobiography of former Paramount Pictures head honcho and self-styled playboy Robert Evans. He's the kind of self-deluded producer who actually considered casting himself in "Two Jakes," the sequel to "Chinatown." Sundance Film Festival viewers went ga-ga over it. June 21

"One Hour Photo" - After playing a frighteningly cool murderer in "Insomnia," Robin Williams takes another walk on the dark side. He plays Sy Parrish, a lonely photo clerk who becomes obsessed with the Yorkins family, whose pictures he processes over the years. So when a domestic crisis threatens the family, Sy goes into action to preserve the picture-perfect family in his mind. With Chicago's own Gary Cole. Aug. 21

What's the matter with kids?

"The Good Girl" -"Friends" star Jennifer Aniston gives the big screen one more shot. (Remember "Picture Perfect?" No one else does, either.) She plays a frustrated woman married to a pothead (John C. Reilly) who can't get her pregnant. She beds down a brooding teen named Holden ("October Sky" star Jake Gyllenhaal), only to have her liberating affair disintegrate into a poisonous obsession. From the writer and director of the unsettlingly realistic independent drama "Chuck and Buck." Aug. 7

"Powerpuff Girls" - The Cartoon Network franchise branches out into the movies with Blossom, Bubbles and Buttercup using their super powers to stop the evil monkey Mojo Jojo from taking over the world. What, again this summer? July 3

"Spy Kids 2" - The most excellent family adventure film "Spy Kids" gets a welcome sequel with all the original family members (Antonio Banderas, Carla Gugino, Daryl Sabara and Alex Vega) back to track down a stolen Transmooker device. Steve Buscemi and Mike Judge (yes, creator of "Beavis and Butt-head") co-star. Some of the footage reminds us of "The Goonies." Director Robert Rodriguez shot the film on digital. Aug. 7

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[***HOW A MYSTERY MAN BECAME OWNER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3H-CN10-00J2-3318-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When the key moment arrived, entrepreneur Zygi Wilf rescued a dream.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3H-CN10-00J2-3318-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Tiny purple lights glowed softly, reflecting off champagne glasses and purple Minnesota Vikings gift bags.

The June 14 party at the St. Regis Hotel on New York's Fifth Avenue was in full swing - an exclamation point on an improbable $600 million business transaction. The sale of the Vikings football team had been sealed just hours earlier in a law office near Times Square.

Zygi Wilf, 55, sat among the 40 people he wanted to thank, from his children to his lawyer's secretary. At his side was his father, white-haired Joseph Wilf. "The real boss," Zygi calls him.

Joe Wilf escaped the Nazis and started this family empire 54 years ago. He once had a chance to buy the old New York Titans of the American Football League in 1962 for less than $1 million. But he didn't think a football team was a good investment then.

Decades passed. The family's fortune grew. And another NFL team became available. Businessman Reggie Fowler made the first move, trying to become the NFL's first black owner, but it was Joseph Wilf's son who held the bid together.

And now it was his moment.

Zygi Wilf rose from the chair next to his father's, and began to speak.

On the morning of April 15, 2004, four men arrived at Red McCombs' offices on the sixth floor of a San Antonio, Texas, office building. McCombs was the 78-year-old owner of the Minnesota Vikings, a mercurial billionaire with a ruddy face.

He didn't know what was on the agenda. All he knew was that he was to meet with Lafayette (Fat) Lever, a former NBA All-Star and an old friend.

McCombs welcomed Lever and his companions into his office. The introductions started. There was Reggie Fowler, 46, a onetime wannabe NFL linebacker. Fowler's lawyer, Kevin Warren. And Fowler's high school friend John Mistler.

The men settled in, gazing at the virtual museum of Vikings and University of Texas memorabilia that covered the walls.

After a little small talk, McCombs said later, Fowler suddenly blurted: I want to buy your football team.

McCombs was stunned.

He had received no serious offers since putting the team on the market two years earlier. Oh, Timberwolves owner Glen Taylor had made some noises. But Fowler's passion and certainty impressed McCombs, catching him off guard. Was this for real?

Fowler apparently believed he would be the next owner of the Vikings. McCombs began calculating his future windfall. The dance had begun.

Cats and dogs: Summer 2004

At the home of the National Football League, on the 17th floor of a black marbled skyscraper on Park Avenue in Manhattan, Fowler was a mystery.

A small group of NFL lawyers and financial experts examined some of Fowler's business records. To them, he had some wealth but not the kind of shopping-mall, gas-and-oil or stock-market wealth that so many NFL owners had.

"Cats and dogs," is how one NFL official described Fowler's businesses. A little of this, a little of that.

Car washes. Styrofoam trays. An aircraft simulator company. A ranch. Some real estate. The league wanted to know more.

In July, Fowler delivered a three-inch thick, white three-ring binder to the NFL's offices. It included documentation of his cash flows, and holdings from his real estate and from Spiral Inc., his largest company.

NFL finance staff workers soon began to worry about his liquidity - that is, his ability to get cash easily from his businesses. If Fowler sold much of Spiral, he'd face tax issues, too, the workers noted.

"We didn't suspend disbelief or judgment," an NFL executive said months later. "I mean, people were pulling for him. But we said, if it's going to end up being a flop, we didn't want it and Reggie shouldn't want it, either."

But Fowler wanted it. He wanted it bad.

Enter Zygi: October 2004

Wanting it didn't make it happen, though. And six months into his quest to buy the Vikings, Fowler realized he couldn't do it alone. He needed partners.

His lawyer, Kevin Warren, and a colleague, Jim Stapleton, both former pro sports executives in Detroit, began searching.

They went through their personal phone lists. They leafed through magazines and clicked through Internet pages of wealthy people, especially wealthy black people, who might want to join Fowler.

One day, Stapleton telephoned Ray Owens, a black real estate and investment executive in Atlanta and a fellow University of Michigan alumnus.

Owens suggested they contact Alan Landis, who owned small pieces of the New York Yankees and the New Jersey Nets basketball team.

Landis agreed to chat and, before long, Stapleton, Owens and Warren were in a conference room at Landis' midtown Manhattan offices, making a sales pitch.

Another businessman, David Mandelbaum, a shopping mall, department store and real estate investor, sat in.

The talk wasn't only about the team, but also about a plan that the Twin Cities suburb of Blaine had to help a new Vikings owner build a stadium.

Landis turned to Mandelbaum and said casually: You know, this might be something that interests Zygi.

Owens, Warren and Stapleton exchanged glances.

Who's Zygi?

The visit: Mid-November

A partnership was forming, and roles were being defined.

Fowler was the lead and would run the team. Landis, Mandelbaum and Zygi Wilf would be limited partners, with particular interest in getting a stadium built.

Wilf had met Fowler only a few weeks earlier in New York.

Wilf was driven by emotion. He did no research into Fowler's net worth. He was so intrigued by the Vikings' stadium prospects that he came to Minnesota on his own to check out real estate, particularly the proposed stadium site in Blaine.

A week later, the entire emerging partnership - an improbable collection of black and Jewish businessmen - gathered in Minnesota, flying in from Denver, New Jersey, Atlanta and Phoenix.

They were heading in different directions: Wilf was in the market for cheap land and development, Fowler was in pursuit of an NFL team and history as the league's first black owner.

Landis, Fowler, Mandelbaum, his son, and a handful of legal and banking consultants scooted around the Twin Cities in a convoy of SUVs.

They examined the Blaine land. They looked at a site for a possible Twins ballpark in Minneapolis' Warehouse District. They repaired to the Minneapolis Club - which, a half-century ago, Jews and blacks were not allowed to join. There, Vikings lobbyist Lester Bagley and Anoka County stadium advocate Steve Novak delivered briefings on the stadium climate and Blaine's vision for a $1 billion stadium-retail-entertainment complex.

"There were so many of them, it was hard to keep track of them all," Novak remembered later. "Reggie Fowler didn't say a word. Zygi asked the questions. From day one, I paid attention to Wilf. That meeting was dominated by economics. It was not a football conversation. It was an economic-development, real-estate conversation."

Wilf was in the early stages of catching what others would call his "fever." The idea of being a part of the NFL was percolating inside him. Besides the Titans' possibility in '62, Wilf was part of a group that had sought the New York Jets in 2000.

Racing from their Minneapolis Club session, Fowler, Wilf, Mandelbaum and Landis drove east to St. Paul's Holman Field airport. Waiting for them was Gov. Tim Pawlenty.

Wilf took charge. He pointedly asked Pawlenty about the chances of a Vikings stadium gaining approval during the 2005 Legislative session and whether new ownership could tip the process.

The governor said the Twins and University of Minnesota stadium desires were first in line.

This is not going to be easy, Pawlenty added.

But Wilf had direct access to an expert on hard things. Frequently, Wilf's cell phone rang. Generally, he ignored it. But every now and then he excused himself.

I have to take this call, he'd say. The real boss is calling.

His father, Joe.

Joe and his brother, Harry, started the Wilf family businesses in New Jersey in 1951 after fleeing Poland and Germany. Zygi's mother, Elizabeth, also survived the Holocaust.

Joe still advises Zygi, his oldest son, on business matters. Zygi still drops everything to take Joe's calls.

Taylor: December

In New York, NFL staff workers could tell that, even with the new high-powered partners, Fowler's ability to strike a deal remained tenuous. McCombs knew this, too.

Gary Woods, McCombs' partner and front man, had assured McCombs that Fowler could afford to buy the team.

But where was Fowler's money?

NFL officials believed Fowler's aircraft simulation business had enough cash flow to support his $150 million-$200 million Vikings investment.

But the NFL, usually meticulous, miscalculated. Fowler's SATCO simulator business was a small player. No one prominent in the field believed SATCO could translate into hundreds of million of dollars in a sale.

While the NFL continued to investigate, Glen Taylor was back in North Mankato, Minn., looking for a new challenge. He was disengaging from the day-to-day operations of his conglomerate.

And he believed he was the one person who could solve the Minnesota stadium dilemma.

In the late fall, Taylor learned that Landis, a man he had met through NBA matters, was in the Fowler group.

Taylor contacted first Landis, then Fowler. On Dec. 21, Taylor picked up Fowler at Mankato Regional Airport and brought him to the low-slung offices of Taylor Corp., in North Mankato.

In a first-floor conference room, with two large windows that looked out onto the Taylor Corporation's sprawling campus, the two potential rivals talked.

About whether they could work together to buy the Vikings. About how Fowler had $150 million of his own to invest.

I've got all the money I need, Fowler told Taylor.

So why do you need me? asked Taylor.

For a Minnesota connection. For stadium development, Fowler said.

Boxers cordially sparring, they parted with an agreement to stay in touch. But there was a problem.

Fowler left the meeting believing that, if they got together, Fowler would be the general partner of the Vikings and that Taylor would be a limited partner with stadium responsibilities.

Fowler must have misunderstood or been misled. Taylor was never a limited partner. Taylor was always the top dog.

Conflict: Jan. 6, 2005

The calendar flipped over to 2005. On Jan. 6, Fowler returned to North Mankato. This time, he and Taylor brought their partners and advisers.

Outside, the morning temperature dipped into the single digits. Inside, in Taylor's large conference room, there were enough men for a football huddle.

The conversation turned heated. Fowler sat at one end of the cherry wood table, surrounded by partners. Taylor was at the other end, surrounded by his.

Zygi Wilf pushed hard on Taylor to join their group and help with the stadium effort.

After all, said one of Fowler's partners, pointing at Fowler, the NFL will not let him fail.

He suggested that the league wouldn't allow a potential black owner who had come this far to stumble.

Fowler had to be the lead in this deal.

But Taylor doesn't join partnerships; he forms and controls them.

Glen's a billionaire, a witness remembers one of Taylor's partners bluntly telling Fowler. He already owns a team. He's better qualified to be a general partner of an NFL franchise than you are, the man said.

Fowler fumed. He spoke about his rise from ***working-class*** roots in Tucson to his dream of owning an NFL franchise.

If we're going to do the deal, I have to be the general partner, Fowler said.

What deal? asked Taylor. What are you willing to pay?

I don't care what it takes, others say Fowler replied.

If you're going to take that point of view, I won't bid against you, Taylor said.

Fowler and his group departed. They wouldn't have a Minnesota partner.

But Taylor - more than the NFL, more than Wilf - began to investigate Fowler's finances. He looked into a host of lawsuits in which Fowler was a defendant. He consulted with contacts in the sports banking community in New York.

Taylor was convinced Fowler didn't have the capital to buy the Vikings. The deal and McCombs would ricochet back to him.

Taylor would wait.

The clock ticks: Late January

Kevin Warren, Fowler's lawyer, began commuting to San Antonio so often to check in with Gary Woods, McCombs' lieutenant, that McCombs said, "I thought Kevin worked here."

Meanwhile, Wilf had added his own lawyer to the army of attorneys and accountants who were visiting McCombs Enterprises offices.

Woods, impressed by all the dark suits, continued to tell McCombs that Fowler had the wherewithal.

They're ready to draw up a contract, Woods told McCombs as January wore on.

Have you verified the resources? McCombs remembers asking.

Woods replied: He is liquid and he is capable of doing this.

But McCombs kept his options open.

At McCombs' urging, on Jan. 21, Taylor flew to San Antonio. McCombs, wanting to keep the meeting as secret as possible, had an aide pick up Taylor at the airport.

McCombs remained firm on the $600 million sale price. Taylor reiterated that the price was too much for a franchise in a tired stadium like the Metrodome. He flew home that night still believing Fowler wouldn't close on the deal.

Days later, McCombs granted the Fowler-Wilf group a seven-day exclusive period. They had a Feb. 1 deadline to complete a sale.

But seven days passed, and no deal was struck.

McCombs called Taylor. If he wanted, Taylor could make an offer.

Taylor's proposal was complicated and, depending on analysis, worth substantially less than McCombs' $600 million target price. It was also contingent on the construction of a new stadium.

Pure Taylor, it was a low-ball offer. Pure McCombs, he went back to dealing with Fowler's people.

Woods called Kevin Warren, Fowler's lawyer, to tell him of Taylor's bid.

You've worked long and hard on this, Kevin, Woods remembers telling Warren. Let's get this done.

Warren frantically telephoned Fowler, Wilf, and the other partners.

We're out of time, he told them.

By Feb. 9, Fowler, as general partner, and Wilf, Landis and Mandelbaum, as limited partners, signed a contract with McCombs. The team was to be theirs for $600 million. A non-refundable $20 million deposit was due. The rest of the money had to be in McCombs' hands by June 9 - just 120 days away.

On Monday, Feb. 14, a $20 million deposit arrived in McCombs' San Antonio bank account.

Hours later, Fowler and McCombs smiled together at an Eden Prairie news conference. McCombs playfully mopped Fowler's sweaty shaved head while cameras clicked. Fowler, the burly Arizona entrepreneur, was announced as the first black owner of an NFL team.

McCombs basked in the glow of this moment in history and his moment of profit: $350 million more than he had paid for the team seven years earlier.

At the news conference, Fowler dodged questions about his net worth.

His partners - Wilf, his brother Mark, Mandelbaum and Landis - stood off to the side.

Fowler didn't mention their names. Zygi Wilf and his friends were to stay in the background.

Scramble: March 2005

Wilf and his partners were growing impatient.

Days after the buoyant news conference, Fowler's resume was exposed for inaccuracies. He didn't have a business degree. He hadn't played in the Canadian Football League. He hadn't participated in the Little League World Series, as he claimed. His credibility took a hit.

More crucial, his financing wasn't falling into place.

He missed delivering a report on the sale to an NFL owners meeting on March 24.

Warren and Fowler continued to assure Woods that the deal would get done. But McCombs began to wonder.

Somebody missed something, McCombs recalled telling his aides. Did Reggie's bankers misinform us? Somebody missed.

By late April, the Vikings deal looked in danger of falling apart. It had to close by June 9 or the $20 million down payment could be lost.

Fowler flew to New Jersey. He, Wilf and some others huddled on the third floor of Wilf's modest Garden Properties headquarters in Short Hills, N.J.

Things aren't moving in the way that I'd like, Wilf remembers a soft-spoken Fowler telling him.

Wilf, sipping his Diet Coke quietly, listened.

Just a few steps down the hall was the office of his father. Zygi and Joe had already spoken of this moment, had even laughed about the contours of history: Who could have known that 43 years earlier Joe Wilf would pass on the Titans for so little money and now his son was part of a group to buy another NFL team for so much?

It had taken Zygi Wilf awhile to come to this point, to where his role as superfan for his hometown New York Giants had morphed into his desire to take control of a different NFL team, the Vikings.

I'll step up, Wilf remembers telling Fowler. I'll do it. I'm at a point in my life where I've accomplished a lot. I'm competitive. It's time to do something that I really love.

Fowler, others in the room observed, was relieved.

Banquet: June 14, 2005

The dining room fell silent. The crystal sconces flickered in the private dining room on the second floor of the St. Regis Hotel.

Zygi Wilf, rising to speak, was the center of attention.

But to Zygi, Joe Wilf was at the core of the evening.

If this party was the final scene of a sports business saga, it was also the culmination of family's rise to the apex of American commerce.

Reggie Fowler had hoped to make history as the first black owner, but Wilf had made his own brand of social history. The Vikings purchase made news in Minnesota, to be sure, but also in Israel, where Wilf's family had donated millions of dollars to a Holocaust memorial.

One Israeli journalist wrote that the purchase of an NFL team by a second-generation - a so-called '2G' - Holocaust survivor should give pause. "That a 2G would step so far into the limelight as Wilf has is a remarkable step," he wrote. "For him, at least, his awareness that he is a resident of and participant in sports-obsessed, celebrity-driven, and wealth-adoring America shows a degree of comfort and acceptance rare in Holocaust survivors and their offspring."

Wilf's purchase, then - as Fowler's would have had- possessed social impact.

Wilf began to speak. He praised attorneys, partners, their secretaries, his children and his wife.

Then, he paused. He had to.

He had difficulty getting out the words. He spoke of his family's hard work. He paid tribute to a brother who had died.

He turned to his left, to his father sitting next to him.

This all wouldn't have been possible without you, Zygi said. Thank you for your faith in me.

Joe Wilf, the survivor, rose from his seat. The father and the oldest son, fighting back tears, embraced.

A round of applause shook the elegant salon.

But one man was missing, the man whose dream gave birth to this moment.

Reggie Fowler had told Wilf that he had business elsewhere that night.

The party went on without him.

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THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Zygi Wilf: The new Vikings owner

Joseph Wilf: Zygi's father

Reggie Fowler: The man who wanted the Vikings

Kevin Warren: Fowler's lawyer and now a Vikings executive

Jim Stapleton: A friend of Warren's and connection to Wilf

Red McCombs: The former Vikings owner

Gary Woods: McCombs' partner, numbers-cruncher and chief negotiator

Glen Taylor: Timberwolves owner and Vikings bidder

This report of the Vikings' sale was developed through interviews with about 20 key players and insiders to the transaction and surrounding events. Some sources spoke only on the condition of anonymity. Zygi Wilf, Red McCombs and Glen Taylor were among those interviewed. Reggie Fowler didn't respond to requests for an interview.

Any quotes in quotation marks were heard directly by the reporter. Dialogue without quotation marks was reconstructed using recollections of people who were present when the words were spoken.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** September 13, 2005

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[***'Only kids and moms have to obey the rules!' When Sharon Davis heard one of her boys say that, she vowed she would never give up trying to force her ex-husband to pay child support***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XGN-89T0-007M-42CD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 23, 1999, Thursday, Cook/DuPage/Fox Valley/Lake/McHenry

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**Section:** Suburban Living;

**Length:** 2288 words

**Byline:** Pam DeFiglio Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

Sharon Davis liked the white frame house because it had a big yard. She and her husband, Greg Heppeard, wanted their three boys to have lots of room to run around, so they bought the three-bedroom home, thinking they would give their sons a stable place to grow up.

Then, in 1994, their marriage unraveled. They divorced and sold the cozy home.

Suddenly, Davis had no job, no place to live and three boys to take care of.

Davis knew she had to get a job, but with only two years of college the best job she could get was as a full-time receptionist. It didn't pay nearly enough to let her and her three boys live in the Northwest suburbs, but she figured child support would make up the difference.

The courts ordered Heppeard to pay child support for the three children - Christopher, who is now 13, Matthew, 11, and Andrew, 9. But Heppeard paid for only a year. From autumn 1995 until autumn 1998, he paid nothing. In the past few months he has made modest, sporadic payments.

He's not unusual. Only 12 percent of Illinois parents ordered to pay child support actually pay it, according to Attorney General Jim Ryan. That makes Illinois one of the worst in the nation (only Mississippi and Arizona are worse), but nationally only 20 percent pay. As a result, many children of divorce fall into poverty, or hover perilously close.

After the divorce, it took barely a year for Davis and her sons to plummet from a secure, home-owning suburban lifestyle to homelessness and poverty. She's angry at her ex's failure to pay $ 22,000 in back child support. She's angry at the government for failing to make him pay. If Heppeard had paid the support consistently, Davis says, she and the boys could have lived a modest but comfortable life. Without it, they have been homeless, poor and forced to live on the edge.

So far, Davis has been able to keep her family off welfare, but just barely. They've done without fast-food and sports activities. They even moved, for a time, to a small town in the South where the cost of living is lower.

Some of the worst days came right after the divorce. She couldn't afford the mortgage payments on her beloved house, but since they had lived in it only a short time, selling it produced virtually no profit. And even though her husband paid child support for a time, Davis couldn't accumulate enough money to rent an apartment. She and the kids  moved in with her sister for

a while, then with a friend. They shared a rented house in Berkeley, a ***working-class*** Western suburb, and then stayed at a "really nasty" motel in Palatine before finding a slightly better motel.

With each move, they packed up the car with their few possessions and hit the road. They were alone in the world, living out of a van and not really knowing where to go. The boys were sometimes frightened, and Davis herself became so anxious she could hardly eat or sleep.

The constant uprooting took its greatest toll on the middle son, Matthew. He had enjoyed good health when the family had a stable home, but after the divorce, while they were bouncing from place to place, he had his first seizure. Schools have since diagnosed a behavior disorder, and Matthew has to attend special classes. Sometimes he goes into seizures and has to be restrained. Davis believes the trauma of homelessness triggered the behavior disorder.

Getting away with it

In December 1995, about a year after the divorce, Heppeard sent his last support check. That left Davis with even less than what she had been scratching along on.

"If I had been getting what the court ordered all along, I wouldn't have had to go through any of this," Davis complains, referring to the homelessness, the daily phone calls to prod child support bureaucrats, the fear, the constant lack of money and doing without.

Throughout most of their ordeal, Heppeard has easily avoided paying child support.

Laws, state agencies and bureaucrats exist just so that people like Davis can get their child support from people like Heppeard. But in this case, as in who knows how many others, nothing - or very little - worked.

Heppeard has, knowingly or not, exploited the weaknesses of the child support system. First, he moved to Ohio. Child support advocates acknowledge it's much harder to collect child support from another state.

He changed jobs frequently, which made it even harder for Illinois officials to track him in hopes of garnishing his wages.

He asked a judge for a reduction in child support because of his low earnings. He moved from one Ohio county to another, which means Davis and Illinois officials had to restart the collection process.

Illinois courts ordered Heppeard to pay $ 592.70 per month toward the children's support, plus $ 194.75 of his military retirement to Davis, plus $ 75 per month toward his arrearage. That adds up to $ 862.45 per month - not much, really, to support three children on.

Originally, the court had ordered him to pay a total of $ 1,083.75 monthly, but lowered the amount when Heppeard complained.

Because of the child support system's failure to secure the money owed her, Davis has had to fight for the money.

She made dozens of phone calls to secure a slice of Heppeard's military pension - about $ 300 a month that counts toward his child support.

She pressed officials to provide health insurance for the children, which is available because of their father's military service.

For years now, Davis has made frequent calls to the Illinois Department of Public Aid to prod officials for the rest of her child support - with little success.

For years, IDPA staff would take days or weeks to call her back, but the day after learning that the Daily Herald was preparing a story on Davis, three caseworkers started called her, expediting paperwork and digging around to find lost checks.

Davis has pursued all kinds of avenues in her efforts to get Heppeard to pay. She has enlisted state senators in her cause, and they have helped her with paperwork and written letters on her behalf. Their staffs have encouraged her.

Ultimately, though, she hasn't gotten results. Only since last December have officials in Ohio, where Heppeard lives, garnished his wages and sent checks to Davis. They're usually around $ 350 when they arrive, but they arrive sporadically and Davis can't depend on them.

Locked out from home

Theoretically, child support should enable children to enjoy the same lifestyle they had during their parents' marriage. But in practice, the mother and children's income often drops precipitously.

The lack of child support effectively locked out Davis and the kids from an apartment or home in the expensive Northwest suburban market.

Davis found that tough to take, because she considers the area her home. Born in Texas, she moved with her parents to a historical landmark home in Palatine when she was a girl, and graduated from Palatine High School.

She appreciates the good schools, the upward mobility and the sense of safety she feels in the area. She feels it's a place where parents can keep children away from bad influences.

Her expectations, which spring naturally from her comfortable past, have crashed against the reality of her meager income.

Until recent months, Davis earned in the high $ 20,000s as a secretary/receptionist. That's too high to qualify for day care or food subsidies, but not nearly enough for four to live on in this area.

Necessity has forced this mother to use invention. When they stayed at the two Palatine motels, neither had any kitchen facilities, but Davis couldn't afford restaurants. She resorted to warming canned soup in a coffee maker. Since there was no refrigerator, they ate lots of peanut butter and crackers.

To save laundry money, she washed the boys' school clothes in a sink. Then she blow-dried them with a hair dryer.

In December 1997, a co-worker arranged for Davis and her sons to move into an extended-stay motel with good security. She got a discount, but still paid high rent to keep the family in a room only 468 square feet - barely enough space for a bed, a couch, a coffee table and tiny kitchenette. Davis had to sleep on the couch.

The high cost ate up a huge chunk of their budget. It meant Davis had to eliminate lots of other expenses. She couldn't afford the fees and equipment the boys needed to participate in organized sports, and even if they could have participated, she wouldn't have been able to leave work to drive them to activities.

Chris, 13, an outgoing kid who has a natural talent for leadership, is in eighth grade, would like to play hockey or basketball.

Matthew, 11, a sixth-grader, would like to try out for Little League.

Andrew, 9, in fourth grade, would like to have a bike and in-line skates.

Both Chris and Matthew earn nearly straight As, and Andrew is pulling Bs. The boys don't go to other kids' birthday parties because "If I can't afford to buy birthday presents for my own kids, I can't afford them for other kids," Davis says.

They seldom buy new clothes. Two years ago, Davis' co-worker gave her five bags of clothing her son had outgrown. They're in good shape, but outdated. Chris and Matthew are wearing T-shirts from the Bulls' second championship.

Palatine Township has given Davis donated clothes, and Adopt-a-Family usually gives each boy two outfits at Christmas.

"If we go to a fast-food place, that's considered a big treat for the boys," Davis says. "That's our social life. I feel guilty about spending the money, but they have to have something."

Sometimes, she has to make agonizing choices of what to do without. "When money is tight, do you buy gas or food or nylons for work?" she asked. "Which way do you do this?"

Bureaucratic morass

Since Heppeard won't communicate with her, Davis must communicate with the child support bureaucracy. That has been a bang-your-head-against-the-wall experience. In May, for example, the IDPA sent her a reply to a letter she had sent 11 months earlier. According to Davis, one IDPA employee didn't send the proper paperwork along to Ohio when she was trying to claim child support. Another one, apparently unaware of what the family has suffered, remarked offhandedly to Davis that she simply reduce her spending and scale back her lifestyle.

A bureaucrat in Ohio, where the cost of living is lower, sniffed that Davis had a pretty high salary to be seeking child support.

According to Davis, that same Ohio bureaucrat accepted Heppeard's unofficial financial figures (which were to his advantage) instead of Davis' official ones, sent official papers to an address Davis had told her was wrong, and sent word, through an Illinois state senator, that Davis shouldn't call her to ask any more questions.

Because IDPA has been late sending her the checks from the military, she hasn't been able to pay bills on time, so creditors sock her with hundreds of dollars in late fees.

Fleeing south

A few months ago, Davis felt so overwhelmed by the cost of living in the Northwest suburbs she drove the boys to a town in the South.

She found a two-bedroom apartment with a patio for $ 495 a month, a huge savings from the $ 1,000 she had been paying for one room in the Schaumburg area.

She also lined up a job as an office manager/legal secretary at a law firm. It pays only $ 19,000 a year, but the cost of living in the area, which she prefers not to identify, is so low the family can live better than they did here on $ 28,000. She also pays less for groceries, gas and many other goods. Good houses cost $ 50,000-$ 80,000.

While the area is affordable, she finds the schools considerably inferior to those in the Northwest suburbs. She says classes cover less material, and principals and teachers are less responsive to parents' concerns. For that reason, she's planning to come back to the Northwest suburbs.

While in the South, she still pursues her child support diligently. One incident keeps motivating her.

While driving down Rohlwing Road in Palatine one day several years ago, Chris, who was 9 at the time, piped up with, "I can't wait until I grow up because then I can do anything I want to, just like Dad. Only kids and moms have to obey the rules."

"Yeah, that's right," chimed in Matthew and Andrew.

Davis was so shocked at their thought patterns she pulled the car over on the side of the road and turned off the motor. She spun around to talk to them.

"I told them 'everybody has to follow the law, and the rules. Some people get away without following the law for a while, but eventually they get caught. I'll make you a promise - one way or another, I'll find a way to make your father obey the law.' And you know what? That's what this is about. The kids follow the rules, and Greg is going to have to follow the rules, too."

Letter from attorney general may force deadbeats to act

State Attorney General Jim Ryan wants the state's child support enforcement administration moved to his office. He believes elected officials will be more responsive to the custodial parents seeking child support.

Besides, he says, a letter from the attorney general's office might elicit more response from the nonpaying parent than a letter from a public aid agency.

The Association for Child Support Enforcement, an advocacy group, believes switching child support enforcement to Ryan's office would be a good idea, but the group also advocates a national system that would require companies to check if new hires owe child support. If so, they would garnish the employee's wages and send the support payments directly to the Internal Revenue Service, which would pass the money along to the custodial parent. U.S. Rep. Henry Hyde, R - Wood Dale, has been pushing this plan.

Currently, noncustodial parents owe their children $ 56 billion, according to a 1995 report from the U.S. General Accounting Office.

**Graphic**

One extended-stay motel had a kichenette, but at other motels with no cooking facilities Sharon Davis was forced to heat soup in a coffee maker when she wanted a hot meal for her boys. Matthew Davis had to read on the bed and endure the distractions of his two brothers when his mother moved them into an extended-stay motel. They eventually moved to a small town in the South where the cost of living is lower, but Sharon Davis is trying to move back to the Northwest suburbs, where she grew up. Daily Herald Photos/Bill Zars GRAPHIC: Sharon Davis' monthly budget

**Load-Date:** September 25, 1999

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[***TOM FOOLERY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XC0-YY20-00J2-31D2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***KQRS kingpin Tom Barnard has been billed as the voice of the common man. But there's nothing common about his ratings, his income or the power he wields. Is he really one of us?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XC0-YY20-00J2-31D2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Jon Tevlin; Staff Writer

**Body**

It's morning rush hour \_ time for Tom Barnard to take on The Man.

     Today, however, The Man comes in the form of a lowly KQRS salesman who had the audacity to call the station, complaining about the way Barnard handled an advertising spot.

     "No one calls me and tells me how to do my job," Barnard barks in a voice as deep and rich as a Harley-Davidson. "If [Disney chairman and Barnard's ultimate boss] Michael Eisner called me on the hot line, I'd tell him to get screwed."

     Perfect. Thousands of dead-eyed, work-bound listeners, stuck in traffic, nod in agreement. You tell 'em, Tommy.

   It's vintage Barnard, the stuff that links the guys in the BMWs with the lunch-bucket truckers and the kids in their junkers. It's the patter that has made "Tommy B" and his coterie of screwballs the most popular morning show in the country. The station attracts almost one of every four listeners ages 18-34, the most sought-after demographic in radio.

     But not everyone is thrilled with the show, and Barnard has recently gone through a rough stretch: He's survived picketing by the Somali community over the morning crew's mocking of Somali dilects after a Somali cabdriver was slain. Then, last summer Barnard incensed local Asian-Americans when he and his crew made fun of a 13-year-old Hmong girl who was charged with killing her newborn son. They said of her potential $10,000 fine: "That's a lot of eggrolls." And, he faced down a two-year, all-out attack by New York radio god Howard Stern.

     Stern left town last month, but Barnard remains, a domineering big brother in a dysfunctional on-air family that on any given day features weird news, ethnic jokes, shallow political diatribes \_ maybe even a skit spoofing sex between the Vikings' owner and his coach.

     "You know what's great about my life?" Barnard said recently from his self-proclaimed "bulletproof studio." "No one in management will come near me; no reporters will, either."

     Actually, one reporter is sitting outside the building at the time, trying to get an interview, but can't get past the parking lot because of the Golden Valley police officer stationed there every morning. Barnard hasn't talked at length to the media since 1994 \_ and encourages others to keep quiet, as well. He is, after all, the franchise, as evidenced by a KQ spokeswoman's response to requests for interviews with Barnard's bosses: "Tom will decide, and everyone else will fall in line," she said.

     Besides, "the media" is just another incarnation of The Man, another foil for the shtick. What Barnard neglects to remind his listeners, however, is that \_ as much as anyone \_ he is the media. He is the man.

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The common touch

     It's a long way, figuratively, from north Minneapolis \_ where Barnard was raised \_ to his massive, modern home in Dayton, about 20 miles northwest of Minneapolis. His house sits amid rolling hills dotted with ponds and trees. There is no name on the mailbox, and visitors must punch a code to get through security gates. A road that winds back to the house is lined with street lights. Nearby is a large new horse stable that's connected to what appears to be bountiful office space \_ the corporate headquarters of a riding-gear shop run by Barnard's wife, Kathryn Brandt.

     Being the voice of the Regular Joe obviously has its upside.

     Contradictions. Paradoxes. Ironies. They are all part of Barnard's makeup, and his allure. Interviews with people who have been close to Barnard reveal a complex and often incongruous person. Friends and associates disagree on where Barnard the person ends, and Barnard the performer begins. Some wonder if he's lost track himself.

     To supporters, Barnard is the dutiful husband and doting father who is loyal to friends. Cross him, however, and he's spiteful and vengeful, his critics say, often taking after former friends on the air \_ a virtual Wizard of Oz who issues diatribes from behind a protective curtain.

     "That he can be so identified with the common guy is a bit of a paradox," said Tom Kay, a radio industry veteran who knows Barnard from his days at WDGY, then a top-40 station, in St. Paul. "But Tom is a wonderful actor. He can really play the part of the irascible renegade."

     Kay believes the renegade image is more scripted than people think \_ even the "tirades" against the station's management, headed by Dave Hamilton, the operations manager and program director. "Dave Hamilton is a smart guy," Kay said. "He knows permitting Tom to slam the station really connects with people; they can live vicariously through the character he creates."

     "The last time I saw Tom, he was with his kids," Kay added. "He's a terrific father, but if you didn't know him, you'd think he ate his kids. I think that's the real Tom, but it's not the one they want published."

   Several other acquaintances, however, say you get what you hear.

     "Tom's true to what he is on the radio," said Cliff Siegal, a good friend since 1972. "He doesn't have an attitude, and doesn't like people who do."

     Siegal calls Barnard "a brilliant guy; well versed in books, sports, movies. He's an honest, good-natured guy, otherwise I wouldn't be friends with him. And he really cares about the little guy; he's their champion."

     John Hines, head of the morning team on KEEY (102 FM), a folksier country-focused morning show, said that "Tom is a nicer guy than anyone could imagine. His heart is like a hotel room \_ everybody's welcome."

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Thin-skinned

     Despite Barnard's bravado and constant claims that he doesn't care what people think about him, his hostile reaction to criticism indicates otherwise, and many who know him say he has skin as thin as an onion. And while he rarely confronts people face-to-face, he often goes after them on the air.

    Just ask Mark Curtis, who did sports for KQ in 1990. Curtis and Barnard chummed together during their stint. "I liked Tom, and I considered him a friend," said Curtis. "But instead of him saying, 'Hey, it's not working, we're not a good mesh,' he had a station manager call and fire me."

    Barnard immediately began to rip him on the air: "I carried Mark Curtis; he sucked," according to a 1990 article in the Star Tribune.

     "There is almost this light switch where one minute you are his friend, and the next minute he's saying terrible things about you," said Curtis, now a sportscaster in Phoenix. "Actually, I feel bad for the guy because there's something wrong with his personality that makes him do that. It's just mean-spirited, and somewhere along the line he's got to look at himself in the mirror at night and say, 'I was a real ass.' "

     Many others, once friendly with Barnard, have seemingly strayed beyond his invisible fence, and felt his wrath. The list includes KARE-Ch. 11 anchor Paul Magers, Pioneer Press columnist Brian Lambert, Gov. Jesse Ventura, Star Tribune columnist C.J. and attorney Lori Peterson.

     Several sources said Barnard and Magers used to be pals, but something suddenly changed. Asked about the rumored rift, Magers said, "I'd rather let sleeping dogs lie."

     Lambert had a good relationship with Barnard until the Hmong protest. He called Barnard to get his side, but never got a return call. Later, Barnard called Lambert a "scumbag" on the air, and added: "I hope he dies."

     "Some of it's just part of the theatrics of the business," said Lambert. "He goes on a lot about loyalty, but I thought not returning my calls was an act of disloyalty, especially when we'd had a good relationship. I like Tom. He's bright and a lot more refined that he'd have you believe."

     Lambert said he worries that Barnard's success has caused him to blur the line between the person and the personality. "I think to some degree he's lost that perspective. He has decided he doesn't have to operate from any normal rules."

     When she was in the news for suing companies such as Hooters for sexism, attorney Peterson sometimes chatted with Barnard. He'd call and leave friendly messages on her machine and ask her to lunch.

     But that changed when Peterson sued Barnard's employer on behalf of a client. Neither Barnard nor any members of his crew were involved, but Barnard began to attack Peterson on the air. "People started telling me they were saying things about me on KQ," said Peterson. "But I thought we were friends, so I didn't believe them."

     Peterson eventually tuned in and heard Barnard call her a "whale," a reference to the weight she gained taking antidepressants during a tough time. "I really felt bad," she said. "He was trying to hurt me."

     For Barnard's targets, there is little recourse. "It's not like Paul Magers can go on the air and say, 'Before we tell you about a fire, I'd like to say Tom Barnard is a real jerk,' " said Curtis.

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Rise to the top

     Whoever Barnard is, he began inauspiciously. According to his birth certificate, Barnard was born on Nov. 19, 1951, in Long Prairie, Minn.to Robert Lee Barnard and Theophila (Dahn) Barnard.

          Although he sometimes talks about his father on the radio, he has refused to talk about him with reporters, other than to tell Pat Miles in 1992: "My dad left, that's where he went," he said. "He was ill. I loved my father a great deal, but I hated him a lot."

     At some point, Barnard moved from central Minnesota to north Minneapolis, and he is fond of talking about the "rough" North Side on the show \_ another "regular guy" link with his listeners.

     Barnard went to North High, but the school's yearbooks for 1967 and 1968 have just two class photos of Barnard. They show him as a tall, typically geeky teen with thick glasses. His name appears in no extracurricular activities, and it appears that he participated in no sports. Barnard is not in the 1969 yearbook at all, in fact, and Hamilton, KQ operations manager and program director, said Barnard was allowed to complete school from home.

     On the air, Barnard portrays himself as a bit of a hellion, but he was nearly invisible in high school. "I know he was there, but I don't remember him at all. He didn't stand out," said Roland DeLapp, Barnard's principal.

     Barnard got more serious by the time he attended Brown Institute on the Work Incentive Program for underprivileged kids. Although he has said he was "expelled" from the school seven times, some doubt it.

     "He was obviously very determined and almost single-minded to make a go of it as a radio disc jockey," said Roy Finden, a teacher at Brown Institute. "It just seemed his single purpose in life was to make it."

     Finden doesn't recall Barnard being overly opinionated, or a troublemaker. As for Barnard's expulsion record: "That seems unlikely. I think that story has been expanded over the years for his image," said Finden.

     Barnard's determination was important, as he repeatedly failed or got fired over the next decade. He worked at stations from Grand Forks and Fargo to Jacksonville, Fla. He has worked for various Stanley Hubbard-owned stations five times, worked for WDGY, and was even fired from KQRS in 1983 after only six weeks on the air because listeners just didn't like him. For a while, he adopted the radio name "Catman," and sported long hair and a goatee.

     According to Kay, Barnard didn't click in Fargo \_ not because he was outrageous, but because the listeners assumed from Barnard's Barry White-deep voice that he was black, at a time when there were few, if any, black radio personalities, especially in the Dakotas.

     Barnard's black-sounding voice also hampered his early attempts to get commercial voice-over work. Barnard's big break in the moneymaking voice-over side of his business also runs contrary to his ***working-class*** image: In the late 1970s an inexperienced Barnard took advantage of a strike by union broadcast employees and worked as a "scab" promoting a regional Dodge dealer, according to what Bob Schultz, former owner of Voiceworks, an audio production studio, told a business publication in 1988.

     Today, Barnard's voice can be heard across the country on commercials ranging from Dodge to cruise lines. Industry insiders estimate the work earns him well over $1 million a year.

     Almost everyone agrees that Barnard has developed into one of the best voice-over talents in the country. "He's got a knack for coming in and hitting it on the first time, sometimes without even a read-through or seeing the copy," said Peter Borne, who does musical spoofs on the radio show. "It's amazing."

     Because listeners outside the Twin Cities have no idea that the smooth-talking pitchman is a controversial figure here, Barnard is able to play the local iconoclast while hawking for corporate America.

     Commercials may bankroll Barnard's lavish lifestyle, but friends say the radio gig drives him. He finally found his niche when he returned to KQ in 1986, and linked up with Hamilton.

     The crew went through a few permutations until it hit upon the current team that includes Mike Gelfand, Terri Traen, J.B., Bob Sansevere and Jeff Passolt, plus a few drop-bys.

      "It's now settled in to a kind of round table of family members, all of whom have their own quirks and irritations," said Borne. "They are all important, but Tom will always be the older brother."

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Bulletproof?

    So where does a 290-pound (according to his driver's license) radio star sit?

     Apparently, anywhere he wants to. About the only people who have gotten any get-back on Barnard is the group Community Action Against Racism, which protested the show after the KQ gang talked in a mocking tone about a Hmong girl charged with suffocating her newborn. After some advertisers boycotted, KQ management issued an apology. Barnard was barely singed by the fire fight.

     "There is tasteless and crude humor, and there is hate speech and racist language. There's a difference," Va-Megn Thoj of Community Action Against Racism said at the time.

     Several people in the advertising business who monitor radio shows believe Barnard has become more cautious, especially regarding issues of race. But the public swagger is still there. Clearly, Barnard will be around as long as he wants to be.

     That's good news for Barnard fans, at least until a significant number of them take Barnard's most frequent piece of advice: "If you don't like me, change the channel."

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KQRS Morning Show

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- On the dial: 92.5 FM.

- When: 5:30 to 9:15 a.m., Monday-Friday.

- Starring: Tom Barnard and crew.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** September 8, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Fall Film Guide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PW7-3CH0-TWHS-40SK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 14, 2007 Friday

Cook EditionDuPage EditionF1 EditionF2 EditionF3 EditionLake EditionMcHenry Edition

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**Section:** TIME OUT!; Pg. 34; Main event

**Length:** 3815 words

**Body**

Sept. 21

"The Assassination of Jesse James By the Coward Robert Ford" - Brad Pitt plays the infamous outlaw in this problem-plagued art- house take on the classic American Western. More than 30 versions of the film have been cut after three years in the making. Casey Affleck plays the coward with indie fave Sam Rockwell playing his older bro. Directed by Andrew Dominik.

"December Boys" - Harry Potter's Daniel Radcliffe goes wandless as one of four Australian pals who compete to be adopted by a childless young couple during the 1960s. In this 2005 production, just now being released, Radcliffe loses his on-screen virginity. Religious visions, symbolic horses and cancer figure into the plot as well.

"Dedication" - A heinously misanthropic children's book author (Billy Crudup) gets a new outlook on life (and romance) when his longtime illustrator (Tom Wilkinson) draws his last breath and a pretty young woman (Mandy Moore) replaces him. The supporting cast includes director Peter Bogdanovich.

"The Devil Came on Horseback" - Using the exclusive photographs and first-hand testimony of former U.S. Marine Capt. Brian Steidle, this doc takes us on an emotionally charged journey into the heart of Darfur, Sudan, where an Arab-run government systematically executes a plan to rid the province of black African citizens.

"Fierce People" - A ***working-class*** New York teen (Anton Yelchin) wants to spend the summer studying South American Indians with the anthropologist father he's never met. Instead, he and his drugged- out masseuse mom (Diane Lane) wind up among the ranks of the super- rich where they encounter a culture much more mysterious and lethal. With Donald Sutherland, Kristin Stewart and Chris Evans.

"Freshman Orientation" - A college freshman (Sam Huntington) pretends to be gay so he can get in good with the girl of his dreams (Kaitlin Doubleday). Let's hope the movie has more imagination and laughs than its overused premise suggests.

"Good Luck Chuck" - Every woman who sleeps with cursed dentist Dane Cook finds true love with the next guy she hooks up with. Suddenly, he has women taking numbers to sleep with him, just so they can find true love. His perfect life takes a tumble when he falls for an accident-prone penguin specialist (Jessica Alba).

"The Hunting Party"-Three TV reporters (Richard Gere, Terrence Howard and Jesse Eisenberg) attempt to find and interview Bosnia's most-wanted war criminal, known only as "The Fox."Written and directed by Richard "The Matador" Shepard.

"The Jane Austen Book Club" - What a delightful, Austentacious chick flick! This romantic drama centers on five women who form a book club to read six Austen novels, not realizing how their own lives begin to resemble those of the characters they're reading about. Maria Bello, Emily Blunt, Kathy Baker, Hugh Dancy, Maggie Grace and Amy Brenneman star. Based on Karen Joy Fowler's novel.

"Resident Evil: Extinction" -"Resident Evil" movies extinct? Please, don't tease us! Alice (Milla Jovovich) continues her fight against the evil Umbrella Corporation by traipsing across the Nevada desert on her way to Alaska. Ashanti, Ali Larder and Mike Epps join her and risk succumbing to the dreaded T-virus that turns people into carnivorous zombies. Based on the video game.

"Sydney White" - Make that "Snow White," because this comedy retells the fairy tale about a young woman (Amanda Bynes) who winds up living with seven rejects after being bumped out of her mother's wicked college sorority. Matt Long plays the princely Tyler.

"Transformers IMAX" - Michael Bay's hit action film (more than $300 million and climbing), based on the 1980s toys, comes to the REALLY BIG screen at IMAX theaters after being digitally remastered for that format. Heartthrob Shia LaBeouf helps a race of shape- shifting aliens save Earth from the Decepticons.

Sept. 28

"Blame It on Fidel" - Anna, a feisty Parisian girl, is forced to assimilate to cataclysmic changes when her parents devote themselves to radical activism in 1970. Anna's father fights to redistribute wealth in Chile; her mother researches a book on abortion. Anna transforms from a close-minded bourgeois princess to an open-hearted seeker of truth.

"Feast of Love" - William Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" gets a contemporary update to "Midsummer Night's Sex Fantasy" thanks to some hot sex scenes between Radha Mitchell and Billy Burke. Robert "Kramer vs. Kramer" Benton directs Morgan Freeman, Greg Kinnear and Selma Blair as Oregon residents caught up in the behavior of foolish mortals.

"The Game Plan" - This Disney comedy stars Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson as a superstar football quarterback (now there's a stretch!) who sees his bachelorhood going down in flames when a little girl (Madison Pettis) shows up one day, claiming to be his daughter. Kyra Sedgwick closes the main cast.

"Into the Wild" - Sean Penn directs a poetic ode to a young, promising college grad (Emile Hirsch) who opts to live - and die - in the Alaskan wilderness rather than pursue a life of conformity modeled after flawed parental expectations. William Hurt and Marcia Gay Harden play the villainous parents. Based on the true story of a 1992 Emory University grad. He appears at the end of the film in a photo found undeveloped in his camera.

"King of California" - Costco wins the product placement award of the month when it becomes the location where a nutty mental patient (Michael Douglas) thinks California gold might be buried. He convinces his daughter (Evan Rachel Wood) to get a job there so they can dig for treasure under the building. Good thing Costco sells discount shovels - but you can only buy them in 12-packs!

"Trade" - The sex trade in Mexico gets a rough, blunt examination as a Mexican teenager (Cesar Ramos) aligns himself with a Texas cop (Kevin Kline) to rescue his little sister (Paulina Gaitan), abducted by sex merchants. Co-written by the guy (Jose Rivera) who gave us "The Motorcycle Diaries."

Oct. 5

"Feel the Noise" - A young man from the South Bronx dreams of making it as a rapper, until a run-in with local thugs forces him to hide in Puerto Rico with the father he never knew. With Giancarlo Esposito and Omarion Grandberry.

"Grace is Gone" - Chicago's own John Cusack goes for Oscar-level seriousness as a father who struggles to explain to his two little girls that their mother (Dana Lynne Gilhooley) has been killed in action in Iraq. He decides to break the news during a road trip.

"The Heartbreak Kid" - With Bobby and Peter Farrelly co- directing this remake of Elaine May's 1972 comedy, you can bet it will barely resemble the Charles Grodin/Cybill Shepherd original. Ben Stiller plays Grodin's role, only instead of falling in love with a hot woman on his honeymoon with a plain-Jane wife, Stiller marries a bombshell (Malin Ackerman), then falls for a less elegant girl (Michelle Monaghan). Co-starring Jerry Stiller (Ben's dad) as a foul-mouthed father.

"I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With" -"Curb Your Enthusiasm" star Jeff Garlin wrote, directed and stars in this comic look at a man in search of a soul mate. He plays James, a frustrated and underappreciated Chicago actor who lives with his mother and wants three things: someone to love him, a great part and less weight. He's 0 for 3. Sarah Silverman, Bonnie Hunt, Amy Sedaris and Dan Castellaneta join him in the cast.

"Lust, Caution" -"Brokeback Mountain" director Ang Lee's new erotic espionage thriller earned an adults-only NC-17 rating for its graphic sex scenes. Insiders compare it to Bernardo Bertolucci's "Last Tango in Paris," although a Variety critic didn't like it that much. Tony Leung and newcomer Tang Wei star in a story about a reserved Chinese drama student drawn into an assassination plot during World War II.

"Sea Monsters 3-D: A Prehistoric Adventure" - Be prepared as photorealistic computer-generated animation transports us back to the late cretaceous period where a curious dolichorynchops (known as a "dolly") experiences the world from her spot near the bottom of the food chain. Look out for those long-necked plesiosaurs! Giant turtles! Big, BIG fish! Flippered crocs! Fierce sharks! And the most dangerous sea monster of all: the mosasaur!

"The Seeker: The Dark is Rising" - Based on the theatrical trailer, this fantasy looks closer to "Eragon" than "Harry Potter." It's another special-effects-stuffed, kid-saving-the-world fantasy, this time involving Will Stanton (Alexander Ludwig), a boy shocked to discover he's the last of a group of immortal, time-traveling warriors fighting the eternal forces of evil in the universe. Ian McShane and Jonathan Jackson co-star.

Oct. 10

"Control" - A bio-drama based on Ian Curtis (Sam Riley), the enigmatic Joy Division singer whose personal, professional and romantic troubles led him to commit suicide at the age of 23. Based on the book by Deborah Riley, played in the movie by Samantha Morton.

Oct. 12

"Canvas" - In his debut feature film, writer/director Joseph Greco explores mental illness through the eyes of a child as he learns to cope with his schizophrenic mother. Based on the filmmaker's own childhood. Joe Pantoliano, Marcia Gay Harden and newcomer Devon Gearhart star.

"The Darjeeling Limited" - Before his recent suicide attempt, Owen Wilson made this Wes Anderson-directed drama with Adrien Brody and Jason Schwartzman as his estranged brothers. After the death of their father, the siblings embark upon a spiritual journey across India. They shot it aboard a real train, too.

"The Final Season" - Oh, no! Just as a small-town baseball team in Iowa is about to earn its record 20th state sports title, it gets merged with another town, sparking petty jealousies and political agendas. Worse, legendary coach Jim Van Scoyoc (Powers Boothe) gets replaced by a one-season assistant coach, Kent Stock (Sean Astin), a move that seems to guarantee the team's failure. Based on a true story.

"Hitman" - Based on the popular video game, this thriller stars Timothy Olyphant as a genetically engineered assassin called Agent 47, chased by Interpol and the Russians across Eastern Europe. With Dougray Scott.

"Lars and the Real Girl" - From the director of the super- serious weepie "The Notebook" comes a bent romance about a man named Lars ("Notebook" star Ryan Gosling) who falls in love with Bianca, an inflatable doll he purchases online. (Cue the groaner puns about blowing things up out of proportion.) With Emily Mortimer as a real girl and Patricia Clarkson as a real shrink.

"My Kid Could Paint That" - When the parents of a celebrated 4- year-old artistic genius named Marla Olmstead are accused of pushing their own paintings off as her work, they turn to documentary filmmaker Amir Bar-Lev to clear their names. This is his report on the child phenomenon profiled on NPR, "The Today Show" and "Good Morning, America." Is little Marla a genius? Or an unwitting accomplice to a scam?

"Rogue" - A leisurely boat ride through Australia's Kakadu National Park turns deadly when a giant crocodile attacks, stranding the travelers on a tiny mud island that slowly shrinks as the tide rises. Where's Mick Dundee when you need him? Starring Michael Vartan, the alluring Radha Mitchell and Sam Worthington. From Greg Mclean, director of the nasty, violent "Wolf Creek."

"We Own the Night" - Nope, not another vampire movie, although the title sounds like it. Joaquin Phoenix plays a club manager in 1980s Brooklyn. He winds up stuck between his cop brother (Mark Wahlberg) and police-chief dad (Robert Duvall) on one side and the mob on the other. Decisions, decisions.

"Why Did I Get Married?" -It's a Tyler Perry movie. Critics will hate it. A sizable and indiscriminate chunk of the population will go see it anyway. Perry adapts his stage play about what happens when a hottie invades the space of a family. Perry co-stars with Janet Jackson, Sharon Leal and Michael Jai White.

Oct. 16

"Autism: The Musical" - Reportedly a dynamic and intimate documentary that follows several autistic children for six months as they prepare and perform a live musical on stage.

"I Have Never Forgotten You: The Life & Legacy of Simon Wiesenthal" - This documentary explores the life of the famed Nazi hunter and humanitarian. Narrated by Nicole Kidman. From filmmaker Richard Trank.

Oct. 19

"August Rush" - Robin Williams gets one more chance to pull his spiraling career choices into something worth doing (and watching). An orphaned musical prodigy (Freddie Highmore) tries to track down his parents using his musical gifts as clues. With the adorable Keri Russell and Chicago's own Terrence Howard.

"Broken" - Heather Graham plays a spirited girl with the significant name of Hope. She moves to Los Angeles where she fails to jumpstart her music career. She then falls in love with a handsome bad boy with the significant name of Will (Jeremy Sisto), who hooks her on drugs and passion. But mostly drugs.

"Gone Baby Gone" - Ben Affleck co-wrote and directed this drama about two investigators (little bro Casey Affleck and John "Beverly Hills Cop" Ashton) on the trail of a missing 4-year-old girl in Boston. Based on Dennis Lehane's novel. With Morgan Freeman, Ed Harris and Michelle Monaghan.

"Great World of Sound" - Two guys (Pat Healy and Kene Holliday) get involved with a record industry talent scheme. They sign new acts and hit the road looking for the next big thing. But the you- know-what hits the fan when the checks get cashed. Director/co- writer Craig Zobel weaves real-life talent show auditions into the fictional narrative.

"Ira & Abby" - A Jewish neurotic and a free-spirited gym employee meet and marry within a few hours. Then the guy discovers his new bride has been married before: twice. Chris Messina and Jennifer Westfeldt star.

"Lake of Fire" - Filmmaker Tony Kaye, best known for "American History X," has worked on this documentary on abortion for 15 years. He shoots it in luminous black and white. He gives equal time to both sides, covering arguments from all extremes of the spectrum, as well as those at the center. Noam Chomsky and Alan M. Dershowitz appear with other speakers.

"Live-in Maid" - When a maid named Dora decides to leave her 30- year employment with the haughty, upper-class Beba, the two square off in a clash of class resentment and unacknowledged interdependency.

"The Nightmare Before Christmas 3-D" - Henry Selick's 1993 stop- motion animated cult fantasy returns to the silver screen in glorious, digitally created 3-D! The amazing Danny Elfman composes the score and sings Jack Skellington's songs. Chris Sarandon provides Jack's speaking voice as the skeletal hero who tries to steal Christmas from Santa Claus. You have to see this movie on the big screen!

"Rendition" - A pregnant Midwestern woman (Reese Witherspoon) finds out her missing Egyptian husband (Omar Metwally) has been abducted by the U.S. government for interrogation by a rookie CIA agent (Jake Gyllenhaal). Worse, the abduction was ordered by Meryl Streep, and if you remember her chilling performance from the "The Manchurian Candidate," you don't want to mess with her.

"Reservation Road" - Two fathers (Joaquin Phoenix and Mark Ruffalo) and their families suffer in the aftermath of a terrible hit-and-run accident that kills one of their children. It happens on Reservation Road. Directed by Terry George, who last gave us another tragedy, "Hotel Rwanda." Jennifer Connelly and Mira Sorvino play the mothers.

"Things We Lost in the Fire" - Halle Berry stars as Audrey Burke, whose life has been shattered by the sudden death of her husband. In grief, she turns to one of his lifelong friends, Jerry Sunborne (Benicio Del Toro), a former lawyer also on a serious downward spiral. Can they repair their lives?

"30 Days of Night" - Each winter, the town of Barrow, Alaska, gets plunged into darkness for 30 straight days, which means just one thing for hordes of hungry vampires: an all-you-can-eat buffet! Josh Hartnett's sheriff and his estranged wife (Melissa George) try to stay off the smorgasbord. Ben Foster and Danny Huston co-star. Based on the graphic novel. Directed by David Slade, who jettisons the supernatural elements of vampire lore (shape-shifting and flying) for a pungent sense of violent realism. The trailer is loaded with shocks.

Oct. 26

"The Comebacks" - A spoof of the best-known inspirational sports movies ever made. It tells the story of an out-of-luck coach, Lambeau Fields (David Koechner), who takes a rag-tag bunch of college misfits and drives them toward the football championships! With Carl "Apollo Creed" Weathers and Andy Dick.

"Dan in Real Life" - That 40-year-old virgin Steve Carell stars as Dan, a family advice columnist who falls for a woman (Juliette Binoche) in the bookstore, only to discover that she's the new woman dating his brother (Dane Cook). If this movie is anything like director Peter Hedges' other movies "Pieces of April" and "About a Boy," it should be a hoot, with heart.

"How to Cook Your Life" -Filmmaker Doris Dorrie turns her attention to Buddhism and that age-old saying, "You are what you eat." She enlists the help of charismatic Edward Espe Brown to explain the guiding principles of Zen Buddhism as they apply to the preparation of food and life.

"Man From Plains" - Jonathan Demme directs a documentary that follows humanitarian and former President Jimmy Carter during the tour for his controversial book, "Palestine: Peace Not Apartheid."

"Music Within" - After losing his hearing in the Vietnam War, Richard Pimentel (Ron Livingston) sets out to change people's perceptions toward the disabled and becomes a hero as one of the primary activists behind the Americans With Disabilities Act. The secret? Richard discovers the "music within."

"Run, Fat Boy, Run" - Former "Friend" David Schwimmer directs a delightful underdog comedy about an immature doofus (Simon Pegg) who enters a London marathon to recapture the woman (Thandie Newton) he left at the altar five years earlier. Hank Azaria co- stars as the new Yank in her life, and he's an experienced marathon runner.

"Saw IV" - Seen "Saw," "Saw II" or "Saw III"? Then you saw this film already. Even though Jigsaw (Tobin Bell) and his apprentice are supposedly dead, tell that to SWAT Cmdr. Rigg (Lyriq Bent). He has 90 minutes to figure out a series of interconnected traps, or die most heinously. Bell's in the movie. But how? Hmmm.

"The Ten Commandments" - The first in a 3-D, computer-animated film series called "Epic Stories of the Bible."

Nov. 2

"American Gangster" - Director Ridley Scott re-teams with his "Gladiator" and "A Good Year" star Russell Crowe to tell the true story of a drug runner (Denzel Washington) who smuggled heroin into the U.S. inside Vietnam soldiers' caskets. Crowe plays the dedicated cop determined to bring the 1970s Harlem drug lord to justice. With Chicago's own Cuba Gooding Jr. The film comes from screenwriter Steve Zaillian, so you know it'll be smart.

"Bee Movie" - A busy bee named Barry B. Benson (voiced by comedian Jerry Seinfeld) decides to sue humans for eating the honey his fellow insects have to slave over a hot hive to make. A computer-animated comedy featuring the voices of Renee Zellweger, Chris Rock, John Goodman, Matthew Broderick and Kathy Bates.

"The Gates" - In 1979, artists Christo and Jeanne-Claude proposed to create a "golden river" of 7,500 fabric-paneled gates in Central Park. This doc, from Antonio Ferrera and Albert Maysles, chronicles the artists' 26-year commitment to transform the winter darkness of the park into a garden of light and color.

"The Kite Runner" - Marc Forster ("Finding Neverland") directs a drama about an Afghan lad named Amir (Khalid Abdalla) who comes to America, then later returns to his Taliban-ruled homeland to rescue the best friend he left behind. Shot in China near the Pakistan/Afghanistan border.

"Martian Child" - This domestic drama has been bumped more times than a woman on a date with the Butabi brothers. John Cusack plays a writer who, reeling from the death of his fiancee, adopts a 6- year-old boy (Bobbie Coleman) who thinks he's from Mars. With Joan Cusack, Amanda Peet and Oliver Platt. It'll be a miracle if this film actually opens on schedule.

Nov. 7

"O Jerusalem"-The story of how Israel was created, told from the viewpoints of Jews, Arabs and Brits.

Nov. 9

"Fred Claus" - Chicago's own Vince Vaughn as Santa's trouble- making brother at the North Pole? This we gotta see, even if it does recycle gags from Will Ferrell's "Elf." The ubiquitous Paul Giamatti stars as the suddenly not-so-jolly St. Nick.

"Joe Strummer: The Future is Unwritten" - Filmmaker Julien Temple chronicles the transformation of a self-described "mouthy little git" into an anti-establishment icon.

"Lions for Lambs" - Robert Redford directs himself, Tom Cruise and Meryl Streep in a drama containing three separate subplots on a collision course. Cruise plays a Republican senator, Streep a bleeding-heart journalist and Redford a sagely college professor whose former students (Derek Luke and Michael Pena) sign up to fight in Afghanistan against his advice.

"No Country for Old Men" - Javier Bardem goes cold-blooded killer in the Coen brothers' visual translation of the Cormac McCarthy novel about a killing machine named Chigurh. He tracks down $2 million in drug money and mows down anyone who gets in his way. Tommy Lee Jones, who has plenty of experience playing dedicated cops, portrays the sheriff in hot pursuit. The film features the first silenced shotgun I've ever seen.

Nov. 16

"Before the Devil Knows You're Dead" - Master filmmaker Sidney Lumet directs a thriller about two brothers (Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke) who rob a suburban jewelry store owned by their own mother and father. It's another perfect-crime-gone-awry movie. Marisa Tomei plays Hoffman's trophy wife, who's fooling around with Hawke. Albert Finney plays Dad, who diligently pursues justice at all costs, unaware his own sons did the crime.

"Love in the Time of Cholera" - Javier Bardem plays a man so devastated that his lover (Giovanna Mezzogiorno) leaves him for a rich doctor that he drowns his sorrow with 622 affairs over five decades - almost up to Warren Beatty's record. Based on Gabriel Garcia Marquez's novel. Directed by Mike "Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire" Newell.

"Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium" - Dustin Hoffman plays the mysterious, wacky, 243-year-old proprietor of a magic toy shop. He taps an insecure manager (Natalie Portman) to be his successor, and she's not at all sure she's up to being in the same league with Willie Wonka. Directed by Zach Helm, from a screenplay he wrote, sold, then bought back.

"Naked Boys Singing!" -Forget top-drawer entertainment. These guys have no drawers at all. The New York musical revue (now in its eighth year) comes to the silver screen with its cast of multitalented singers, dancers and actors who bare it all for their art.

**Load-Date:** October 11, 2007

**End of Document**



[***BUSTIN' RHYMES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BR9-61M0-0094-51T3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***FROM KOOL HERC'S 50 CENT, THE STORY OF RAP -- SO FAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BR9-61M0-0094-51T3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** SCOTT MERVIS, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

"When we started, they said none of this would last six months."

-- Grandmaster Flash, 2003

Spend a few minutes watching MTV or listening to Top 40 radio, and what you find, over here, is some whiny, faceless rock group that still sounds like 1992 and, over there, a party going on with bad-boy MCs, hot models, shiny rims and more hooks than the school gym lockers.

It's no wonder the kids wanna party with Ludacris. It's no wonder rap is starting to dominate the music culture.

And they said it wouldn't last. They said rap music would go the way of disco in short time.

Like with rock, they were wrong.

We're 25 years past rap's first hit single, and the party is only raging harder. Last year, the biggest sensation and No. 1-selling artist was hardcore gangsta 50 Cent, leading a rap scene that accounted for half of the top 20 Billboard Hot 100 artists. This year, rap's reach extended well into the top categories at the Grammys, where it ran away with Album of the Year (OutKast). And remember when Top 40 stations used to boast that they didn't play rap? Well, they're not saying that now. In fact, they've co-opted it from the "urban" stations who used to just slip it in with the R&B.

And while we're not stopping the presses with this one, it's worth noting that hip-hop culture is not just what's booming out of iPods and car stereos. It's the Reebok G6 sneaker from 50 Cent, it's the "crunk" energy drink from Lil Jon and the East Side Boyz, it's Jay-Z's Roca Wear and Nelly's Vokal line. It's Ice Cube and Eminem on the big screen and terms like "bling-bling" in the Oxford English Dictionary.

Rap's long road to mainstream respectability has been a vibrant and turbulent one that has changed not only black culture but world culture. Rap music has spoken for community and given back to the community. It's offered style and fun and hope and protest and countless good things. It's also kept the police, the FBI, the moral watchdogs, the president and even the Rev. Al Sharpton awake at night.

The rap culture then and now has nurtured its share of well-meaning artists, "freeing," as rap legend KRS-One once said, "the minds of inner-city people."

But what is troubling to some is that for every Talib Kweli, there are 10 like Ludacris (not that the dude isn't a riot). In 2004, the party gangstas and thugs rule the school, drawing the wrath of both veteran artists and social activists concerned about their effect on young people.

Bakari Kitwana, a lifelong hip-hop fan and author of "Hip Hop Generation: Young Blacks and the Crisis in African-American Culture," says that what was once a subculture in hip-hop has worked its way to center stage.

"At some point, what's being said is debilitating and dehumanizing. I don't ever accept that the n-word has been divorced from its historical roots, no matter how many times people use it. People who believe [it's OK] are deceiving themselves. They want to say that 'pimping' is a style of clothes. I don't believe that. When I hear young kids on the playground refer to young girls as bitches and know that they got it from listening to this music, that's inexcusable to me."

Two years ago, Sharpton wrote that when he asked rappers why they used so much profanity and misogyny in their lyrics, they said they were like "a mirror to society." The reverend responded, "Well, I don't know about you, but I use a mirror to correct what's wrong with me."

Last year, Chuck D, of Public Enemy, denounced the gangsta scene in a speech to students at UCLA, saying, "At the end of the 'hood is jail and death. And we're gonna put it to the music? That's vile."

Nelson George, veteran journalist and author of "Hip Hop America" and "Post-Soul Nation," thinks we've already settled that argument. Asked if he was concerned about content, he said, "Why would I be? It's too late to be. I was troubled by the content of N.W.A. and Snoop back in 1993. It's a little late for me to be worried about it now. These guys aren't saying anything new. That's the problem, that they're not saying anything new. Lyrically, 50 Cent's album could have been made in ' 93. There's nothing really new about the guy."

George believes that while the business of rap is growing, artistically, it's hit a plateau, at least in America. "It's all become dance music. Nothing wrong with that. It just means that a lot of the artists who are having the biggest hit records have the least amount to say. MC skills are less and less important. I think that's a huge difference. It was a goal to be a great MC then. Now, being a great MC is OK, but having hit records is more important."

And the turnover for hitmakers in rap is ruthless -- ask anyone from Chuck D to MC Hammer to Ja Rule. There are no Springsteens, Stones or U2s in the rap game. There's no vehicle for the elders to guide the way. Those who continue to create are relegated back to the underground (Public Enemy, KRS-One) or, like, Ice Cube, Queen Latifah and LL Cool J find a second life on the screen.

Even current chart-toppers are watching their backs. Jay-Z and DMX shocked fans late last year by announcing they would retire after less than seven- or eight-year reigns, declaring they would rather go out on top.

Why is the career span of the rapper so fleeting? Is the hunger for the next big thing even stronger than in rock? Is it a lack of loyalty in a culture where touring is less common and singles reign over albums? Is it the lack of radio stations cranking out classic rap?

Or, is it just that rap, as Chuck D said, is the "CNN of black culture," making yesterday's rap song yesterday's news.

"Hip-hop is a very 'now' art form," Kitwana says. "There was just an interview with Ice Cube in The New York Times where they were asking about the N.W.A. period, and he didn't apologize for anything. He said it was a time capsule of where he was. It's a brilliant way of phrasing it. Hip-hop is a series of time capsules. Most times artists are products of their time, and they can't escape it."

"In rap," says Sway Calloway of MTV News and the long-running syndicated radio program "The Wake Up Show," "the turnover is so fast, you have to still appeal to the younger part of the demographic to sustain some longevity. Once you lose it -- be it that you made a few albums, you have nothing else to talk about, your social, economic status changes so you don't have the same hunger, the same passion -- you kind of fade away."

For nearly three decades, the world has watched a parade of artists black, white, violent, peaceful, sexy, funny, dope, whack, political, criminal, beautiful, beastly, too phat, too short, good-cred, no-cred, villainous and revolutionary. The history shows that there's always a fresh face to take your place, which might be one of the reasons that it hasn't gotten stale for new generations.

It's a tough way to go but, as Will Smith once said, "It's all good."

/ The old school

According to SoundScan, 70 percent of the paying (and downloading) audience of hip-hop is white kids from the suburbs. That's a long way from the South Bronx, circa 1973.

Although it may have seemed like it, rap didn't come out of nowhere. Its seeds could be heard in African griots, Chicago blues, bebop scat, Jamaican toasts, the beat poetry of Gil Scott-Heron and even the verses of Muhammad Ali, but the credit for hip-hop -- the culture that encompasses rap, graffiti art, DJing and break dancing -- usually goes to Clive Campbell, aka DJ Kool Herc.

Around ' 73, a time when black Americans had made civil rights gains but were still suffering from high crime and unemployment rates, the Jamaican-born DJ threw block parties in rec centers and basketball courts, where he would experiment with what he called "breakbeats" on classic funk records.

"Kool Herc started playing music at Cedar Park in the Bronx," says legendary rapper KRS-One. "It was a community thing. Like, 'I'm doing this for the love of doing it. I'm doing this because I have to do it.' "

Grandmaster Flash, with his sequined suits and wizardry with electronics, joined the party to perfect the art of turntable scratching and introduce the MC or rapper, who would battle one another to create the best rhyme and eventually steal the spotlight from the DJs.

Afrika Bambaataa, a DJ and gang leader who had grown tired of the violence, traded in the Black Spades for Zulu Nation, a youth organization that started nurturing young MCs. He combined his positive Afrocentric hip-hop with far-out techno beats, eventually on the hit "Planet Rock."

Although rappers and DJs were rhyming, battling and cutting tapes for years, an overnight sensation from New Jersey, the Sugarhill Gang, beat them to the punch. In the dying days of disco, a former R&B singer named Sylvia Robinson assembled the Sugarhill Gang, who borrowed the beat from Chic's "Good Times" and rapped out the playful "Rapper's Delight" in October 1979. When it went to No. 4 on the R&B charts, rap was suddenly out of the hood.

"When 'Rapper's Delight' sold 2 million records in 1979," said KRS-One, "all the attention was placed on rap music as a selling tool, not on hip-hop as a consciousness-raising tool, as a maturing of the community. When hip-hop culture got discarded for the money to be made into rap product, we went wrong right there."

Kurtis Blow, a former break dancer and block-party veteran, followed the Sugarhill Gang to the charts a few months later with "Christmas Rappin' " and topped it with the smash rap-rock crossover "The Breaks" in 1980, giving him the early line on King of Rap. Kool Moe Dee, another pioneer from the old school, mastered the MC boast with his crew, the Treacherous Three.

Although fans of The Clash did not react well to Grandmaster Flash as tour openers, rockers couldn't ignore rap for long after Talking Heads spin-off the Tom Tom Club ("Genius of Love"), Blondie ("Rapture") and The Clash ("The Magnificent Seven") all cut irresistibly catchy rap-infected singles in late 1980/early 1981.

Aptly, it was Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, under the Sugarhill wing, who created the blueprint for rap as a medium capable of addressing social issues. In 1982, Flash and lead MC Melle Mel delivered "The Message," with a chorus that became the hip-hop mantra: "It's like a jungle sometimes/it makes me wonder/how I keep from going under."

"That was the point at which hip-hop demonstrated that it could be used as a means of social and political critique," says Todd Boyd, an associate professor at the University of Southern California and author of "The New H.N.I.C: The Death of Civil Rights and the Reign of Hip Hop." "Early ' 80s, Reagan era, you have a point about living in the inner-city at that time and the conditions for poor and ***working class*** people. It indicated that hip-hop could be more than boasting and bragging and rhyming to be funny, which is all cool and part of hip-hop, but 'The Message' indicated hip-hop could be serious as well. Grandmaster Flash took the game to the next level."

/ Into the Golden Age

The Furious Five set the stage for a hardcore rap outfit that would drive the music further into the heart of America. In 1983, Run-DMC, a trio from Queens, started dropping singles, beginning with "It's Like That" and "Sucker MCs (Krush-Groove 1)," that would take rap to the house.

Though middle-class, Run-DMC looked street in their black hats and thick chains and hit it like rockers with harder beats, metallic guitar samples and overlapping deliveries. Under the banner of Russell Simmons and Rick Rubin's Def Jam, they brought the whole package: They were the first rappers embraced by MTV, the pioneers of the rap "album." Even their shoes -- Adidas, of course -- were for sale. Their media was multi -- from their appearance in the cult classic and Def Jam bio "Krush Groove" to their explosive pairing with Aerosmith for a "Walk This Way" remix in 1986.

"In New York," George says, "people saw hip-hop as a Harlem-Bronx thing. Queens, at that point in time, was like coming from Kansas. These guys from the suburbs, like Run, LL Cool J, Public Enemy, they extended the style and the lyrical content of the music. Maybe because they had more distance from the chaos of the inner city, they brought an artistic sophistication to the music that wasn't there before."

Run-DMC fever was so high, it became dangerous. The group's 1986 Raisin' Hell tour was marred by melees that would lead to some cities -- including Pittsburgh -- to seek a ban on rap shows, a stigma that would go on for years.

Raising hell right along with Run-DMC were the Beastie Boys, three middle-class Jewish punk rockers who fought for the right to party -- and won. In ' 86, "Licensed to Ill," to the dismay of black rappers, became the first rap album to hit No. 1. The Beasties, also helmed by Rick Rubin, took some heat for their rap-rock dabbling, but no one denied them their cleverness and creativity, which haven't run out yet.

Hot on the heels of Run-DMC came two other hard-hitters that defined the so-called "Golden Age of Hip-Hop": Public Enemy and Boogie Down Productions, both arriving in 1987.

Nothing -- before, after or probably ever -- sounded like Public Enemy. Bringing the noise, the chaos and the militant style and agenda, Public Enemy stormed the scene as the "the prophets of rage," the most political and important group in the history of hip-hop. Mind you, at the time, rock's biggest hit-makers were Bon Jovi, Huey Lewis and Starship. Led by the commanding Chuck D and comic foil Flavor Flav, Public Enemy considered rap "the CNN of black culture" and dropped bombshells on the status quo like "Bring the Noise," "Don't Believe the Hype" and "Fight the Power."

"Public Enemy, that was the voice of the culture, the voice of the streets," Calloway says. "And it was educated. It had direction. It wasn't a sellout. It was passionate, it was from the heart, it was angry, it was edgy and innovative. Chuck D to this day is my hero. People say, 'Who is your hero?' Hey man, Martin Luther King is definitely a hero, but Chuck D directly affected me."

Public Enemy's message didn't sit well with everyone. Chuck D caused controversy when he called Louis Farrakhan a "prophet," and Professor Griff was briefly dismissed from PE for associating Jews with "wickedness."

Despite that, PE's commercial heyday lasted through "Fear of a Black Planet" and "Apocalypse 91."

BDP was KRS-One (Kris Parker) and beatmaster Scott LaRock, who incorporated Jamaican elements and attacked with a style that left you wondering if they were educators or gangstas on "Criminal Minded."

"I would say it was 50-50," KRS says. "Yeah, it was 50 percent glamorizing of thug life. And the other 50 percent was to bring light to thug life with some possible solutions. The reason I'm called contradictory and even arrogant is I walk this thin line between 'Criminal Minded' and 'Stop the Violence.' "

LaRock took a bullet in ' 87; KRS-One used that grief to become "The Teacher" and is still making consciousness-raising hip-hop.

Not all of the New York rappers were hell-bent on revolution. LL Cool J, another Def Jam star, made a career out of walking the line between tough and tender, street and sell-out. A former b-boy who started writing when he was 9, LL delivered the first rap ballad with "I Need Love," and when it seemed as if he was down, he met the challenge of the West Coast gangstas with "Mama Said Knock You Out" in 1990. The tally so far on LL Cool J is a half-dozen platinum albums, a sitcom and a Hollywood career that's even survived "Rollerball." He also helped set the stage for future battles between Biggie & Tupac, Nas & Jay-Z and 50 Cent & Ja Rule by sparring with Kool Moe Dee, who accused him of ripping off his style.

While LL was romantic, the roots of a sleazier booty rap could be found in 2 Live Crew, a Florida outfit so controversial, it spent as much time in court as on stage. In 1987 a record store clerk in Florida was charged with (and later acquitted of) a felony for selling a copy of "The 2 Live Crew Is What We Are" after it was ruled by court to be obscene. The group's follow-up, "Move Somethin,' " was the first rap album issued in a "clean" version.

The East Coast in the Golden Age isn't complete without mention of Eric B and Rakim, known for their eloquent flow and James Brown samples they were actually sued for; Big Daddy Kane, for his aggressive lover's rap; Doug E. Fresh, for being the first human beatbox; The Fat Boys, for 750 pounds of comic novelty; De La Soul and A Tribe Called Quest, for introducing an alternative style of bohemian jazz-rap; and Salt-N-Pepa, for being the first big female crew to break through the boys club.

"The thing that made that era so great is that nothing was contrived," Calloway says of the Golden Age. "Everything was still being discovered and everything was still innovative and new. That era followed the original code, the unspoken code, the groundwork laid in hip-hop culture that everyone followed and knew about. It wasn't like a constitution or something you could look up in the library. It was something you discovered, which was to not be a "biter," no matter what you do. If you were a DJ, a b-boy, having integrity, making music that counted, with an agenda, that's what was important.

"The financial? It wasn't about that. With that atmosphere, the music that came out was fresh and new."

**Notes**

FIRST OF THREE PARTS Tomorrow: Gangsta rap of the '90s. (SERIES) BUSTIN' RHYMES

**Graphic**

DRAWING: Daniel Marsula/Post-Gazette

PHOTO: Public Enemy's Flavor Flav and Chuck D have been busy touring and recording.

PHOTO: Rich Schultz/Associated Press: Mike Diamond and the Beastie Boys take their time between recordings. Their next CD is rumored to be coming our way in May.

PHOTO: Yesikka Vivancos/Associated Press: Kurtis Blow, right, is accompanied by his son, Kurtis Jr., backstage at the Source Hip-Hop Music Awards in October in Miami.

PHOTO: Mark Lennihan Associated Press: Above, Run-DMC attends the MTV Video Music Awards in 2002. At right, Jam Master Jay, DMC and Run in 1986.

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[***In Austin, Hormel strike that divided is far from forgotten***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6150-002B-H0B4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

They sat in a room adorned with yellowed newspaper clippings and a faded union banner, planning a parade to commemorate one of the most bitter strikes in the nation in the 1980s.

"I think we ought to put something on the last float that says, 'It isn't over,' " said John Howley, 70, a former sausage stuffer who joined the strike against Hormel Foods that began Aug. 17, 1985, after the company slashed wages.

But a new reality exists a few blocks away. Danna Johnson, 37, says he's satisfied shaving skin from meat for $ 8.70 an hour at Quality Pork Processors, which leases from Hormel space for a slaughterhouse. The wage is less than people earned 10 years ago at Hormel, but about twice what Johnson made cleaning motels in Missouri before he moved to Austin.

"I came up here with nothing but a prayer," he said. "This is the best-paying job I've ever had."

Ten years after the meatpackers' strike at Hormel, Austin remains divided in the pursuit of the American dream.

Lower wages during the past decade have eroded living standards for many longtime residents. Some say they've watched their middle-class lifestyles slip away.

Johnson's enthusiasm notwithstanding, wages for many jobs in the meatpacking industry are so low that Austin companies today have difficulty finding and retaining workers. Recently, Quality Pork bused in about 30 Polish immigrants from Chicago to check out jobs. After checking working conditions, pay and housing, most of them quickly returned to Chicago.

The city also remains divided over the roles that people played during the strike. When Hormel union member Bob Dahlback ran for City Council last fall, other union people who still call him a "scab" for crossing the picket line organized support for his opponent.

"They are still campaigning against me," said Dahlback, who won with 59 percent of the vote. "Some people won't ever let it go until they carry it to their grave."

Other residents say a parade and rally commemorating the strike Saturday morning in downtown Austin will draw little support from a community where many people have a financial stake in the business success of Hormel.

On a wall in his clothing store, Jack Keenan displays a boning knife that his father used when he worked at Hormel, a vivid reminder of his ***working-class*** roots. But Keenan has a connection to corporate America, too: He owns Hormel stock and has watched it increase handsomely over the years.

"A lot of people here have a little Hormel stock, so they want to think positively about this company," Keenan said. The strike, he said, was "like a death in the family; you want to forget about it."

Hormel and Quality Pork declined to comment about their wages or impact on Austin since the strike. Last week, Hormel issued a statement saying, "We have decided not to . . . respond to questions which revolve around this long ago occurrence."

The two firms are Austin's biggest employers, with a combined work force of about 2,600 in a city of 22,000, according to state labor figures.

Hormel's influence in Austin extends beyond jobs. The local high school, home of the Austin Packers, displays a Hormel Foods sign on its electronic calender of upcoming sports events. A foundation created by Hormel has donated millions of dollars to nonprofit organizations in Austin under an arrangement designed to prevent a corporate takeover of the giant meatpacking company.

An Austin shopping mall includes a storefront exhibit about the firm, its founder, George Hormel, and his son, Jay, whose baby picture from 1894 and golf clubs from the 1930s are on display. Videotapes from the 1940s and '50s tell how Hormel stimulated growth in Austin.

Harder times began in the 1980s. In 1984, Hormel asked unions in several cities to accept a cut in their base wage from $ 10.69 to $ 9 per hour. The company said it was paying substantially more than other meatpacking houses and needed to cut wages to stay competitive. Six local unions accepted the deal, but the Austin workers resisted. Hormel imposed an $ 8.25 hourly wage at its Austin plant.

Against the advice of its parent United Food and Commercial Workers Union, Austin Local P-9 hired a labor consultant in 1985 to organize a campaign to put public pressure on Hormel as the union prepared to negotiate a new contract. But the two sides couldn't reach an agreement. On Aug. 17, 1985, more than 1,400 workers walked out in the first strike at the Austin Hormel plant in 52 years.

Five months into the strike, Hormel invited P-9ers back to work under company terms. Some union members, worn down by months of unemployment, began to cross the picket line. Demonstrators blocked entrances to the plant, and Gov. Rudy Perpich sent nearly 500 National Guardsmen to Austin.

To fill other jobs, Hormel used a weapon that gained power after President Ronald Reagan used it in 1981 to break the strike of air traffic controllers: hiring replacement workers.

Hormel fired some strikers for allegedly displaying slogans urging a boycott of company meat. The firm placed hundreds of other union members on recall lists, and many waited three or four years before being called back to work. Some workers retired early or left town to get a job. Others relied for a while on welfare or took whatever jobs they could find in Austin.

"Some of them picked up minimum-wage jobs, but it wasn't enough," said Jan Butts, whose husband, Gary, returned to the Hormel plant after years on the recall list.

"People went through every dime of savings, and they are now in their 50s, and they will never recoup," she said. "They lost houses, cars, and now they don't have the same spending power."

The Butts family drew down its savings and "mostly didn't eat as much," Gary said. "We made a lot of soup."

Jan said wives of some union members took jobs in fast-food restaurants or retail shops in Austin, but those jobs don't pay enough for working mothers.

"If you're working for $ 4.50 an hour and paying day care, you're taking home 50 cents an hour," she said.

Jan Butts said years of unemployment, part-time jobs or other low-paying work took a toll on many of the former strikers.

"We are no longer middle class," she said. "We are low-income."

Gary took a lower-paying job at Kmart during the strike. Today, he's making less at Hormel than he did before the strike, so he works part-time at Kmart to supplement his income. He often works more than 50 hours week.

In the past decade, Hormel has enjoyed substantial financial growth, posting record profits year after year. Last year, its sales exceeded $ 3 billion for the first time while profits soared to $ 117.9 million, three times what they were 10 years ago.

In the past 11 years, Hormel has increased base wages to $ 11.70 an hour. But when adjusted for inflation, real wages have declined 21 percent from the high before the strike. Moreover, the hefty bonuses that Hormel once paid workers for high productivity are gone.

Nevertheless, Hormel still pays better than most companies in the industry.

After the strike, Hormel concentrated on making food products and turned its slaughterhouse over to Quality Pork, which leases it from Hormel. Quality Pork pays about $ 7.20 to $ 9.50 per hour for work that Hormel paid $ 10.69 per hour for in 1984, union officials and workers say. About 800 people work in the slaughterhouse.

Austin residents say the lower wages have changed the character of the city's work force.

The Austin depicted in the shopping mall exhibit is a virtually all-white city where meatpackers worked their entire adult lives for Hormel. Now, the slaughterhouse relies heavily on Hispanic and Asian workers, transplanted workers from small towns and students who work part-time. Turnover is high.

"As a white guy, I'm definitely in the minority," said Scott Goergen, 26, referring to his nighttime shift at Quality Pork. Goergen took the job for a short time this summer to earn some money for college.

"I was in the boning line, and it was going fast," Goergen said, saying workers couldn't keep up the pace. He decided to let some pork loins pass through uncarved.

"A guy next to me, who was Vietnamese, kept pushing the loins back, and I said, 'Just let them go.' He didn't understand at all, and he was so afraid of losing his job."

Johnson, the newcomer from Missouri, is among the best laborers that Quality Pork can hire these days: someone so accustomed to minimum-wage jobs that he's happy working at a slaughtering plant for $ 8.70 per hour.

He says he started working at $ 7.20 per hour about 18 months after moving to Austin from Kansas City. He uses a knife to trim patches of skin off meat products.

"That job got me a car, this apartment, this jewelry," he said, standing outside his home after finishing a shift this month. "I got health benefits. You don't get benefits working for a hotel," referring to his last job in Missouri.

"I've got a nephew coming up here, and I'll refer him to that place," he said, confident that Quality Pork will have an opening. "They go through so many people there."

Of his job, he said, "It's not tough, once you get used to it."

But he complains of sore wrists, and his wife, Laura Anderson, 26, fears the pain is the beginning of carpal tunnel syndrome.

"I've got trigger finger," he said, demonstrating how his knuckles sometimes lock up when he pulls skin off hog parts.

The experience of the Polish immigrants this year indicates that finding people to take some of the new, low-wage meatpacking jobs isn't easy.

Quality Pork thought Chicago might prove fertile ground for employees because the city's large Polish population included people with backgrounds in meat processing, said Jack Dunlop, who works for a community development agency and helped in the recruiting mission.

Quality Pork and city officials arranged for about 30 immigrants to be bused from Chicago to Austin, where they spent a weekend touring the city, attending mass, inspecting housing and checking out jobs at the slaughterhouse. Most of them returned to Chicago.

"Most of them weren't impressed with the jobs," said the Rev. Virgil Duellman of Queen of Angels Catholic Church, who let them stay at his retreat center. "One of them said, "We like your city, but not the work.' "

Dunlop said, "I think it gets down to cost - what [Quality Pork] is willing to start people at. It's tough work. If you're thinking of moving away from your family . . . for $ 7.60 an hour, you ask yourself, 'Can't I earn that much in Chicago?' "

As the anniversary of the walkout draws near, Hormel and Quality Pork have begun negotiations with their union over a new contract.

And the current leader of the local union - now called Local 9 - is distancing himself from the diehard P-9 activists, who have invited former union leader and diehard striker Jim Guyette to Saturday's parade and rally.

Union president Richard Koski didn't return phone calls about the 10th anniversary of the strike, and he declined an invitation from activists to speak at the rally.

"As a former striker who has personally experienced the many hardships associated with the strike, I do not have many fond memories of it," he told the activists in a letter.

The long reach of the strike

The 1985 meatpackers strike at Hormel Foods in Austin was one of most bitter in recent memory. While the strike officially ended in 1986, the aftermath continues to plague the southern Minnesota city and divide its residents.

1984

Summer/ Union leaders for workers in seven Hormel plants meet with management to discuss a proposed wage cut.

October/ Six of the local unions agree to a wage cut from $ 10.69 to $ 9 an hour, but Local P-9 in Austin refuses the deal and breaks from the chain. Hormel imposes wages of $ 8.25 an hour at the Austin plant.

1985

January/ Against the advice of its parent union, P-9 hires labor consultant Ray Rogers to organize a "corporate campaign" against Hormel.

June/ With its contract due to expire in August, P-9 and Hormel begin negotiations on a new pact.

Aug. 11/ P-9 rejects Hormel's final contract offer, which would have put Austin's wages in line with other plants.

Aug. 17/ Contract talks collapse; 1,422 workers walk in P-9's first strike since 1933.

1986

Jan. 13/ After failing to make peace with P-9, Hormel reopens the Austin plant and invites P-9ers back to work under company terms.

Jan. 20/ P-9 demonstrators block plant gates with a barricade.

Jan. 21/ Gov. Rudy Perpich sends nearly 500 National Guardsmen to Austin. Using replacement workers and P-9ers who crossed the picket line, the plant reopens the next day.

March 14/ Calling the walkout a lost cause, the parent union withdraws its sanction for the strike. Despite the loss of support, P-9 members vote to continue the strike.

June 2/ With the support of a federal court order, P-9's parent union is allowed to put the local in trusteeship, ousting its leaders.

Sept. 15/ Austin plant workers ratify a new contract.

1987

Trusteeship ends.

1991

Summer/ Hormel celebrates its 100th anniversary.

1992

September/ Hormel reaches agreement with UFCW on a labor contract to expire in September 1995 for plants in Austin; Fremont, Neb.; Atlanta; Beloit, Wis.; Houston; and Algona, Iowa.

December/ Former P-9ers regain control of eight of the 13 union offices at Local 9.

1993

September/ Richard Knowlton retires as chief executive officer of Hormel and is replaced by Joel Johnson.

1994

Bob Dalhback, who crossed the picket line during the strike, runs for city council in a race that proves that divisions over the strike persist in the community. The son of a diehard striker opposes Dahlback, and the race becomes a referendum of sorts on union loyalty. Dalhback, who held office in the 1980s, wins.

**Graphic**

Photograph

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**End of Document**



[***And now, it's your turn … See how your favorites compareto our critic's top picks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44YR-TT10-007M-44NJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

First it was our turn; now, it's yours.

Late last year we asked our Time out! writers and critics to pick their favorites (movies, TV shows, restaurants, plays and albums) of 2001; on Dec. 28, they told us.

At the same time, we started asking you, our readers, for your favorites.

Comparing the results of our survey with our own writers and critics couldn't have been more interesting.

For instance, our movie critic, Dann Gire, picked "Waking Life" as his favorite movie. Our readers liked "Shrek," "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone" and "Monsters, Inc."

Our TV critic, Ted Cox, liked, among other shows, "Wit," and the episode of "The Sopranos" called "Armour Fou," while our readers are fans of "Everybody Loves Raymond" and "The Simpsons."

There's more. As for what it all means, we'll let you draw your own conclusions.

Kid, family movies big in 2001

What types of movies did our readers find the most memorable during 2001?

Movies for children and families were popular with readers, especially "Shrek," "Monsters, Inc." and "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone."

Michael Stewart of Arlington Heights says he picked "Shrek" because "I think it told a very good message at the end about how it doesn't really matter what you look like, it's what you are inside that counts."

He felt that it was a message that was good for children, but could hit home with adults as well.

Julie Yelton of Algonquin also liked the movie for its message that "beauty is not skin deep, it's what's on the inside that's important."

Stewart said he picked "Shrek" because he is a big fan of Mike Myers, who voiced the title character.

"I thought he did a great job of doing the voice and putting life into the character," he said.

Lori Magee of Bartlett enjoyed "Shrek" because she loves Eddie Murphy, who did the voice for Donkey.

"It's nice to see him doing more clean humor," she said.

Special effects can play a very big role in whether or not people like a movie.

Donna Vitalo of Wheaton decided to go see "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone" because her kids had all read the book and raved about it. And because of its "great special effects."

"The special effects are very much what you would envision in your mind (when you are reading the book). They were very well done," she said.

Now she's reading the book because the movie sparked her interest.

Kathleen Kasprowicz of Arlington Heights called "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone" a "pediatric Indiana Jones."

"Certainly it is about children," she said, "but it's very adventurous and exciting and it had the same elements of fantasy that I have come to enjoy in the Indiana Jones series."

Kasprowicz has not read the book yet and says that she generally doesn't see a movie before reading the book because the movie never really lives up to her imagination.

But with "Harry Potter," she says "I thought they did a good job. They developed the characters well and you really felt like you got to know what was going on there."

One overriding reason, however, for why people chose these movies was because they were movies that they could enjoy with their children.

"I think for my husband and I it's really hard to find (children's) movies we can sit through all the way without bringing something to read while our kids watched the movie," Lori Magee says, "but 'Shrek' had characters that we could relate to."

Yelton found "Shrek" to be "one of the best ones I went to with my kids."

Many found "Monsters, Inc." to be a great family movie, including Terri Hoshell of Warrenville, who said the flick is "fun for the whole family."

Readers pick Creed as top album

Many readers picked "Weathered" by Creed as their favorite album of 2001.

Nicole Marcuccilli of Wheeling heard "My Sacrifice," a song on "Weathered," on WWF wrestling and just had to have it.

But Terry Cummmiskey of Winfield disagreed. His favorite album for 2001 is Bob Dylan's "Love and Theft."

He describes this album as raw and powerful.

"His style is still gritty, but his use of words is almost poetic."

Another popular album this year was Tool's "Lateralus." In Palatine there is one diehard Tool fan who can prove his loyalty to the band. Michael Dudek has the Tool logo tattooed on his arm.

"Their music gives me a different feeling than anything else," he said. "It has been very helpful in getting me through hard times."

Dave Matthews' unreleased album "The Lily White Sessions" is a favorite of John Muzzupappa of Arlington Heights.

He loves the album, at one time available on the Internet, because "it was written during a time when Dave was struggling with his life, so the songs are filled with emotions.

"It also does not have the pop feel like 'Everyday,' " Muzzupappa said. "It's more of a basement album with improvisation and musical experiments."

Another unreleased CD is No. 1 on Evanston resident Bill Race's charts: Wilco's "Yankee Hotel Foxtrot."

"Although it's still not 'officially released,' it's a masterpiece," Race said. "Each album has found the band in better form. Wilco continues to use different sounds, melodies and sonic landscapes. I have been able to keep my faith in rock because their music is honest, worthwhile and influential, not a direct clone."

TV viewers still love him, and that Bart kid, too

When it comes to their favorite TV comedy, many of our readers were in favor of Ray Romano on "Everybody Loves Raymond."

"It's totally believable and consistently funny," said Marlene Kroll of Chicago. "I also believe it's based on reality."

Susan Nowinski and her dad, both from Arlington Heights, watch the show together and they can't get enough of it.

"You can always count on that show for a good laugh," she said. "It's a good family show to watch; I can identify with all the bickering."

Another reader favorite, "The Simpsons," is currently in its 13th season.

Dan Schlacks of Naperville is particularly fond of the show.

"There are few shows that you can sit down as a family and all watch," he said. " 'The Simpsons,' though, is a show my entire family can sit down and watch and laugh out loud."

Another Naperville resident, Nina Ricci, voted this as her favorite show for the same reason that Schlacks did.

A teenager, Ricci feels like she has grown up with this show.

"It really crosses a bridge between youth and adult comedy," she said. "I love the show, and my brother who is 30 also loves it."

Our readers listed four other shows among their favorites: "ER," "Friends," "West Wing" and "24."

When it comes to blood and guts, a lot of people quiver, close their eyes or even pass out. But for Mary Arquilla of Wheaton that gut-nagging scene doesn't even phase her.

"I have watched ("ER") with my husband since day one," Arquilla said. "I love the action, energy and drama."

To some viewers this show replicates real-life ER's in the area.

"For me, the situations are real-life," said Keith Huspen of Schaumburg. "I think what happens on the show is what actually happens in hospitals in the Chicagoland area."

Arquilla, on the other hand, disagrees.

"I have a friend that is an ER assistant, and I know the show plays up the drama," she said. "Unfortunately, it's not that similar to an actual ER."

Next on the list of TV favorites is "Friends," NBC's No. 1 lead- off comedy for their popular "Must See TV" Thursday nights.

"Friends," on the air since 1994, is in its eighth season. And several viewers, aside from this being their favorite show, think this season might be the last for the six close-knit friends, who spend the majority of their time lounging in the Central Perk Coffeehouse sipping mochas.

Nicole Marcuccilli of Wheeling does not see how the show can make it after this season.

"Chandler and Monica are married, and Ross and Rachel are going to have a baby," she said. "Unless Phoebe and Joey get together, there is not much more they can do with the show."

Nick Caldarola of Hoffman Estates feels the same way.

"They can't do it forever," he said.

Nevertheless, this enormously popular show is still their favorite.

Caldarola says he was drawn in because of the writing.

"Anyone can take a bunch of stars and start a sitcom, but if the writing is not there, the show cannot last," he said. " 'Friends' wasn't star powered when I started watching it. I only recognized Courtney Cox Arquette. But because of the writing and humor, I was drawn into it."

Marcuccilli has a different view.

"It's very realistic-type situations for people in their 20s or 30s. Of course it's a little more exaggerated, but it's very real to everyday life."

After Sept. 11 most Americans would agree that President George W. Bush has performed well, but many people admire a second president, too, but he's a fictitious one.

Martin Sheen plays the president in the drama "The West Wing."

Bill Rojek of Roselle said "outstanding" is the only word that can describe the show.

He likes it because it relates to our everyday lives.

"The show is quite realistic," he said. "It takes actual situations going on here in the world today and explains those events."

So it's no wonder why Kevin Miller of Schaumburg thinks the show is educational.

"Each week I learn some new historical tidbit as I am watching," he said.

You might, in fact, call him a die-hard fan of "The West Wing."

"I watch it religiously and when it's not on Wednesday night for some reason or another, I feel a huge void."

"24", a new series on Fox, is another reader favorite. The show has an interesting twist compared to most TV shows.

"This is not like your typical soap opera," said Chris van Adelsberg of Huntley, "or TV show for that matter."

Each show airs for an hour but all the action, drama and story line also take place in an hour.

The first episode began at midnight and lasted until 1 a.m., according to the show's time. The next episode picks back up at 1 a.m. and lasts until 2 a.m.

So, the entire season is actually one day long.

And that's a good thing for van Adelsberg.

"Most shows do not keep my attention," he says.

He's what you would call a channel surfer, but "24" has reduced his zapping once he sits in front of the tube.

"It's just so much fun to watch and something is always left unresolved that you just have to tune into next week's show," he said.

And speaking of tuning in, Brian Leal of Algonquin has tuned into every episode except the last one, which aired a week before Christmas.

So he went onto the Web site and printed out the description of the show that he missed.

Jazz bistro a favorite

The top favorite restaurant features Chicago jazz in the suburbs: Michael's Jazz Bistro, 530 Crescent Blvd., Glen Ellyn.

Owner Michael Johnston thought up the idea because he's a jazz fan.

"This was a vision of Michael's," said his wife, Jennifer, "He wanted to bring a combination of food, music and art into the suburbs for other jazz lovers."

And our readers like it.

"The place is very true to downtown," said Geoff Laibl of Brookfield. "Overall, it's just a great restaurant for food, drinks, music, service and atmosphere."

Local steak and crab houses also were reader favorites.

One in particular, Chicago Prime Steakhouse, 1370 Bank Drive, Schaumburg, is a favorite of Lucille Sprovieri of Bloomingdale.

"My husband and I do not eat out often," she said, "but when we do or when we have guests to take out, we go there."

Another perk about Chicago Prime Steakhouse is the service.

"They actually read the menu to you and suggest foods that would be good to try," she said.

Another steakhouse popular with readers is Lonestar Steakhouse, with multiple suburban locations.

The one at 2525 Higgins Road, Hoffman Estates, is a favorite of local resident Bob Bouse. And no matter how far Bouse has to drive, he and his family always go there for dinner.

"I went to Lonestar for dinner when it was 20 minutes from my house," he said. "Now, there is one in Hoffman Estates, and we still go there for dinner because of the quality food, friendly service and good prices."

On the crab house side is longtime favorite Bob Chinn's Crabhouse, 393 S. Milwaukee Ave., Wheeling.

Chris Miller of Elmhurst had a hard time finding a crab house that he liked. Miller is originally from the West Coast near Seattle and once he was settled in Elmhurst he decided to try Bob Chinn's, thinking nothing in the suburbs would ever compare to his hometown delights.

But Miller turned out to be wrong.

"I consider myself a seafood snob," he said, "and the seafood there is fresh, very well-prepared and quite comparable to the seafood I've eaten directly out of the water on the coast."

Two other crab houses were also favorites among our readers: Joe's Crab Shack, 2000 E. Golf Road, Schaumburg, and Shaw's Crab House, 1900 E. Higgins Road, Schaumburg.

'Blue Man Group' still running strong

Readers' favorite plays were varied, although there were a few mentioned often.

The most popular play of the year turned out to be the enigmatic "Blue Man Group."

The performances feature three bald, blue characters that take the audience on a multisensory experience that combines theater, percussion, music, art, science and vaudeville. They currently have shows running in New York, Boston, Chicago and Las Vegas.

Laura Szaranski of Palatine says that she enjoyed the show because "it was unique and fast moving, there were a lot of surprises." She also felt that it was funny and entertaining for the whole family.

Megan Smart of Carol Stream also liked the show, saying it was original and she enjoyed the music.

"It was very entertaining," she said.

After "Blue Man Group," there were four other shows readers liked: "Mamma Mia!," "The Producers," "Miss Saigon" and "The Full Monty."

"Mamma Mia!" weaves ABBA's greatest hits with the stories of a young girl about to be married and her mother about to confront the past.

Lucille Sprovieri of Bloomingdale loved the show because "the music was great and the people were just dancing in the aisles."

The multi-award-winning production "The Producers," which is currently running on Broadway, is based on the 1968 Mel Brooks' movie. The story follows a pair of rogues who try to make a fortune producing an awful Broadway musical, "Springtime for Hitler."

Karen Stocco of Rolling Meadows says that it's "hysterical - nothing more, nothing less."

"Miss Saigon," based on the 1904 opera "Madame Butterfly," features a Vietnamese woman abandoned by her American GI lover and father of her child.

Kitty Molanders of Schaumburg said that she can sum up her love for the production in two words: "the music." Molanders has seen both the full-scale production, which came to the Auditorium Theatre in 1995, and the scaled-down version that appeared last year at the Marriott Lincolnshire.

"It was very interesting to see this smaller version," she said. "They did (the music) note for note. It was just wonderful."

"The Full Monty," based on the 1997 British comedy movie, tells the story of a group of ***working-class*** guys who suddenly find themselves out of a job. They decide to raise some money by putting on their own male strip show.

Barbara Grossman of Elgin thought the show was "funny and had a good story."

Readers pick Michael's Jazz Bistro … again

Michael's Jazz Bistro, mentioned as a favorite dining destination for many readers, is also high on the list of favorite nightspots.

Jennifer Johnston, wife of owner Michael Johnston, could not be happier that her husband's innovation and dream has turned into such a hot spot.

The Glen Ellyn establishment has been up and running since September 2000.

Even so, "Many customers have become regulars," she said. "So Michael and I and the staff know a lot of diners by their first names; it's kind of like Cheers."

There are two reasons why this new spot has such a great turnout late at night: the music and the martinis.

"We are known for our martinis," Johnston said. "We offer about 12 to 15 different kinds."

This is also why it's Dave Arquilla's favorite nightspot.

"The martinis … they have the greatest martinis," said Arquilla of Chicago.

"Our live jazz and blues music is a big part of why people come here and keep coming back," Johnston added.

If you're in the mood for a wing buffet, bucket of domestic beer and a football game on a big-screen TV, Michael's Jazz Bistro (the upstairs) is the nightspot for you.

But wait, this may sound more appealing: a large martini in a frozen glass, a dark, cozy atmosphere with animal print seating and live jazz music; Michael's has that, too.

Other nightspots readers mentioned included Zanies' with three Chicago-area locations, Boogie Nights with multiple suburban locations, The Curragh near Woodfield and Gameworks.

**Graphic**

"Shrek," with voices by Cameron Diaz as Princess Fiona and Mike Myers as Shrek, won the hearts of many readers last year. Greg Rockinham, left, Henry Johnson and Peter Roothaan keep the jazz coming at Michael's Jazz Bistro. Brian Hill/Daily Herald

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[***The Property Tax Riddle;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44MT-2YR0-0190-X1CB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Why you probably pay too much or too little***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44MT-2YR0-0190-X1CB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

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**Byline:** Anthony R. Wood INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

William P. Johnson's house sits on two pastoral acres of Thornbury Township in Delaware County. He bought it for $332,000 in 1999, and this year his property tax bill is $2,952.

Beatrice Kyne's home is on a sixth of an acre in Colwyn, at the county's other end. She bought around the same time, for $65,000. Her tax bill is $3,181 - or $229 more than what Johnson pays on a house worth five times as much.

He lives in one of the region's richer communities, with well-regarded schools. She's in one of the poorer towns and worst-off school districts.

But thanks to a bewildering tax system, Kyne pays more property tax.

It isn't fair.

Neither are the property taxes paid by thousands of other Pennsylvania and New Jersey homeowners.

Their tax bills are the product of a system shot through with inconsistency.

An Inquirer analysis of property taxes in the eight-county region has found that thousands of taxpayers pay far too much, while others pay far too little. Some institutions pay nothing, forcing their neighbors to pay more.

Camden County homeowners, who contribute $43 million annually to the impoverished city of Camden, pay some of the nation's highest rates. Some rates in Camden and Delaware Counties are triple those of wealthy Lower Merion, for reasons far beyond the control of local administrators.

For more than a century, the property tax has paid for chalk and erasers, police revolvers and fire engines, snowplows and trash trucks.

Now, with ever-growing funding crises in school systems and municipalities, lawmakers in New Jersey and Pennsylvania are asking a question already confronted by several other states: Is this antique system any way to pay the modern costs of government and schools?

In the words of John Snow, a church missionary who lives in Clementon, Camden County, and who devotes nearly a tenth of his $35,000 salary to paying the property tax: "It doesn't make sense."

The property tax lands hardest on the region's ***working class*** and working poor, the Inquirer analysis shows. It forces densely built communities to seek ever more taxable development to pay the bills - or else squeeze residents for yet another tax increase. It has failed to provide school districts like Philadelphia's with adequate local funding.

"We're using the wrong kind of tax. It doesn't work," said Don Familiar, who quit as school board president of Delaware County's struggling William Penn School District two years ago, partly out of frustration over funding. "There's no way you can correct it."

It is, analyses show, a stubbornly regressive levy: It favors the wealthy and, as three suburban counties proved recently, not even a wave of reassessments could fix that.

It allows generous exemptions for certain businesses, hospitals and other institutions, sticking some of the region's poorest places - Camden, Chester, Norristown - with acres of land that they can't tax. That results in a bigger burden on homeowners.

It is unwieldy to administer and often bewildering to taxpayers. It is so wayward that people in similar houses on opposite sides of a street can pay very different bills.

The region's map has become a checkerboard of wildly differing tax rates that in the end have little to do with the quality of government or the caliber of services, or what children learn in schools. The rates have far more to do with differences in wealth among communities, the legacies of planners, decisions by long-dead officials, the housing market - and sheer serendipity.

The Pennsylvania and New Jersey constitutions both require local assessors to capture the true value of each property in town, and to tax a "uniform" percentage of each property. But The Inquirer's analysis found many expensive homes assessed at well below market value, and many of the least-expensive homes assessed well above their value.

Inaccurate assessments help widen the differences in tax bills among communities.

The analysis found the region's highest tax rates not on the Main Line, with its acclaimed schools, or in Chester County, with its crop of "McMansions," but in a handful of aging post-industrial towns in Camden and Delaware Counties - towns like Clementon, Darby and Colwyn.

That's where Beatrice Kyne and Ephraim Rosario bought their $65,000 house two years ago. The couple, both mental health counselors, had saved up to move out of an Upper Darby apartment, and were startled by their tax bill. But they moved anyway, and this year the bill is $3,181. Rosario says, "What can you do?"

In general, Pennsylvania's property taxes are lower than New Jersey's, but most communities supplement them with various so-called nuisance taxes that disguise the true burden.

Local property taxes went up in most South Jersey communities in the last year, and all over Bucks and Chester Counties. The bulk of those funds are for schools. But given that only about one household in four has school-age children, this can be a tough sell among voters, especially retirees on fixed incomes.

"The one thing that's destroying the middle class and the poor is the school property tax," said former Darby Mayor Charles Sanders, a retiree on fixed income whose annual tax bill is $3,120. Last year, he said, he had to borrow to help pay his taxes.

Many of those who administer the tax acknowledge that it is flawed, and that it tends to cement the gap between economic classes.

"We have created economic apartheid in this society," said Wallace Nunn, the Republican who is chairman of the Delaware County Council. He calls it "an unfair tax."

A moving target

Unlike an income tax that is based on a fixed percentage of paychecks or dividends, the property tax is based on the value of real estate - which is far more subjective.

Its supporters point out that property gives local government a more stable revenue base than income or sales, which are more sensitive to such economic downturns as the nation's current one. But what's good for the tax man may not be good for the taxed, who have to pay regardless of job status. Laid off by an airline? You still owe your property tax in full.

In Pennsylvania, where counties administer the tax, some assessments have gathered dust for decades, even as home values have fluctuated wildly.

"We live in a democracy. That's a good thing, except when it comes to assessment," said Roger Downing, an expert on Pennsylvania property taxes. "Nobody wants to reassess, and they don't unless they get forced."

When they do, it's like trying to hit a fast-moving target with a cudgel. Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties spent a combined $20 million in the last five years to reevaluate all properties for the first time in decades. But data show that many of the new figures quickly became obsolete.

In Chester County, for example, those McMansions and estate properties have jumped in value, while values of older houses in Phoenixville and Coatesville have stagnated. But assessments have not changed. As a result, many high-price houses are now underassessed, while the least-expensive ones are overassessed.

In Chester County, on average, taxes on homes that sold for less than $50,000 last year are $350 higher than if they'd been assessed accurately, based on market value - while $400,000-and-up homes are undertaxed by more than $1,000 each.

Though New Jersey urges towns to reassess at least once a decade, skewed assessments are still common.

In Clementon, for example, Daniel Thomas bought a house last year on Whitehorse Avenue for $49,150. It is assessed at $59,100, and that costs him about $400 a year in extra taxes.

On that same street, Lester MacDonald is getting a slight break. He paid $110,000, but his assessment, $93,200, translates to a tax savings of about $600. Assessments are supposed to parallel market value, and under law the truest measure is price.

One exception to this regionwide over-under pattern is brand-new homes - which tend to get assessed correctly, at 100 percent.

Schools in crisis

In Philadelphia, where more than half of this year's $780 million in property taxes went to the schools, Mayor Street has vowed not to raise this tax to cover the district's looming deficit.

Street's predecessors took a similar vow. In a city with one of the highest wage taxes in the nation, officials haven't raised the real estate millage in 12 years, lest they drive more people out - and get booted out of City Hall. "Our bias was not to raise any taxes," recalls David L. Cohen, who was Mayor Edward G. Rendell's chief of staff, "because Philadelphians are, statistically and anecdotally, overtaxed."

In older suburbs on both sides of the river, some school districts become little pockets of tax rebellion on Election Day.

"We cut so deep that we are now becoming inefficient," said Gary Dentino, superintendent of Camden County's Waterford School District, where voters rejected a tax increase last spring. "It's frustrating."

In Delaware County, Don Familiar's old district has become fertile ground - for tax appeals. "Taxes in the William Penn School District are overly burdensome," Anthony and Joyce Giunta of Aldan wrote in their appeal, saying the tax came to about half their mortgage payments.

"The older people can't afford it," says Joyce Giunta. "The new, younger families are moving in, and they can't afford it."

The Giuntas got a slight reduction, but in their appeal they made a common mistake, disputing the bill instead of the assessment. Taxpayers have to prove they were way overassessed - by at least 15 percent.

Fixed income? Too bad. The law says assessors cannot consider your ability to pay.

"You're almost in tears," said Dennis J. Sharkey, chairman of the Montgomery County assessment board and mayor of Narberth. "There's nothing we can do for these people."

Location, location

What factors skew the assessments? Sometimes it depends on what is nearby.

Owners of low-end homes in Colwyn pay taxes that amount to more than 5 percent of the home's worth. But this drops to about 1.3 percent in West Conshohocken's priciest parts.

Colwyn sits near the old Industrial Highway, where most of the industry is only a memory. It is in the William Penn district, where less than $9,000 is spent per pupil. West Conshohocken is near the bustling Blue Route and the Expressway. Its children go to Upper Merion schools, where per-pupil spending is about $12,000.

In West Conshohocken, more than 100 homes have sprouted in the last three years; McMansions and townhouses crown the hills overlooking the old part of town. In Colwyn, not one house went up in the 1990s.

Up Route 23 from West Conshohocken is the poorest town in the Upper Merion district, Bridgeport. But its taxes are low - because the district is blessed with more than $3 billion in property, much of it shopping malls.

By contrast, tax millage just across the Schuylkill, in Norristown, is 65 percent higher than Bridgeport's - mostly because Norristown is in a poorer school district, with property worth two-thirds of Upper Merion's.

For cities and towns in decline, property taxes often become part of a downward cycle that can be measured several ways.

One is the "effective tax rate," which experts use to simplify your tax bill by expressing it as a percentage of your home's assessed value.

Thanks to its office parks and malls, Upper Merion's effective tax rate for homeowners is low: about 1.5 percent. But in the old streetcar suburbs of Lansdowne and East Lansdowne, The Inquirer's analysis found, the figure is 3.5 percent. In the cities of Chester and Camden, it is nearly 4.

Another yardstick is a town's overall tax base. If it is shrinking - say, as stores or factories close - odds are the cost of police and other services will rise as joblessness gives way to crime and poverty. Homeowners wind up paying that cost in higher taxes - even as home values fall.

Finally, there's the gap between a home's true worth and its assessed worth: When home values rise or fall, taxes get ever more skewed as fixed assessments fade like old snapshots.

The result: In some wealthier Chester County areas, where property values have risen steadily, owners are taxed on just 65 percent of their homes' current worth. But in Delaware County's poorer towns, where values keep falling, many owners are taxed on 125 percent or more of their home's worth.

Sometimes, not only does the street where you live make all the difference - but also which side of that street.

On County Line Road in Ardmore, Donna Littlewood's $143,980 assessment is just $10 more than her neighbor's across the road. Yet her tax bill is $2,337. Her neighbor's is $3,162.

In fact, several houses on both sides of the road have virtually identical assessments. But Littlewood's side is in Lower Merion Township. The other is in Haverford Township.

Dotted with sprawling estate homes, Lower Merion's tax base is worth about three times Haverford's, where building patterns are denser and houses generally more modest.

Littlewood says she's getting a good deal for her tax dollar. She also allows that people on both sides of the road have "the convenience of being near the city, the comfort of the suburbs" - but that the other side pays more.

A daunting challenge

In Harrisburg and Trenton, legislators are studying ways to change or replace the property tax. In Philadelphia, Controller Jonathan A. Saidel has proposed easing owners' load by taxing land more and homes less. But neither state is expected to act soon.

For all its flaws, the ancient tax has a peculiar staying power. "As much as people complain about the tax structure, they seem to complain about changing it as well," said Jay Himes, head of the Pennsylvania Association of School Business Officials.

Replacing it would be a daunting challenge for politicians and administrators. Besides, where's the fire? The underassessed don't protest. The overassessed typically have less money and less clout; economist John H. Bowman has called it "a tax based on political influence - or lack thereof."

Plus, most homeowners pay it from escrow, with the mortgage. Except on April 15, when you can itemize it as a deduction on your federal return, it tends to stay out of sight, out of mind.

Some administrators, such as David Glancey, chairman of Philadelphia's Board of Revision of Taxes, believe that as flawed as it is, it beats the alternatives. "The older I get, the less unfair I think the property tax is," said Glancey. "If you start with the fact that nobody wants to pay taxes, what's the lesser of the evils?

"We know the devil we have."

Others hold that it is beyond remedy.

John Schank, the business administrator for the low-tax Upper Merion district, says: "I really believe, philosophically, that real estate is not a good measure of ability to pay."

The Snows might agree. With scholarship aid, they keep three of four children in private schools because they are disenchanted with Clementon's. On a house they bought in 1999 for $90,000, their taxes are $3,420.

"I don't feel it should be this high," John Snow said. "We don't live extravagantly."

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The Property Tax Riddle

\* Today: An analysis of property tax bills in the Philadelphia area finds that thousands of homeowners are paying too much while others pay too little.

Tomorrow: How could suburban counties pay $20 million to reassess and still get it wrong?

Tuesday: Why you pay property tax but your local college, hospital or museum does not.

Wednesday: Looking for better ways to tax? Start in Michigan.

\* philly.com: To read the series online, and for an interactive database that allows you to compare your taxes with others in the region, go to [*http://*](http://)

inquirer.philly.com/go/taxes/

\* Back Issues: Call The Inquirer's service counter at 215-854-4444. Reprints will be available after Dec. 19.

**Notes**

The Property Tax Riddle

First of four parts

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

John Snow, doing yard work this fall at home in Clementon, Camden County, says he pays nearly 10 percent of his income on property taxes. "We don't live extravagantly," said the father of four. "It's a sacrifice."

JONATHAN WILSON, Inquirer Staff Photographer

Location plays a big role in tax bills. In this composite photograph of County Line Road, similarly assessed houses on the Lower Merion side (left) pay lower tax bills than houses on the Haverford side.

JONATHAN WILSON, Inquirer Staff Photographer

West Conshohocken is home to rowhouses and new, pricier homes on a ridge. Its children go to school in the wealthy Upper Merion district, making its taxes low.

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[***IN THE ZONE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B4W-X7C0-0094-53JP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***PANAMA'S NATURAL WONDERS AND HISTORY LURE TOURISTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B4W-X7C0-0094-53JP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** BENJAMIN GEDAN, BOSTON GLOBE

**Dateline:** PANAMA CITY

**Body**

We stopped the car mid-ascent, and I found myself surveying Isla Flamenco with one eye on an abandoned military bunker and the other wandering to the Pacific, where a tiny fishing boat sputtered near the shoreline and sailboats mingled with colossal barges lumbering toward the Panama Canal.

Tempted to either follow the black heron soaring overhead or gape at the slick Bridge of the Americas, I was wary of toppling into the placid seascape, so I focused instead on the dried mud and rock fragments underfoot. Then I looked more closely at the cement ruins, unmarked, hugging the rocky side of a cliff.

The dazzling ocean view didn't match the gray bunker, where indecipherable military code was spray-painted on thick, barren walls, and narrow openings let in slices of sunlight. This detritus of a military lookout was left over from the United States' 89-year occupation of a 360,000-acre zone surrounding the canal. U.S. troops left Panama only two years ago, yet I couldn't help but feel an archaeologist's glee at investigating the remnants of a fallen empire. Given my taste for politics and history, I found the weathered bunker as captivating as the Pacific scenery.

The return of the sprawling Canal Zone to Panamanian control registers decidedly mixed reviews here. In a nation that has lived in the United States' formidable shadow since secession from Colombia 100 years ago, sovereign pride coexists with frustration over the economic hardship ushered in by the exodus of thousands of U.S. citizens and their U.S. salaries.

For tourists, though, the turnover has been an undeniable improvement, as it has reshaped Panama as a vacation destination. Unlike when the famous waterway offered little entertainment other than cruise ship tours, today the entire zone belongs to foreign visitors, as Panama's Tourism Ministry works to lure dollars back to this Central American nation. Isla Flamenco is an example of Panama's newly accessible but little-known attractions.

Isla Flamenco is on the Amador Causeway, a serpentine path made of canal dirt connecting four small islands that until 1996 belonged to the U.S. Army and Navy. A cheap taxi ride across the bay from Panama City's skyscrapers, the causeway was one of the early sites to revert to Panamanian control as part of the 1977 treaty negotiated by President Carter and Panama's former dictator, Omar Torrijos.

At the start of the causeway, massive construction is under way on the Panama Canal Village, with signs promising a casino, hotel and revolving restaurant. A stadium, where the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Shakira recently performed, was renovated to accommodate this year's Miss Universe competition. Like many tourist sites in the zone, Canal Village is in a state of unattractive progress, but there's plenty of finished work to enjoy in the area.

For $2.10 an hour, tourists can rent well-maintained bicycles and cruise the strip on a smooth, car-free path stretching toward the Bridge of the Americas, the single-arched structure that helps connect North and South America. Despite its beauty, though, the strip has yet to attract more than a few tourists. The causeway houses several comfortable restaurants and bars, and its most traditional establishment, El Ranchito, made for a perfect lunch stop. The island also offers an upscale yacht club and a Smithsonian aquarium dedicated to marine biology and U.S. military history in Panama, where you can touch marine animals from the Caribbean or stare into thick tree branches, hoping to spot a slow-climbing sloth.

I spent most of my day climbing Isla Flamenco, checking out the carcass of the former U.S. military complex, which also served as a political prison used by Manuel Noriega, the former dictator deposed by the U.S. military.

Like the bunker, the defunct base is mostly bland cement, with dozens of shadowy rooms, a helicopter landing pad, and an unnerving basement dungeon. It is overrun with weeds, and my traveling companion, a Panamanian photographer now living in Boston, warned of land mines. The mountaintop building lacks signs, so most of the fun was in trying to untangle the history and uses of the complex's many rooms. A simpler pleasure was the mountaintop view. Standing beside bent and rusted railings, visitors can take in most of Panama City's famous sites: antenna-covered Ancon Hill, where 23 Panamanian students protesting for the right to fly the nation's flag in the Canal Zone died in a 1964 clash with U.S. troops; the skyline, an incongruous collection of apartment buildings and international banks jutting into the bay; and crumbling slums, where the desperately poor live only a few seaside blocks from the wealthy elite.

Many locals, forever critical of their government, call the Canal Zone a wasted resource. The modern suburbs that housed U.S. military and civilian employees have been auctioned to the highest bidder and appear as pillars of elitism to the Panamanian ***working class***. The new bridge under construction across the canal, a bold, state-run undertaking, is maligned as useless by cab drivers who say the Bridge of the Americas is rarely congested. The Panama Canal Authority, or ACP, is widely believed to be planning layoffs and salary reductions.

Amid the cynicism, though, are signs of the burgeoning tourist haven. The tree-lined road that snakes along the canal to Gamboa passes sprawling, protected parkland and leads to an elegant, eco-tourism palace, the Gamboa Rainforest Resort, with its eclectic assortment of wildlife.

On a tour organized by the young company, we boarded a gondola to inspect the rich biodiversity of Panama's forests, which thrive even during the dry season (La Seca) from December to April. (The rest of the year, the rainy season, La Lluviosa, is also welcoming to tourists, with its quick and refreshing afternoon downpours.) The rain forest is crowded enough to guarantee ample photo-ops. In fact, before guide Alexis Guevara could board us on the conveyance, our group was delayed by a tan-and-black anteater.

Click. Click. Click. And we weren't even airborne. Once we were, we saw resplendent toucans perched behind empty, descending gondolas, and Azteca ants' nests on fig tree roots that strangled nearby trunks. On our descent, several agoutis -- chubby, chipmunk-looking rodents -- rustled out of thick underbrush, and Guevara happily halted the ride, leaving us pointing excitedly as we swung overhead.

The highlight of the excursion was a 100-foot-tall observation platform, a converted U.S. Air Force radar tower that has no elevator but a priceless view of the Chagres River, dammed by the United States to create Gatun Lake, the centerpiece of the canal. We could see the gray roofs of former homes of U.S. civilian workers lining the road to the resort. To the east, in the Gaillard Cut, the canal's narrowest section, barges crept along, passing a narrow, one-lane bridge that motorists share with the national railroad.

A fellow passenger was Berta Handel, 69, who was in Panama with her husband, Yehuda, and daughter and son-in-law for her 50th high school reunion at the Panama America Institute. Although their matriarch was Panama-raised, the Los Angeles family had never considered a trip to her native land. Its northern neighbor, Costa Rica, had seemed more interesting, they said of their only previous Central American journey, and more politically stable, but this trip seemed to change their minds.

"I can't understand why everyone goes to Costa Rica," Handel said, as she climbed the winding staircase with a glint of pride and the tropical sun gleaming in her eyes. "Panama is just as nice."

Costa Rica's eco-tourism has long flourished, attracting enough dollars to justify the protection of large tracts of wilderness. Panama, with its fishing, deep-sea diving and forest hiking, is poised to do the same, said Trina Clark, 33, who was born in the Canal Zone and now organizes shore activities for luxury cruise passengers.

The problem, Clark said, is a dearth of international advertising, which leaves Americans still picturing Panama as the unstable, autocratic republic the U.S. Army invaded in 1989.

From a lounge chair at the hotel bar, Clark complained that the lack of English speakers and a "manana, manana" attitude toward customer service also ward off tourists. Outside, the resort's swath of riverside real estate was motionless and inviting in the late afternoon, the surface of a vacant swimming pool rippling in a soft breeze. And when I stepped into the hotel lobby, it was hard to believe the hotel was largely unused.

The dining room, where I gorged on a fresh buffet, features wicker chairs with soft, red upholstery, and an intricate stone floor decorated with painted iguana carvings. The spacious lobby also strains to maintain the eco-tourism theme. Easels feature close-up portraits of orangutans and golden toads, and gigantic bronze herons hang from a high ceiling. In the suites, palm tree images are sewn into the couches and free-standing lamps are made to look like leaves.

The owners might have gone overboard with the gift shop's "zoovenirs," but the unlimited use of kayaks, paddle boats and bicycles for hotel guests makes an overnight stay tempting. The hotel opened in 2000, but because it hasn't seen heavy traffic, the place looks as pristine as its surrounding marshland.

Although a swim in the pool looked more tempting to me than a walk in the wetlands, I wanted my wildlife cawing and cavorting, not embroidered and carved. Guests with a similar hankering can take a resort-arranged tour of Barro Colorado Island, a U.S. nature reserve run by the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute.

Populated by international scientists with little interest in helping tourists spot ocelots, and howler monkeys whose hideous groans echo from every forested corner, the 3,700-acre island is far from Disneyland. But the coexistence of science and nature is fascinating, with high-tech lab facilities and comfortable dormitories huddled by the dock, and the remainder of the island is a sprawling moist forest. (I accompanied my girlfriend, who is there doing research, on a painstaking leaf-measuring project, but the standard visitor's package covers significantly more ground.) Created by the damming of the Chagres, the island is also visible from a canal cruise, during which the guide lists its every insect, mammal and passing ship to help occupy the eight-hour journey from Panama City to Colon. The boat ride does not get much more thrilling than that.

The 118-foot Fantasia del Mar, once run by Argo Tours, is not a luxury cruise line, but from the shores of Panama, it's the only thing out there for canal buffs and maritime maniacs. There are cafeteria-quality buffet meals, including a 7 a.m. breakfast of tamales wrapped in banana leaves and cold eggs and croissants. The plastic chairs on deck are so flimsy that heavyset guests are advised to double them up.

Still, once a month, dozens of tourists pay $149 to traverse the canal, past ridged mountains and alongside Panamax ships ferrying immense cargo loads to the Pacific or Atlantic oceans. The main attraction: the three sets of massive locks that raise and lower ships on their inter-ocean journey. The technology, largely unchanged from the canal's original construction, is considered one of the world's most impressive feats of engineering.

The less fanatical can travel the length of the canal in an hour on the Panama Canal Railway, which was rebuilt in 2001 along the route of the original train that preceded the canal and helped transport American gold seekers from coast to coast. Departing from a shiny station, tourists and commuters pay $20 to coast alongside the canal in rare style and at speeds up to 70 miles per hour.

This is high-society transport, with air-conditioning, leather seats, cherry window frames and refurbished stainless steel train cars, circa 1955.

Constructed in 1855, the railroad was defunct for decades and long ignored by the U.S. military. Julian Wood, a British tour guide, can be hired for special excursions to deliver a captivatingly morbid history of the canal.

"This area was littered with dead bodies," Wood said, describing the arduous journey for gold prospectors. Those building the canal fared even worse, Wood said, adding that disease killed many who survived the thieves in the pre-canal era. About 12,000 people died building the railroad, a grim foreshadowing of canal construction. More than 30,000 workers died during the failed French effort to build the canal from 1879 to 1889 and the subsequent U.S. campaign from 1904 to 1914. It has been widened twice, in 1970 and 1991.

The tourists who stood on the breezy, humid observation deck were treated to memorable canal scenes such as the tops of trees protruding like gravestones from Gatun Lake. The train skirts the canal throughout its entire route, and the same barges that we passed on the Fantasia del Mar trip are simple to spot. Guests, who were on a shore excursion from a luxury cruise line, seemed surprised and impressed.

"It's the history plus the views," said Marion Clarke, 82, a Montreal retiree. But like many other tourists who have not discovered the disparate offerings of the zone, Clarke was happy to ship out after the train ride.

"We get in, we'll see this and get on with it," she said. "I don't know what else there is to do here."

PANAMA

\* GETTING THERE:

American Airlines offers connecting service to Panama City through Miami, and Delta Air Lines offers connecting service through Atlanta. Ticket prices usually rise during the dry season, December to April. Panama uses U.S. currency.

\* WHAT TO DO:

Bicycle Moses Amador Causeway, next to Pencas Restaurant. Visitors can bike amid stunning views on the long oceanside path alongside barges and tiny fishing boats. A bicycle can be rented for $2.10 an hour. Open 8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. weekdays, 8-7 weekends.

Marine Exhibition Center Amador Causeway, Isla Perico. With a "touch me" tank and sea turtles, the museum is a perfect stop for children. Open 1 to 5 p.m. Tuesdays through Fridays and 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekends. Suggested donation: $1 adults, 50 cents children under age 12.

Arial Tram Canopy Tour Gamboa Rainforest Resort Soberania National Park, Gamboa; [*www.gamboaresort.com*](http://www.gamboaresort.com). An ascent through thick rain forest to a 100-foot tower overlooking the Panama Canal and protected woods teeming with wildlife. Tours cost $35 per person.

Panama Canal Railway Co. Corozal Oeste, Panama City. Startling views and an elegant design. Leaves Panama City at 7:15 a.m. and returns from Colon, a port city on the Caribbean coast, at 5:15 p.m. The railroad operates on weekdays only; $20 one way, $35 round trip.

The monthly tours once run by Argo Tours are now run by Canal & Bay Tours. They can be booked by calling Panama Jones at 1-888-726-2621 or by contacting Ancon Expeditions of Panama at anconexpeditions.com. Eight-hour journey on the Fantasia del Mar drags at times, but there is no better close encounter with the three sets of massive locks. $149 (last year's price) for boat ride and return trip to Panama City by air-conditioned bus. Cruise along full length of canal runs just once a month, but shorter excursions available at other times.

Barro Colorado Island; e-mail: [*visitSTRI@tivoli.si.edu*](mailto:visitSTRI@tivoli.si.edu). Reserve in advance for a unique tour of this biological research island. Tours include a boat ride through Gatun Lake, a guided hike, and lunch. The trip takes about 6 hours; $70 adults, $40 students. The island is closed to visitors on Mondays and Thursdays.

\* WHERE TO STAY:

Gamboa Rainforest Resort Soberania National Park, Gamboa; [*www.gamboaresort.com*](http://www.gamboaresort.com). Brand-new hotel complex built in the rain forest. Single villa costs $120, while double rooms start at $195 and include breakfast.

Country Inn & Suites Amador Causeway; [*www.countryinns.com/home.jsp*](http://www.countryinns.com/home.jsp). Many rooms have view of the Bridge of the Americas and Panama Canal. Rooms start at $125.

Hotel El Panama 111 Via Espana, Panama City; [*www.elpanama.com/english/home.html*](http://www.elpanama.com/english/home.html). Historic hotel with pool, dance club, and elegant restaurant. Doubles $155-$300.

Hotel Marparaiso Justo Arosemena Ave., Panama City. Clean and inexpensive, with air conditioning and cable; a $1 cab ride from all spots of interest in Panama City. Single rooms begin at $22.

\* WHERE TO EAT:

Los Tres Caracoles Avenue A, Casco Viejo, Panama City. Small gourmet restaurant that serves eight-course dinners for only $17. Tasty sangria and seafood, and dancing late night between crowded tables. Open for lunch as well.

Mi Ranchito Amador Causeway, La Playita, Isla Perico. Typical Panamanian food, including $7 garlic shrimp and plenty of corvina. Relaxed outdoor dining with views of the bay. Open 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Tinajas Calle 51, 22 Bella Vista, Panama City. Entrees, including local cuisine and seafood, begin at $6.50. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. with folkloric music and dancing at 9 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and weekends.

\* INFORMATION:

Panama's national tourism board hot line, 1-800-231-0568, is staffed by English-speaking operators. For more tourist information, visit [*www.visitpanama.com*](http://www.visitpanama.com) or [*www.panamainfo.com*](http://www.panamainfo.com).

-- Benjamin Gedan

**Graphic**

Photo: A poison dart frog is protected within the boundaries of Bastimentos National Marine Park in Bocas Del Toro province of Panama. Officials are aggressively marketing the country as an ideal ecotourism destination.

Photo: Rujyer Rodriguez, 13, sells candy apples against a lush backdrop in Panama City, Panama.

Photo: Tomas van Houtryve/Associated Press: The Canopy Tower, a former U.S. military radar tower converted to an ecotourism lodge, is nestled in the rain forest almost 22 miles away from Panama City, Panama. The tower is the most visible symbol of Panama's attempt to turn former U.S. land toward new uses. The Audubon Society has named the Canopy Tower one fo the 10 best places in the world for bird watching.

Photo: Julie Plasencia/Associated Press: Back in July 1998, a Panamanian employee of the Office of Morale, Welfare and Recreation at the U.S. Rodman Naval Base outside Panama City, helped decorate the base with banners in prepration for U.S. Independence Day celebrations. The United States returned control of the Panama Canal Zone back to the country in 1999, and Panama has had to find ways to make up for the lost revenue.

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**End of Document**



[***BIG EVENTS, BIG PRICES, AND ONE VERY BIG LOSS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-BXG0-01K4-90GT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. P01

**Length:** 2088 words

**Byline:** Dan DeLuca, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Big, bigger, biggest.

From the Dionysian frat party that was Woodstock '94 . . . to a record- breaking summer concert season marked by stadium tours by apatosaurs Pink Floyd and the Rolling Stones . . . to the extra-large rapper of the moment - that would be the Notorious B.I.G., a.k.a. Biggie Smalls . . . It seems that

size did matter in pop music in 1994.

Barbra Streisand and the reunited Eagles pulled off the biggest ticket rip- offs in memory, charging fans more than $100 for their "once in a lifetime" tours, and making the Rolling Stones' $50 ducats look like a bargain.

Conversely, there was Pearl Jam, the world's biggest grunge band, which fought the good fight. Despite a year of few live performances, the group's angsty new album, Vitalogy, went instant platinum. And lead singer Eddie Vedder and crew fueled a Justice Department inquiry - and boosted Pearl Jam's street-level cachet - with allegations that Ticketmaster inflates its service charges.

And then there was the biggest tragedy of 1994: the suicide of Kurt Cobain, the brilliant songwriter, guitarist and vocalist behind Nirvana, who, the world learned on April 8, had declined the job as spokesman for his generation once and for all.

Just days after Cobain shot himself in the head, Hole - the band led by his wife, Courtney Love - released Live Through This, a primal artistic breakthrough that would stand as one of the year's best albums even if it did not now seem so chillingly prescient.

Saleswise, the big deals of 1994 were Ace of Base, the Swedish bubblegummers who scored one hit after another from their Abba-esque late-1993 release, The Sign, and local heroes Boyz II Men. The Boyz'z smooth singing and clean-cut rhythm and blues made II and its ultra-romantic singles "I'll Make Love to You" and "Down on Bended Knee" the dominant chart forces of the second half of the year.

The year's most bizarre hit came from the Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingo de Silos, whose Chant has sold 4 million copies worldwide. That success inspired much monks vs. punks commentary, what with the simultaneous and nearly as unexpected rise of delightfully snide Green Day and Offspring. Both California outfits released multi-platinum efforts in '94, a year that saw the broadside Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols - the 1977 album that launched punk - finally sell its millionth copy.

Woodstock performances helped propel the careers of a number of artists. In addition to Green Day, there were the grandiose gothicism of Trent Reznor's Nine Inch Nails and the fetching Irish folk rock of Dolores O'Riordan and the Cranberries.

Woodstock also served up the raspy-voiced Melissa Etheridge and harmlessly catchy Sheryl Crow to the masses. Crow - who, with Black Crowes and Counting Crowes, was one of a trio of highly visible black birds in '94 - is made to order for an industry desperate to win back baby boomers alienated by noisy '90s rock: "All I wanna do is have some fun," she promised. "And I get the feeling I'm not the only one."

None of the artists who made the best music of 1994 were to be found at Woodstock, however. Uninvited to Saugerties, N.Y., for example, was Beck, the self-proclaimed "loser," whose Mellow Gold introduced a pop-culture scavenger and musical alchemist par excellence. He's far more than a one-hit wonder: Not only is Mellow Gold filled with deceptively sweet folk, deranged hip-hop and goofy Dylanesque wordplay (see "Nitemare Hippy Girl"), Beck also released the nearly all-acoustic and highly recommended One Foot in the Grave on the tiny K label. What's more, he showed up on indie roots-records all over the place, work by groups from the Geraldine Fibbers to the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. A boy genius with staying power.

There were several noteworthy marriages in the last year, from the Michael Jackson-Lisa Marie Presley entertainment empire alliance to the Elton John- Walt Disney Lion King coupling. But none was so artistically triumphant as the Love-Cobain match.

Nirvana's MTV Unplugged in New York, released in November, underscored how significant a loss Cobain's death was. The Seattle grunge group used its appearance on MTV in December 1993 to escape the creative straitjacket Cobain complained of during the last months of his life. Along with Nirvana staples such as "Come as You Are" and "All Apologies," the music from that session includes a host of ambitious covers, the most powerful being a racked version of Leadbelly's "Where Did You Sleep Last Night?"

Impossible to separate from the Nirvana album is one of the year's strongest honorable mentions: Sleeps With Angels by Neil Young and Crazy Horse. Inspired by Cobain's death - the grunge icon quoted Young's "Hey Hey My My (Out of the Blue)" in his suicide note - the album is a lovely rumination on loss that has all the trappings of classic Young.

Live Through This, by the quartet Hole, came during a year that found an unprecedented number of female artists staking their claim as equals. The album, the unflinching diary of a woman who wants to be "the girl with the most cake," is filled with haunting lines ("Someday you will ache like I ache") and defiantly cathartic rock and roll.

Worthy but not quite living up to the hype in the ongoing Women in Rock revolution were Liz Phair's Whip-Smart and Veruca Salt's American Thighs. L7 delivered meat-and-potatoes grrrl-grunge in Hungry for Stink. Chicago's Come, led by Thalia Zedek, released the thorny Don't Ask, Don't Tell and England's Echobelly offered punchy, multi-culti feminism with Everyone's Got One.

On the boys' side of the alterna-rock universe, the noisy-guitar-rock-with- loads-of-hooks album of the year was Sugar's File Under: Easy Listening. R.E.M. offered a commendable slab of tunes-and-feedback in Monster, and Soundgarden served up accomplished metallic grunge with Superunknown.

But it was Sugar, the power trio led by former Husker Du frontman Bob Mould, that proved to be most irresistible. The likes of "Your Favorite Thing" and "Gift" demonstrate a refinement in Mould's noise-plus-melody arsenal that has grown more accessible while retaining its disquieting edge.

In the category of "singer-songwriter project masquerading as punk-rock album," the year's best belongs to Sebadoh, whose Bakesale is a breakthrough for low-fi wunderkind Lou Barlow, once of Dinosaur Jr. Bakesale is filled with Barlow's romantic musings, always confused, always honest, always accompanied by enough racket that he doesn't seem like a wuss. Low-fi honorable mention goes to Jack Logan, the Athens, Ga., motor repairman whose Bulk is a sprawling compendium of woolly barroom rock, beer-soaked blues and C & W woe tinged with Southern Gothic nightmares.

On the hip-hop front, Coolio's It Takes a Thief stands above the pack - and not just because of those gravity-defying braids. The 31-year-old Compton, Calif., rapper and former crack addict trafficks in gangsta imagery but has seen too much to resort to glamorizing violence. Instead, backed by fashionable '70s funk beats - the hit "Fantastic Voyage" features a loop

from the Lakeside hit of the same name - he imagines "a place where my kids can play without fear of a drive-by." He also gets points for his "Leader of the Pack" update, "Mama, I'm in Love With a Gangsta."

Also reporting on inner-city brutality were Warren G's Regulate . . . G- Funk Era, a mix of relaxed rapping and back-up vocals with seductive West Coast funk, along with debut releases by the Wu-Tang Clan, Method Man, the aforementioned Notorious B.I.G. and Nas.

The list of rappers in search of an audience began with Public Enemy. On Muse Sick N Hour Mess Age, the rap pioneer's in-your-face sonic-collage approach started to sound seriously dated. And the failure of Arrested Development's Zingalamaduni signaled the inability of its wholesome hip-hop to compete with the gangstas.

One bright development in R & B did come out of the A.D. camp, though: Vocalist Dionne Farris' Wild Seed, Wild Flower is an intriguing, if not wholly realized, mixture of rap, rock, R & B and singer- songwriterly influences.

Other highlights of the year in black pop were Mary J. Blige's My Life, Barry White's The Icon Is Love and El DeBarge's Heart, Mind and Soul.

Among singer-songwriters, Dave Alvin's King of California is a roots music masterwork, a collection of the ex-Blaster songwriter's best material, with ideal acoustic backing. And Johnny Cash's American Recordings is neither a country nor a rock record: It's a folk recording with the voice of Truth singing tales of moral temptation and belief.

Jeff Buckley's Grace is the most startling debut of the year. Grace can be overwrought, but that's just the result of Buckley's following his ultra- romantic sensibility over the edge - sometimes, as on Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah," with stunning results.

Iris DeMent's My Life is full of frank songs about death, love and family, ticking with an old-timey heart. Jim Lauderdale's Pretty Close to the Truth moves between George Jones and Otis Redding with well-crafted soul tunes. Townes Van Zandt's No Deeper Blue is a disturbing set from a Texas troubadour in top form.

Sad Days, Lonely Nights by Oxford, Miss., bluesman Junior Kimbrough is perfectly titled: Its dark mood-music throbs and shakes and can stand toe-to- toe with the loudest of the speaker-quaking grungers.

One of the year's few signs of life from Britain was Portishead's Dummy, which mixes Geoff Barrow's cool, funk dabblings and samples with Beth Gibbons' bummed-out Dusty Springfield vocals. It's atmospheric music of the first order.

In country music, Mark Chesnutt cemented his place as the most reliable of traditional-minded hitmakers with What a Way to Live. But the best records came from fresher faces: The Mavericks, led by Orbison-esque tenor Raul Malo, were the year's most heartening success story, with the charmingly blue What a Crying Shame.

And a crew of new hats made some of the most honest-to-goodness honky-tonk heard out of Nashville in ages. David Ball's Thinkin' Problem consisted of one troubled barroom memory after the next, and Bob Woodruff's Dreams & Saturday Nights swung deep into ***working-class*** mini-short stories.

The woefully neglected The Shivers, by the husband-wife duo of the same name, sounds like a country-rock cross between Grievous Angel-era Gram Parsons and X. They're one of the year's most deserving bands.

Tulare Dust: A Songwriters' Tribute to Merle Haggard, with Lucinda Williams, Dwight Yoakam, Dave Alvin and 12 others, stayed true to Hag's populist spirit as a winning testament to his uncompromising legacy.

The local music scene suffered a loss when, after 14 years in business, the Chestnut Cabaret went under in June. (Two other West Philly haunts, the 40th Street Underground and the underground Fakehaus, also went kaput.) A promising new venue emerged when Old City's Middle East began to present live music. This spring, the new Camden amphitheater opens its doors.

Besides Cobain, 1994 saw other too-early deaths of note, among them, guitar wizard Danny Gatton, also a suicide; jazz and rock guitar synthesist Sonny Sharrock; and zydeco accordionist John Delafose. And New Year's Day 1995 marked the passing of singer Ted Hawkins, 58, who made his reputation sitting on a milk crate and strumming a guitar on the boardwalk in Los Angeles' Venice Beach. Hawkins' The Next Hundred Years provides one of the year's saddest grace notes."Got no time to stop and pick no flowers," he sang, with sandpapered soul. "I've got catching up to do/Yes, I've got big things to do."

DAN DELUCA'S TOP 10 POP ALBUMS OF 1994

(ALPHABETICAL BY ARTIST)

\* King of California, Dave Alvin (Hightone)

\* Mellow Gold, Beck (Geffen)

\* Grace, Jeff Buckley (Columbia)

\* It Takes a Thief, Coolio (Tommy Boy)

\* Live Through This, Hole (Geffen)

\* Sad Days, Lonely Nights, Junior Kimbrough (Fat Possum)

\* MTV Unplugged in New York, Nirvana (Geffen)

\* Dummy, Portishead

\* Bakesale, Sebadoh (SubPop)

\* File Under: Easy Listening, Sugar (Ryko)

DAN DELUCA'S TOP 10 COUNTRY ALBUMS OF 1994

(ALPHABETICAL BY ARTIST)

\* Thinkin' Problem, David Ball (Warner Bros.)

\* American Recordings, Johnny Cash (American)

\* What a Way to Live, Mark Chesnutt (Decca)

\* My Life, Iris DeMent (Liberty)

\* Pretty Close to the Truth, Jim Lauderdale (Atlantic)

\* What a Crying Shame, the Mavericks (MCA)

\* The Shivers, the Shivers (Restless)

\* No Deeper Blue, Townes Van Zandt (Sugar Hill)

\* Tulare Dust: A Songwriter's Tribute to Merle Haggard, Various Artists (Hightone)

\* Dreams & Saturday Nights, Bob Woodruff (Asylum)

**Notes**

SOUND WAVES 1994

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO (9)

1. A pilgrim at Woodstock sings along. Playing there helped some artists, but

1994's best artists were absent. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ERIC MENCHER)

2-3. Gone in 1994: Chestnut Cabaret, where performers found a local showcase,

closed after 14 years; and Kurt Cobain shot himself to death.

4. Beck had a banner year.

5. Johnny Cash, voice of Truth.

6. Barbra Streisand: A steep ticket.

7. With his album "Grace," Jeff Buckley made the most startling debut of

the year. His ultra-romantic sensibility can seem overwrought - or stunning.

8. Hip-hopper Coolio used gangsta imagery without glamorizing violence in his

standout effort, "It Takes a Thief."

9. A California boardwalk was the launching pad for Ted Hawkins, left. He

sang in "The Next Hundred Years" of "big things to do," but died at 58 on

New Year's Day. Jack Logan, right, is an Athens, Ga., motor repairman whose

low-fi "Bulk" was high quality.

CHART (2)

1. Dan DeLuca's 10 Best Pop Albums of '94

2. Dan DeLuca's 10 Best Country Albums of '94

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The stories behind his dream Six men look back on a time that affected their lives, hearts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VKS-YFP0-007M-44FJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

January 18, 1999, Monday, Elgin

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**Length:** 2491 words

**Body**

For most Fox Valley residents, the civil rights movement was a television phenomenon, a struggle they could watch unfold every night during dinner but too far away to have an immediate impact on their daily lives.

But for a group of three ministers, a college student and a young activist, the fight for equality for all Americans was tangible. These men, both locally and at ground zero, did their part to combat discrimination in one of the century's most noble struggles.

Here are their recollections.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Norman Nelson now lives in Lily Lake, but in the mid-1960s he was a white minister assigned to the mostly black Salem Lutheran Church at 74th and Calumet in Chicago's middle-class Park Manor neighborhood.

Martin Luther King Jr. had just given a speech at Soldier Field on a Sunday afternoon. The next night, violence broke out on the city's west side.

Nelson's bishop asked him to take part in the clergy's peacekeeping effort. After a bit of training - ministers were told to get down on their knees, cover their heads and pray if someone started hitting them- Nelson and three colleagues were dispatched to Central Park Avenue and Roosevelt Road late at night after hearing a police radio call of a store break-in.

"I dropped off the other three and went to park the car on a side street. As I was walking down the sidewalk, a lady stopped me and said, 'Don't go over there; it's not safe.' I told her I had to go because it was my mission. I got to the corner, and the other three were missing.

"A group of a dozen young adults started walking very fast toward me. I thought, 'This is it.' They were very angry. They'd been running, and they were sweaty. Rapid fire, the leader shot a lot of questions at me. 'Why are you here?' I told him I was here to preach the word of God. He said, 'You white people have had 300 years to get things right. You won't listen to reason, why should we?'

"They pushed me, saying, You're here to pacify us, right? You're here because of King.' They were obviously disillusioned with King. I told them I'm a pastor of a Negro church. 'Prove it, prove it,' they said. I pulled out my calling card, and their anger doubled, if that was possible. They called Manor Park a place where a bunch of Uncle Toms lived. Then this fellow was nose-to-nose with me. I was up against a plate-glass window. I was as calm as I could be. I said a little prayer, and it gave me fortitude.

"After a while, one of the young men talked about a WGN talk show caller who said all black men wanted was white women, and the Bible says God wants us to stay within our own races. 'Is that what you preach?' he asked. 'No,' I said I preach that 'God is made one blood, all the nations of the world.'

"The leader said, 'Let's go. This guy has the wrong-colored face but the right-colored heart.'

"I later found out that the members of my troop were gone because a fellow who was tipsy drunk on the third floor of an apartment had started firing a rifle at people on the street. My team had gone up there to calm him down."

\* \* \*

When the Rev. Bill Kruse got back from a two-year peace corps stint in Africa, he turned on his television set and saw Bloody Sunday - March 7, 1965.

A group of blacks in Selma, Ala., marching in protest of voting rights restrictions were attacked by police.

"You saw the clubs swinging down on the faces of the poor blacks. They got their heads beat in. They rode down on them with horses," said Kruse, who is now pastor of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Geneva. "It was a fantastic demonstration of now is the time something has to be done. Justice had to be sought."

A leader in Kruse's church asked him to go down and lend his organizational skills to the Selma protesters.

"It was a tragedy that so few blacks could vote," Kruse said. "It was simply what I thought God wanted us to do: Be all one people. In those days it was a very clean issue. The whole history of the country was that more, and more people got the right to vote."

Kruse flew down March 14, staying with a couple whose teenage son gave up his room and stayed with a friend.

"That evening, we went to a service at the Brown Chapel. Rev. King, Ralph Abernathy and other luminaries were there. There was quite a large number of people from all over the country.

"I remember Martin Luther King saying simply that what we're asking you to do here is to offer your lives as a living sacrifice to God. That comment stayed with me. We were told to be non-violent and ignore the pain. Sheriff's police would beat you with whips, and people would throw things. The whole thing was simply to be endured."

Kruse took part in several marches during the week, including a silent march to the Selma courthouse.

"People would throw urine from higher up in buildings, but it wasn't a horrendous thing. It was a disciplined march. We saw a blockade of police near the courthouse, so we turned back down the street.

"One night, LBJ gave a speech on television saying he sent the Voting Rights Act to Congress. He said it's time for justice and we shall overcome. That drew a big response from the crowd.

"It built a great sense of unity. You felt like the whole country was together. It was a tremendous mix of people. It sure was something to be witness to the unity of all people."

The most famous Selma march to Montgomery started on March 14, but Kruse had to go back to Chicago as he could only get one week off from his community organizing job in the city's Austin neighborhood.

Five months later, Congress approved the Voting Rights Act, which knocked down most barriers for blacks to register to vote.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Truman Hazelwood moved to Batavia from Kentucky in 1951, and it's fair to say his neighbors didn't roll out the welcome wagon.

Some of the ***working-class*** people didn't take too kindly to Hazelwood becoming one of the first blacks to move to Batavia's east side. Hazelwood said the unhappy neighbors put syrup in his well pump and shot through his windows.

"They had to have something lower than they were to feel up about themselves," Hazelwood reasons.

Trying to buy a house proved a tough task. Hazelwood said his wife, Evelyn, who was lighter-skinned, would go home-shopping during the day and would have no trouble getting prices from home sellers. When he would come back in the evening, the house mysteriously would be sold, he said.

Eventually, most of the less-friendly neighbors moved out, and Hazelwood said he came to peace with the rest.

While he never joined the front lines of the civil rights struggle of the 1960s, Hazelwood has been fighting for black equality in Batavia ever since.

"I'm not the type of person you could spit on or walk on," Hazelwood explained.

He was chosen as the first president of the Tri-Cities chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which had about 100 members.

In 1968, Hazelwood said he helped lead the fight to get a fair housing law passed. The law, which would have barred discrimination in home sales on the basis of race, failed in its first try at the city council.

"I wouldn't say they were opposed to it," he said. "They just didn't understand it. At the time there was a lot of radical stuff going on."

Hazelwood said he then worked with the federal government, which was about to build Fermilab on Batavia's east side, to pressure the council. Ultimately, the new tactic proved successful.

Hazelwood later became the first black on Batavia's west side when he built a house on Jackson Street.

He became pastor at Logan Street Baptist Church in 1981, and five years later he gained national attention.

Hazelwood was part of a dozen ministers who were arrested after a free Nelson Mandela protest march into the South African embassy in Washington. He spent a night in jail.

His final fight before retiring in 1996 was to get the Black Entertainment Television channel back onto Multimedia Cablevision. Hazelwood said he put up a satellite dish before the cable company restored BET.

His efforts haven't gone unrecognized by the Batavia community. Hazelwood served as the city's police and fire chaplain. He now has a street named after him - Hazelwood Court on the northwest corner of the city.

\* \* \*

Paul Reeves rode with the Freedom Riders when they came through his hometown of Indianola, Miss. Starting in 1961, the Freedom Riders went through the South to test the enforcement of desegregation in interstate transportation.

Their visits provoked unrest and violence. Now 48, Reeves lives in Hanover Park with his wife, Wynie, who also lived in Indianola at the time. He still is  haunted by the hate he

witnessed during the protests.

"It was so scary - that month that the Freedom Riders were there. It was so dangerous, but I marched with them in town even though my parents forbade it. I was 13 years old.

"We were friends with Mr. Eugene Giles, who owned a grocery store one block from our house. Mr. Giles used to feed the Freedom Riders and let them stay in his house until the night his store was bombed. That was the same night our church was burned down.

"The most horrifying thing about the whole experience was to see how the white people treated members of their own race. They would scream at the riders, who were mostly white themselves, saying that they would be killed if they didn't leave. They would drive around at night threatening everyone. It was awful.

"The Freedom Riders were always asking how we felt about the way we were treated. I remember one vividly because she was so young and terrified. This was her first time in the South.

"I remember watching the violence and realizing that if these white people in our town didn't have any feelings for their own race, they couldn't possibly have any feelings for us. That was a depressing realization for me.

"This experience taught me how valuable life really is and has affected the way we have brought up our two kids. I want them to know their history and where they came from. I want them to know and appreciate how hard we had to struggle and how many people suffered for the rights they have today.

"We are blessed because we overcame these awful experiences, mostly because of our faith in God.

"This has been an experience I will never forget. I will never forget the mistreatment and hate that I witnessed."

\* \* \*

Harold Scales grew up on his family's farm outside Wedowee, Ala., where in 1995 the local high school principal forbade a bi-racial girl to attend the prom with a white boy. Scales, a South Barrington resident for 14 years, is now an executive in a Chicago nursing home company.

In 1955, Scales was a college freshman at Alabama State University in Montgomery. When the bus boycott started that year, he began driving routes, carrying blacks to work and school in his new Ford convertible to enable them to stay off the buses.

"It was hard not to become a part of it, actually. As college students, we were really counted on by Dr. King and his assistants. The main thing I did was drive people. Only about 20 percent of the boys had cars. It was the prettiest car I ever had. It was a nice sleek car. And then I went to Selma and all the other marches and the sit-ins in Birmingham and North Carolina. Everybody remembers Birmingham, with the fire hoses and the dogs.

"At the time, I think I felt it was a necessity. My eyes were opened. I knew I was black always, but I was raised … middle-class. I'd had transportation all my life. I took for granted that most people had cars. In Montgomery, probably less than 40 percent of the households had cars.

"I never knew my hometown was like it turned out to be. I drove into town two years ago - it was in October, on a Saturday afternoon - and these two guys had white things on their heads. My companion in the car said, 'Boy, it's early to be celebrating Halloween.'

"They were passing out literature, and when I rolled down the car window to get the literature, they wouldn't give it to me. I said, 'Oh my God, these are Ku Klux guys.' There was nobody in town. I went into the bank to do my business, and the manager had tears in his eyes - there was nobody in there. He said they (the KKK men) were from Georgia.

"When I was young, you were respected for who you were. My father taught us that people were people. I just never thought my hometown was like that."

\* \* \*

During his boyhood in the Deep South, Jimmie Daniels knew there were two separate sets of rules for blacks and whites. His family had to enter restaurants through the back door, could only drink from "colored" water fountains, and when he stood at the bus stop with his white best friend, two different buses would take them to two different schools.

After high school, Daniels moved to Chicago, where he began working with civil rights groups and eventually became a prominent businessman and had a short stint as president of Operation PUSH.

Now 51 and living in Hoffman Estates, Daniels is a conservative who believes King's message has been widely misinterpreted. His own understanding of King's dream began to gel when he witnessed the aftermath of King's assassination in 1968:

"I was living at 310 N. Avers in Chicago (Garfield Park) when Dr. King was shot. My friend, Bobby Ray Trotter (who had come to Chicago from Mississippi with Daniels) and I heard it over the news and went out on the streets. I shall never forget that. I could have been a part of the riots, but instead I was standing on a corner, recently from Mississippi, trying to understand why all these people were destroying their own neighborhoods. I was thinking, 'This does not honor Dr. King.'

"We saw people throwing molotov cocktails through windows, breaking them out and running out of the buildings with TVs and clothing, anything they could get. Things were so far out of hand, and I was just thinking, 'Why are they doing this?' We came from an era, a part of the world, where you didn't take, didn't destroy, what didn't belong to you. … It was an entirely different world, and we knew that Dr. King was not fighting for people to destroy their cities.

"Back then, you used to get milk delivered from a little milk truck. And the most gruesome scene I witnessed that day was this poor white guy, who'd delivered our milk for years. When he came up, some group of black guys literally beat him to a pulp. Afterwards, we helped him back on the truck and told him to get the hell out of there.

"In the community we lived in, most of the guys and girls were raised there. They looked at us as black hillbillies, since they couldn't call us rednecks. I remember I asked one of them, 'Why are you taking something that doesn't belong to you?' They said it was time to get even. I questioned how they were getting even with white America by destroying their own houses. But that was just their mentality. In the process of trying to get even, they destroyed themselves. It was incredibly sad."

Staff Writers Eric Krol, Michelle Martin, Diana Wallace and Kim Conte contributed to this report.

**Graphic**

tricivil\_2na0112batjn The Rev. Truman Hazelwood, above, who was active locally in the civil rights movement, holds a picture of himself and Coretta Scott King, the Rev. King's widow, taken five years ago. Hazelwood fought for fair housing for blacks in Batavia. Daily Herald Photo/Jeff Knox

**Load-Date:** January 20, 1999

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[***Heeding the call to feed the hungry;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NSP0-0094-51N2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Arthritis and other incoveniences haven't slowed Sister Liguori Rossner, founder of the Jubilee Kitchen***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NSP0-0094-51N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** THE GAZETTE,

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**Byline:** Ellen M. Perlmutter

**Body**

Hanging near the light switch in Sister Liguori Rossner's cramped office is a photograph of two of her dearest friends posed as if to attack her.

Ah, how many people have felt this way about the dear, sweet woman of the cloth, who 15 years ago opened one of Pittsburgh's busiest soup kitchens for the homeless, the Hill District's Jubilee Kitchen?

Joyce Rothermel, for one.

''We're at each other all the time,'' says Rothermel, executive director of the Greater Pittsburgh Comm-unity Food Bank and Jubilee Kitchen board member.

''We have real different styles. I'm a compromiser. I try to get people to feel good about things. She does things her way, and then I assist.''

Rothermel first met Rossner at a religious retreat in Ohio and moved to Pittsburgh after leaving her order. She speaks with some awe of Rossner, who admits that she has had to learn to be diplomatic and patient with those who work and volunteer at the kitchen.

''It's a double-edged sword,'' says Robert Nelkin, Allegheny County's director of human services, who is standing over her in the picture. ''She doesn't have the patience for ineffectiveness or incompetence.''

What she wants to do is help people.

''No excuses.''

Not known for her tact, Rossner concedes that she often has been more tolerant of clients than her employees.

That's one of the reasons Phil Pappas, director of Oakland's Community Human Services Inc., once described Rossner as a Tsarina.

''She's relentless,'' he says. ''She believes that she can get things done. And, look -- she does.''

Rossner last month celebrated 15 years since she turned the three-story brick building at Wyandotte Street and Fifth Avenue into a soup kitchen with $ 9.36 in assets and a conviction to help the needy.

She figured that feeding the homeless would be enough, but in the ensuing years Rossner found that it wasn't.

She has added laundry facilities, showers and a recreation room for the homeless, and a second building next door -- the John Heinz Family Center for young families.

''When the welfare laws in Pennsylvania changed in 1983, I found that our clients changed, too,'' says Rossner. ''Until then, we dealt with older, unattached alcoholic men.

But then, younger men -- ones who had lost their jobs -- started coming in. ''We had to change our strategy.''

In the late 1970s, Rossner, who had been teaching high school history in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, began thinking about what she could do to help the poor. In 1978, a soup kitchen opened for the mostly older, alcoholic men who wandered along Fifth Avenue in the Hill. But it quickly ran out of resources and into roadblocks while trying to meet city building inspection codes.

The storefront on Fifth Avenue was closed, but not before Liguori had a chance to see it.

''I came down from Penn Hills looking for this place, and I couldn't find it,'' Rossner recalls. ''Then a woman came over to me and asks if I'm looking for it. I said, 'I must be on Holy Ground. This must be God talking to me.' ''

Rossner and Rothermel began looking for new quarters for a soup kitchen.

By the following May, the St. Vincent de Paul Society offered its warehouse up the street at the corner of Wynadotte and Fifth Avenue for $ 1 a year.

''It's cost $ 15 in rent,'' Rossner says proudly.

Rothermel and Rossner at that point decided they could serve the needy in different ways, so Rothermel decided to open a food bank on the second floor and Rossner a soup kitchen on the ground floor.

Rothermel moved the Greater Pittsburgh Community Food Bank first to the South Side then to McKeesport in 1985.

Meanwhile, Rossner learned and improved upon the art of begging for money, food and volunteers.

To the needy she was a saint. To everyone else -- she wasn't.

''I guess I earned the title, Tsarina. I was very demanding -- and wanted to get things done,'' Rossner says.

Without a board of directors in those first few years -- and, at first, determined not to even try to get the government involved in the inspection process in case the new quarters didn't meet standards -- Rossner did everything her way.

''I regret that I didn't have the best way of telling people things, but I was so caught up with dealing with our clients,'' she admits.

Of course, state and local laws required her ultimately to get a board of directors because the soup kitchen was a nonprofit agency, and to get the necessary building permits.

Following everyone else's rules wasn't easy, she says.

''This was my life,'' she says.

Cook Curtis Davenport has no complaints.

''She's a very nice nun. I hadn't been in Pittsburgh a few months when I came in,'' says the 52-year-old North Side man. Without a job, he came here because he had relatives -- but no prospects.

''She helped me by giving me a job. That was 10 years ago.''

Growing up with an older brother in a ***working class*** family in Duquesne, Patricia Rossner attended the Divine Redeemer Academy in Elizabeth.

Her father, Bernard, was a self-employed contractor; her mother, Genevieve, a housewife.

''Both were active in causes in the church and the city,'' she recalls. ''My mother always wrapped bandages for Christian Mothers for the lepers -- every Tuesday, I remember. They always had a feeling of doing for the less fortunate.''

But there was no talk of their daughter joining a convent.

While at school, however, Rossner was impressed with one of her teachers, a nun. She made up her mind that she wanted to become a nun after attending a high school retreat in the 11th grade.

She entered the Sisters of the Divine order at 18 and changed her name to Liguori (after a grade school teacher and the town from which St. Alphonse had come) then got her undergraduate degree from Duquesne University and a master's from Carnegie Tech, now Carnegie Mellon University.

''My secret fear was, what would I do if I didn't teach,'' she says.

But, for 15 years, that's what she did.

From that first day that she swept into her classroom wearing her long habit and cape at the old Bishop Boyle High School in Homestead, Rossner's students affectionately called her ''Bela,'' after actor Bela Lugosi, known for his ''Dracula'' roles.

''Those years were the best in my life. I was in my 20s, having a great time with the kids teaching history,'' says Rossner, who later changed to a more modified habit allowed in the 1970s.

But in 1967, Rossner had a nodule removed from her breast, and soon severe symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis hit her. Doctors believed that the two were related.

''In a month, I could hardly walk,'' she says. ''My superiors were shocked when they saw in church that I couldn't walk to Communion. I had been active for 25 years -- running, swimming -- and now I couldn't move.''

Since then, Rossner has undergone multiple surgeries to replace her knee, hip and wrist joints.

She now takes daily medication to help relieve the pain, and lives in Bloomfield near one of her colleagues, Sister Margaret Berry -- just in case she needs help.

''It's amazing that doctors can keep you so active. I've always been back to work three weeks after surgery,'' she says.

While dealing with her painful arthritis, Rossner was also affected by stories of starvation in Africa during the 1960s and '70s, moving her to think about the hungry in Allegheny County. She knew that her health would keep her from being accepted for foreign service.

A 1978 Hunger Action Coalition study that reported there were 48,000 hungry people in Allegheny County was the impetus for action. She felt a calling.

''Remember, this is 1978, when the mills were still operating, and people were still hungry. I knew I wanted to start a soup kitchen,'' she recalls.

She took a leave of absence from teaching, and by November 1979, Jubilee Kitchen in the Hill District was open for business.

''It was remarkable. People just showed up to help,'' Rossner says.

Money poured in from individuals and churches of a variety of denominations.

But it was at this time that Rossner was scheduled to return to her teaching duties.

''I prayed a lot,'' she says. ''It was tough for me. I had entered the order in 1959, but I wanted to do this work. I was called to do this work. I had been given a year to do this, but I knew I needed to stay.''

Rather than leave the church, Rossner joined the Sisters for Christian Community, an apostolic order founded in 1970 -- freeing her to work at Jubilee Kitchen full time.

''Here I was, without much money and not knowing how to cook, opening a soup kitchen,'' Rossner marvels. ''It had to be an act of God.''

Rossner brought in cooks and other volunteers. She saw more needs. In 1981, she opened the Jubilee Pantry in Polish Hill to focus on families there and in the nearby Hill District.

Every week, 160 low-income families in the Hill District and Polish Hill area pick up 12 to 13 canned items and meat from the pantry.

''We deliver to the older people, and this gives us an entry into their homes. We can see if there's anything else they need.

''There will always be a certain portion of the population looking for food, people who are on assistance, who receive food stamps, who can't afford food for an entire month,'' she says. ''I said, let's make a difference in their lives.''

Then almost three years ago -- this time with $ 450,000 in grants, most of it from the Heinz foundations -- she opened the John Heinz Family Center next door to Jubilee Kitchen.

The new, two-story stone building was designed gratis by Tasso Katselas.

In the early '90s, Pappas had brought Katselas to the soup kitchen -- shortly before the daily 11 a.m. lunch was served.

In those few moments, the clanging in the kitchen always stops abruptly.

Amid the lingering smell of well-done meat, au gratin potatoes, warming bread, stewed vegetables and coffee that began brewing hours before, the growing crowd in the next room stops talking.

For a few minutes before lunch is served, there is a moment of silence and prayer.

Katselas told Rossner that he knew at that moment that he should provide the design for her new family center.

Filled with colorful toys and furniture to make the children feel at home, the center has provided an added dimension to Jubilee Kitchen -- a reaching out to the entire family, not just single, homeless people.

''Sister Liguori has the ability to see a problem coming and to try to attack it before it gets too big,'' says former employee Edna Jaron, now a social worker at Community Human Services. ''She knew to start a jobs program and a parenting program. She has that kind of vision.''

While Rossner may not have mellowed, she realized within a few years after opening Jubilee Kitchen that to raise money, the state required that it be registered as a nonprofit agency with a board of directors.

At first, her tendency was to rule the board, but as time passed the two sides learned to work together. The board convinced her that it was necessary to buy Jubilee Kitchen's home from St. Vincent de Paul; the asking price is $ 25,000.

''I didn't want to, but they made me understand that it is easier to get funds if we own the building,'' Rossner concedes. The board is in the process of buying the building.

Now, largely because it is difficult for her to move around easily, Rossner holds court at her desk -- dressed usually in casual slacks and blouse -- on the mezzanine above the large dining room, looking like a framed mural through an open, glassless window.

She can see and be seen while on the telephone or responding to nonstop questions from volunteers and workers.

The 53-year-old Rossner insists she has no plans to slow down -- pain or no pain.

She's learning to delegate, however.

The $ 400,000-a-year operation -- which still relies largely on individual donors, including donor option with the United Way of Allegheny County -- now has medical services provided by Mercy Hospital, and jobs and education programs to help clients earn their high school equivalency diplomas.

''There's no quick fix for this population. We're in for the long haul, and this is what we need to do,'' Rossner says.

''It takes a lot of time, a lot of patience to move people from dependency to a working situation.

''When we say, 'get a job,' for most of us, that works. But it's not working for people I deal with. It's hand-holding. We've helped 18 people get jobs, and we're hand-holding them now. They've ended up in jail, gotten fired, haven't gone back after the first paycheck.

''We have to keep working with them. We can't let them starve.''

Rothermel explains that Rossner's life for the past 15 years has been devoted to the soup kitchen.

''She's created it and shaped it. When you're a pioneer, there's a more intense sense of ownership. It's your heart and soul,'' she says.

''She's struggled. She'll never give up,'' says Pappas.

''I consider it a privilege to be here,'' says Rossner. ''Oh, I've been burned. People have cheated me. There's failure here all the time. You accept it as part of the whole process. It takes a lot of time and effort and failure and starting over.

''Then, the other day I saw a kid in the park, and he's been clean for two years. It can be done.''

**Notes**

Ellen M. Perlmutter is a Post-Gazette staff writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Thomas Ondrey/The Gazette: Sister Liguori Rossner: ''I regret that I didn't have the best way of telling people things, but I was so caught up with dealing with our clients.''

**Load-Date:** May 18, 1995

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[***Bringing culture to the airwaves, and all that jazz;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NT90-0094-52MB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WDUQ music director Evelynn Hawkins puts a sophisticated spin on her radio show***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NT90-0094-52MB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Tony Norman

**Body**

Pittsburgh has many things to call its own: a fiercely Democratic tradition, affordable housing, ethnic cuisine non-ethnics can relate to, a nationally acclaimed high-tech medical industry and -- the sensuous voice of Evelynn Hawkins.

Since Dec. 1, 1992, when she took over as music director of WDUQ 90.5 FM, Hawkins has become a voice of cultural civility and sophistication in Pittsburgh.

Jokingly referring to the two minutes she chats with David Naylor about upcoming stories and news items on NPR as the ''Morning Edition Zoo,'' she is acutely aware of her role as a pleasant diversion for commuters taking refuge in the duo's upbeat and evenly modulated repartee.

Even snarled in-coming and out-going traffic on the Parkway feels a little less hectic listening to Hawkins describe a Thelonious Monk or Erroll Garner CD she'll play during her 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. jazz show.

Hawkins' smooth locution comes across like the voice of a trusted friend, gently nudging listeners into a good mood.

If she weren't so readily identifiable with public radio after 10 years of working her particular magic for nonprofit stations from upstate New York to Cleveland, the Swissvale resident would be a perfect exemplar of the Quiet Storm format currently revolutionizing black radio.

And, while smooth is the first word that comes to mind when discussing Hawkins' vocal style, depth, intelligence and worldliness also come to mind.

In fact, few radio personalities can pronounce Spanish, Slavic and German surnames with Hawkins' multilingual ease.

Maybe that's why she gets so irritated when, upon meeting her for the first time, many of her fans are surprised they're shaking hands with a black woman in her early 40s.

''They also want to know why I'm not wearing pearls with a dainty yellow shawl wrapped around my shoulders,'' she says, shaking her head.

''There are people who listen to me every day who have a June Cleaver image of me in their heads. I'm sorry, but I'm no June Cleaver.''

She's no Eldridge Cleaver, either. Her anger, though genuine, is only momentary. Racism, sexism and ideal images of feminine beauty are things that rankle her, but she isn't so preoccupied with them that she can't joke about the injustice of it all.

''The funny thing is, I always hear: 'You don't look anything like you sound or what I imagined you would look like.' Many folks are amazed, some pleasantly, others not, when they learn I'm African-American.

''It's a fact which I feel I share quite openly on the air. This has been true throughout my radio career. It was really strange during my classical (music) days in Binghamton, (N.Y.),'' says Hawkins.

''To a certain extent, I think people should be allowed to hold on to their illusions and their images of people in radio,'' she added diplomatically.

''It's only when they don't accept me for who I am that I get upset.''

Dressed this day in sweat pants, a T-shirt and pink tennis shoes because of the omnipresent heat of the 'DUQ studios, Hawkins is decidedly unglamorous -- and proud of it.

The single gold bracelet she wears on her left arm is the Chicago native's only concession to feminine ostentation. In fact, it's the only thing that appears out of place in the high-tech/low-budget world of 'DUQ.

Left on her own, Hawkins is a study in professionalism and positively channeled anxiety as she whizzes about the studio control room, fading out a cut with a deft twist of a knob and chatting up the vital statistics of three previous songs before segueing into a listener's request.

Nearly breathless -- and because she's misplaced the liner notes -- she recites the lineup of an obscure combo from memory.

''I can't stand it when a show gets away from me,'' she whispers to herself.

Her audience, she explains, has grown accustomed to her being perpetually on top of things.

Another typical Hawkins on-air tactic is to use the vital statistics of a song as an occasion for tying jazz into the grand stream of modernist art and thought in this century.

''This is a tune recorded in 1948,'' she said one afternoon to her radio audience after a particularly moving composition by tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins (no relation).

''It was an unusual recording in that it was inspired by the art of Pablo Picasso.''

Using the saxophonist's work as a starting point, Hawkins introduced a tangential element about the Cleveland Museum of Art's 75th anniversary celebration a few years ago, a digression that illustrates her own powers of improvisation.

''In 1992, the museum had a major exhibition on the work of Pablo Picasso. -- They invited (jazz musician) David Murray and commissioned him to do a piece for the exhibition,'' she says, informing her listeners of another piece with the same name, but from a different era.

As Coleman Hawkins' three-minute solo-masterpiece ''Picasso'' segues into another one of his compositions called ''There's a Small Hotel,'' the jazz DJ concludes her informative riff about Murray.

''Evelynn is able to put (jazz) in the context of culture,'' says WDUQ program director Dave Becker.

''She's able to see it not just as an art form or entertainment, but as an amalgamation of the two. She has a knowledge of jazz that the very (best) jazz programmers have.''

Citing Hawkins' strong sense of the music's history as her most impressive asset when 'DUQ hired her, Becker emphasized the importance of having a station music director who could speak confidently in the context of one of ''the oldest jazz cities.''

''One of the things that makes her enjoyable to listen to is, clearly, there's the sound of warmth,'' Becker says.

''Evelynn enjoys what she's doing. You can hear on the air that she delights in presenting this music and being a part of it.''

There was at least one listener in Hawkins' audience that took exception to her record selection that day and called several times to tell her so. ''Why do all your selections sound the same?'' the caller asks, his voice projecting over the studio speaker-phone.

''What do you mean? Can you be a little more specific?'' Hawkins asks politely, but firmly.

''I'm a fan, y'know, and I listen, gosh, every day, but I gotta tell ya -- mix it up a little. You're starting to sound the same,'' he kept repeating.

''I'm not trying to bring you down or nothing. I respect you. --''

Hawkins interrupts him.

''You're not telling me anything,'' she says. ''I've played Ornette Coleman, Stanley Turrentine --,'' she mentions a half dozen other names spanning the past 30 years, ticking them off on her fingers.

Hawkins' preferred format is called Post-Bop and is weighted heavily toward McCoy Tyner, Benny Carter, so-called Young Lions like Benny Green, the Marsalis brothers and Joshua Redman with liberal sprinklings of Clifford Brown, Billy Strayhorn and Zoot Sims.

''Now, you tell me. Who else should I be playing?'' she asks.

After fumbling about and making a couple of suggestions -- Hiroshima, Gerald Veasley, Russ Freeman, Art Porter, many of whom Hawkins plays on a regular basis -- the caller apologizes for not expressing himself well and reiterates his faith in her judgment; still, he says he's not confident she understands where he's coming from.

''There's a radio station in New York that plays everything you play and everything I'd like you to play,'' he says finally. ''You should try to be more like that.''

Hawkins surprises him by telling him the call letters of the station he's thinking of. He responds affirmatively. She thanks him for his call, rolls her eyes and hangs up.

After sighing and shaking her head, she points to the phone and frowns.

''Multiply that call by 10, and you have an average day,'' she says.

''And it's always men calling to correct me or to persuade me that some opinion I have isn't the correct one. I have a sneaking suspicion that some men don't expect a woman to know as much as they do about jazz. Well, fancy that.

''How I do my show is a personal reflection at a certain level,'' she says.

Her voice is steady, but she is clearly upset by the call.

''I applied for a job at the station he was talking about many years ago,'' she said. ''I didn't get it. Neither did one of the most knowledgeable jazz historians I know.

''But I have to say, (that station's) programming isn't remotely as diverse as 'DUQ's. I'm not trying to be partisan or vindictive. It's just a fact.''

As WDUQ's music director, Hawkins has a stake in its overall excellence. Despite an uncharitable word from a caller or two, she has nothing but great things to say about her gig in Pittsburgh.

''I enjoy being (let) loose in this big candy store,'' she says, adding that she isn't particularly interested in working for a station in a larger market like Chicago or New York. Her only complaint seems to be the oppressive heat of the 'DUQ studio.

''I started radio late in life and I laughingly call this my third or fourth career. But somehow, this time at least, I've stumbled upon the best of all possible situations.''

Born in Chicago 40-odd years ago and raised on that city's South Side, Hawkins grew up, with an older sister and younger brother, in a nurturing, ***working-class*** family that stressed academics and religious values above all else.

''My father was a policeman and my mother worked for I.B.M. as a data entry operator. I grew up in a home where classical music or jazz was always on the radio,'' Hawkins says.

But it was her aunt, Evelyn Ward Petty, who became her biggest influence, inculcating in the impressionable young woman who wanted to know and do everything, a love for the liberal arts.

''Both my brother and sister are married with children and both have their master's degrees. My mother is especially proud that all her children are gainfully employed,'' Hawkins says.

After graduating from the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle, in '71 with a bachelor's with honors, Hawkins moved to Seattle. There, she worked on her master's in socio-cultural anthropology at the University of Washington, which she received in '76.

Her thesis was titled, 'Religion and Economics: Mobiliz-ing Factors in an Urban Black American Community.''

A year later, Hawkins completed a master's degree in education at Western Washington State College in Bellingham.

She already had taught a year of African-American history at Shoreline Community College before moving to Fort Steilacoom Community College in Tacoma, where she worked as a career counselor for two years.

From '79 to early '84, Hawkins worked as an administrator for an international scholarship program for graduate students in New York City. It was an experience that convinced her that she needed to find another outlet for her creativity.

On a whim almost, Hawkins attended radio announcer training schools in Manhattan, and was quickly grounded in the basics of the field.

After she quit her job at the scholarship program in late Jan. '84, she was on the air a few days later playing classical music on WSUL-FM in Monticello, N.Y.

Nearly two years later, Hawkins had switched careers again, taking a job with the Broome County Urban League in Binghamton. Still, she kept a foot in radio as a classical music host at WSKG-FM.

By 1990, Hawkins had left WSKG-FM and a short stint at WJFF-FM in Jeffersonville, N.Y., behind her for WCPN-FM in Cleveland, where her career as a jazz host in public radio began.

''Andre Previn once asked me why I switched from classical music,'' Hawkins says.

''I told him that there were simply more people to interview in jazz.''

But as a jazz host on WDUQ, Hawkins is more than the sum total of her experience. Single and childless, she spends most of her off-air time hitting the books (''I'm reading 'Sisterfire: Black Womanist Fiction and Poetry' ''); sampling the city's wealth of coffee, book and record shops; and volunteering for literacy programs aimed at disadvantaged youth.

''I'm currently mentoring and tutoring a young reader,'' Hawkins says, while maintaining the girl's privacy.

''You ask what's the most important thing that I do and I can say without hesitation that is. There's nothing comparable to fostering creativity and a joy for learning in a young mind,'' she says, harking back to her own Aunt Evelyn's influence on her decades ago on Chicago's South Side.

One of the projects Hawkins is most proud of, because of the dramatic effect she believes it will have on jazz education in Pittsburgh's black community, is organizing The Duke Ellington Society's (TDES) four-day convention here next year, May 24-28.

''I'm on the steering committee and have been since its inception.

''This is all about bringing jazz back to our communities.''

Hawkins has even managed to integrate her love of jazz into her spiritual life as a regular congregant of Emmanuel Episcopal Church at Allegheny and West North avenues on the North Side.

Founded in the late 19th century, the church has been conducting an inclusive and very progressive liturgical program called ''Jazz at Emmanuel'' for the past six years. It immediately captured Hawkins' imagination when she moved to Pittsburgh.

''It's wonderful,'' she says. ''I feel completely at home there. As a (lay) reader at Emmanuel, sometimes I get to participate in services that feed both my mind and spirit.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Thomas Ondrey/The Gazette: WDUQ music director and afternoon DJ Evelynn Hawkins is an experienced pro in the broadcast booth, often surprising her audience with her knowledge of jazz and its connection to modernist art and thought.

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[***HEINZ FIELD CONFIDENTIAL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:444D-GH50-0094-54VH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***STEELERS AND PANTHERS FANS SHARE THEIR THOUGHTS ABOUT THE NORTH SHORE FOOTBALL STADIUM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:444D-GH50-0094-54VH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Compared to Three Rivers Stadium, Heinz Field is incredible! The Coca-Cola Great Hall is an incredible addition filled with nostalgia and the pavilion under the scoreboard is another great touch.

One item that looked incredibly out of place in the Great Hall was a Roberto Clemente tribute on the 1970's wall. Great baseball player for sure; appropriate for a football only setting … not so sure.

As for the stands and the field, one potential issue is that in the late afternoon, the sun shines through the northwest portion of the stadium directly affecting fans sight. Those seated between the 20- and 25-yard lines on the visitors side are affected.

The scoreboard is fabulous, but down and distance information should be displayed at the north end of the stadium as well.

Otherwise, Heinz Field is definitely a sight to behold. Pittsburgh is two for two on the North Shore!

TOM PASCARELLA

Moon

I attended the Steelers exhibition games at Heinz Field, as I am on the season ticket waiting list, and was able to get tickets for both games. My overall impression is positive.

However, the Steelers dropped the ball in one significant area. Where is the scoreboard for out-of-town scores? Unless they decide to periodically display out-of-town scores on the video screen, I don't see how fans will be able to get them.

The video screen has eight large ads around it, and while I understand the need to maximize revenue, I don't see why a scoreboard wasn't included in Heinz Field. Don't the Steelers feel that fans want to keep up with division rivals and other teams games during breaks in the action?

Overall, I give Heinz Field a B-plus, with the lack of a scoreboard preventing me from giving it an A.

DAVE HRINAK

Moon

In the beginning there was complaining because we didn't need a new stadium. Then that the seats were too yellow and the drink holders are plastic. The upper level seats are too steep and the prices are higher. It shouldn't be named after a corporation.

Why can't I get two parking slots for one car if I pay for it? Why can't I bring my cooler full of food and drink into the stadium? It's almost like they want to turn a profit at Heinz Field.

To all of the constant complainers, if you hold season tickets and you don't like them, there are about 10,000 people in line behind you who will take them off your hands. If you are a constant complainer and not a season ticket holder, don't go to the games, they will sell out every time without you.

TONY GARAVAGLIA

North Hills

I became a Steelers season ticket holder when Three Rivers Stadium opened. At one time in the 1970's, I paid $2,400 to have four seats in section 220.

I was well satisfied with these seats. My wife and I were able to sit and watch games comfortably. We are now both 73 years old and retired, and she is handicapped. But she still loves the Steelers, win or lose.

My problem is how insensitive Heinz Field is to the poor, the elderly and the handicapped.

I cannot believe they would expect us to sit in those uncomfortable seats and watch a game at great distances from the field with no protection from the elements.

They have systematically eliminated us as season ticket holders and from attending games.

I sincerely do not believe the Chief, Mr. Art Rooney, would ever have agreed to build a stadium with no comforts for the common fan.

BOBBY JONES

Green Tree

Although the field is nice, the seats for the majority of fans, I think, are disappointing in that they are too far from the field, and the advertising is very intrusive. The much-heralded Jumbotron seems dwarfed by the ads surrounding it, plus you only get the score and then only on a little insert just like TV!

Even the foot-level cup holders have ads on both sides.

I realize the reason for the stadium was income enhancement but so was PNC. They seem to have just as many ads but more tastefully done and has a scoreboard that really is a scoreboard, not a billboard.

DR. VITO DonGIOVANNI

Indiana, Pa.

In view of what happened to this country Sept. 11, writing opinions on Heinz Field seems insignificant. However, being a longtime season ticket holder, I feel I should express my thoughts.

It seems to me that the emphasis was put on pleasing the holders of private boxes and club seats at the expense of other ticket holders. Eliminating seats in one end zone and in other sections to provide space for the club seats and boxes caused the designer to squeeze all the remaining seats into a limited area.

This resulted in smaller aisles, less leg room and steep steps to climb. Having a private escalator and elevator at the "B" entrance for only the luxury boxes and club seats is discriminatory and unfair. Reaching seats in the upper levels using the ramps is arduous and time-consuming.

Having troughs in the men's rooms instead of urinals is a stupid cost-saving measure, especially since the so-called luxury floors have conventional toilet facilities.

The Pirates at PNC Park did it right, but the Rooneys and the Steelers fumbled the ball with Heinz Field.

HOWARD KISSEL

Stowe

Shame, shame, shame Mr. Rooney. No escalator or elevator at Gate B for us poor folks who paid for your stadium. Of course the wealthy folks have access to it all. We saw elderly and middle-age fans stopping, panting, and bent over, gasping for breath throughout the 20 minute walk up to the fifth level.

The walk is absolutely ridiculous (and we're in shape). We do get a great view of your palace for the rich clubs all the way up to the top. Your staff seems to like to rub it in on every level. It was truly insulting. I hope you have the paramedics ready, you're going to need them.

CHESTER PAUL BACKOWSKI

Brookline

Is Heinz Field the Steelers football stadium? No. Is it a college stadium? Kind of. Or is it a concert stadium? Yes. One look at the new Invesco Field at Mile High Stadium will truly answer the question.

A football-only stadium should be deafening. You should be able to get around the stadium freely.

Instead, we have an open arena with a beautiful stage under the scoreboard that's in great view, even from the bleacher seats. We have limited access to most of the levels, so crowd control won't be a problem when you have 65,000 screaming teen-agers.

I am a huge Steelers fan and co-ticket holder, but am very disappointed with most of Heinz Field. Kudos to the Pirate organization on doing it right.

TY GROVE

Scott

My wife and I attended the first Steelers exhibition home game and took in the sights of the brand new Heinz Field. It's quite a place, something the fans can be proud of for years to come. All the food concessions are sure to satisfy anyone's taste. Which brings me to the one gripe I have about the place.

Surely the Rooneys or whoever runs the place could buy some benches or picnic tables for for the fans to sit down and eat their food. I thought using the tops of the trash cans for a table, which many fans were forced to do, was really a disgrace.

DON HAYS

Mingo Junction, Ohio

I am a lifetime Steelers fan and a 15-year season ticket holder. I parked Downtown for the Steelers-Lions game and hiked to Heinz Field.

My seats are in the north end zone. When I went into Gate B, I asked the ticket-taker how to get to the seats; he said they were at the other side of the stadium, which I knew was wrong. There were escalators about 50 feet away, but these could only be used by club box patrons, so we started to hike up the ramps.

We hiked up to our seats, but they were really a bench with an aluminum base, and it was hot. In the first quarter, I decided to get a bottle of water for my wife. but there was no water in the upper levels. In the second quarter, I went back out and started to hike back down. On a lower level they had an indoor lounge. I figured I could go in there and grab some water and leave. Three guards with arms swinging prevented that. I got down to the first level and managed to buy two bottles of warm water out of a box.

By halftime, I had enough of Heinz Field and we left.

Pittsburgh is a ***working-class*** town, but when you're in Heinz Field you know there are first- and third-class citizens, and by sitting on my bench, I know where I fit in.

ED GOYDA

Greenfield

I am writing in response to Dan Rooney's letter ("Steelers fans are decent," Aug. 31). Rooney says, "[Heinz Field] is a wonderful stadium for everyone to enjoy," but it really isn't.

Heinz Field was built for the rich executives in the luxury boxes, not the common workingman. Rooney even stooped to saving a couple of bucks on the stadium by putting longtime season ticket holders into bleachers! The whole north end zone is uncomfortable, crammed-in bleachers.

Heinz Field also has a plethora of advertising throughout the stadium, but only one measly scoreboard depicting the down and yard line. To top that, when a fan does leave his bleacher to go buy a $5 hot dog, there are no monitors or speakers to show what is going on with the game.

Don't get me wrong, Heinz Field is nice football stadium, but it could have been a magnificent stadium if Dan Rooney wasn't so cheap. I'm a bleacher bum and I'm proud of it. So I dare you, Dan Rooney, to come sit in my bleacher seats for a game and see how you like them.

STEVE SILVER

Mt. Lebanon

We drive the five hours up to Pittsburgh and five hours back after the Steelers games. We have seasons tickets that belong to our group and have five seats together. Last year we all sat in different areas at Three Rivers. The seats were great.

When we arrived for the first game at Heinz Field, we were very disappointed. We are in section 541 and cannot see the scoreboard or the large screen -- much less the plays or players because we are over against the outside fence. So this means unless we buy a small portable TV to carry up to the top, we won't be able to see the replays.

We follow the Steelers just about everywhere they go, scalping tickets, or having friends purchase them for us. When we come up for the next game, we will probably scalp tickets so we can get a good seat. That's how much we love our Steelers. We are willing to pay twice to have a good seat so we can see them.

Next year, I believe we will have to let the season tickets go and try to get new tickets. This means everyone in our group will be sitting by themselves again, but at least we hope to be able to see the playing field and the big screen.

BARBARA MALLOY

Ruckersville, Va.

After rationalizing my long-ago decision to pay for the seat license fee, I anxiously anticipated my first visit to Heinz Field. I'm not the type to give my endorsement based solely on the number of urinals, but I was truly impressed with the final results of my building contribution.

There is however one blemish on the otherwise glowing complexion of the stadium. Perched high atop of the north end zone for the entire world to gaze upon is a press box [used to house television cameras] disguised as a gray tool shed. It reminds me of a tree shack that I built as a child. Did the Steelers run out of money or weren't the architects up to the challenge? Maybe Heinz can fork out some more cash to make a hut in the shape of a ketchup bottle. Anything would be an improvement over the existing structure.

And having no picture of the Hall of Fame linebacker Jack Lambert over the south entrance to the Great Hall is inexcusable.

JOHN STECK

South Side

I took my family to Heinz Field to see the Pitt Panther football game Sept. 2. To my dismay, only four ticket booths were available to buy game-day tickets. According to a Heinz Field stadium attendant, the Steelers control the stadium and only gave the Panthers four booths in which to sell their tickets. The gentleman was there to sell tickets but there was no ticket booth available. We waited until well after the first quarter began and decided it was time to go home.

This was a perfect opportunity for the Pitt Panthers to have a near sell-out crowd. However, a large group of fans could not get tickets and went home. You could not have planned it any better -- a combination of good weather, a new stadium, a holiday weekend and fireworks. I can not believe that better planning and foresight was not used.

CURT SHAW

Verona

I was one of the happy people at the South Florida-Pitt game because I am a University of South Florida alumnus. However, I was disappointed in the sturdiness of the seats.

My seat was Section 101, Row O, Seat 11, and I noticed that after sitting for five minutes, I was beginning to suffer some mild back pain. Upon inspection of my seat, there was a 4-to 5-inch crease already in the bottom of the seat, no doubt created by someone standing on it for one of the four previous events that were at Heinz Field. When my friends and I decided to move back, we noticed that almost every seat in that row was developing similar creases.

TERRY M. BLAKNEY

Erie

On Aug. 15, I went to the first football game at Heinz Field. I took a man who is in his mid-80s. He told me that he wanted a drink of water, but the water at the water fountain was quite warm. He went to a few concession stands to buy a bottle of water, and they did not sell water or had sold out. He was in distress and asked them if he could have a glass of cold water. They told him no, but they could sell it to him.

What he got was a cup half full of ice, and they told him to go to the fountain and get his water. For this he was charged $5.

I find this act unbelievable. The people at the concession stands only do what they are told. The "Stealer" organization knows of these rules and maybe they gave the orders.

ROBERT M. RUFFALO

Washington, Pa.

On Sept. 8, I took my 14-year-old son to the Pitt Panther football game at Heinz Field. I am a 1975 alumna of the University of Pittsburgh as well as a University of Pittsburgh employee for the past 27 years. I have been to many Panthers football games, as a student and an employee over the years.

The games at Pitt Stadium were always fun, exciting, full of school spirit. It was great to see the band running out onto the Pitt Stadium in their famous "quick-stepping" march and listen to the stadium cheer for the band. It was almost as exciting watching the Panthers mascot constantly interacting with the cheerleaders and the crowd and listening to the cheers from the students and band with each good and bad play on the football field.

The game brought tears to my eyes; tears of frustration and utter depression. This did not feel like a college football game, there was no school spirit, there were very few indications at all that this was a Panthers football game, and the few banners hanging would be replaced by Steelers banners when the Steelers come home. When the student section did cheer for their team, or the band slowly entered the field, you couldn't hear them; the open construction of Heinz Field takes all the noise away.

After all my years of being a Pitt student and Pitt employee, I felt like the heart of the university was gone when it comes to Pitt football. The closing of Pitt Stadium was the worst decision the university could have made.

JOAN NEITZNICK

Greenfield

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Jason Cohn/Reuters: Fans cheer at the start of the Steeers-Lions preseason game Aug. 25 -- the first sporting event at Heinz Field.

INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Post-Gazette: (Heinz Field Comments)

**Load-Date:** October 4, 2001

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[***WITHOUT APOLOGY, LAETTNER STEPS UP;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-71Y0-002B-H4SD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***The question: Will success for team follow?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-71Y0-002B-H4SD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Steve Aschburner; Staff Writer

**Body**

Christian Laettner is sitting in a cramped locker room in a dreary arena in Green Bay, Wis., waiting for another preseason game to start and sharing a little bit about himself.

But, of course, since this is Christian Laettner, it's only a little bit and it's only for a moment.

"When I come to a game, I don't yell at the players. A lot of fans do," the Timberwolves forward says, his mouth moving, his voice even and his cool blue eyes showing no emotion. "What fun do they get from that? There are a lot of Duke haters out there. Some people don't like that I'm not the ugliest kid out there, either. My own friends, they say, 'We get sick of seeing you in the papers.' "

He understands the thinking. Understands it, analyzes it and rejects it in a split-second. When people look at him or treat him like a creature in a zoo, he stares right back at them until they blink and wonder which side of the bars they're really on. Christian Laettner moves through life on his own terms, without apology.

"The only people I have to apologize to are the ones who are there as much as me, who are working as hard as me, who are putting as much thought and effort into it as me," he says, meaning family, friends, teammates. "Besides that, I don't know if I've done anything that I need to apologize to the fans. The fans have absolutely nothing to do with it."

A few minutes later, shortly before tipoff, Laettner is casually going through a layup drill with the other Wolves. A local guy in a bowling jacket, whom he never has met and never will see again, guides his date to their seats, passing by the scorers' table. Almost reflexively, as if it were the most natural reaction in the world at that moment, he snaps his head in Laettner's direction and hollers: "Laettner, get a haircut!"

Then the guy from Green Bay settles in for a beer and a couple of hours of basketball.

It happens to Laettner all the time. An odd way to go through life.

Laettner is a different person than he was two years ago. He'll be a different person two years from now.

What that means to the Timberwolves in the 1994-95 season is that, while still a work in progress, the 6-11 power forward can help them more than he did as a rookie in 1992. It also means that he probably won't help them as much as he might in 1996. Or beyond. It is Laettner's evolution - as a player, as a person, as a leader, some day even as a champion again - that matters to the Wolves. Today and tomorrow.

"He's in his third year, he's got stature in the league," general manager Jack McCloskey said. "This is the time when a guy is usually starting to blossom in this league."

By the time he finished his third NBA season, Kevin McHale had won a championship. Charles Barkley and Karl Malone had been All-Stars. Elvin Hayes had led the league in scoring and rebounding. The calendar is inexact, but expecting Laettner to step up his game this season seems fair.

"There's a general maturation that comes about," Milwaukee Bucks head coach Mike Dunleavy said. "Some players it's year three, some it's year four, some it's year five before they feel totally comfortable with who they are in the NBA."

Laettner is a cornerstone of the Wolves' franchise. The organization made that abundantly clear when it selected him with the third pick overall in 1992, their highest draft position ever. They liked his competitiveness, they liked his pedigree (four Final Fours, two NCAA titles at Duke) and, for better or worse, they were going to build their future with him.

Better make that for better and worse. Laettner has been the Wolves' top player since he arrived, making the all-rookie team in 1992-93 after averaging 18.2 points and 8.7 rebounds, then leading them in scoring (16.8) and rebounding (8.6) last season. He also has been the most controversial, the most heckled, the most driven, the most weird and the most scrutinized. He has, easily, grabbed as many headlines with his behavior or comments as with his play, from his run-ins with coaches and referees to his comments in the media and his friction with teammates such as Chuck Person and Micheal Williams.

All in all, it isn't easy being him. Or being around him. Said Wolves swingman Doug West: "Christian might go about it and say things the wrong way sometimes. But I understand him. I think he wants to be a perfectionist. Sometimes I think if he wouldn't get wrapped up in what's going on with everyone else, he'd be better off."

But Laettner can't detach. To detach would be to surrender, and to surrender would be to lose. It's one thing to lose and to hate it, quite another to lose and to accept it. Better to rail against the mounting losses, to lash out in times of despair, to challenge others and hope that, somewhere among them, is one who can challenge him. It's not good to be gracious, Laettner has said, when your team stinks.

"Last year, when I said that we weren't very good, there wasn't a big blowup from my teammates," Laettner said. "First of all, they knew what I meant. And there's a certain pecking order of things. If I say something and they want to complain to me, then they have to confront me like a man."

It's done in the name of winning, it's done in some peculiar notion of leadership. Laettner brought it with him straight from Durham, N.C. Apparently, it is the Duke way. Danny Ferry got on Laettner, who got on Bobby Hurley, who got on Grant Hill, who got on Cherokee Parks. Coach Mike Krzyzewski, Laettner said in a recent TV interview, "liked that I wanted to kill everybody when we lost."

"I told this to Cherokee Parks," said Pete Gaudet, assistant basketball coach at Duke. " 'When you're in practice and you get on your teammates when you see something you don't like, we'll back you. Now if we don't like it, we'll call you aside in the locker room.' There's a lot more good that comes from that than bad."

Wolves coach Bill Blair wants the players to police themselves, too. But he wants it done right, not scattershooting at the sight of a microphone or notebook. As Dunleavy said: "It's not done in a way that brings negative publicity. It's done in a more discreet, professional way."

It's strictly chicken-or-egg stuff. The less Laettner acts out - that's the trendy '90s term, isn't it? - the more the Wolves might bond. But the more they bond, and win , the less he would have to act out. So which comes first?

"I know where my responsibilities begin and end. The question is, where does everyone else's?" Laettner said. "I think I do a lot for this team and pull my load. We need other people to pull their load. If there comes a time when I have to pick it up and someone tells me I need to, that's fine."

Closed doors. Closed doors. Maybe that's the key. "When Sid Lowe got fired, he blamed me for the whole season," Laettner said. "Now that's your coach. He's supposed to protect you. He's supposed to be on your side. He's seen what you've been through. . . . But people are different. I don't know, if I ever got fired, that I would blame someone."

Sharp edges and hard surfaces. Tough, brutal truth, or at least his version of it. Stares instead of smiles. Unless you're admitted into the very small circle in which Laettner lets down his guard, friends say, you'll get no slack. All angles and attitude.

"It would be easier to sugarcoat things," Laettner said. "But I'm not a politician. My mother didn't raise me to sugarcoat things. My father was not a guy who put a cherry on top. That's the household I was raised in. I was raised in a German-Polish household in Buffalo, N.Y. ***Working-class*** people.

"I've always fought with that. Which way should I do it? Of course it would be easier to smile. But when I was at Duke and we were winning, I was smiling all the time."

Right now, at 25, Laettner is among the top half-dozen power forwards in the NBA. There are things people would like to see him do more of, but hardly anything he flat cannot do.

"Some of the things that set him apart from other players is, one, he knows how to play and understands the game," Dunleavy said. "Second, he's got good mobility for his size. He can put the ball on the floor and can shoot from the outside."

Blair said Laettner had a "great" training camp. He added 15 pounds of muscle in the offseason and worked as hard as any player in two-a-days. Now he wants to ride Laettner through the regular season.

"I think we need to have at least 15 shots a game out of him to win. At least," Blair said. "One of his biggest faults is he doesn't take bad shots. He doesn't even take a shot that looks like it might be bad. He has to go ahead and shoot the ball."

When his career is almost over, will Laettner be recognized as another Kevin McHale? Or will he be compared to someone like Tom Chambers, bumping through three or four teams, playing mostly for himself? Will he be remembered as a scorer, as a rebounder, or as a winner?

"He's not one of those guys who goes from day to day," Gaudet said. "He certainly has a plan. He knows what he wants his weight to be. He knows how many shots he has to take each day to improve. He seems to circle a date on his calendar for when he has to start getting ready for camp. There's a purpose there. . . . He wants to be a star in this league and he's willing to work on it. He's probably looking at 27 or 28 before he plays his best basketball."

He might have to drag the Wolves along. Few players have known the extremes of the game more dramatically than Laettner. From the NCAA tournament scoring record and a pair of championships at Duke to 125 defeats in his first two NBA seasons.

"It's frustrating," Dunleavy said. "But you need to know that you're getting paid a ton of money and you've got to do that job. . . . You can be that cornerstone, the guy who leads by example."

That clearly is expected of Laettner this season, and he already has begun. "Encouragement to other players. Communicating with them on the floor," McCloskey said. "I've seen when there's a break in the practice, he'll talk over a situation. That's productive."

Said guard Chris Smith: "He's more vocal. I think that's good for us. We needed somebody to speak out a little more."

Seniority, Laettner said, helps. "It's nothing where I walk on the court and say, I'm going to be more of a leader today," he said. "It's very natural. And it isn't a change in my mentality as much as it is a change, maybe, in someone else's mentality.

"When I was a rookie, I don't think Thurl Bailey was going to stop and listen to me. He was a lot older. But now that it's my third year and there are people younger, they will say, 'All right, maybe he knows something.' "

Laettner, in the third year of a six-year, $ 21.6 million contract, believes he knows how to win. At some point, he'll have to leave the Duke model behind before it starts sounding like Grandpa's war stories. But he'll always have the wisdom and, until it happens again, the hunger.

"I don't think the team I'm on is going to win 20 games for however many years I play," he said. "Eventually we'll get the right type of people and we'll play together and win. It's not like trying to solve the financial problems of the world - it's not that difficult. It's very easy. Something that should be accomplished."

Should be. Might not be. Laettner might never again reach the heights he did with the Blue Devils. Short of telling Dennis Rodman he's out of hair dye, could life be more cruel?

"The fact that I haven't been winning the last few years doesn't ruin my life at all," Laettner said. "It's not like I lie around, crying because we're not winning. Every day I stay alive, that's when I'm happy the most. . . . Even though I say that basketball is important, I'm good at finding other joy in life. When you're putting the work in every day, you hope things are going to improve. But if they don't, I still have to live my life. Pay my bills. Take care of my house."

And, of course, get a haircut.

Doing it all

Christian Laettner prides himself on having a balanced game. Well, if he could hike his scoring average a few points, he could join a select group of NBA players who averaged at least 19.0 points, 6.0 rebounds and 4.0 assists last season:

Player, team Pts. Ast. Reb.

David Robinson, S.A. 29.8 4.8 10.7

Karl Malone, Utah 25.2 4.0 11.2

Scottie Pippen, Chi. 22.0 5.6 8.7

Charles Barkley, Phoe. 21.6 4.6 11.2

Ron Harper, Chicago 20.1 4.6 6.1

Clyde Drexler, Port. 19.2 4.9 6.5

Christian Laettner, Wolves 16.8 4.4 8.6

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart

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**End of Document**



[***FIRST, THE MUSIC A LONG-TERM FOCUS ON TALENT - WYA OUT OF STEP WITH THE BOTTOM-LINE-OBSESSED INDUSTRY - IS ONE REASON CONSHOHOCKEN-BASED RUFFHOUSE RECORDS HAS THRIVED. THAT, AND THE INSTINCTS OF THE GUYS IN CHARGE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DM70-01K4-917K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Chris Schwartz relishes the memory of the first time he played Lauryn Hill's solo material for the Columbia Records brass.

"It was only a few people" - label president Donnie Ienner, Sony Music CEO Tommy Mottola - "and a few others," the Ruffhouse Records co-founder said recently, sitting on the back porch of his home on five acres of prime Gladwyne real estate.

"These were very basic, raw tracks, and I knew going in that they were disappointed because they wanted big-name producers. They were hoping for a Celine Dion/Mariah Carey type thing. I remember saying 'Hey, bear with us. Chill. This is Lauryn Hill.' "

What followed was a test of patience for both Columbia - which distributes, and since 1996, has co-owned the Conshohocken-based Ruffhouse - and Schwartz, whose label had already developed the Fugees, Cypress Hill and Kris Kross. After that meeting, it took more than a year to finish The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill. Schwartz went back to Columbia again and again with updates, and eventually won the cautious executives over with the singer-rapper's deeply personal music and his enthusiasm for it.

"As we got nearer, the attitude changed," he recalled. "They started to get it. Suddenly, it was 'When's it going to be done?' "

"Some people were skeptical because I wanted to produce the whole thing," confirms Hill. "Everybody had ideas of Babyface and that approach. But Chris said, 'I'm going to stay out of your way.' That's when I knew that he respected me and what I was doing. . . . I don't think I could have done this record someplace else."

For Schwartz's show of faith, he and Hill and Columbia have been rewarded many times over: Released in August, Miseducation entered at No. 1 on the Billboard album chart and has remained in the top 10 for much of the fall. Hailed by critics as a "cultural benchmark" and "the best hip-hop album of all time," it has already sold more than 6 million copies worldwide on the strength of just one single, "Doo Wop (That Thing)."

If there's any philosophy guiding the extraordinary goings-on at Ruffhouse Records - the label born in Northern Liberties, now approaching its 10th anniversary - it's in the way Hill's project was handled. At nearly every turn, Schwartz, a high-school dropout who got his start selling hardcore hip-hop from the trunk of his car, and his partner, record producer Joe Nicolo, made decisions that run counter to conventional wisdom. They financed an open-ended recording project, and remained calm when it was interrupted by Hill's pregnancy. They nixed the corporate call for a celebrity producer. They agreed to Hill's unorthodox, low-key ideas about the way she should be marketed.

That's how they do it in Conshohocken. Slowly. Selectively. With little of the agita that usually surrounds such operations. Rather than engage in a quest for the next big single from another disposable act, Ruffhouse concentrates on finding talent it can guide toward a sustained career. Its roster is small, but it contains some of the most dependable sellers in hip-hop, most spectacularly the Fugees, whose second album, The Score, has sold 17 million copies worldwide, making it the best-selling album by a rap group ever. All told, Ruffhouse, with a staff of just 15 full-time employees, has sold nearly 60 million albums around the world.

The work doesn't stop with sharp talent acquisition. Ruffhouse takes time crafting the music, focusing - as it did with Hill - on the artist's own evolutionary goals. Then the label's other strength, its marketing savvy, comes into play. One rival characterized the Ruffhouse approach as "long-term trench warfare" in the fight for attention in an increasingly cutthroat marketplace.

"It's easy to sound like a genius now, and say how we were all into going slow," says Schwartz, 37, whose label has yet to break a major act outside of hip-hop. (Singer-songwriter Ben Arnold and alt-rock bands Dandelion and Trip 66 never caught fire.) "But, really, we knew it was the only way to get it done. . . . We were all music junkies before we were record-industry people. We had to let the music come first."

That thinking - so obviously out of step with the bottom-line-obsessed record industry - is why, some believe, Ruffhouse has survived the last decade's binge-and-purge of boutique labels.

"What amazes me is that they've been extremely good at finding acts that weren't the subject of bidding wars," says Jeff Fenster, an executive at Jive Records. "They've trusted their instincts."

Danyel Smith, editor-in-chief of Vibe, concurs. "They're a label that knows how to make hits while still allowing an artist room to grow. If you're doing that in this decade, you're doing the exact right thing."

\* Joe Nicolo is chomping on a turkey sandwich in the pub next to Ruffhouse world headquarters on Fayette Street in Conshohocken. The building, a former Knights of Columbus hall erected in 1926, sits across the way from where his father ran the Gold Seal meat market for 32 years. It's a ***working-class***, shot-and-a-beer neighborhood, and the Ruffhouse guys - and the folks who run the seven recording studios that share their building - fit right in. Nicolo's other career is as a record producer: As the "Butcher Brothers," 43-year-old twins Joe and Phil have worked with everyone from Billy Joel to Urge Overkill to, soon, Cibo Matto. Joe shakes his head as he ponders how he and Schwartz ended up millionaire record executives.

"The first few things, you could understand people when they said it was a fluke," Nicolo says, referring to such early acts as Kris Kross, a pair of 13-year-olds whose music was teen-targeted fluff.

"But we keep hearing things, and putting them out, and they're hits. And suddenly it's no fluke: We're good at this. We have something we do that nobody else does - credible pop-rap records that the industry will embrace and that people who say they don't like rap will like. You know, the Zenith clock-radio crowd."

The Ruffhouse president believes that the complementary skills he and Schwartz, the label's CEO, possess have helped them create this niche: "I'm thinking about the music, deciding whether it's something that's credible, that I can work with for a while. And Chris is thinking 'Will this work on the street?' "

"What you get with these guys is a two-headed monster," says Ienner, who signed Ruffhouse to a limited distribution deal shortly after arriving at Columbia, and has expanded the arrangement several times. "One makes the records, the other gets the buzz started. . . .

"And because they're out of the mainstream down in Philly, they go about things differently. With Chris and Joe, [an artist] isn't going to get as much money as he might from the majors, but . . . they're going to have the label really working for them 24 hours a day."

Ruffhouse's location is a selling point, Schwartz believes: "You look at these monolithic labels in New York, they're run by people who don't know whether they'll have jobs next week. You've got people thinking about numbers, not music."

This is exactly the pitch Schwartz makes to artists: that no matter how much money a label promises up front, what matters is the long-term grind-it-out work done by the staff - which participates in most major decisions - and the promotional "street teams." He mentions that Cypress Hill's 1991 debut was considered by Columbia to be dead after it sold 32,000 copies. Ruffhouse put its own money behind the project and pushed its sales past a million copies.

"It means something different to be a Ruffhouse artist," Schwartz says of his roster, which also includes rappers John Forte and Pace Won, and is expected to grow to 16 acts next year. "We micro-manage these projects, from the recording to the fan club. Some acts understand it right away: Cypress Hill took less money to be with us. They recognized there was value in the individual attention."

\* In the beginning, all Ruffhouse had was the ability to give its artists individual attention. The label started at Studio 4, the recording complex at Third and Callowhill Streets co-owned by the Butcher Brothers. Joe Nicolo, who was producing DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, and Schwartz, Schooly D's manager and a frequent guest at the studio, both wanted to expand their empires using the skills they'd honed working in the competitive Philadelphia hip-hop market of the mid-'80s.

They formed the company with $400, and set up shop in a basement hallway at Studio 4, eventually expanding into a room the size of a two-car garage. By 1989, Ruffhouse had signed its first artist, Cypress Hill, and was assembling street-level marketing squads in the Eastern cities where the label thought it could break its first release.

Those who happened by the office on a Monday or a Friday were treated to what Schwartz recalls, not so fondly, as "A&R days."

"We'd have kids who would wake up in the morning, and their sole purpose that day was to get a record deal. By the time we got there, we'd have 25 or 30 kids in the hallway. They'd come in, we'd listen to them and, of course, we'd have to pass. Then they'd argue with us: What do you know about music? . . . Sometimes it got pretty tense." (Schooly D takes credit for preparing Schwartz for such confrontations: "I know I gave that [guy] some heart attacks.")

The relationship between Ruffhouse and Studio 4 - which are separate corporate entities, but jointly relocated to Conshohocken in 1994 - made artists feel as if they'd found a home. Rose Mann Pierce, the label's current VP of marketing and "artists & repertoire" and one of the few who has been with Ruffhouse from the start, recalls some of the label's earliest projects.

"With Cypress and Kris Kross, they recorded a lot in the studio, so by the time they were done recording, we were like family. You'd hear the music while it was being made, and that was helpful for everybody around. The promo person knew about these groups and could really talk about them as people."

The proximity was beneficial to the Butcher Brothers as well. "As the record company grew in its visibility, so did our careers as producers," says Phil Nicolo, like his brother, a Temple grad. "We were involved with the Ruffhouse projects, and then those records got more people interested in having us work with them."

The Fugees didn't start out a sure thing. Commercially, the trio's 1994 debut, Blunted on Reality, wasn't close to being a hit. Again, Columbia pretty much wrote it off, but Schwartz and his team kept after it. In fact, the Ruffhouse crew encouraged Hill and her cohorts, Pras Michel and guitarist-producer Wyclef Jean, to make another record.

"Anyplace else, we would have been dropped," Hill says. "But Ruffhouse was convinced there was a future, and in that respect, they're very reminiscent of the old labels. Marvin Gaye didn't hit until his fourth time around. That patience never happens anymore."

It was rewarded in 1996. Former Ruffhouse publicist Glen Manko remembers the excitement as the Fugees finished The Score. "The minute Chris got a rough of 'Killing Me Softly,' " the group's breakthrough single, "he called everybody up into his office. He played it, and didn't say anything. He just had this look, and everybody knew."

In the aftermath of The Score, Ruffhouse's star rose dramatically at Columbia. Solo projects from the Fugees' principals were worked aggressively and became hits. And Ovum, the electronic dance imprint Ruffhouse and Columbia distribute, found its releases getting high-priority treatment.

"The thing about Chris Schwartz that people [at Columbia] didn't appreciate right away is that he's a motivator," says Kevon Glickman, Ruffhouse's general counsel. "He's great at getting the troops in line. He understands that in order to really have a hit, you have to first sell the company."

The success of the Fugees and Lauryn Hill has catapulted Ruffhouse into a different world. Suddenly the small start-up finds itself in bidding wars, competing with majors with far deeper pockets to sign talent. "If people find out there's Ruffhouse interest, that automatically creates value for an act," Schwartz says, acknowledging that the label's success has had a downside. "We're no longer playing at the $5 tables."

But then there's that upside. Schwartz recently established a film company, Perimeter Pictures, and has optioned several books. He's also brokered some music-publishing deals (Ruffhouse recently inked a long-term publishing contract with EMI Music), has developed a merchandising operation (C-Jam Productions), and is gradually moving back into rock with Philadelphia's Roadside Prophets, whose debut was produced by Ron Nevison with supervision by A&R legend John Kalodner. And, through Ovum and other co-ventures, the label is entering some new music subgenres.

"What's incredible about Chris and Joe is how much they're still into finding out about music," says Josh Wink, the Ovum co-owner and electronica artist whose Philadelphia-based label produces some of the most innovative electronic dance music in the world. "They're busy, they have no way to know the world Ovum operates in. But they right away wanted to know our vision, and they completely trust us."

Deals such as the one it has with Ovum fit into Ruffhouse's growth strategy, which itself is a new concept. "Five years ago, nobody here could think beyond the next five minutes," says Glickman. "Now, we're into the planning."

But Nicolo and Schwartz still enjoy the here and now. "There are days when you really get involved in the details, in what you should be doing," says Schwartz, who will receive a special Governor's Award from the local branch of the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences next year. "And then you realize that you have a record on the top of the charts, and what a trip that is."

"The thing that gets me," Nicolo says, "is realizing that we have the ability to speak to people. We can't take that lightly. Lauryn is doing it and, I think, making a difference in people's lives in a global sense. I like it that kids are hearing a positive message that we played a part in getting out there."

CHARLES FOX / Inquirer Staff Photographer

CHARLES FOX / Inquirer Staff Photographer

DEAN KARR

MARC BAPTISTE

TERRENCE MIELE

For Ruffhouse, months of strategizing precedes each launch, particularly those of new artists. F7.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Homes and businesses of Fayette Street in Conshohocken are reflected in the front door of Ruffhouse Records. Chris Schwartz (left) and Joe Nicolo started the label a decade ago at 3d and Callowhill.

Cypress Hill, left, was the label's first artist; the Fugees, center, hit big in 1996; Josh Wink, Ovum label co-owner, has a Ruffhouse deal.

Partners Chris Schwartz (left) and Joe Nicolo of Ruffhouse Records look over a photo shoot of hip-hopper Lauryn Hill. As with all its artists, the label is guiding her toward a sustained career. (CHARLES FOX, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Rapper John Forte is on Ruffhouse's roster, expected to grow to 16 acts next year.

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**End of Document**



[***THE CITY LIMITS OF SCHOOL RECESS ON BLACKTOP PLAYGROUNDS, SPACE, EVEN PLAY, IS RATIONED.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P610-01K4-91HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

There is so much to do during recess at Wayne Elementary School - and so much time and space to do it in - that Amanda Bash, a fourth grader on her way to a labyrinth of bridges, tunnels, poles and platforms, has trouble listing it all:

"You can go across on the jungle bars. There's a tic-tac-toe game. There are twin slides, so you can slide down with your friend."

There also are basketball courts, soccer fields, swings, a log cabin, a sandbox, a ship of bars to climb on, and a map of the United States to jump on in what is surely as close to paradise as a schoolyard ever gets.

Some of the children at the Radnor Township school have heard about recess in the city. They have pen pals there. They know enough to feel sorry for their urban counterparts.

"Our teacher told us all they have is blacktop," Renee Glass, a fourth grader, said sympathetically.

Grass isn't the only thing missing on the playgrounds of Philadelphia's public elementary schools. Compare recess in the city with recess in much of suburbia, and you might as well be talking about playtime on different planets.

Every weekday, from the crowded rowhouse neighborhoods of South Philadelphia to the roomier developments of the Northeast, more than 110,000 children shoot out of elementary school doors onto playgrounds that often are nothing more than blank slates of pavement, sometimes in disrepair, usually devoid of stationary equipment.

Recess tends to be shorter, in many cases just 15 minutes. And, lately, it often is governed by rules outlining what games to play and where to play them - a controversial notion of behavior control called "socialized recess" that has caught on like Velcro in the city's elementary schools.

Some of the factors that have shaped urban recess in the '90s are obvious: a lack of space and money, an abundance of vandals who leave no sliding board unturned.

At Kinsey Elementary in West Oak Lane, principal Ellen Denofa describes the schoolyard as a "cement floor," empty except for two metal poles that used to hold basketball rims. At Morrison in Olney, the already small playground became minuscule when three portable classrooms were plunked down in the middle to alleviate overcrowding.

But recess also is a reflection of more subtle issues, having to do with the way adults perceive the children under their care.

At Wayne Elementary, lunch-time recess lasts 30 minutes, and children are free to play as they please, for the most part. "Kids are kids," says principal Charles Shupe. "But our kids are pretty good."

Ask teachers, principals and noon-time aides in the Philadelphia school system about recess, and at least some will tell tales of kicking, biting and punching - the metropolis' violent streak in microcosm.

"Kids come to school with so much baggage," explained Marjorie Wuestner, curriculum coordinator in the school district's division of physical education, "that we as adults have to provide a safe haven."

To do that, schools across the country have tinkered with recess - curtailing it here, regulating it there, in some cases eliminating it altogether.

Philadelphia has been a pioneer in socialized recess, a form of structured play in which the schoolyard is divvied up into distinct areas for specific activities. A child may be assigned to an area, or go voluntarily - but once there, he or she is supposed to stay and play.

Almost unheard of in suburbia, socialized recess is, in part, a response to empty playgrounds where children seem to have little to do but rumble. Its advocates say it cuts down on fights, injuries, and potential lawsuits against the district.

Without restrictions on play, says Wuestner, what you would see is "youngsters running around wild, just expending energy, jumping into others and possibly hurting them."

Some observers, however, worry that socialized recess, not to mention barren stretches of blacktop without so much as a swing or slide, telegraphs a familiar, dispiriting message to the city's youngest children.

"You go to any schoolyard in the city and the quantity and quality of play equipment is 180 degrees turned around from the suburbs," said Christine Davis, executive director of Parents Union for Public Schools.

"It's a small item, but a major symbol of the way we regard public education in Philadelphia, that . . . children can be written off."

\*

It is 10:20 a.m. at Richard R. Wright Elementary School in North Philadelphia. A handful of third graders in official yellow vests walk into the gym teacher's office to gather up balls, jump ropes and orange cones for recess. Nothing stays outside. "If you left the stuff there, it would be ruined or gone," says physical education teacher Wayne Covington.

Quickly and efficiently, the recess leaders haul their gear outside and begin setting up on the blacktop. They use the cones to mark the area where kids can play "Who's Afraid of the Tiger?" They put the kickball in the back left corner. The basketball goes in the front left corner, where a rim has been mounted. It will be removed at day's end.

Suddenly, an explosion of children hits the schoolyard. Moving fast, with no time to waste. After all, recess is only 15 minutes long.

"If you don't find an activity, I'll find one for you, and you know what that means," warns Veronica Goodman, a non-teaching assistant who somehow manages to look motherly even as she's yelling. Already, four boys are lounging in the penalty box, balled hands in pockets, studied indifference on their faces.

A mob of boys descends on the basketball court. Even more rush to Game Area A, in the right rear corner, to play football. The girls gravitate toward the jump ropes.

There are nine play areas in all, including one for kids who just want quiet time. Covington, a lanky favorite of the elementary-school set, organized socialized recess at Wright to stem what he and others perceived as chaos, particularly among the youngest students. Older children who have been through the program get a bit more latitude at recess.

Covington is proud of what he has established, saying it has cut injuries by 75 percent and fights by 80 percent. Other schools' administrators now come to Wright to learn how to set up their own programs.

"Life is grand compared to what it was," he says. "Kids can go out for 15 minutes with equipment. They have a good time. They don't get hurt. We're a success story."

In the middle of the blacktop, in the foursquare area next to the hopscotch court, seven girls are doing step drills, shaking their hips and jumping, moving back and forth.

Suddenly a female staffer interrupts: "Girls, this isn't a socialized recess activity."

They abandon their step routine, scurrying to find another activity before they have to go inside. They leave the foursquare court empty.

\*

In Japan, children get a 10-to-15-minute break after each 45-to-50-minute class. During those breaks, they are urged to engage in "wild and rambunctious play," says Harold Stevenson, a University of Michigan professor who has examined schools around the world. After blowing off steam, studies have indicated, the children are more attentive in class and do better.

In this country, educators who have put much time and energy into trying to improve urban schools have paid far less attention to the role of recess in the learning process. Even in the halls of academe, experts disagree about the significance of play.

It may be that lack of space in the city makes it necessary to set boundaries around play like those in socialized recess, posits Justin Aronfreed, a University of Pennsylvania professor of developmental psychology. Or that when you have order in the classroom, you can afford more freedom outside. Or that the way children behave on the playground, as Aronfreed puts it, "may conform to the reality of how different subcultures behave."

Ann Richman Beresin takes issue with the popular portrait of city children as out of control. As a Penn student, she spent a year observing recess at a Philadelphia elementary school for her Ph.D. dissertation, "The Play of Peer Cultures in a City Schoolyard, 'Reeling,' 'Writhing' and 'A Rhythmic Kick.' "

The school was in a racially integrated ***working-class*** neighborhood. The year before she got there, recess had been canceled because of "unmanageable violence on the playground the previous Christmas." Then it was restored to give teachers more time to prepare lessons. Then it was taken away again. Recently, it was revived as socialized recess.

During the 1991-92 school year - when recess was temporarily back in full swing - Beresin watched third, fourth and fifth graders jump rope, do step drills, play basketball, "suicide" (a wall ball game), and various games dealing "with all kinds of issues, ranging from their budding sexuality to drugs to violence."

While she found plenty of mock violent play, she observed few actual fights. Only when the bell rang for everyone to go in did the real thing tend to break out.

Recess, she wrote, is significant "not necessarily for what it does for the classroom but . . . what it does for children and their self-expression."

Beresin, therefore, has concerns about socialized recess.

"People don't tell adults what they can talk about," she said. "For kids, play is very much a communication medium."

\*

Durham Elementary at 16th and Lombard is something of a rarity. It still has stationary equipment - a mountain-type structure with stairs on one side and a wide slide on the other.

But principal Pamela Young wishes it were gone. The reason isn't vandalism. It's injuries.

Liability has become one of the major factors defining the character of the school playground, says Dr. Frances Wallach, a consultant on playground safety and design in New York City. She talks about "a culture of victimization."

"We're looking at an environment in which no matter what we do, it's never our fault," she said. "It's the fault of the equipment, the fault of the supervisor."

Accidents and fear of lawsuits in a city known for the litigiousness of its citizens have taken their toll.

Some schools, such as Greenfield Elementary at 22d and Chestnut, still have outdoor equipment. But many more have gotten rid of theirs as voluntary safety standards have redefined the playground.

A few years ago, school district officials went around the city checking the safety of the remaining equipment, according to Albert M. Dorsey, the district's administrator of facilities services. They found problems at various schools, so even more equipment was removed.

Such concerns are hardly groundless. According to the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, there are 262,763 accidents annually involving monkey bars, seesaws, slides, and other playground equipment.

Some districts are able to curtail safety problems through constant supervision and maintenance. To meet current standards, Wayne Elementary put in new swings and wood carpet. The play system it installed two years ago cost $40,000.

That is money Philadelphia schools don't have.

Just getting a schoolyard resurfaced can be an ordeal. It took Greenfield two years and a letter-writing campaign to get new pavement for a playground with patches and sinkholes. Chester A. Arthur in South Philadelphia has been waiting three years to have the dips in its schoolyard filled.

"It's basically an issue of dollars and cents," said Linnie Jones, president of the Philadelphia Home and School Council. "If you're going to raise money, what are you going to do it for? Books or playground equipment?"

\*

Some schools seem to be in a fortunate position: City-owned fields or recreation areas are right next door.

But that doesn't mean they are used by the students during recess. The reasons range from insufficient supervision, to deteriorating facilities, to lack of time, to habit.

The schoolyard at Robert Blair Pollock in the Northeast is tantalizingly close to Recreation Department facilities. But the thought of getting kids to and from the complex during recess - 15 minutes, at most, left over from a 30- minute lunch - strikes principal Kathleen Quinn as mission impossible.

Already at Pollock, she said, "we're providing an effective recreation program based on the needs of the children and our intention of building good citizenship and social skills. . . ."

On a recent school day, from a window in a supply closet near her office, Quinn watched fourth and fifth graders jump rope, bounce balls, and spin hula hoops on their hips. She looked down on a typical Philadelphia schoolyard - no stationary equipment, no grass. The blacktop was nice, though, with a painted map of the United States - as bright and colorful as Wayne's.

Pollock's recess, she said, was "heavily structured and socialized." The school also will be starting a Peace Seekers program to train children in conflict resolution.

"I guess kids are exposed to a lot more problems - in the environment, on TV, in the media," Quinn said. "They see a lot."

As she spoke, the buzzer to end recess sounded. "One-two-three. Turn into a statue," Quinn said into a microphone, her voice settling over the schoolyard like a disembodied presence. Younger kids often don't know where the voice comes from, but the older ones have caught on.

"Freeze. Walk."

Models of order, the children filed back into class. Recess in the city was over.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. A couple of boys find a puddle more to their liking during recess at the

Mary McLeod Bethune Elementary School, in North Philadelphia. The large

blacktop playground has one portable basketball backboard with net. (The

Philadelphia Inquirer, JOHN COSTELLO)

2. A North Philadelphia schoolyard has clearly defined play areas. In

"socialized recess," children may be assigned to an area, or go

voluntarily. Once there, they are supposed to stay and play.

3. It's recess at Mary McLeod Bethune Elementary School. Some suburban pupils

who have urban pen pals know about the differences in recess and feel sorry

for their friends. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, JOHN COSTELLO)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***BILL MAZEROSKI TOUCHES HOME WHEN HE GETS TO COOPERSTOWN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43MJ-BNX0-0094-54XP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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TWO STAR EDITION

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**Byline:** ROBERT DVORCHAK, POST-GAZETTE SPORTS WRITER

**Dateline:** LITTLE RUSH RUN, Ohio

**Body**

It's 500 miles or so by car from this clump of houses in the Ohio River Valley to the Hall of Fame, but the distance covered by Bill Mazeroski from his boyhood in a one-room house to baseball immortality was more like a journey to the far side of the moon.

"It's something so far away you could never imagine," said Rich Bippo, a lifelong friend and high school teammate of the best defensive second baseman to play the game.

Next weekend, a caravan of three buses and 15 to 20 cars from coal and steel towns of southeastern Ohio like Rayland, Tiltonsville, Warrenton, Yorkville and Wheeling, W.Va., across the Ohio River will head north to Cooperstown, N.Y., to see one of their own deliver an acceptance speech on having his bronze image placed among the greatest of the greats.

They will share in the moment because one of them, from the humblest of blue-collar roots, rode a skyrocket to fame. Mazeroski, a coal miner's son who once hit pebbles with a broomstick, slew the pinstriped Yankees with a fairytale home run to end the 1960 World Series. A ***working-class*** hero who dug an outhouse for his uncle to get the money to buy his first baseball mitt turned more double plays than anyone in the history of the game. As a boy he earned pennies from motorists for directing traffic through a blind underpass of Ohio Route 7 and now will have a section of that road named for him, just as sections have been named for football great Lou Groza and entertainer Dean Martin.

"The Hall of Fame is not just his award. It's the Ohio Valley's. He's just there to accept it for everybody else. A person is a little bit of everything he met in his lifetime," Bippo said. "He knows where he came from. We all lived our dreams through him. That's going to be a thrill of a lifetime, just to see that."

Humble beginnings

Mazeroski's road to Cooperstown began in the hollow where Little Rush Run tumbled down to the Ohio River from a ridge top called Turkey Point. Born to a Polish father and German mother in 1936, Mazeroski and his sister grew up in a one-room, Lincolnesque dwelling that lacked basics like electricity and indoor plumbing.

The place, now reclaimed by nature except for a chimney swallowed by underbrush, stood off an unpaved lane that even today is blacktopped only on the lower stretches.

"It was little more than a chicken coop, a one-room shack, off a cow path," said Bill Del Vecchio, a lifelong friend and an insurance executive from Rayland who serves as Mazeroski's business manager. "His nickname was Catfish, because if he didn't catch catfish, they didn't eat. He fished every day. And he was bouncing a ball of some sort every day of his life."

It's extraordinary how life comes full circle, though. When he was a boy, Mazeroski was not allowed to walk across the Vine Cliff Golf Course in Rayland to fish on the banks of the Ohio. After his playing days were over, he owned the course that he was once shooed from.

Mazeroski's father, Lew, had part of his foot amputated in a mining accident. And he steered his son away from a life of donning a helmet with a lamp on it and carrying a pick and shovel into a hole in the ground. Baseball was his way up.

Dan Brown, 59, who still lives off that dirt lane up the hollow from Little Rush Run, remembers playing basketball with Mazeroski in the hay mow of a barn, a 5-gallon bucket nailed to a beam serving as the hoop.

"He really deserves to be in the Hall of Fame," Brown said. "He put Rush Run on the map."

Well, not really. Little Rush Run is too tiny to earn a mention in any atlas.

An elite athlete

By the time he was 13 years old, Mazeroski was so good he was playing in the coal mine leagues against grown men. His glove was paid for with the sweat he put into digging a two-hole outhouse for his uncle, Elias "Alex" Ogden, or Uncle Og. That glove wasn't any bigger than his hand, but he wanted a small glove so the ball wouldn't get lost in the webbing.

"It was just a piece of leather with some strings. Kids now would throw that sucker away," Bippo said.

One of the teams he played for was Fontana's Cafe, which sold foot-long hot dogs. After every game, Maz got 54 inches worth -- four and a half -- of hot dogs.

At Warrenton Consolidated High School, located in the shadow of a coal tipple and the Yorkville plant of Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel, Mazeroski was a shortstop and a pitcher and All-Ohio as a 5-foot-11 inch center on the basketball team. There were fewer than 60 kids in his graduating class.

In his junior year in 1953, Mazeroski led his school to the state baseball championships, facing bigger, richer schools from Akron and Cincinnati on the final day. He pitched both games, winning the first in the morning and losing the second, 2-1, despite throwing a two-hitter that turned to defeat when both runs scored because a ball rolled through the center fielder's legs.

A team picture shows that many of Warrenton's uniforms didn't match. They were a rag-tag assemblage that drew jeers from privileged opponents.

"They laughed at us. When Maz got on the mound, they didn't laugh anymore," Bippo said.

By then, his peers knew they were witnessing greatness.

"You knew he was better than everybody else. You knew he was special. But he didn't act that way. He was a private person until he was in private, then he really liked to have a good laugh," Bippo said. "He was a little out of our league. But he was one of those guys you couldn't dislike.

"He wasn't a bookworm. But he never made mistakes playing baseball. Whatever it was, he seemed to be a step ahead of everybody else, physically and mentally. He always took the extra base, always threw to the right base. In gin, he remembered all the cards that were played. If we played pool and he broke, I never got a shot. He had a strong mind. He was soft-hearted, but if you played against him, he never wanted to lose. He'd beat you into the ground," Bippo added.

Bill Del Vecchio saw the fierce fire of a competitor, too.

"He could beat you at anything you tried to do, tiddly-winks, ping pong, throwing darts. Anything kids could do, he'd beat you with that hand-eye coordination. He was born with it. He's just a natural at anything he does," Del Vecchio said. "He wanted to win. I beat him at our first game of ping pong. The next 1,000 games, he beat me. His thighs were as thick as hams and he was strong as a bull. And he worked every day. He never did catch a ball. He just deflected it so he could throw it quicker. He practiced that millions and millions of times. He practiced his steps to the bag, too."

He could also punt a football 60 yards. But Lew Mazeroski never allowed him to put on a helmet and pads.

"They knew where he was going," De Vecchio said.

Pivotal move

Rich Bippo tagged along for Bill Mazeroski's tryout with the Pirates after they had graduated from high school in 1954. The first ball he hit in batting practice caromed off the 406-foot mark on the brick wall in Forbes Field, the same spot that would bring everlasting glory in 1960. Though he grew up an Indians fan, Mazeroski signed a Pirates contract for $4,000.

In the minor leagues at Williamsport, Mazeroski was asked to take some balls at second base because there was a glut of shortstops. Branch Rickey Sr. saw him make one double play pivot and told him he was never going back to short. He made the major-league roster in 1956 when he was 19.

Bippo remembers being invited to lunch at the old Carlton House hotel, Downtown. A man in a suit came over to Mazeroski's table and asked, "How's the best second baseman in the National League?" Another man sauntered over and asked the same thing. Then another.

"Hey, Maz, who were those guys," Bippo asked.

"Umpires," Mazeroski replied.

He also recalled the time his boyhood friend -- the one without money for clothes and such, the one who brought peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to school in a paper bag -- came back to the Ohio Valley driving his first car, a Lincoln.

"He was waving at everybody, and I mean everybody, we passed. So I asked him why. And he said, 'In case they know me, I don't want them to think I'm stuck up,' "Bippo said.

Second to none

If he wasn't born with a silver spoon, Mazeroski had a mother lode of gold. When Rawlings began awarding Gold Gloves in 1957, Maz won eight of the next 10 at second base. Among the major league records he holds are: most seasons leading in assists (nine); most seasons leading in double plays (eight); most double plays in a season (161 in 1966); and most career double plays (1,706).

A seven-time All-Star, he had a .260 lifetime batting average in 17 seasons -- all with the Pirates -- with 138 home runs and 853 RBIs. With his glove, he saved at least as many runs as he drove in.

"He was the best second baseman of all time. Nobody came close," said Joe L. Brown, the long-time Pirates general manager. "He was durable, strong, intelligent. Everybody talked about his quick hands, but nobody talked about his leg work. Danny Murtaugh used to say his legs were so quick, so agile, he had the leg control of a ballet dancer."

Bill Virdon played with him for 10 years and said he had the toughest job ever in center field.

"He never let a ball go through him, but I still had to back him up," Virdon said.

He remembers every time a runner tried to take him out at second base. They'd hit those tree-trunk legs as Maz pivoted for his throw to first, and many would lie in a crumpled heap. Maz would help them up and ask, "Are you all right?"

"Nobody played second base like he did. Nobody," Virdon said.

In his 17-year career, Mazeroski never made more than $50,000 for a season -- a sum that the megabucks players of today can eclipse with one at-bat. One of his last appearances in a game was pinch-hitting for Roberto Clemente on the day the Great One got his 3,000th and final hit. Now both will be in the National Baseball Hall of Fame.

Game 7

October 13, 1960. Seventh game. World Series. 3:36 p.m. Bottom of the ninth with the Yankees and Pirates tied, 9-9. A moment so delicious everybody can remember where they were.

Bill Del Vechhio sat in Forbes Field next to Mazeroski's wife, Milene, a Braddock native who worked in the Pirates front office.

Rich Bippo, who was an usher in Mazeroski's wedding and later served as mayor of Rayland for 20 years, was on the grenade range with a bunch of Army recruits from New York at Fort Knox, Ky., about to make some extra money on some wagers.

Mazeroski led off. With a 1-0 count, Yankees pitcher Ralph Terry let loose a high slider that didn't slide. Mazeroski launched it over Yogi Berra's head and the 406-foot mark in Forbes Field. It remains the only seventh game to end with a home run.

Mazeroski ran the bases in jubliation. Following in his wake were a hard-scrabble steel city, an entire region, every coal miner, every mill hunk, all the dirt-poor kids with holes in their pants and shoes who ever hit a pebble with a broomstick and fantasized it was the home run that won a World Series.

Virdon and his triumphant teammates waited in a cluster at home plate to greet him.

"If we couldn't do it, we were glad it was him. We knew it wouldn't change him," Virdon said.

As the celebration later flowed into the city streets, the hero found his wife of two years and went out to the solitude of Schenley Park to sit on a quiet bench.

"We sat there with the squirrels and we talked," Milene Mazeroski said. "We were trying to let it sink in that we had just won the World Series."

He allowed himself one later moment in the spotlight. He was a mystery guest on TV's "What's My Line?"

Call from the Hall

There is crying in baseball.

Mazeroski had gotten lukewarm support for 15 years from the baseball writers who vote on the Hall of Fame. He didn't have much more luck with the Veterans Committee, although last year he came up one vote short of induction.

He was in spring training as a special instructor, sitting on an equipment locker in McKechnie Field when the call came on March 6. Using a cell phone, he called his wife, a big tear running down his ruddy, red nose.

"I heard this silence, then he kind of mumbled something," Milene said. "I knew somebody was crying. Then he said, 'Mi, we made it.' "

In the six score and something years profesional baseball has been played, 253 men have been enshrined at Cooperstown. Mazeroski is the 188th former player to earn a bust. He has joked that he will make the shortest induction speech ever, but his deeds have done all the talking for him.

"You dream of becoming a major league ballplayer, of getting a big hit, of being an All-Star, of playing in the World Series. But you never dream of this. I never, ever thought I'd have a chance to get in," Mazeroski said. "I'll try to live up to it."

A regular guy

One of the landmarks of Tiltonsville, Ohio, is Bill's Bar, home of the world's greatest barbecue ribs and a shrine to Bill Mazeroski. Owner Bill Del Vecchio decorated it with old newspapers, seppia photographs, posters, pictures and all kinds of mementoes recalling the life and career of a humble man from humble roots.

Over the bar is a jersey from an old-timers game. It was preserved because of its flaw, a misspelling that reads: MAZERSOKI.

Del Vecchio told the story that how, after the vote became official, Mazeroski begged off a visit to the White House and a visit with President Bush. It wasn't about politics. It was about a man who chafes at being fussed over.

"He said he went fishing," Del Vecchio said. "He said, 'Why me? I'm nobody.' He doesn't realize how great he is. He's turned down all kinds of offers to ride in Labor Day parades, too. He might go to five card shows a year, but he could have made all kinds of money. It's not his way."

Mazeroski comes back to the bar perhaps once a year, to drink beer and smoke cigars and spin fishing yarns with his buddies.

"He'll rub it in every once in a while. He'll ask us what we did for a living, what jobs we had," Del Vecchio said. "Then he'll say, 'I never had a job. I played all my life.' "

You have to pry it out of him to get Mazeroski to talk about his long road.

"I never talk about Rush Run, or up on the hill, with no electricity, carrying water and coal," Mazeroski said. "I don't have any qualms about it. We were happy. We never knew any better. We never knew there was something better out there. We thought we had it made."

With that, he chuckles with the glee of a man who is able to laugh the last laugh, a gifted, fun-loving, hard-working man who blazed a trail from the hinterlands to the Hall.

"It takes awhile, doesn't it?" Mazeroski laughed. "You have to go through a lot to get there, I know that. Back then, I couldn't envision how far that was."

**Notes**

HALL OF FAME WEEKEND HANDS OF GOLD TWO PITTSBURGH HEROES EARN THEIR GREATEST HONOR BECAUSE THEY COULD CATCH THE BALL LIKE NO ONE ELSE.

**Graphic**

DRAWING: Anita Dufalla/Post-Gazette

PHOTO: Lake Fong/Post-Gazette: Never comfortable in the public eye, Bill Mazeroski had to sit for reproters' questions at a press gathering Thursday at PNC park.

**Load-Date:** July 31, 2001

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[***Mark Dayton;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TFG-XGT0-009B-P3NN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Intensity fuels his pursuit of the top // The department store heir has long been driven to serve the public - and to seek chances to lead.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TFG-XGT0-009B-P3NN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Byline:** Dane Smith; Staff Writer

**Body**

At the wheel of his Ford Expedition on a recent campaign swing, Mark Dayton let it slip that his oldest son, Eric, had just knocked down a perfect score on his college entrance exams.

Eric, the son of a Dayton and a Rockefeller, isn't coasting on name and wealth. Like his father, he's a standout hockey player at the Blake School, an obviously gifted and driven student. And like his father, Eric is aiming for a career in public service.

From the back seat, Eric says "hard work will pay for my security" - remarkable, given a financial security most young men can only dream of.

Hard work and a perfectionist streak drive son and father, 51, who is striving again for a top political office, this time the governor's job.

The product of one of Minnesota's elite families, he has used his wealth to support the DFL Party and to pour money into humanitarian and liberal causes and his own campaigns. He seemingly has everything, yet one gets the sense that the serenity he's seeking can only be granted by the state's voters.

His opponents and allies agree he's smart, knowledgeable, experienced, tough, independent, hard-working, honest and principled. But he's also a tender and somewhat vulnerable soul.

In an extraordinary coming-out in a 1989 Star Tribune article, Dayton revealed deep psychological stress, along with alcoholism, and he opened up about a childhood in which he often felt isolated.

For those who think of him as a golden boy, a man who can't know about ordinary folks' trouble and hardship, Dayton has an answer.

"I'm the multimillionaire. I'm the department store heir. But I also prefer blue jeans to a suit. I'm not going to fake it, one way or the other. I'm a recovering alcoholic. I lost my first marriage. Those who think I haven't lived a life are wrong."

Complexity, contradiction

"Mark is a complicated guy, but a man of dedication and compassion," says longtime friend Pat O'Connor, a Minneapolis lawyer and adviser to Vice Presidents Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale. Their sons are competing with Dayton for the state's top job, but O'Connor sided with Dayton, one of the hardest decisions he has ever faced.

"We [O'Connor and his wife, Evie] decided to throw in with Mark and we're glad we did. He's a serious-minded guy, does his research on those issues, and when he takes a position he doesn't soften. . . . Mark is deeper."

Ironies surround him.

He insists public service is his driving force, that he always has felt a compelling need to help improve society. Yet he's not content just to serve and give. He has been angling since the early 1980s to be the boss, to hold one of the top jobs in Minnesota politics.

He is the richest man by far in the field of seven major candidates, still reliant mostly on his own money for this campaign. Yet, of all the candidates, he is perhaps the most adversarial toward the capitalist system that made his favored life possible.

In front of a Dayton's department store earlier this summer, Dayton bit the hand that fed him and criticized the company for not providing enough health care. He is proposing that all employers provide health coverage, and he favors requiring an $ 8 minimum wage from employers who receive any form of public subsidy.

All who know him agree he is generous to a fault. Friends say the public will never know the extent of his giving, how he responds to hard-luck stories with gifts to individuals and causes. He's a leader or founder of a half-dozen charities and public-policy groups.

Yet he hasn't come close to giving it all away. He won't disclose his net worth, whether it's in the tens or hundreds of millions. He hints only that the stock market in recent years has been very good to him.

The Dayton legacy

Dayton is the great-grandson of George D. Dayton, who came to Minnesota from upstate New York at the turn of the century and later founded a department store in Minneapolis.

Each succeeding generation through Mark's father, Bruce, built and expanded the empire. But Mark went in other directions, and the family is no longer involved in the store's operation.

Growing up in the affluent haven of Lake Minnetonka, Dayton from an early age was serious, hard-working and religious. He wanted for a time to be a minister.

A highlight of his youth, featured in a recent TV commercial that shows him in goalie gear, was hockey. He had little natural talent as a skater, but by all accounts, worked obsessively to become an all-state performer. Dayton also was one of the state's top schoolboy golfers.

Also inheriting a progressive, philanthropic tradition, Dayton came of age in the 1960s and moved easily to a more radical world view.

At Yale, where he graduated cum laude, he took up the causes of civil rights, the antiwar and antinuclear movements, environmentalism and feminism. He claims to be the only Minnesotan to have made President Richard Nixon's "enemies list."

Fired with the notion of helping the downtrodden firsthand, Dayton taught ninth-grade science at a tough high school in New York City. He also worked for a social service agency in Boston, helping runaway teenagers, and became the agency's financial director.

One of his most vivid real-world memories, Dayton said, is of confronting a runaway in a ghetto schoolyard and talking her into coming in off the streets.

But Dayton didn't stay long in low-level public service. He joined Sen. Walter Mondale's staff in Washington, D.C., in 1975, and the Carter-Mondale campaign in 1976. He returned to Minnesota after that election.

In 1978, Dayton married Alida Rockefeller. They met at a Monterey, Calif., conference for wealthy people looking for ways to do their part for social justice. In recent years, they have been among the largest donors to the state and national Democratic Party. They had two sons, Eric, now 18, and Andrew, 14.

The same year he was married, Dayton got his first high-level government job when Gov. Rudy Perpich, perhaps his most important mentor in politics, appointed him at the age of 31 to head what is now the state Trade and Economic Development Department. He served for about a year, was swept out of office when Perpich lost the 1978 election and then was reappointed when Perpich won back the governor's office four years later.

As the economic development chief, Dayton started new programs with incentives and subsidies to attract and retain businesses in Minnesota, particularly in outstate areas and for higher-paying "quality" jobs. Many of those programs are still in effect. They have been derided as "corporate welfare" by liberals and deemed an unwise and unfair intrusion in the marketplace by conservatives. But Dayton says that, as governor, he would "re-double, re-triple, re-quadruple" the state's efforts in behalf of "good jobs, with good wages and benefits."

Leap for the Senate

In between his terms in the Perpich administration, Dayton, at the tender age of 34, challenged U.S. Sen. Dave Durenberger, a moderate Republican at the height of his popularity.

Dayton criticized Durenberger's support of oil-price deregulation, called for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment and strongly emphasized the problems facing farmers as a result of low prices and high interest rates - an issue that he continues to pursue.

He started off way behind, but his energy, competence and, yes, spending $ 6 million of his fortune, brought him within 6 percentage points of victory, closer than any DFLer got to beating Durenberger or Rudy Boschwitz in the Republican heyday of the 1980s. In 1990, Dayton lowered his sights a bit and ran for an open state auditor's seat. He won and proved to be an alert, assertive watchdog over local governments and public funds.

He was a key critic of the state-financed assistance to Northwest Airlines. He gave his salary, about $ 60,000 a year, back to the state and he promises to do the same as governor. He would use the governor's residence on Summit Avenue for state business but would live elsewhere, and would "scrub the Inaugural Ball."

Personal crises

In between economic development posts and his election as auditor, Dayton's personal life fell apart. His marriage to Alida dissolved; he sought refuge in alcohol and celebrated his 40th birthday at the Betty Ford chemical dependency treatment clinic in southern California.

Dayton put the demons away with typical Dayton intensity. In his Star Tribune revelation in 1989, he talked of incessant searching for meaning and comfort, including visits to the Esalen Institute in California and religious meditation. And he was painfully open about his need for love and approval.

After almost 10 years as one of the state's most eligible men, Dayton remarried in 1996 to 30-year-old Janice Haarstick, a farmer's daughter from Erhard, in northwestern Minnesota.

Janice remembers meeting him in 1990 at a DFL gathering in northwestern Minnesota. She was working then for Collin Peterson, now a congressman.

"It was long distance for a number of years. We went very slowly. Both of us are slow learners, and there were a lot of issues and extra baggage."

"The thing I like most about Mark is that he has such a strong character, integrity and intelligence," Janice says. "And there's this very endearing side that is shown every day to his family, real sweetness and kindness."

Janice says she's not sure how she would adjust to life as a governor's wife. She expects to spend most of her time, as she does now, trying to build up a beef cattle herd that the couple owns near Red Wing.

"My life and my identity are not in my husband's career, and Mark is very supportive of what I want to do," she said.

Connie Lewis, a friend of Dayton's since 1982 and a former aide to him in state government, thinks Dayton is well on the other side of personal crises.

"I think he's really sorted things out in his life," Lewis said.

A mellower man

Before his second marriage, Dayton was always wiry thin. Now he's a little thicker in the middle. His hair is closely trimmed and graying. But he still gives the impression of being tightly wound.

In public appearances, there's an air of tension about him. Not the easy-going, back-slapping pol. Those who know him invariably use the word "intense."

Yet he can relax, has a sharp sense of humor, a fine sense for the absurd. He can be especially biting and funny when talking about the attitudes and foibles of the rich and his own privileged status, about how his opponents have illustrious political names while his name is identified with shopping bags and Daisy Sales. And he can cut up an opponent with the best of them.

He was using this line this week about Republican Norm Coleman, who favors private-school vouchers and making it easier to get a permit to carry a concealed weapon:

"With a voucher in one pocket and a semiautomatic in the other, kids can get into any school they want."

At campaign appearances, he's known to stick around, talking to whoever wants talk to him, until there's nobody left.

This isn't a limousine liberal. U.S. Sen. Paul Wellstone, who is backing the DFL-endorsee, Mike Freeman, says Dayton's advocacy for poor and ***working-class*** Minnesotans is real and based on human contact.

"He spends time with people in communities and does it out of respect. He does it the right way," Wellstone said. "And if the definition of leadership is boldness and decisiveness about what one intends to do, then Mark is a very strong leader."

A micromanager?

Dayton has a tendency to do everything himself, from speech-writing to policy formation to driving his own car on campaign swings; he doesn't delegate or rely on others. He may be so strong, so controlled, that his governorship could have trouble attracting and retaining top-notch cabinet and staff members.

Dayton shrugs off the departures of his campaign managers Dan Cramer and Jerry Samargia as a common thing in politics - "no-fault" separations. Neither Cramer nor Samargia will talk publicly about his experience.

Dayton's current campaign staff is on a shorter leash than those of the other campaigns. Spokespersons have been reluctant to speak for him and inquiries for relatively minor details are referred to Dayton himself.

His reputation for perfectionism and impatience with less-competent people suggest an administration that could get lost in the trees.

Adviser O'Connor sees similarities between Dayton and President Jimmy Carter. "He [Carter] had to get into everything and not rely on others. I'm not so sure that if Mark got elected he wouldn't have the same trouble."

At times his campaign has had a seat-of-the-pants feel to it. For instance, last year Dayton floated a plan for a state-run casino at the Mall of America, a revenue source that could be used for education and social programs.

It immediately alienated him from DFL interest groups - tribal groups who have a monopoly on casino gambling and progressives who are concerned about the growth of gambling.

Shortly after opposition to the casino proposal surfaced, Dayton announced he would neither abide by nor seek the DFL endorsement. After years of solemn declarations about the sanctity of the party process, he declared that he was tired of kowtowing to special interests. Dayton insists the break with the party had nothing to do with the casino proposal.

Boldly liberal

Whatever the reason, Dayton's separation from the party allowed him to strike a more moderate course. But he chose not to.

His proposals for mandatory health coverage by employers, higher minimum wages, tough new attitudes toward polluters, a sweeping tax reform that would extend the sales tax to currently exempt services such as accountants and lawyers' fees arguably are the most liberal among the DFL candidates.

"He has taken on, more than any other candidate, the causes of the underdog," says George Farr, a Dayton supporter who was DFL party chair in the 1960s.

On one issue, crime, Dayton is as hard-line and conservative as the rest, saying that "Minnesota Nice" laws are too soft on criminals and have lured gangsters to the state. He promises to "go after the gangs the way Robert F. Kennedy went after the Mafia."

But at a time when populist progressive rhetoric has faded, Dayton does not shrink from old-time DFL religion.

"Antigovernment groups use emotional issues to stir hatred and division, rather than compassion and understanding," Dayton said when he announced his candidacy in February 1997. "The rising inequalities in income and opportunity; the widening gulfs between people of different races, beliefs or practices; the stigmatization of the poor and downtrodden; the glorification of greed and opulence - all threaten our abilities to live peacefully and work productively together."

The current economic boom is masking these problems and it won't last forever, count on it, Dayton says.

He will be a governor "for the hard times."

His friend Lewis says these are not just words.

"If he sees something wrong, he does something about it and he will be forceful. When he says he will take on the HMOs, he will take them on. He is very purposeful, very tenacious."

Mark Dayton

Born: Jan. 26, 1947.

Family: Wife, Janice; sons, Eric, 18, and Andrew, 14.

Home: Minneapolis, Kenwood area.

Education: B.A., Yale University, cum laude.

Career: School teacher in New York City, 1970-71; social worker in Boston, 1971-75; aide to U.S. Sen. Walter Mondale, 1975-76; commissioner, Department of Economic Development, 1978-80 and 1982-1986; state auditor, 1990-94; and founder, Vermilion Investment Company, 1987.

Favorite book: "The Last Lion" (biography of Winston Churchill); Bhagavad-Gita.

Favorite movie: "Glory"

Favorite TV show: "The Fugitive."

Favorite restaurant: Sebastian Joe's Ice Cream Cafe, Minneapolis. (ice cream)

Kind of music: Rock 'n' roll.

Hobbies: Downhill skiing; music; reading; learning to like farm chores.

Exercise: Exercise equipment, universal gym, four to five times a week.

Last vacation: Norfolk, Va., for wife's sister's wedding.

Cars: 1997 Ford Expedition and 1996 Oldsmobile Aurora.

Volunteer activities: Southwest Minneapolis youth hockey and youth baseball.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** August 22, 1998

**End of Document**



[***THE FAMILY TRADITION IS DRIVING HEALTH-PLAN ADVOCATE JIM COOPER THE TENNESSEAN PROMOTES A PROGRAM THAT IS STEALING THE CLINTON PLAN'S SPOTLIGHT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NXM0-01K4-9084-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

April 2, 1994 Saturday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2341 words

**Byline:** Jodi Enda and Mary Otto, INQUIRER WASHINGTON BUREAU

**Dateline:** SHELBYVILLE, Tenn.

**Body**

As he stood in his white graduation outfit before Mizz Williams' Rainbow Kindergarten class more than 30 years ago, the boy then called "Jamie" Cooper made an everlasting impression.

"He said he liked handiwork - paint, crayons and clay," recalls Lytle Landers, whose son was in the same class, "and he wanted to be governor."

It never came to pass.

Instead, Jim Cooper - they call him Jim these days - has set out to change your life.

He ended up in Washington rather than Nashville, and has come up with a plan to reform America's health-care system, a plan that has been grabbing a serious share of the attention from the one devised by his big-name competition - Hillary Rodham Clinton.

And while the Inside the Beltway crowd struggles to understand how this virtual nobody from the rural South stole Bill Clinton's health-care spotlight, Jim Cooper's compadres here nod with satisfaction and pride. He's just doing what was expected, they explain, living out his destiny.

The 39-year-old junior congressman, who Washingtonians like to think burst

from nowhere to challenge his own party's president on the issue that is lifeblood to his administration, is doing exactly what his forceful father taught him all those years ago: serving the public and doing what he thinks is right.

People are comfortable talking about bloodlines here in Tennessee Walking Horse country, and when the talk shifts to leadership, there isn't any better pedigree than Jim Cooper's.

It seems as if Cooper's ascendance had been charted on a map that wove lines through both branches of his family. The path might begin with two ancestors who served in the Virginia House of Burgesses; continue with one great-great-grandfather and one great-grandfather who fought for the Confederate Army, the latter going on to become mayor of Wytheville, Va.; then meander by a grandfather who was speaker of the Tennessee General Assembly; take in a grandmother who was a National Democratic committeewoman, campaigned for women's suffrage and served two decades on the state Board of Education, and climb toward the father, Prentice Cooper, who was a three-term governor of Tennessee and ambassador to Peru.

For Jim Cooper, groomed from birth is an understatement.

"We always have believed - both families - that people should take part and be interested to know what's going on," said Cooper's mother, Hortense.

"His father always held political service as the best thing you could do in life," said Jim's wife, Martha Hays Cooper, an ornithologist.

\*

Lytle Landers - everyone calls him "Jug" - had a clear view that day from his second-floor office in one corner of what locals simply call "The Square."

A car, which had been wending its way around the Bedford County Courthouse, jumped a curb and smashed through the picture window of a jewelry store.

Jim Cooper, who then was 10 years old, had been standing in the car's path and was slammed through the window.

He had to be dead, Landers thought.

But by pushing his wiry body off the hood of the car, Cooper avoided being crushed and, instead, landed safely "amidst all the jewels of Shelbyville," said his brother John Cooper.

"He, I think, had in his own mind prior to the accident thought, 'What do you do if a car comes at you?' " John Cooper said recently. " 'You would jump up, because the wheels would do the most damage.'

"This, I think, explains Jim," added his brother, younger by two years. "Everything he does is thought out in advance."

Jim Cooper plans.

While his two brothers, William and John, went to Harvard, a politically astute Jim stayed closer to home, enrolling at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, "which is more palatable to Tennesseans," said Martha Cooper, 39. (Later, he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar and to Harvard Law School.)

When he got to Congress - in 1983 at the age of 28 - "he tuned up his golf game (so that he could) spend time with these senior members and lobby for a position on the Energy and Commerce Committee," Martha said recently over a bowl of chicken soup and a Greek salad at the Prime Steak House here.

Once he got on his chosen committee, in his third term, he started plugging away on health care, an issue for which Cooper said he has had a passion since childhood.

"I feel like I grew up around hospitals because my father had cancer for 30 years," Cooper - here the o's in his name are pronounced like those in cook - said during a recent trip home.

Hortense Cooper remembers piling her three sons in a cavernous 1951 Cadillac - which to this day is parked beside her house - and driving to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota for Prentice Cooper's annual checkups. Prentice died of colon cancer in 1969, when he was 74 and Jim was 14.

Twenty years later, Jim Cooper put forth a health-care reform bill, but it languished under former President George Bush.

Ironically, it was President Clinton's call for universal health coverage - which is not an element of Cooper's bill - that has put the conservative Democrat at center stage.

It also was Clinton, by virtue of his selection of another Tennessean, Al Gore, as vice president, that opened the door for Cooper's current quest for the U.S. Senate.

The Coopers, Landers said, "have built their lives around being prepared - prep schools, college, way of life, morals, family. Then, when something like the U.S. Senate opens up, they're ready."

\*

A thin man with thin lips and thinning brown hair carries a plastic "Kermit" kite in one hand and his 4-year-old daughter in the other.

No matter what's going on in Washington or with his Senate campaign, Jim Cooper comes home every Sunday to Martha, whom he calls "Ookie," and his children Mary and 2-year-old Jamie, whose real name is John James Audubon Cooper after a great-great-grandfather who fought for the Confederacy in the Battle of Newmarket.

A year ago, the family moved from a cramped Washington townhouse to this roomy "guest house" designed by Prentice Cooper to loosely replicate the ambassador's residence in Peru. It is across the lawn from the house Jim grew up in and a few blocks from The Square, the center of life for this ***working***- ***class*** town of 14,029, which Martha quips is so small that "the supermarket checkout girls know your diaper habits."

At home, Cooper likes to jog, play golf, read his favorite computer magazine and, his wife says, strum the only song he knows on the banjo - "Foggy Mountain Breakdown." Now and then, he stops in to see the regulars at Pope's Cafe, a down-home kind of place where waitress Hazel Burton calls everyone "hon" as she serves up hot biscuits, country-style steak and homemade pies.

Within 11 miles, there are four houses, all grand, built by four generations of Cooper's forebears. This one, built with beige-colored, crab- orchard stone and punctuated by four hand-carved columns, was the social center of Cooper's childhood, the site of 36-person dinner parties in the seemingly endless "Big Hall."

Those dinners, and his father's insistence that the children be included in every outing, heightened his early awareness of politics and world affairs, Cooper says.

"My brothers and I went to a little elementary school a few blocks away. We would race home to see who could get Time and Newsweek," he says. "There were three boys and two magazines."

The parallels between Jim Cooper and Bill Clinton are hard to miss. Both are ambitious Southern Democrats, of the Democratic Leadership Council mold, who have waited for the right moment to make their mark - and then pounced.

Still, Cooper insists he is not trying to douse the President's flame with his health-care plan, which would make insurance coverage more accessible, but not universal.

His plan, dubbed "Clinton lite," would provide subsidies to help low- income people get coverage and would set up insurance purchasing co-ops for businesses with 100 or fewer workers. Employers would be required to offer, but not pay for, coverage.

The plan would be financed by strict limits on the tax deduction employers can take for providing health-care benefits to their workers and by cuts in Medicare. Cooper's bill also would avoid government price controls on health care.

"I've had this approach for three years," Cooper says. "What was I going to do? Be muzzled?

"I call myself the President's seeing eye dog," he continues. "The middle ground is only one-inch wide, and I found it."

\*

A visit to Hortense Cooper's house, the home of Jim Cooper's youth, is like a trip back in time.

The three-story, red-brick manse, which rises imposingly from the end of a long circle driveway on an even larger lawn, was built at the turn of the century by Jim Cooper's great-grandfather.

Little has changed in the Victorian house since then, save the addition of telephones and central heating. A lavender-and-green stained glass window rises majestically over a cherry-wood banister leading from the first to the second floor. Grandmother Cooper's 10-foot-high mahogany bed lords over a first-floor bedroom, her elaborately carved teak-and-ivory Chinese desk, purchased by an aunt at one or another World's Fair, fills the space beneath the stairs.

Hortense Cooper, now 74, reigns regally in the "sitting-room hall" on a worn black-leather couch, the mahogany arms of which are carved into kingly lions and the stuffing of which is peeking out.

Her children's sense of who they are, Hortense Cooper says with a certain touch of modesty, comes in large part from their father and his father.

Prentice Cooper, who was 59 and nine years out of the governor's office when Jim was born, was temperamental and domineering, but benevolent, relatives say. Despite the family's wealth, gleaned from real estate and banking, the Coopers lived frugally.

To this day, says hardware store owner Knox Pitts, "you might accuse somebody of being a Prentice Cooper - cheap."

Jim was an ace student, exacting a near-perfect score on college entrance exams, an enthusiastic Eagle Scout, a master of 4-H debates and school science projects.

"Jim is just an unusual fellow, if I do say so," Hortense Cooper says with a slight snicker. "He's a man of unusual integrity. He's not a politician's politician. He's more a statesman. He's interested in doing the right thing and making this country better."

As a child, his only shortcoming was Little League, where, his brother and campaign manager John Cooper reports, he was a lousy right-fielder.

"I will confess to my own aggravation over a lot of years that Jim has always been straight, true, caring," says John Cooper, "far too perfect for any younger brother to put up with."

\*

The guy just never got in trouble. Not as a child. Not as a teenager. Not as a college kid. When his contemporaries were smoking marijuana and growing hippie-long hair, Jim Cooper abstained, at least to the knowledge of his cohorts.

"He's very serious. Everything he does is serious. He's not funny," says Harold Segroves, head of a real estate firm here. "You know how stuffy and straight-laced Al (Gore) is? I think Cooper's got him beat."

"You'd think that a guy living around here most of his life, that you'd hear something bad about him - but I never have," said Pat Marsh, chairman of a local truck company. "It's like he's too good to be true."

From Groton, Cooper won a prestigious Morehead Award scholarship to the University of North Carolina. Though it was good for four years of tuition, Cooper finished in three.

Cooper moved in the old university's most elite circles, including groups such as the Order of the Golden Fleece, a club comparable to Yale's Skull and Bones. Though elected to edit The Daily Tarheel newspaper, he didn't hang out with the lower-brow journalism crowd, said co-editor Gregory Turosak, who now edits the Grand Forks Herald.

"He had an aura about him of presumed leadership," added Cole C. Campbell, a political antagonist of Cooper's on campus and his successor as editor of the Tarheel.

He snubbed his nose at student shenanigans that marked the Vietnam era, such as streakers running naked in the streets or daily pot smoke-ins at the school's belltower.

Cooper's conservatism shone.

"When the university decided to crack down," said Campbell, now editor of The Virginian-Pilot in Norfolk, "Jim wrote an editorial in favor of the administration - against the prevailing sentiment of the students."

\*

Jug Landers points with pride to a poplar slatted chair - so worn the veneer is stripped almost entirely off the seat - that sits beneath a photo of the 1968 Democratic National Convention.

"He started right over there in that chair," Landers boasts of Cooper. "This is where he came to ask whether he should run."

That was in 1981, he says, when Cooper, just one year out of law school, was mulling whether to seek the congressional seat vacated by then-Sen. Al Gore Jr.

Landers gave him the nod.

Cooper mortgaged a family farm to loan $380,000 to his campaign, and won by a 2-to-1 ratio.

In this part of middle Tennessee, a region that produces smooth-riding horses, No. 2 pencils and championship girls' high school basketball teams, they like their politicians Democratic and they like them conservative.

To win office in Shelbyville - pronounced "Shebvul" by many natives and lying halfway between Nashville and Alabama - "you have to be a Republican in Democrat's clothing," says Mayor J. Henry Feldhaus 3d.

When Prentice Cooper ran for the Senate in 1958, he pledged his allegiance to the Southern Manifesto, a doctrine urging states to resist integration. (He lost to Al Gore Sr.) Jim Cooper, while decrying his father's civil rights record, is slightly more moderate.

"He's probably the only Democrat I've ever voted for," Pope's owner, Tim Arnold, says of Cooper.

Arnold and other folks here say they like Cooper's spunk, his willingness to battle even the President for the sake of their conservative interests.

There's no one better suited for Washington, they say here, than Prentice Cooper's second son.

"I think he could have long since played out his kindergarten pledge if he wanted to be governor," Landers says. "But he has a fire for national politics."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Jim Cooper wanted as a child to be Tennessee governor. Life took him to

Washington instead. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***KENNYWOOD: A CENTURY OF FUN AND GAMES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SW4-K7S0-0094-520T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

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**Byline:** PATRICIA LOWRY, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In 1818, Charles Kenny paid five pounds, 10 shillings, six pence and a barrel of whiskey for the land that made him a wealthy man. Located high on a bluff along the Monongahela River in Mifflin Township, the tract was rich in coal, which Kenny and his son mined and shipped as far south as New Orleans.

By the 1860s, a still-rustic part of this land known as Kenny's Grove had become a popular spot with picnickers who came by horse and buggy or by steamer on the Mon, to spread their blankets under the towering hardwood trees.

Just before the turn of the century, the Monongahela Street Railway Co., which ran from Oakland to Duquesne through the industrial Mon Valley, wanted to increase weekend ridership by building an amusement park near the end of the line. It leased Kenny's Grove and 141 surrounding acres from Charles Kenny's grandson, Anthony Kenny.

Beginning in the 1880s, trolley lines and interurbans sparked a golden age of amusement parks in America, and by 1910 the nation had more than 2,000 "trolley parks" offering picnic groves, dancing, dining, games and rides.

It was Andrew Mellon, the railway company's controlling partner, who named this one Kennywood, hoping to cash in on the good will of the Kenny name.

George S. Davidson, the railway company's chief engineer, designed Kennywood in 1898 with a reflecting lake dotted with small islands and connecting bridges. When the park opened the following year, its main attractions were a dance pavilion, restaurant and hand-carved carousel set amid beautifully landscaped grounds and picnic groves.

As Kennywood celebrates its 100th birthday, Davidson's basic plan still is in use, and so are almost all of its original elements. Only the dance pavilion, converted to the Enchanted Forest "dark ride" with illuminated tableaux in the 1950s, is gone, burned in a noon-time fire on a June day in 1975. The lake is smaller, and the carousel's original building is now a refreshment stand, but much of old Kennywood remains.

Today, Kennywood is one of only a dozen trolley parks still in operation. So says the National Amusement Park Historical Association, which keeps track of such things and credits Kennywood with nurturing some great classic rides.

The Old Mill, built in 1901 and renamed and rethemed many times over, is the world's oldest operating water ride. Noah's Ark, which sounds like a water ride but is really a walk-through attraction, opened, coincidentally, just weeks after Pittsburgh's Great Flood of 1936, and today is one of three remaining Ark attractions in the world. The park's Auto Race, where many Pittsburghers first wrapped their fingers around a steering wheel, is the very last of its kind. Kennywood also is home to two of the world's oldest roller coasters, the Jack Rabbit of 1921 and the Racer of 1927, and an outstanding, four-row merry-go-round by William Dentzel, America's premiere carousel maker.

From its earliest days, Kennywood has been a survivor, living through challenges brought on by competition from a dozen other local trolley parks, the Depression, World War II shortages, television, theme parks and, most recently, Pittsburgh's aging, declining population.

The secret of Kennywood's success is simple. It has adapted by keeping the best of the old and blending it with the best of the new. In almost every decade, Kennywood invested in new rides and embraced new technologies, from bringing in television personalities like Clarabell and the Three Stooges to building multimillion-dollar rides like the Log Jammer and Steel Phantom. It's a National Historic Landmark with the world's fastest roller coaster, and it's right in our own back yard.

\*

If today we go to Kennywood for thrills, many of the park's first visitors went for the opposite reason: to escape a life that was, at times, all too thrilling.

Kennywood opened just seven years and three miles away from the failed Homestead Lockout and Strike of 1892, and many men still were putting in 12-hour days, seven days a week. The lives of ***working-class*** women and children weren't much better, with little opportunity and money for recreation.

But admission to Kennywood was free; you could bring a picnic basket and stay all day, walking the lovely grounds, listening to band music, watching children balance each other, or not, on the seesaws.

Kennywood "is the liveliest outdoor pleasure ground within reach of Pittsburgh," Margaret Byington wrote in her 1910 book on Homestead households. "It is the popular place for large picnics.

And if you came on your nationality day, well, it could be just like being in the old country.

That first year, a gathering of Scottish clans was Kennywood's first nationality picnic. The Scots day at Kennywood ended in 1975, a decade when interest in most nationality picnics had waned - until "Roots" aired in 1977. Today, once again, they play an important role in strengthening ethnic roots and ties.

"We have more nationality days now than ever," said Carl Hughes, board chairman of Kennywood Entertainment. Kennywood will host nine nationality days this year, for Carpatho-Russians, Slovaks, Serbs, Italians, Greeks, Slovenes, Poles, Hungarians and Croats, plus one for Byzantine Catholics.

The Serbian and Croatian picnics are the oldest, both begun in 1917. Italian Day is still the largest.

Communities - especially those in the Mon Valley - also get together at Kennywood. The oldest gathering is the Oakmont-Verona picnic, begun in 1912, but the biggest crowd comes for Brownsville day.

\*

While some of the park's first buildings were open-air and rustic, by the early 1900s others began to be modeled after the stuccoed, Classical buildings of the famed White City of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, a fair that inspired amusement park design and attractions all over the nation. The fair's Midway, with its sideshows, food, music and entertainment, also was replicated in parks like Kennywood. So was its Wild West Show, which proved a popular attraction in the early 1900s.

By 1903, visitors to Kennywood entered through a two-story, Classical, colonnaded building with a grand, four-story Beaux Arts gateway - a far cry from the subterranean tunnel we take today, which, come to think of it, is much like the way we enter Pittsburgh, minus the drama.

This building also contained a fun house that was rethemed, redesigned, repainted and renamed several times - from the House of Trouble to Daffy Dilla to Tut's Tomb to the Bug House. During the Depression, the Bug House's cheap thrills proved its undoing; it became so crowded, park owners converted it to the Skooter ride in 1934.

The bandstand was another big, white, Classical Beaux Arts structure, "one of the most beautiful buildings ever built at Kennywood Park," writes Charles Jacques Jr. in his 1982 history of the park. Built in 1900, it spared no expense: "The bandstand cost $ 15,000 when a steak dinner with mushrooms cost 25 cents! It had a 40-by-40-foot stage with a beautiful proscenium arch 30 feet high. A white canvas curtain was hung from the arch for biograph pictures in the evening."

Also new for the 1900 season was an athletic field, located where the pool once was and where Lost Kennywood is now. Almost 1,300 spectators could watch their friends play baseball from the bleachers and covered grandstands.

The pool opened in 1925; if you forgot your bathing suit - or didn't own one - you could rent a "sterilized" suit. Like many public facilities, Kennywood's pool had been racially segregated from the beginning; rather than integrate it in 1954, the park owners made the pool a boat ride. Two years later, it reopened as an integrated pool, but closed again in 1973 because it was losing money.

The Mill Chute, later the Old Mill, opened in 1901, with an old-fashioned mill wheel propelling boats through a dark tunnel before being pulled up an incline and sent down a chute back into the water. "Gorgeous grottoes" and "musical caves" were among the early interior scenes, but by 1911, the ride became the Panama Canal as the canal itself was nearing completion. After three years, the novelty wore off and the ride became the Old Mill again. And so, after several other incarnations, it remains today.

Kennywood's first coaster, called Figure Eight because its tracks were in that shape, came in 1902 and was followed in 1910 by the Aeri al Racer, the largest twin-track roller coaster in the world, which lasted until 1926. It was replaced by Kiddieland the following year.

The park's scenic railroad of 1903 gave way in 1911 to another coaster, the Speed-O-Plane.

It was the first of many Kennywood rides to sport an "O" in the middle of their names; others included the Chair-O-Plane, Loop-O-Plane, Strat-O-Plane and Roll-O-Plane.

What's the deal with the O?

"The Everly Aircraft Co. of Salem, Ore., always named their rides that way," Hughes said, but he doesn't know why.

"They're out of business now, and so are most of their rides. To get the Roll-O-Plane [for Lost Kennywood], we had to get a new one built by the company that succeeded them. They hadn't built one for years. In 1920, John A. Miller, one of America's top coaster designers, took advantage of the park's topography in creating the Jack Rabbit, famous for its hair-raising double dip into an 85-foot ravine. Three years later, he did the Pippin, another double dipper that used the ravine at the opposite end of the park. Its logo was an apple, but the coaster really was named for 1920s slang: Something that was pippin was, well, p retty swell.

A new Racer, also by Miller, replaced the Aerial Racer in 1927; after that, Kennywood's coasters pretty much stayed the same until the late 1960s, when the Pippin was rebuilt as the Thunde rbolt by Kennywood engineer Andy Vettel. In 1974, the Thunderbolt, with its sudden drops and careening curves, was named the top United States roller coaster in an article in The New York Times, sparking a roller-coaster revival that continu es today.

In 1971, the Kenny heirs finally agreed to sell the land to the park's longtime owners, the Henninger and McSwigan families, for $ 1.3 million. To compete with the giant theme parks, Kennyw ood built its first million-dollar ride, the Log Jammer, in 1975. Over the next two decades, other major investments in big-ticket rides followed, as Kennywood gained the Laser Loop (1980), Raging Rapids (1985), Steel Phantom, the world's fastest coaster reaching speeds of 80 mph (1991), and Pitt Fall (1997).

With the opening of Lost Kennywood in 1995, the park came full circle, re-creating the entrance, best ride and brilliant nighttime illumination of its old rival, Oakland's Luna Park (1905- 1909). Luna's Shoot-the-Chutes is re-created as the high-tech, computer-controlled Pittsburg Plunge, giving riders a great view of Lost Kennywood - a sort of miniature White City - and the park beyond bef ore plunging them into a pool with a great splash.

It's typical Kennywood, looking backward and forward at the same time.

%BC% TIMELINE %EC%

\* 1898 \*

The Monongahela Street Railway Co. leases a picnic spot known as Kenny's Grove and 141 surrounding acres from Anthony Kenny. The company's chief engineer, George S. Davidson, lays out Kennywood Park with a reflecting lake, small islands and connecting bridges. The park opens the following year. Its first ride is a hand-carved carousel. Boating is also popular.

\* 1900s \*

A bandstand is built and concerts prove popular. New attractions include the Mill Chure (now the Old Mill)< fun house ane miniature stram train.

\* 1910s \*

The Aerial Racer, the world's largest twin-track roll coaster, opens; the carousel is replaced with a galloping model; and a Wurlitzer organ is added.

\* 1920s \*

Three ciasters are added: the Jack Rabbit, Pippin and Racer. Other new rides include the Auto Race, Dodgem, Caterpillar, Ferris wheel and Turtle. Kiddieland also is added, and the swimming pool opens. The dance pavilion gets a Florida motif; popular dances include the Fox Trot and Tut's Strut.

\* 1930s \*

Kennywood fight for survival during the Depression. By 1933, business is down 63 percent, but dancing helps keep the park in business. Bands playing at Kennywood are broadcast on local radio, but swing music is not permitted. Waltzes are encouraged. Kennywood prospers in the last half of the decade, with new rides including Noah's Ark.

\* 1940s \*

For the first five years of the '40s, Kennywood experiences little growth because of war shortages, but a miniature train is added that is still in use today. In 1948, the park undergoes its first physical expansion since the 1920s. A new mall is added with the Little Dipper and other rides.

\* 1950s \*

School picnics greatly increase, and the Rotor and Wild Mouse prove the most popular new rides of the decade. The dance pavilion and swimming pool both close, but the pool opens as a U-Drive-Em boat attraction. Five years later, in 1958, it reopens for swimming. Fall Fantasy parade is revived after a 30-year absence.

\* 1960s \*

The park's bandshell burns at 2 a.m., a few hours after opening day. Pennsylvania Railroad drops short excursion business, eliminating 22 picnic trains to Kennywood, Kennywood Boulevard is completed and the park gets a new entrance. The Pippin is rebuilt as the Thunderbolt; new ride include Turnpike, Kangaroo and La Cachot.

\* 1970s \*

The Kenny heirs sell the land to the Kennywood Park Corp. for $ 1.3 million, and the park undergoes a major expansion to better compete with theme parks. New rides include the Bayern Kurve, Log Jammer, Enterprise, Monongahela Monster and Grand Prix. There are major improvements to Kiddieland, which is given a turn-ot-the-century atmosphere with old-fashioned lamps and cobblestone streets; new rides inclue a Honda motorcycle ride and a Red Baron ride. Thunderbolt is named the top U.S. roller coaster in an article in The New York Times that helps spark a national roller-coaster revival. New Garden Stage opens next to the lake.

\* 1980s \*

The Scooter building, which over the years had become Tut's Tomb and the Bug House, is raized to make way for the Laser Loop. Other new rides include the Gold Rusher, Pirate Ship and Ranger. The National Park Service designates Kennywood a National Historic Landmark and Rick Sebak's "Kennywood Memories" debuts on WQED-TV. Rollercoaster magazine ranks the Thunderbolt as one of America's top five coasters, and American Coaster Enthusiasts - almost 300 strong - hold their convention at Kennywood.

\* 1990s \*

The Steel Phantom, the world's fastest coaster reaching speeds of 80 mph, replaces the Laser Loop. Other new rides include the Pitt Fall and Wipe Out. Lost Kennywood, the park's greatest expansion ever, opens with new midways, the Pittsburg Plunge water ride and the return of an old favorite, the Roll-O-Plane. In 1998, the park celebrates its centennial.

COVER STORY

Much of the material for this story was drawn from Charles J. Jacques Jr.'s 1982 book, "Kennywood . . . Roller Coaster Capital of the World." Next month, Jacques will publish "More Kennywood Memories," a completely rewritten and updated history of the park with almost 600 new images, including about 90 color photographs.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, PHOTO (4), INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, DRAWING: By Ted Crow/Post-Gazette:(Kennywood: 100 Years) (Poster); PHOTO: (For Two Photos) The Jack Rabbit, above, was designed by John A.; Miller, one of America's top coaster designers, in 1920. Miller used a new; system of wheels under the track to create a breathtaking 85-foot double dip; into a wooded ravine. The Pittsburgh Dispatch wrote, "Sensational dips,; gigantic leaps, dizzy climbs make the new amusement the most popular; attraction between here and Chicago." At right, picknickers arrive at; Kennywook Park via trolley in 1899. For many in the park's early days, trollys; were the only way to get to and from the park. In 1958, the 68 trolly to; Kennywood was discontinued, marking the end of an era.; PHOTO: Carnegie Library: (For Two Photos) Kennywood's funhouse was redesigned,; rethemed and renamed in the 1920s, becoming Tut's Tomb (below) for two years,; inspired by the discovery of Tutankahmen's tomb in 1922. The funhouse had; other incarnations - including the Daffy Dilla (above left) and Bug House,; before it was converted to house the Skooter ride in 1934.; INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: (Timeline)

**Load-Date:** June 6, 1998

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[***PORTRAITS OF PORTUGAL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SKF-S0R0-0094-53YF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HONEYMOON SHOWS COUPLE WHAT THEY ALREADY KNEW: MIRACLES HAPPEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SKF-S0R0-0094-53YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 22, 1998, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 2346 words

**Byline:** ROD DREHER, SUN-SENTINEL, SOUTH FLORIDA

**Dateline:** LISBON, Portugal

**Body**

I'm not sure if Julie and I chose Portugal for our honeymoon, or if Portugal chose us. Both of us are true believers in both big-R Romance, and in big-R, big-C Roman Catholicism. Which means that your correspondent spent his first year and a half in Fort Lauderdale lighting candles every Sunday in the Fatima chapel at St. Anthony's parish downtown, petitioning the Blessed Virgin for her prayers for true love.

Love came unexpectedly, on a visit to Austin, Texas, in 1996. We met in a bookstore. It was love at first sight. Within months we were engaged, and come April of last year, we were trying to figure out where to go for our wedding trip. One night Julie called and said a friend of her father was offering us use of his condo in a tiny Portuguese fishing village near the Spanish border. And, as it happened, another friend wanted to pay our airfares as a gift. What did I think?

A free honeymoon to a beautiful European country? Interesting, this, I told Julie. I had been asking Our Lady of Fatima for ages to bring me true love, and maybe we could take a couple of days out to travel to the famous Marian shrine in Fatima to thank the Virgin for her intercession. It sounded mysterious; it sounded, well, divine. Julie said yes.

It was only after we began making our Portugal plans that I discovered the day we fell in love - Oct. 13 - was the anniversary of the great miracle in Fatima, witnessed by more than 70,000 people. For two Catholics steeped in mystery and romance, this honeymoon in Portugal seemed providential indeed.

Our plan was to spend a week in the condo in Cabanas, a tiny fishing village in the Algarve, the southern edge of Portugal. Both of us needed a week to come down from the nervous energy of our wedding, which was held in New Orleans just after Christmas. Then we intended to move on to Lisbon for the second week, taking a side trip to Fatima for a day.

Cabanas was the perfect place to be quiet and blissfully together. There was no phone in the condo, no television, no newspaper service. While the western Algarve has become a highly developed tourist area, the eastern part, whose coastal topography isn't as dramatic or attractive, has remained relatively untouched.

Even though the Algarve winters are mild - highs in the 60s, lows in the mid-50s - it was too brisk for beachgoing. We spent our days sleeping late, picking oranges from the tree in the backyard for breakfast, and ambling into the modest village for a morning coffee at Julio's, a snack bar on the sleepy town's main drag. Though Cabanas is just beginning to wake up to tourism, it's light years away from the South Florida-like growth of towns west of Faro. Cabanas is dusty, badly faded, the kind of town where old babushka-type women with weary faces toddle along with the morning's groceries, and crusty old men gather by the tidal lagoon to kibitz loudly while fishermen dig in the mucky water for clams during low tide.

Scrubby orange groves, shabby storefronts, lazy mutts lying in dusty roads: We loved Cabanas. It was real, still unbefouled by real estate development or creeping Disneyfication. We enjoyed watching the fishwives chopping the heads off the morning catch, though it was not the kind of thing that would appeal to those whom Evelyn Waugh derisively called ''the watercolorists.''

We took to sitting at tables outside Julio's and reading, sipping coffee, wine or beer, and watching the clam-diggers and fishermen, and the voluble salts. One day, a bent, gracious old gent saw us waiting for the bus. Even though we told him we didn't speak Portuguese, he proceeded to tell us that he had been married for 34 years, and that his wife had died, but he had a son who sold cars nearby, a big, strong boy. (We got most of this from very enthusiastic gestures.) He smiled through his half-toothless mouth, and was so glad to see us. Julie kissed him on the cheek when we parted, and he beamed.

The Portuguese, we soon found, are friendly people. Many of them speak some English, or French, but if not, will try to meet the tongue-tied, hapless Anglophone halfway.

The Portuguese language is difficult. Written, it looks like Spanish Julie's rudimentary Spanish helped her decode menus - but the spoken version sounds like a Russian speaking Spanish. The Portuguese ''ao'' is so high and nasal it makes the sinus-y sonorities of the French language seem downright guttural.

Our good friend in Cabanas was Julio Assuncao, owner of the aforementioned bar. Julio was in his late 30s, and spoke perfect English, having worked in London for seven years as a FedEx manager. January is not especially busy in Cabanas, so he had lots of time to talk. He told us that Portugal had, until very recently, been very poor, but membership in the European Community had brought lots of money into the country. Development was under way, but he was cynical about the way Lisbon bureaucrats were using the funds.

One day, we tripped over to the neighboring city of Tavira, first founded 4,000 years ago on the River Gilaoby by the Phoenicians. It has passed through Roman and Moorish hands as well, and its importance as a fishing port is still evident by the invigorating, briny aroma of the sea that perfumes Tavira's air.

According to the guidebooks, Tavira has some 60 churches. None of them, alas, were open, and nobody seemed to be able to tell us why. Later, in Lisbon, a priest told us that few Algarveans paid attention to religion anymore.

The best seafood restaurants in town run along the Gilao, near the docks.

At O Canecao, a merry waiter named Isaias served us a scrumptious seafood dish called cataplana. It's basically a fish soup cooked in a special copper pot resembling a sealed, two-sided wok. It was bursting with fish, shrimp and clams straight from the docks (we saw a fisherman in hip boots delivering a bucket of clams through the back door), and steamed in garlic, onions and spices.

We drank Portuguese vinho verde, a young, slightly sparkling white wine, fruity and delicious and as cheap as water.

After a week of glorious laziness, it was time for Lisbon.

The train dropped us off at a ferry terminal on the south bank of the Tagus River, which forms an enormous, lakelike estuary at Lisbon harbor. We first saw the city from the river, on a chilly, rainy night, spread out along the steep hills like a glittering bazaar. A taxi took us to the Largo do Chiado, in the heart of the Bairro Alto, one of the capital's oldest and most picturesque quarters.

We stayed in the Hotel Borges, which wasn't fancy, but it was clean and affordable and perfectly located for exploring the city. The oldest, and loveliest, parts of Lisbon are splayed over three adjacent neighborhoods: the Alfama, the Baixa and the Bairro Alto.

The Alfama is the oldest and the most careworn, having been abandoned by the wealthy and the merchant classes after the catastrophic 1755 earthquake leveled most of the city. The Baixa lies in the flat valley between the Alfama and Bairro Alto. It contains Lisbon's busy squares and downtown shopping district, having been laid out in grid form by the Marques of Pombal, charged with rebuilding the city after the disaster. The Bairro Alto, a quarter of small restaurants, coffee shops, bookstores and cervejarias (beer halls), rises sharply to the west, and gives way to the bountiful gardens and parks of the Estrela district.

The Borges sits on a busy, pocket-sized square at the edge of the Bairro Alto and the Baixa (irritatingly crowded now by the flurry of construction going on in anticipation of this summer's World's Fair.) Julie and I would start our days with cafe com leite at the cafe next door, the art-nouveau masterpiece A Brasileira, for years a famed literary hangout. The Portuguese are great lovers of strong coffee and sugary pastries, and often during the day, when our energy was flagging from scaling twisting streets, we would stop into a pastelaria for uma bica (shot of espresso) and one of the eggy, achingly sweet desserts that keep the capital buzzing.

The Bairro Alto is also home to most of the city's fado clubs. Fado is the music of old Lisbon, a kind of melancholy blues built around the concept of saudade, or a longing for what has been lost, or never achieved.

Unfortunately, it's hard to find a down-and-dirty fado bar, so, knowing we were walking into a tourist trap, we had dinner at Lisboa a Noite. The food was not bad, the service was fancy, the fadistas were moving, the bill was outrageous (but worth it).

In any other city, the Alfama would have long been gentrified. The ancient buildings rising dramatically along twisting, narrow cobblestone streets, and alleys giving passage to hidden gardens, make the Alfama an Old World urban dreamscape with tattered laundry hanging from balconies. This is still a ***working-class*** neighborhood.

We were conflicted about the neighborhood: On one hand, we thought it somewhat scandalous that such beautiful and historically valuable buildings were being allowed to crumble away. Yet the fact that the Alfama hadn't been French-Quartered into shellacked preservationist oblivion made it more interesting to us.

We bought cheese, bread, spicy chorizo sausage and a bottle of terrific Dao red wine and had a picnic on a lovely miradouro, or lookout, by the St. Lucia church, with a heart-swelling view of the city and the Tagus. Later, we made our way to the imposing white St. Vincent de Fora Church, and visited its Augustinian monastery, seized by the anticlerical government in 1834. The monastery is now a museum, and as moving as it was, it felt like we were picking over bleached bones.

And then came Fatima. The bus from Lisbon takes about 90 minutes, if traffic isn't bad, which it will be because the Portuguese are lunatic drivers. A portly, prosperous Portuguese pilgrim sat next to us, and told us he always takes the bus there because it's too risky to drive. He also advised us to ''try and see Fatima with your heart, not your eyes.'' We thought he was counseling us to avoid skepticism. After all, it's hard to believe that the Blessed Virgin Mary really did appear to three shepherd children in 1917, with dire prophecies of judgment to come upon the faithless world, and working a miracle seen by tens of thousands. But believe we do, as do millions of other Catholics, who have made Fatima one of the world's most visited pilgrimage sites.

But as we were walking through the town, making our way toward the basilica, we saw he must have meant something else. The streets of Fatima are choked with countless shops hawking the most gaudy religious trinkets imaginable. It's hard to believe that there are enough Catholics in the world to support these businesses, with their hideous, glow-in-the-dark Blessed Virgin statues, and all manner of appalling junk. We nearly heaved at the John Paul II Snack Bar, and came close to turning around and heading back to the bus station.

But then we made it to the vast plain fronting the basilica and the chapel where the Virgin is said to have appeared on Oct. 13, 1917, and worked her miracle. We saw pilgrims from all over the world, many of them obviously suffering great poverty and affliction, lighting candles at a giant brazier, their hopes and petitions and prayers of thanksgiving rising to heaven in billowing clouds of burning wicks and wax. It was no place for cynicism. We too lighted our candles to the Virgin, and knelt in the chapel with all the others to thank her. We didn't expect a miracle; we already had ours.

If you go . . .

Hotels: In Lisbon, York House, near the Museum of Antique Arts, is a terrific choice for the luxury traveler. The best option for mid-range to budget travelers is Hotel Borges, Rua Garrett, 108, 1200 Lisbon, phone 011-351-1-346-1951. It's a tidy, no-frills establishment superbly located in the heart of the fashionable Chiado district. Current room rates are $ 69.50 for a double and $ 58 for a single. A continental breakfast is included.

Restaurants: With one exception, our restaurant bill for two was never more than $ 30 (including wine and tip), and usually much less. Start your day with pastries and dollops of robust coffee at A Brasileira (Rua Garrett, 120). The Bairro Alto is full of small bistros (tascas) offering generous portions of Portuguese fare. Sebastino Fernandes, a native of Goa, India, has cooked and managed his Cantinho da Paz (Rua da Paz, 4) for over 30 years and serves as an appetizer an addictive paste of coconut, cilantro and spices, which is spread on toast. Picanha (Rua das Janelas Verdes, 96) offers one meal only: roast beef, green salad, potatoes, black beans and rice - as much as you care to eat. Try the cuisine of Portugal's rural Alentejo region at Casa do Alentejo (Rua das Portas de Santo Ant1o, 58); the porco alentejana (pork with clams) and acorda alentajana (bread soup with cilantro) are scrumptious.

Our big splurge was dinner at Lisboa a Noite (Rua das Gaveas, 69), one of several fado restaurants in the Bairro Alto. The food was fine, the service excellent, and the five or so fado songs the singers and guitar players performed were moving. But the place had the feel of a tourist trap, and before the bill came - $ 105, by the way - someone appeared at our table to sell us cassettes.

Also, Lisbon has a number of delicatessens (charcutarias), which offer a variety of meats, cheeses and breads for picnics.

Souvenirs: We found Lisbon's numerous shops offering crafts and (alleged) antiques to be expensive and tacky, and the better ones, near the Se', to be wildly overpriced. Portuguese cheese was dull, and fashions lackluster. We brought back a suitcase full of Portuguese wine, including two exquisite bottles of port. While in the Baixa, visit the city's best-known wine and spirits vendor, Napoleno (Rua dos Fanquieros, 70), for a wide selection, and expert, English-speaking clerks to help you with your purchases. If you ask, they will wrap it for transport.

Information: Contact the Portuguese National Tourist Office, 590 Fifth Ave., Fourth Floor, New York, NY 10036, phone 800-767-8842.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), PHOTO: Amando Franca/Associated Press: A young girl in a traditional; Portuguese costume is sprayed by a fountain in a Lisbon downtown squre on; Carnival Day, Feb. 24. This year Carnival Day fell during the Festival of 100; Days leading up to Lisbon's Expo '98, which will open may 22.; PHOTO: Luisa Ferreira/Associated Press: (for Two Photos) A youth on in-line; skates flies high at Lisbon's Praca do Comercio. Below, workers spruce up the; dock near the new Oceanarium at the site of Expo '98.

**Load-Date:** May 1, 1998

**End of Document**



[***CHAPTER 3: MONEY, IT'S A HIT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC8-GTH0-0094-505M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***DOUGLAS DANFORTH, CHAIRMAN & CEO, 1983-1987***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC8-GTH0-0094-505M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS,

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**Body**

Optimism reigned at the end of the two-day strategic planning session on this July 1985 evening in Pittsburgh.

Halfway through the year, Westinghouse was on course to surpass the record profits it had earned just a year before, the first under the full tutelage of Chairman and CEO Douglas Danforth.

But the tall, frank-speaking Danforth wasn't satisfied. As they sat in the Urban Room on the 17th floor at the Westin William Penn Hotel, the 60 top managers were implored to try harder. Westinghouse had to boost profit margins, had to get its stock price up, had to earn the respect it deserved from investors. Little mercy would be shown for operations that didn't stack up.

As an added incentive, each man in the room was asked to reach under his chair and open the envelope taped on the bottom. Inside were the rewards they would divide if they met lofty performance targets - rewards made all the sweeter by a stock incentive plan adopted in Danforth's first year in office.

There was an unnerving quiet as the executives ran the numbers through their brains to determine their shares of the bounty. It was like a junior high algebra class in a race to see who gets the answer first.

''Doug wasn't the first chief executive to appeal to greed,'' said one former manager who attended the meeting.

Indeed, greed defined the times. Ronald Reagan, the champion of free markets and unbridled capitalism, had just entered his second term. Wall Street was in the early stages of an unprecedented bull run. And corporate raiders were held up as heroes - cunning businessmen who were unleashing the competitive forces of a marketplace that for too long had tolerated slackers.

If the men in the room needed further clues to what could befall their company, they could walk a block down Grant Street to Gulf's headquarters. There, Gulf was completing a sad exodus wrought by T. Boone Pickens. The Texas oilman had waged a long and hostile takeover battle and was on the verge of winning when Chevron stepped in to save - but ultimately to dismantle - Gulf.

''Doug tried to convince anybody who would listen that you had to treat the company as if it were the raider or it wouldn't survive,'' the former manager said.

From that perspective, it's hard to argue with the results.

Over the course of Danforth's four years at the helm, Westinghouse profits soared, profit margins almost doubled, its stock price more than tripled and dividends were increased every year.

The company even outperformed rival General Electric, the benchmark that drove many Westinghouse executives.

Danforth was similarly successful outside the boardroom, leading a team of corporate executives that bought and preserved the Pirates baseball franchise in Pittsburgh.

A mechanical engineer by training and and former GE executive, Danforth was a no-nonsense, results-driven man. As head of the Pirates group, he helped push the Galbreath family to accept a relatively low offer for the team. At Westinghouse, Danforth was equally demanding, shedding businesses that didn't stay on plan and executives who didn't measure up.

Everything centered on raising Westinghouse's return-on-equity - the ratio of profits to stockholder value - to 20 percent, a margin enjoyed only by a handful of businesses.

Danforth didn't have a lot of time. He would only be chairman four years before he had to retire at 65. He wanted to leave his mark on the company and among his fellow Fortune 500 chief executives.

And make no mistake, this was Danforth's company.

Unlike Donald Burnham, who remained a director after retirement, Robert Kirby was kept off the board after he retired, despite his desire to stay. In case the message wasn't clear enough, the 1983 annual shareholders report drove the point home. Although Kirby didn't step down until December of that year, he wasn't mentioned until page 45 of the 48-page publication.

''What came out of the Danforth era was this sort of short-term management culture,'' a former Westinghouse finance executive said. ''It's always a delicate balance, doing what's good for the company today and what's good for it five years from now. But the message was, 'You do whatever it takes to meet the quarterly projections.' That also was reflected in the pay schemes.''

Those schemes included an incentive plan for senior managers approved by the board in 1984 and modeled after a similar plan at H.J. Heinz Co., where Westinghouse director Burt Gookin had been vice chairman. Only, Westinghouse's plan was a poor man's version of the Heinz plan; it wasn't loaded with nearly as many stock options.

Still, the new plan resulted in sizable pay increases for managers who performed well. In his four years at the top, Danforth's total annual payout including the exercise of stock options - jumped from $ 858,000 to $ 4 million.

It was management-by-the-numbers.

Instead of expanding into new, potentially high-growth businesses, Danforth spent more than $ 1 billion buying back stock - shares outstanding fell by almost 20 percent during his tenure.

There were scores of small, strategic acquisitions, but no blockbuster deals.

One heralded acquisition ended up a bust - the $ 107 million purchase of Unimation, a robotics company. That actually occurred late in Kirby's tenure, but was pushed by Danforth to make Westinghouse a big player in industrial robots.

The only problem was that Unimation's hydraulic technology was outdated. The market was moving to electric robots. It didn't help that a major Unimation customer, General Motors, went into the business on its own a half-year after the transaction closed, or that much of its talented staff left after the sale. The venture that was supposed to make Westinghouse a leader in factory automation withered away.

''You never hit all home runs,'' Danforth says.

One reason the company was quiet on the acquisition front during the Danforth years was Vabastram, the mathematical strategic planning tool. It rarely saw a deal it liked. That didn't stop some from being made - neither Teleprompter nor Unimation passed Vabastram muster - but it inhibited hot pursuit of many potential partners.

While Vabastram discouraged acquisitions, it encouraged divestitures, a feature that wasn't lost on Danforth. During his reign, Westinghouse would dump businesses with a combined $ 1.3 billion in annual sales.

His biggest divestiture still rankles many former executives. Four years after Kirby bought Teleprompter, Danforth sold the cable operation to a consortium of competitors for almost $ 2 billion.

Danforth still cites a number of reasons for the sale: the cable operations weren't making the kind of profits that were expected; cable was under pressure from regulators and competitors; there was a potentially severe threat from budding direct satellite TV technology; and the price was right.

It was certainly right for Danforth. He needed a big gain to offset the write-down of nearly $ 1 billion of closed factories and discontinued ventures - moves that would help shrink Westinghouse's work force by 23,000 during his tenure - and the $ 651 million pretax gain from cable's sale gave him that. It also freed up another $ 1 billion for the repurchase of 35 million shares, giving the company's stock and per-share results an upward jolt.

Although cable's sale could be justified by the numbers - strategic planner Don Povejsil and his Vabastram model gave the sale a big thumbs up - many of Danforth's contemporaries feel he betrayed Kirby's vision. Cable and broadcasting were one of the few units that showed promise for fast growth, but he abandoned them.

Another division that showed potential was the financial subsidiary.

Unfortunately, while broadcasting threw off cash, the financial subsidiary devoured it. Virtually all the cash generated by Westinghouse Financial Services and its principal subsidiary, Westinghouse Credit, was plowed back into new loans. Had cable been around, many believe it could have generated enough cash to carry the financial unit through the coming storm.

Before he left office, Danforth had one more job to do: choose a successor. It wasn't going to be easy.

Several candidates groomed by Kirby were gone.

Gordon Hurlbert left after Danforth became chairman. Daniel Ritchie exited with the exodus of Group W Cable. Edwin Clarke had been nudged aside in a management reorganization that gave John Marous oversight of the industries group. Leo Yochum was still around, but as a finance man in a company managed by engineers, he was a dark-horse at best.

There were some new faces, including Paul Lego, a bright engineer who'd done a good job for Danforth when Danforth ran the industries group. Danforth brought Lego into his inner circle, as head of corporate resources.

But Lego was green - he'd never run a major operations group. And he lacked people skills. He wasn't good at small talk. A quantitative thinker, he could come across as arrogant and condescending, belittling those slow to catch on or unable to see things his way.

To the outside world, the choice boiled down to Thomas Murrin or Marous, with Murrin the most likely winner. But at headquarters, it was viewed as a toss-up.

Murrin and Danforth were like oil and water.

Danforth was a soft-spoken, but somewhat rigid, by-the-books leader. He didn't like it when his managers strayed from the path.

And everything about Danforth was about maximizing profits, from the corporation to his personal life. He was a shrewd real estate investor, and raised llamas and Christmas trees on his Washington County farm not just as a hobby, but for money. Customers who liked haggling over the price of a tree a tradition for many - would find there was no haggle with Danforth. It was $ 26, firm. He even was fanatical about saving all his sales receipts to ensure he got all the deductions due him at tax time.

Murrin, on the other hand, was a backslapper. He didn't much care for financial details. If he had a question or needed to figure out a way to make the numbers work, he'd go to Leo Yochum. His forte was manufacturing. He often would break into a long discourse about the wonders of Japanese manufacturing and what Westinghouse could learn from it.

And Murrin, who grew up in New York City, relished mixing it up with his troops. He made a point of knowing their goals so that he could help them achieve them, and would work behind-the-scenes to move them along in their careers. His loyalty was rewarded in kind - his underlings would bust their butts for him.

Marous, a North Side native and son of ***working-class*** parents, was a baseball star at Perry High School and a University of Pittsburgh engineering graduate. He'd risen through the ranks to become a top executive at his hometown's largest and, in many ways, most prestigious, employer.

On paper, Marous looked good. He was an eight-year veteran of the management committee, which was composed of the chairman and the operating group heads who run the company. He had headed international since 1979 and, for the last three years, also oversaw industries, a period when it turned around dramatically as Marous and Lego sold or closed marginal businesses and outdated plants.

But Marous rubbed many of his peers the wrong way. He was considered a tremendous salesman and marketer - ''He could make you believe ice wouldn't melt in South America,'' laughs one former chairman - who had climbed as high as he had in part by cultivating his superiors. And Marous had cultivated Danforth for some time.

At executive retreats, where top managers would discuss strategy and review operations, Marous and Danforth would break off from the pack when it came time for cocktails. The rest of the senior managers would hang with Murrin, drinking and talking into the wee hours. Danforth called the group ''Murrin's Court.''

Danforth's and Marous' spouses were friendly, and the four would travel together.

One trip, in the summer of 1987, is still known as Danforth's ''Farewell Tour.'' Just before his successor was to be chosen, Danforth, Marous and their wives, Janet and Lucine, went around the world to visit Westinghouse facilities. Both Danforth and Marous insist it was a working trip, a traditional last-time-around jaunt for an outgoing chairman. But that's not how it played among the troops.

Still, Danforth knew if he settled on Marous, there'd be problems. Several top executives had made it clear they wouldn't stick around.

And Marous was almost 62, near retirement age. One of Danforth's biggest regrets is he only had four years at the helm - not enough time to truly shape a corporation where he had spent so much of his life.

Late in the spring of 1987, Danforth recommended Lego, who was then 57, to the board. Marous signed his resignation papers and told a few associates he was retiring. But the board, while packed with Danforth allies, was uncomfortable. It felt Lego needed seasoning.

A compromise was struck. It would be Marous for two years, to be succeeded by Lego, who would serve as president until then.

Wall Street applauded the move as sensible, but on the 23rd floor of the Westinghouse Building, the storm hit.

Despite pleas from Danforth, Yochum wouldn't work for Marous. Douglas Stark, head of the commercial group and a close associate of Danforth's, also left. As, of course, did Murrin.

And in a few months, John McClester, the long-time head of the company's financial services subsidiary, would retire.

Combined with the earlier defections of Ritchie, Clarke and Hurlbert, it was a brain and leadership drain that would reveberate throughout the corporation.

The answer to the question, ''Who killed Westinghouse?'' goes far beyond the actions of Michael Jordan, its 14th and final chief executive. It's a death that was decades in the making. Today the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette tells the third chapter in the saga of how a 111-year-old institution disappeared from Pittsburgh's landscape. SUNDAY: Prologue and the Burnham years, 1963-75 TUESDAY: The Kirby years, 1975-83 TODAY: The Danforth years, 1983-87 TOMORROW: The Marous years, 1988-90 FRIDAY: The Lego years, 1990-93 SATURDAY: The Jordan years, 1993-97

**Graphic**

PHOTO (5), PHOTO: Mark S. Murphy/Post-Gazette: Douglas Danforth's tenure as CEO; of Westinghouse was marked by increased attention to shareholder value, and he; worked to boost earnings and the stock price. In his private life, he attended; to business details as well, keeping a farm in Washington County to sell; Christmas trees and raise Llamas (pictured here in 1987), and becoming; chairman of the local business group that purchased the Pirates from the; Galbreth family to keep the team from leaving town.; PHOTO: Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette: (For three photos) Protests like the one; outside corporate headquarters Downtown in the 1984 photo above were common; during the mid 1980s, as Westinghouse retrenched in its industrial divisions; under CEO Douglas Danforth (at left), even deciding to premanently shutter its; flagship East Pittsburgh Works, a complex that had employed more that 20,000.; At the same time, the company celebrated rising profits, as well as its; centennial, producing a poster that included stamps marking significant events; in Westinghouse's history. The first stamp was George Westinghouse. The last; was Danforth.; PHOTO: Westinghouse Electric: Eventually Westinghouse would lend; Youngstown-based Phar-Mor $ 150 million, as its go-go Financial Services; division increased its portfolio of loans at a tremendous rate, gathering; large upfront fees, but also saddling the corporation with debt that would; turn bad by the end of the decade. In this photo taken from the 1987 annual; report, Westinghouse executives William Harper (left) and David Heilman; (right) talk with Phar-Mor CEO David Shapira (second from left) and Phar-mor; Presidant Michael Monus.

**Load-Date:** April 2, 1998

**End of Document**



[***ON CAN TURN VETOES INTO VOTES THE STATE REP FROM BEAVER FALLS KEEPS UP AN EXHAUSTIVE PACE TO KEEP DEMOCRATS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D220-0094-24MM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IN THE MAJORITY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D220-0094-24MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Byline:** TIM REEVES

**Body**

It is 3 p.m. on May 28, and the the state House of Representatives is buzzing. The $ 15 billion state budget soon will be called up for a vote, and it doesn't look good for the home team.

The Republicans, the loyal opposition, have made it clear: They're voting no, each and every one. If the budget is going to pass, the Democrats, who control the House, 105-98, will have to do it themselves.

But it doesn't appear they can. Conservative Democrats are holding out. The night before, top Democrats were estimating they were five to 10 short of the 102 votes they need to send the bill to the Senate. The holdouts were holding fast.

But Michael Veon, the Democrat from Beaver Falls, stands calmly amid the buzz, moving from conversation to conversation like it's a coffee-and- doughnuts reception after 10:30 Mass. It's been two or three all-nighters in a row for Veon, meeting with holdout Democrats to convince them to vote yes. Veon looks fresh nonetheless, with the quiet confidence of someone who knows it's in the bag.

A reporter from the Philadelphia Inquirer hands Veon a pen and a sheet of paper. ''How many votes will you have?'' he asks. Veon scribbles a number and hands it to the reporter, who folds the paper and tucks it into his pocket.

Two hours later, the vote is cast. Remarkably, there are 104 green ''yes'' lights on the Democrat's electronic voting board. The budget is on its way to the Senate. Democratic leaders are slapping each other on the back.

The reporter pulls the paper from his pocket.

''104,'' it reads.

er it's convincing rebel Democrats to vote the party position, or helping a state representative in Lebanon County win an election, Veon is consumed by politics.

''As corny as it may sound in the 1990s, I do have a great desire to be part of making public policy that helps people,'' Veon said.

''The other part is, I really enjoy the strategy, the chess game of being able to put all the right pieces in place. I don't really consider it work. It's more a way of life. … Those two things are what make it interesting each and every day, each and every week, each and every month and each and every year.

''I'm addicted.''

''Mike Veon is our mechanic,'' said state Rep. Kevin Blaum, a Wilkes-Barre Democrat. ''He operates the machine. He fixes it when it breaks down and keeps the wheels turning to produce the product.''

With his trademark cowboy boots and his hair over the back of his collar, the 5-foot-11 Veon, 36, does his wrench work at the critical juncture of state lawmaking -- the point at which policy meets politics.

His garage is open around the clock. Go to the Capitol between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m., and Veon will be in his office, a cigar in one hand and the telephone in the other. A half-dozen Democrats will be there, too. You won't find this meeting on the official roster, but it's the one where things get done. And there is no place Veon would rather be.

''It's nice to put together a white paper, but unless you have enough votes for it, it's still nothing but a white paper.

''Somebody's got to go out and get 102 votes for it in the House and 26 in the Senate. I think that's the exciting part. That's what really interests me.''

Despite his youth and modest seniority (he was elected in 1984 at age 27), Veon already is chairman of the House Democratic Campaign Committee. His job is to keep Democrats in the majority.

Being in the majority means power, the most coveted commodity in Harrisburg. Every even-numbered year, Democrats and Republicans wage war for the majority, each spending millions in hopes of winning enough elections to get 102 members on their side in the 203-member House, and 26 in the 50-member Senate.

Veon's most daunting task as chairman of the committee was the 1992 elections. It was an unenviable debut. The year before, Democrats had pushed through a $ 3.2 billion tax increase, the largest in state history. Republicans couldn't hide their glee. 1992 was going to be their year.

''I thought our chances (of retaining the majority) were razor-thin,'' recalled House Speaker H. William DeWeese, D-Waynesburg, who calls Veon his closest political ally.

But Veon went to work. And when election day was over, there were 105 Democrats in the win column.

Aside from the smoke-filled room in which he works, Veon has little in common with the political bosses of days gone by. His success comes not from patronage, but from his ability to wield a political poll, gleaning from the crush of numbers a targeted mass-mailing that produces votes every time.

Before Veon came on board, he said, the campaign committee ''used to give a member $ 5,000 and they would end up buying $ 3,000 worth of political fingernail files and $ 2,000 worth of refrigerator magnets -- none of which gets anybody to vote for somebody for the state House.

''Now, we spend $ 5,000 for that member on a good direct-mail piece that goes to a targeted group in that district … There is a much greater opportunity to get somebody to vote for you.''

The political bug bit Veon early, while he was growing up in White Township, a ***working-class*** suburb of Beaver Falls.

One of his first role models was his uncle, the late John Buksa, a Beaver Falls city councilman.

''He was a polio victim and was in a wheelchair since he was 20 years old. There were very few people who were in public life at that time that were handicapped. And here's this guy who's handicapped, yet he goes to every political meeting, goes to every city council meeting and makes things happen.

''I spent time at his house and he's on the telephone, calling people, trying to put together votes. … He's really the guy who first got me interested in the practical, everyday politics.''

Nor did Veon have to leave his house to see deals in progress. Veon's father, Bob, was on the Beaver Falls Area school board for 12 years and spent a few years as a White Township supervisor.

''Same kind of thing. You listen to him at home on the phone, making sure they had five votes to pass whatever the controversial proposal was at the time.''

Veon was co-captain of the Beaver Falls football team and started three years on the offensive line at Allegheny College in Meadville, where he also was a co-captain. He weighed 190 pounds, yet was able to hold his own against larger defensive linemen.

''The fellows across the line were usually 50 to 60 pounds heavier, but I was usually a lot quicker,'' Veon said. (After all, he said, ''If they were 250 pounds and fast, they wouldn't be playing in Division III.'')

Veon was elected president of his fraternity but was, by his own admission, a mediocre student. (''I don't think any of us would have predicted this kind of career path for Mike,'' said political science Professor Michael Stevens, Veon's favorite professor).

After graduation, Veon ventured into politics, going to Washington, D.C., and latching on to the campaign staff of a lieutenant-governor candidate in Virginia.

Then something happened that changed Veon's life. One morning, he opened his Washington Post and saw a photograph of his congressman, U.S. Rep. Eugene Atkinson, smiling with President Reagan in a Rose Garden ceremony. Atkinson had switched parties.

''I was embarrassed,'' Veon said. ''A Democrat from Beaver County, elected with the help of organized labor, smiling with Ronald Reagan in the Rose Garden.''

Veon resolved to return home to help defeat Atkinson in the 1982 general election. He signed up to work on the campaign of Pete Steege, a lawyer and solicitor for the Democratic Party in Beaver County.

Steege did better than expected but was defeated in the Democratic primary by the labor-backed candidate, then-state Rep. Joe Kolter. Still focused on Atkinson, Veon wanted to work for Kolter. But Kolter's advisers were reluctant.

''Mike was bringing in the modern technology of politics. We kind of were in the old style down there, where ward chairmen controlled everything,'' remembered Bill George, the president of the state AFL-CIO, who at the time was a local labor leader in the Aliquippa area.

Ultimately, they picked him up, and with Veon working the unions and helping on strategy, Kolter beat Atkinson in November. So effective was he that Kolter took Veon with him to Washington. Though only 26, Veon became Kolter's legislative director.

The congressional life was good, but Veon had been throughly bitten by the election bug. The next year, he ran for the state House against incumbent first-term Democrat Barry Alderette. Although Alderette had the backing of the party, Veon thought his opponent was vulnerable.

''I analyzed which towns I could win and which towns I couldn't,'' Veon said. He focused an exhaustive door-to-door campaign on densely populated neighborhoods in and around Beaver Falls, where labor was strong. He ignored the suburbs and estimated he visited 6,000 or 7,000 households in his target area.

The strategy worked. Veon beat Alderette in the primary by 170 votes, then won the general election handily. At 27, he was the fourth-youngest member in the 253-seat General Assembly.

Veon rose quickly in the House, thanks in large part to his friend from Greene County, Bill DeWeese.

In 1988, DeWeese wanted to run for majority whip, the House's No. 3 leadership post.

It was a longshot campaign. James Manderino, the Monessen Democrat who ran the House with an iron hand, was backing state Rep. Ivan Itkin of Point Breeze. All Itkin needed to do was spend a week or two talking to members in Harrisburg. Manderino would do the rest.

Undaunted, DeWeese turned to his friend Veon. DeWeese and Veon spent the summer of 1988 in DeWeese's Chevy Blazer, traveling from district to district. It was the caucus equivalent of door-to-door campaigning.

Itkin, who now is majority leader, got wind of the campaign, but ''I was told not to worry about it.'' When Manderino finally gleaned the depth of DeWeese's support, ''It was too late,'' Itkin said. ''I give them credit.''

DeWeese gives the credit to Veon. ''Veon,'' he said, ''was the differential between victory and defeat.''

In 1990, DeWeese was elected majority leader. He immediately appointed Veon to head the House Democrat's campaign committee. In 1992, when DeWeese was elected Speaker of the House, Veon also was elected chairman of the House Policy Committee, responsible for drafting and implementing caucus' policy initiatives.

The leadership post made formal Veon's rise to power, bringing with it a plush Capitol office and a pay raise -- the policy chairman makes $ 53,593; rank-and-file lawmakers make $ 47,000.

Veon works in Harrisburg four days a week, Monday through Thursday, even when the House isn't in session.

He comes in about 9, works all day, then takes a break in the evening to play basketball at a local gym. After the game, he showers, orders Chinese food or pizza and returns to the Capitol to begin his evening hours. Visitors are frequent and phone calls are brisk.

Usually, it's 2 a.m. before he signs out at the front desk. The next morning, it's back at it again. Veon's staff has trouble keeping up.

''I've always been somebody who works long hours,'' said Jeff Foreman, Veon's top aide. ''But I've never been with anybody who works the hours he works. If I'd come in an hour earlier and he'd stay an hour later, we'd have the first 24-hour operation in the Capitol.''

On Fridays, Veon returns to Beaver Falls, working the day in his district office. There's usually an evening function. Saturday there are office hours in his district office, and on Sunday, Veon comes in to catch up on paperwork.

It is the pace of politics at the highest levels, and it comes at a price.

''It's difficult on the family,'' Veon said. He and his wife of five years, Susan, have been separated and reconciled and separated again. ''We're trying to develop some way to deal with this. There's no question it's difficult.''

Veon said his top priority is making time for his 10-year-old stepson, Ryan.

''He's a very bright kid, a great athlete, a great personality and mature beyond his years. We've just developed a very tight bond, and I really try as best I can to spend as much time with him as I can.''

Veon says Ryan ''understands more and more'' about his job and the absences it requires.

''The age-old saying about politics gets in your blood and it's hard to get away from it is very true. Anybody who is in this business in a serious way will tell you that, and people in the families of politicians who have this in their blood will tell you that it certainly is an addiction in many ways.''

When the votes are close in the House, as they were on the budget May 28, DeWeese and Itkin often call upon Veon.

DeWeese and Itkin have been known at times to take a 2-by-4 to recalcitrant colleagues. Just last winter, Itkin threatened to take staff away from Democrats who were fighting him over the House's internal operating rules.

Veon takes a different approach. He reasons with them.

More than anyone, he knows what members are driven by: the fear of losing re-election. He doesn't dismiss those concerns, he embraces them. As chairman of the campaign committee, they're his concerns, too.

''Mike's never twisted my elbow,'' said state Rep. David Levdansky of Elizabeth, who's had more than a few late-night meetings with Veon.

''It's a low-key approach. He'll try to prod a member, and he can do that rather artfully, because he has such political insight.''

If Veon intimidates at all, it's with what he doesn't say.

''In those closed-door meetings, Veon is ''reserved, monosyllabic and possessed with a transfixing gaze,'' DeWeese said.

''He's a quiet person,'' Itkin added. ''There's a lot of power in silence.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Gary Miller: Michael Veon likes being a political strategist.

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**Body**

STAGE PREVIEW

"By Jeeves"

Where: Pittsburgh Public Theater at O'Reilly Theater, Downtown.

When: Thursday through March 4; 8 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays; 2 and 7 p.m. Sundays; some variations and

other matinees.

Tickets: $ 28 to $ 50 (students $ 10); 412-316-1600.

AYCKBOURN FROM PAGE G-1

Pittsburgh has had only a half-dozen professional stagings in two decades. So you are forgiven if Ayckbourn's significance has escaped you.

His current endeavor won't completely redress the balance, because "By Jeeves," based on the Bertie Wooster and Jeeves novels of ineffable humorist P.G. Wodehouse, is designedly very light compared to his probing of middle-class reticence and despair that fuels those comparisons to Chekhov.

But there's historical significance here. Neither Ayckbourn nor Lloyd Webber has ever had such a resounding dud as the original 1975 musical, then called "Jeeves." Neither was yet theatrical royalty, but it still rankled. So 20 years later they rewrote it from the ground up and presented it to varying degrees of acclaim in England and America. But it didn't go to New York, so they are still trying.

\*

In person, Ayckbourn matches expectation. A man used to the communal give-and-take of the theater doesn't stand on ceremony. One who more often has to take laughs out of his work rather than force them in, he is smart and witty. As we settle down in his office at the Public for a lengthy interview, he arranges for an assistant to check back halfway through.

"So if things aren't going well, he can get rid of me," I suggest. "OK, we'll use this banana as a signal," jokes the master of stage technique: "If you come back and it's pointing at him, get him out of here early." That reminds him of a story about English actor Tom Courtenay, who always fell in love with someone in the cast. So they invited Courtenay to auditions and developed a system of signals to ensure that any actress he fancied would not be hired, but it all came to naught, resulting in the expected melodrama, with an older actor complaining, "They're all crying backstage all the time."

It's an anecdote that could come right from his own plays -- possibly one of the "Norman Conquests" trilogy (in which Courtenay starred in London as the libidinous Norman).

For all his fluent talk and easy laughter, Ayckbourn lives up to his reputation for being shy. He looks off into the middle distance as he reminisces, checking back occasionally with a shrewd glance from beneath eyebrows which seem the bushier because of his sparse hair. But if he does not easily make eye contact with strangers, you hardly notice it amid his matter-of-fact garrulity, void of self-importance.

Ayckbourn has done theater in Pittsburgh before. In 1956, then 17 and in his final year of a private boarding school, he came here with a school tour of "Macbeth," playing that good man, Macduff. "We played in some sort of Gothic church," he recalls.

This time, he's in a more modern palace, the year-old O'Reilly Theater. He has his own office for the duration -- the office reserved for the Cultural Trust, whose building it is. Does this mean special privileges are afforded to playwrights? Or just to theatrical knights?

He has even reoriented the O'Reilly stage. Though his plays begin in-the-round at Scarborough, they're transposed to proscenium (picture-frame) stages elsewhere. In 1996, "By Jeeves" played on such stages at Connecticut's Goodspeed, Los Angeles' Geffen and Kennedy Center's small Terrace Theater. Pittsburgh is using those same costumes and the Kennedy Center set -- but it could do that only by converting the O'Reilly's thrust stage into proscenium. Of the three main stage configurations, Ayckbourn likes thrust the least.

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When Ayckbourn finished school at 17, he had no thought of university. "I wanted to go right into theater. My housemaster was almost hysterical." The teacher who'd gotten him hooked on theater gave him two professional contacts. The first was the grand old actor-manager, Donald Wolfit, who wrote back (Ayckbourn has the letter): "I will take the boy for 3 a week" for three weeks as assistant stage manager and bit actor at the Edinburgh Festival. The second got him a six-month, unpaid student gig with a provincial repertory company. He was on his way.

Fate brought him to Stephen Joseph, charismatic son of Hermione Gingold, who had discovered theater-in-the-round on a trip to America and became its most avid British proselytizer. Joseph led a company that toured until it found a permanent home in Scarborough, 200 miles north of London on the North Sea coast. When Ayckbourn joined, they were doing an eight- to 10-week summer season in a meeting room in the town library.

"It was an extraordinary training ground," he says. The theater was his university. He did plays by the dozens of all kinds, he acted, he did lights, sets, props, sound (still a favorite) and directed. And from the first, Joseph encouraged company members to write plays that would make vacationers laugh: "This seemed to me as worthwhile a reason for writing a play as any," Ayckbourn says. He had had four plays staged by the time he was 22.

At Scarborough he met his first wife, Christine Roland, with whom he had two sons, Steven, 40, and Philip, 39. Steven has made him twice a grandfather.

At first, employment at Scarborough was just seasonal and there was lots of touring, but they gradually added a Christmas season, then spring, then fall. From 1965 to ' 70, Ayckbourn took a job as drama producer for BBC Radio in Leeds, racing back and forth to Scarborough whenever possible. Then in 1970, his mentor Joseph having died, he became head of production in Scarborough, and except for a two-year stint as a director at the National Theatre from 1986 to 88, he's been there ever since.

In that time, he's seen the company through two moves. The performing space has remained in-the-round. To open the new theater in 1996, he and Lloyd Webber rewrote "By Jeeves," and to use the company's second (proscenium) theater in 1999, he wrote the intricately dovetailed "House" and "Garden" -two plays in separate theaters at the same time using the same cast, each actor exiting from one stage just in time to enter the other.

It's key to Ayckbourn's career that he's not been based in London with its attendant spotlights and pressure. In Scarborough, he had permission to fail, if not too often. "Yorkshire people are very laid-back about me and my success." And in the Scarborough theater, "everyone's within feet of each other. Nearly every day I walk through every part of the theater -- workshop, wardrobe. I love being part of the fabric of the building. Last summer, doing 'House' and 'Garden' at the National Theatre, I stepped into the prop shop and heard, 'Omigod, a director!' " He was about to retreat when he was welcomed: "No, come on, we never see anybody."

"I have no formal training," he says, "but I know a little about everything."

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The new theatrical age began in 1956, when John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" blew the dust off a theater of complacent nostalgia, historians say. Osborne led the way for a group of irreverent, innovative, often ***working-class*** (in sympathy, at least) new playwrights like Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, John Arden and Shelagh Delaney. English playwriting was revived, to be strengthened later by David Hare, Tom Stoppard, Peter Shaffer and Peter Nichols.

Although younger than Osborne, Ayckbourn's precocious start puts him in the same generation. But he didn't share that group's themes or politics, and it was a long time before he got serious critical recognition, mostly because he wrote comedies -- farces, even -- and so was condescended to as a commercial craftsman, not an artist.

It was many years before he would be recognized as "a dazzling comic writer who uses language with the precision, freshness and economy of Wodehouse or Pinter" -- a link, really, between what the angry young men disowned and what they pioneered, with his own adventuresome theatrical invention stirred in.

Given his full-time career running a theater (though he gave up acting in the 1960s), it's essential to his astonishing output that he writes fast. Initially it was at night, after performances. With a rehearsal every day at 10 a.m., he had to write quickly, because "if I did it for more than a week, I'd die."

Eventually he learned to set aside a few weeks to write. "I tend to carry a show in my head about nine months, getting ideas during boring technical rehearsals. Then I set aside three to four weeks, go incommunicado. … Sometimes the idea isn't as good as I think. But occasionally there's another idea sitting behind it: This is the one! Once I get there, it's fast, and I'll write it in less than a week."

"Heather [then Stoney, now Ayckbourn], my long-suffering partner, used to type the script. … I'd read it to her from my notes, some of it illegible even to me, improvising as we went. I did the whole 'Norman Conquests' trilogy that way. But one day I saw an early word processor." Suddenly he was using it himself, and Heather never did the typing again.

"I'll bang through a scene, full of mistakes. When I've shot my creative bit, I go back -- I love it to be tidy. I have backup disks which I hide and find years later in a book, labeled 'Henceforward' Backup 1."

The script written, he hands it to Alan Ayckbourn, director -- because he always directs his premieres, as well as transfers to London.

"As a director, I find it hard to sit through my work when directed by others. I have a much firmer sense of how my plays should be done." Mostly, he knows that "the comedy springs from the people, not from the lines." He has to remind actors, "Play it as if it were Arthur Miller. Trust the engine." He says good comic actors can always play tragedy but not always the other way around.

Over the years, Ayckbourn also has shown a sustained interest in children's theater. In the preface to a collection of five children's plays (Faber, 1998), he traces their gradual deepening: "I believe that now only a hairsbreadth separates my adult from my children's work."

Right into the '90s, when he wasn't staging one of his plays in London, Ayckbourn was directing a half-dozen or more plays a year at Scarborough. But in 1999, as he turned 60, "I said I wouldn't slow down, but I'd concentrate on what's exclusive to me, writing and directing my own stuff," leaving other plays to other directors. He's formed a tiny company within the main Scarborough company to do his plays, and to launch that this July, "I've written them two full-length plays that use the same size cast and same set."

That ingenious frugality is a symptom of economic hard times in British regional theater, but it's also a prime example of Ayckbourn's using external constraints to spur his creativity. He manages to set himself (and solve) problems that would baffle anyone else. In the "Norman Conquests" trilogy, he limited himself to the same six characters and two entrances, since that's what he had to work with, even accommodating one actor's late arrival for rehearsals by keeping him out of the first few scenes.

One constraint is theater-in-the-round, unparalleled for immediacy but limited as to sets. So in "Taking Steps," he wrote a farce without doors, coming up with the simple invention of setting all three floors of a house in the same space, on one level. As soon as the early scenes demonstrate the convention, the audience is happy to join his comic three-dimensional game, understanding easily that three people within inches of each other are "really" on three different floors.

A more famous Ayckbourn invention is in "How the Other Half Loves," in which one room serves simultaneously for two houses of different social status. At the climax, one couple is shown dining simultaneously in both houses on different days. Or "Communicating Doors," in which a hotel room stays constant through three different decades.

His structural interventions are legendary, but so are his plays in which variant scripts branch out from moments of indecision, turning one play into many. As Ayckbourn sums up, "The device has the effect of stimulating actors, irritating stage managers, and infuriating box-office staff," who have to explain it to ticket buyers and try to accommodate those who want to see the other variants.

He's had a recurring fascination with science fiction and musicals, but primarily Ayckbourn is master of the domestic sphere, the indoors landscape -a comic pessimist of modern marriage. He seems to have set a play in every possible room in the house, including the garage. On stage, he can make time stand still and double back on itself, make space overlap and intertwine. Can such a man not remake history and turn his and Lloyd Webber's notorious flop into a success?

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The next month is an important time in Ayckbourn's less than boffo relationship with America. "By Jeeves" here will draw a lot of theatrical interest, as much for him as Lloyd Webber. And at the same time (Jan. 26-March 4), "House" and "Garden" have their American premiere at the dual auditoriums of Chicago's Goodman Theater.

The two plays were one of Ayckbourn's biggest London hits, playing eight sold-out weeks in the two big theaters at the National last summer. That meant 2,000 playgoers at a time, and Ayckbourn admits to "a real vanity moment, looking back up from the Thames, the terraces filled with happy audiences, thinking, 'They're all mine!' " Probably only Shakespeare could make the same claim, and he isn't here to enjoy it.

Among Ayckbourn's spatial innovations, the interlocking pair is a new high. "Usually someone says, 'Oh, that was done in 1926,' but not this time. It's a very stupid thing to do, really, but I did it specifically for Scarborough, to let people know there is a second theater."

If you want to see both, you have to come twice, but the actors do both every night. "Timing becomes terribly important -- the stage managers have to be in constant contact," to keep the two plays in sync. Even better, one cast produces two sets of box-office receipts! Given enough time, Ayckbourn may solve the theater's financial problems through ingenious playcrafting alone.

"By Jeeves" is practically earth-bound by Ayckbourn's standards, although he promises to use the O'Reilly creatively. "It's a 'Let's do the show right here' show. It should spring spontaneously out of the space."

His being here is a boon, because he's never directed a show so often. Not counting the first "Jeeves" or the initial workshop of this one, this is his sixth go. The attraction is doing it in a different space, with a cast half new since the three 1996 American productions. The leads are Martin Jarvis (Jeeves), a distinguished English actor who has worked with Ayckbourn before ("I thought it wise the most English character should be English"), and John Scherer (Bertie), a CMU grad who did the same role in 1996.

This version is "about 90 percent different" from the 1975 fiasco. Ayckbourn wrote his own story in a Wodehousean style. But "I had to remind Andrew that a lot of the original songs had already been reused. I couldn't see moving 'Another Suitcase, Another Hall' from 'Evita' back to 'Jeeves.' "

Their impromptu workshop was rapturously received, as workshops can be, but it was also a hit in Scarborough and then a popular success in London, although critics couldn't get over the earlier fiasco and kept measuring it against Lloyd Webber's epics.

In the United States, it did well at Goodspeed's small theater, and Ayckbourn had fun restaging it in Los Angeles and Washington, where it was "a big summer success. So Andrew rang up and said, 'It's really wonderful. Let's take it to New York.' " But Ayckbourn noted that the actors had other jobs scheduled and he wasn't free to direct for a year.

Three years later, Ted Pappas had lunch with Scherer and Goodspeed head Michael Price, and this revival was born. Price hopes that New York lies ahead, but Ayckbourn says, "Really Useful and Goodspeed have their interests, but I just direct it and then I go back [to England]. I have no idea." Pappas says, "If we find a suitable theater, there's more than enough interest to bring it to Broadway -- but it's very tight right now in New York."

If it does get to Broadway, it will be Ayckbourn's first there since 1979. A half-dozen have played off-Broadway with success, but even the brilliant 1988 "Woman in Mind" starring Stockard Channing couldn't make the move.

Why? There have been production blunders, such as what sank the original "Jeeves." And as Heather says, "Alan has no sentimentality in his plays, and Broadway doesn't half like a bit of that." But primarily it's because comedy depends so much on precise cultural nuance.

There's hope, though, in the comparisons of Ayckbourn to Chekhov, that since the great Russian's tragicomedies transcend cultural specifics. Ayckbourn's mature work -- light entertainments like "By Jeeves" notwithstanding -- shades comedy with tragic shadow. "Comedy and tragedy -there's an infinitesimal difference," says his wife. "The deeper you go into a character, the sadder the play must inevitably become," says the playwright.

Thankfully, he never did use the banana.

**Load-Date:** January 28, 2001

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[***Eleven major-party candidates running for governor?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4V-89T0-009B-P4J0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***What's a politically-concerned citizen to do? Staff writer Dane Smith provides a guide to the men and women who would be Minnesota's next chief executive.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4V-89T0-009B-P4J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

REPUBLICAN PARTY

Joanne Benson

A former teacher and former state senator, Lt. Gov. Joanne Benson, 55, is mounting the most serious bid ever by a woman for the governor's office and is considered by her opponents to be the front-runner for the Republican endorsement.

Like the vice president, the lieutenant governor is second-in-command and a heartbeat away from the top government job. But that's not nearly as advantageous in Minnesota as it is in national politics, because the lieutenant governor's job is lower profile, and it's rare for the lieutenant governor to immediately succeed the governor.

Benson, of St. Cloud, is pushing permanent income and sales tax cuts, expansion of tax credits for private-school expenses and restitution programs in the court system.

Contrasting herself somewhat with the more abrasive Carlson, Benson casts herself as a consensus-building, compassionate conservative. She likes to talk about the "family of Minnesotans," "community" and "partnerships."

- Pluses: Experienced and knowledgeable about state government. Essentially in harmony with both fiscal and social conservatives in the GOP. Hard worker with long record of service to candidates and various worthy causes.

- Minuses: Ties to moderate Carlson still make her suspect among many conservatives. Questions about stature and toughness persist. Her association with the governor isn't paying off for her; he's not helping her a bit, and actually seems to favor Norm Coleman.

Dick Borrell

There always seems to be at least one unknown, inexperienced walk-on who seeks the party endorsement. And Dick Borrell, a 46-year-old businessman and party activist from Waverly, fills that role in 1998.

In fact, he lists his utter lack of experience in elective office as his primary qualification. "I'm the people's candidate vs. insiders, big-shots and career politicians," he said.

He has proposed cutting total spending by state government, in actual and not inflation-adjusted dollars, by 2 percent a year every year he's in office. That would be about $ 1 billion all told, and Borrell says he can do it with no effect on services.

"I wouldn't be starving one baby or making one elderly person eat dog food," he said.

Asked to describe how he's enlarging his base of support, Borrell said he has a new backer who was a World War II veteran and survivor of the Bataan Death March. Borrell said that will help him with veterans' groups.

- Pluses: A true outsider, any way you slice it.

- Minuses: No discernible political base.

Norm Coleman

St. Paul Mayor Norm Coleman, 48, hog-tied by having to win reelection as mayor, finally jumped into the race two weeks ago and is running hard to catch up in the critical task of rounding up activist support for the state convention.

Coleman, elected as a DFLer in 1993 and as a Republican convert in 1997, is a polished, smooth politician. His opponents suggest that he's opportunistic and overly ambitious.

He touts his unique "vision" for state government, but his policy proposals are not significantly different from those of current and past Republicans: lower taxes, tougher criminal sanctions, building a "world-class" education system featuring parental choice (more aid to private-school parents), and serving as a super-salesman for economic development in Minnesota.

He's running in part on his record of bringing new jobs to downtown St. Paul, including the return of a National Hockey League franchise to Minnesota.

- Pluses: The big boys - contributors and many of the party's most influential leaders - anointed him long ago. Money should be no problem. Base of support in the urban core is a unique advantage for a conservative Republican. Fares well in early opinion polls among the general public.

- Minuses: Ideological party activists seem to enjoy rejecting establishment anointees and poll-leaders. Country folk may be unimpressed with his starched white shirts, French cuffs and East Coast accent. Will be strongly challenged on the purity of his conservatism and sincerity of his conversion.

Allen Quist

Allen Quist, 53, a prosperous farmer near St. Peter, former legislator and champion of many social conservatives in the party, is back. Quist was the 1994 party endorsee, stunning moderate Gov. Arne Carlson by nailing down the endorsement on the first ballot.

But Carlson, on his way to reelection, buried Quist in the primary, portraying him as an extremist conservative on the issues of abortion rights, gay rights, separation of church and state, the role of women in society and the size and role of state government.

Quist, a low-key, professorial type who prefers charts and graphs over incendiary rhetoric, claims that he was "demonized." For instance, his call four years ago for $ 1 billion in tax cuts, derided as a wild attack on state government, essentially has come to pass.

Nevertheless, Quist's following has eroded. He trailed Benson in a straw poll of party activists in September.

The Quist campaign has been focused almost entirely on the controversial new state high-school graduation requirement called "Profiles of Learning."

Quist insists that many parents and teachers are beginning to agree that the set of new projects and portfolios is a dangerous, time-wasting "dumbing down" of high school curriculum.

- Pluses: Solid support from perhaps a fifth to a fourth of the likely delegates to the endorsing convention. Wife and campaign manager, Julie, is a superb organizer. Strong in rural areas.

- Minuses: The "can't win" albatross dangles from his neck. Growth prospects for his base are limited. Disdain for "country club Republicans" doesn't help with fund-raising.

REFORM PARTY

Jesse Ventura

Radio guy Jesse Ventura, 46, is seeking the nomination of the Reform Party, the independent third party that was inspired by presidential candidate Ross Perot. In the last two elections the Reform Party qualified as a major party in Minnesota.

Ventura, a morning regular on KFAN radio, may be a former pro wrestler and Navy Seal, but he can talk public policy with the rest of them. And he has government experience, having served as mayor of Brooklyn Park, one of the Twin Cities' largest suburbs.

He is charting a centrist position. Like DFLers, he has proposed spending more on mass transit in the Twin Cities and he opposes school vouchers. But he also has said he would return much or all of the state's budget surplus in tax cuts and he can be a harsh critic of liberals and government.

- Pluses: Widely known among Minnesotans. Has no opposition yet in Reform Party; road to general election ballot is clear. Status as major party candidate may land him in most candidate forums, increasing visibility.

- Minuses: No third-party candidate has won a race for governor or U.S. senator in more than 50 years. Anger that fueled Perot candidacy and Reform Party establishment seems to have abated.

DEMOCRATIC - FARMER - LABOR PARTY

Mark Dayton

Few DFLers over the past two decades have played as many roles in politics and government as Mark Dayton, the wealthy heir of the department store founders.

Dayton, 51, was the party's nominee for the U.S. Senate in 1982, served under Gov. Rudy Perpich as commissioner of trade and economic development and was elected state auditor in 1990, serving four years. All the while, he's been among the top contributors to the party and its candidates.

But Dayton had a falling out with party activists last fall, complaining that they were demanding "purity" on various issues. He is not seeking the party's endorsement and instead hopes to win the primary in September.

Dayton, of Minneapolis, has emerged as the creative idea man in the DFL field, coming up with boldly specific and often controversial proposals.

For instance, he called for renovating the state tax system, applying the sales tax to untaxed goods and services in order to reduce property taxes. He floated the idea of a state-owned casino at the Mall of America to help pay for a new baseball stadium. And he proposed a legislative "unsession," in which legislators would spend months removing unnecessary laws and regulations from the books.

- Pluses: Personal wealth allows him to run a competitive campaign; his message will get out. Perceptive, articulate, well-informed about state and local government finance and economic issues.

- Minuses: Decision to abandon party endorsement cuts him off from an important base of support. Some say he is quirky and unpredictable; he already has been through two staff upheavals.

Mike Freeman

One of three gubernatorial candidates who are sons of nationally prominent DFL politicians, Hennepin County Attorney Mike Freeman, 49, is the chief prosecutor in the state's largest and most urban county.

The former state senator from Richfield is the son of former Gov. Orville Freeman, who also was secretary of agriculture in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations.

Freeman's agenda is focused on education. He wants smaller public school classes, full-day kindergarten and one free year of college tuition for anybody who qualifies. The cost would be about $ 200 million a year, but he says the state's budget surplus can cover it and provide property tax reductions.

Freeman's strategic distinction is that he is the only candidate promising to drop out of the race if he doesn't get the party's endorsement. He's been courting activists for four full years, since he lost an endorsement contest in 1994.

- Pluses: Should have the inside track to endorsement, which brings money and organizational support in the primary. Has more labor support than any other DFLer. Prosecutor job helps neutralize the liberal label.

- Minuses: As a party purist, he'll be accused of pandering and being owned by interest groups. Claims to have put away more bad guys than any other elected official, but a lot of crime got committed in "Murderapolis" under his watch. Scoring in single digits in early polls; still unknown outside metro area.

Hubert Humphrey III

To political types outside of Minnesota, Attorney General Hubert Humphrey III would seem to be the obvious nominee.

He's got a hallowed name and he's paid his dues - he's been the state's chief lawyer for 14 years and was a state senator before that.

With the help of 300 lawyers and staff members in his office, Humphrey, 55, has made a name fighting every imaginable threat to citizens: crime, family violence, teen pregnancy, drugs, telephone scams, mail fraud, pollution and deadbeat dads. Polls show he's easily the best-known candidate in the field.

And at just the right time, he's waging the most aggressive and highly publicized lawsuit in the nation against tobacco companies.

But Humphrey, of New Hope, was soundly defeated in the 1988 U.S. Senate race by Republican Dave Durenberger. Some observers said he lost because his campaign skills on the trail didn't measure up to his credentials on paper. His supporters say he's found his own voice and will be a much better candidate this time around.

- Pluses: Of the DFL fathers, his was the big kahuna. Of the sons, he's arguably done the most on his own. A successful tobacco verdict, bringing the state's taxpayers several billion dollars, would be an enormous inducement for voters. He's ahead in the polls and said to be making gains among the activists who will confer the party endorsement.

- Minuses: After tobacco, then what? Not a great media presence. Opponents say he waffles on tough questions. Republicans say Humphrey will give way too much of the tobacco money to trial lawyer friends.

Doug Johnson

A veteran legislator, Doug Johnson, 55, is still technically an exploratory candidate.

The state senator from Tower, about 80 miles north of Duluth, said he's "virtually certain" he'll formally announce after the legislative session.

Johnson, a high-school counselor, is the only abortion opponent and the only nonmetropolitan candidate in the DFL field.

He's also a champion of northern Minnesotans who oppose restrictions on guns and motors and who often are at odds with environmentalists and government regulations on public and private lands.

But he considers himself a populist progressive in economics, and the little senator with the mischievous smile is one of the first to wage warfare on the Senate floor on behalf of ***working-class*** families.

- Pluses: Antiroyalty theme - "my father was a truck driver" - may resonate with voters tired of "sons of." Canny political strategist. Built-in base of support on Iron Range and in Duluth, key DFL strongholds.

- Minuses: Roly-poly rumpledness not exactly a gubernatorial look. Minnesota is one of highest-taxed states, and he's been Tax Committee chairman for 20 years. Persona non grata for social liberals and enviros. Support outside Eighth District may be minimal.

John Marty

Sen. John Marty, 41, of Roseville, already has quite a legacy: one of the nation's toughest campaign-finance laws and one of its most stringent gift bans for elected officials.

That hasn't made him too popular with colleagues, lobbyists and the rest of the political establishment. But he retains a following among some liberal and progressive activists.

He won a surprising DFL endorsement for governor in 1994, in a multiballot squeaker over Freeman, but he was buried by Republican Gov. Arne Carlson in a loss of historic margins.

Candidates who get beat that badly seldom get a second look, but Marty is trying.

This time around, he's not proposing higher taxes, not even on the rich, nor is he calling for a large expansion of social programs. He is calling for "better fiscal management," including a unicameral Legislature (one house instead of two) and an end to many corporate subsidies.

- Pluses: As the lonely battler for ethics reforms, a Mr. Clean image still applies. He led popular fights against stadium subsidies and for lower drug prices.

- Minuses: Poor campaign in 1994 looms big. Early polls show he isn't widely remembered, despite being the DFL nominee four years ago. Also, among those who recognize his name, as many have an unfavorable impression as have a favorable impression.

Ted Mondale

With six years in the state Senate his only experience, Ted Mondale, 40, nevertheless claims feathers in his cap: As a legislator, he helped end the search for a new multibillion-dollar Twin Cities airport, pushed through incentives for affluent suburbs to build lower-cost housing and crossed over to support business owners in their successful effort to reduce workers' compensation costs.

Mondale, a lawyer from St. Louis Park who left the Senate in 1996, raised more money than any other candidate in 1997, much of it from out-of-state sources.

As a political aide on three presidential campaigns, he has advanced training in the art and science of politics and has many friends around the country, in addition to the many fans of his father, Walter F.

Like other DFLers, Mondale is concentrating on education improvements - higher standards, free college tuition for B-average-and-above high-schoolers. But he's also proposing larger, permanent tax cuts than the others.

- Pluses: Among the "sons," has the largest and freshest network of national Democratic support. Sings a centrist Democratic tune in harmony with the times, but that may not help in the primary. Politically street-smart and media-savvy. First candidate with TV ads on the air.

- Minuses: Youngest of the sons, seen by some as the most presumptuous. Labor leaders see him as public enemy No. 1.

**Graphic**

Photograph

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**End of Document**



[***Hollywood shifts into its Oscar-worthy mode / September: The 'Hillbillies' and an evil Culkin***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TSS0-0021-S3DC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

- The Age of Innocence: Director Martin Scorsese, known for his films about the gritty side of life, shifts gears tackling this feature based on Edith Wharton's drawing-room tragedy set in 1870s New York. Daniel Day-Lewis stars as a society bachelor torn between Michelle Pfeiffer and Winona Ryder. It was slated for release a year ago; early buzz is it was worth the wait.

- The Beverly Hillbillies: Director Penelope Spheeris (Wayne's World) wanted the movie to remain true to its TV-series roots but also to be more spectacular, she says. That balancing act made every decision painstaking. "I lost sleep two weeks deciding whether or not Elly May should wear a hemp belt" (she does). One change that was a must: Old Jed's now a billionaire. "Millionaires are more common today. He had to be more special," she says. Cameos include Buddy Ebsen (TV's Jed), Dolly Parton and Zsa Zsa Gabor, who's seen in the Beverly Hills Jail.

- Bopha!: Morgan Freeman makes his directorial debut with this fact-based drama about a black South African policeman (Danny Glover) torn between his job and his son's anti-apartheid activism. It was an emotional shoot. During a climacic scene, says Alfre Woodard: "Danny was holding me so hard and . . . he just released all these tears. Morgan came and put his arms around us. And we all cried."

- Dazed and Confused: Buzz is good on this film about '70s high-schoolers with a largely unknown cast. The soundtrack is a virtual anthology of '70s hits.

- The Good Son: This Bad Seed-like thriller stars Macaulay Culkin as an evil tyke. "He plays the part in a very chilling way," says director Joseph Rubin. In the climax, Mac and co-star Elijah Wood dangle over a 150-foot cliff. "They did it themselves," Rubin says. "There are no tricks."

- The Joy Luck Club: The studio restroom was packed with sobbing women after industry screenings of this heart-tugger based on Amy Tan's novel about four women and their Chinese immigrant mothers. Though the book was a best seller, getting Hollywood to back a movie version was a battle because "it's about Asian Americans, who aren't proven at the box office," says director Wayne Wang. "But this film is going to show that there are at least 30 Asians who are great actresses."

- Striking Distance: Finished months ago and originally slated for summer release, this action thriller recently got a new ending. The plot: Bruce Willis' renegade cop trails a serial killer he thinks killed his dad. Sarah Jessica Parker is the partner he clashes with.

- True Romance: Christian Slater is a store clerk who, in defending the honor of his hooker girlfriend (Patricia Arquette), grabs a suitcase of contraband from a mob boss. The movie is "very violent," says Slater. "I could take (watching) it, because I was there and I know it was fake." He also could take filming the movie's roller coaster scene, but can't say the same for his co-stars. "Somebody threw up and turned green." But he won't name names.

October: Sly in the future; Costner as a con

- A Bronx Tale: This 1960s-set drama about an Italian-American boy torn between his tough, ***working-class*** father and a charismatic crime boss marks Robert De Niro's directing debut. The semi-autobiographical script is based on writer/actor Chazz Palminteri's one-man, off-Broadway stage show.

- A Dangerous Woman: Debra Winger, in need of a comeback hit, stars as a small-town outcast. She works at a dry cleaners and lives with her aunt (Barbara Hershey) on a rambling estate. Both their lives change when a drifter (Gabriel Byrne) seduces them.

- Demolition Man: Sylvester Stallone stars as a cop who, nearly 40 years earlier, was wrongly convicted of a crime and sentenced to a prison where inmates were frozen. Wesley Snipes plays a psychotic inmate who escapes. Sly is thawed out to catch him. "It is not a buddy movie. It's an anti-buddy movie," says producer Joel Silver. As for the movie's look, "we've created a world that you've never seen before. It's the first time the future is shown as a nice place. No one smokes and no one drinks. Hmmm, maybe it's not so nice."

- Nightmare Before Christmas: Based on sketches Batman director Tim Burton drew years ago as a lowly animator at Disney, it's shot in stop-motion animation, which uses puppets. The process, which Disney hopes this film will invigorate, is tedious. "We averaged a minute a week of finished footage," says director Henry Selick. The story centers on a puppet named Jack Skellington, who grows bored of preparing Halloween in Halloweentown and leads his ghoulish pals in a takeover of preparing Christmas.

- A Perfect World: Clint Eastwood directs Kevin Costner in a drama about two escaped convicts who take a boy hostage. One of them (Costner) begins to truly care for the youngster. Costner persuaded Eastwood to take a part, too (he plays the sheriff). "He didn't want to wear two hats again after Unforgiven," says producer David Valdes, adding, "The two have very different styles. Clint is spontaneous. He doesn't have rehearsal. Kevin has worked with directors like Larry Kasdan who rehearse for three weeks. Kevin almost approaches things as if he was from the theater. Spent a lot more time on character preparation."

- Short Cuts: Writer/director Robert Altman has assembled an eclectic 22-character cast, including Jack Lemmon, Lyle Lovett, Tim Robbins and Lily Tomlin, for this three-hour-plus feature that weaves elements from nine Raymond Carver stories. "We just threw them all in the pot and stirred them up," says Altman, who has moved the locale from Carver's Pacific Northwest to suburban southern California. The director discovered Carver's work on a 1990 flight from Italy to Los Angeles. "By the time I landed," he says, "they (the stories) were all homogenized in my head and I knew I wanted to make them into a movie."

November: 'Cowgirls' and a gritty Pacino

- Carlito's Way: Al Pacino stars as a legendary crime leader who, after five years behind bars, wants to escape his past and start over with the woman he loves. But the drug underworld won't let him. Reteams Pacino with his Scarface director, Brian DePalma. Co-stars Sean Penn as Carlito's sleazy lawyer and Penelope Ann Miller as the woman he loves. One of the biggest surprises is usually scruffy Penn, according to Miller. "You won't recognize him. He looks like Alan Dershowitz."

- Even Cowgirls Get the Blues: Writer/director Gus Van Sant adapts the best-selling novel about the travels of a beautiful hitchhiker with oversized thumbs (Uma Thurman). Roseanne Arnold has a cameo.

- Flesh and Bone: Dennis Quaid and Meg Ryan didn't set out to make another movie together after 1988's D.O.A., but when Quaid received the script for this gritty drama, which he describes as "a love story with a deep dark secret," Meg wanted in. Set in western Texas, it's the first joint project since the couple married and they made a pact not to discuss it off the set. "She'd be on one side of the bed working on the script and I'd be on the other working on it, but we never rehearsed our lines together," Quaid says.

- The Piano: The arthouse crowd and fans of gothic romances are eager for the first stateside view of this Cannes Film Festival winner about a mute mail-order bride in New Zealand (Holly Hunter, named best actress at Cannes) and the man who brings out her passion (Harvey Keitel).

- The Three Musketeers: Brat-pack version of the classic swashbuckler stars Charlie Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland, Chris O'Donnell and Oliver Platt. By rushing it out, Disney forced rival TriStar to abandon its Musketeers remake. The guys studied fencing for two months. "We all had our own styles," Sheen says. "Kiefer's was sinister and evil. I had an elegant style."

- The Remains of the Day: A repressed British butler (Anthony Hopkins) realizes that years of misplaced loyalty to his master have cost him a shot at romance with the housekeeper (Emma Thompson) he used to work with. Director James Ivory was pursued by A-list actresses including Anjelica Huston and Glenn Close. But Ivory (Howards End) was adamant that a Brit win the role. "There's a whole class thing that's in their (British actresses') bones and there's no way an American actress can find that, no matter how good she is."

- We're Back: Animated adventure based on popular kids' book about giant, intelligent dinosaurs. Voices include Walter Cronkite, Jay Leno, John Malkovich and John Goodman.

Holidays: Pulling out big guns

- Angie, I Says: Geena Davis is an unwed Italian-American mother who gets tired of criticism and advice from friends and family in her Brooklyn neighborhood. So she sets out to discover herself via a spirited, often-humorous journey. Davis got a New York accent "down pat," for the role, says director Martha Coolidge.

- Geronimo: The first in a new brigade of Westerns depicts the U.S. Army campaign that fueled the legendary Apache's surrender. Stars Jason Patric, Robert Duvall, Gene Hackman and Last of the Mohicans' Wes Studi as Geronimo. Studi has been riding since childhood, so action scenes were a cinch. The challenge, he says: "I had this hairpiece for a more Geronimo look and every time we were ready for a close-up the wind would kick up."

- Heaven and Earth: This Oliver Stone epic is adapted from Le Ly Haslip's autobiographies, following her from the rice fields of Ky La before the Vietnam War to her struggle settling in the USA after it. "It's a cool story about a true heroine," says Stone, who admits the subject matter may be a tough sell. "It may very well be alien to American eyes, but it shouldn't be."

- I'll Do Anything: Big-budget musical from writer/ director James L. Brooks (Broadcast News) stars Nick Nolte as an actor forced to care for the 6-year-old daughter he hasn't seen in years. Just how musical it winds up is still anybody's guess. Prince, Sinead O'Connor and Carole King penned songs and Brooks is researching how many tunes work best with test audiences. "It's a matter of shaking it out. It's not a traditional musical," he says.

- In the Name of the Father: Daniel Day-Lewis stars in this true story about a Belfast youth jailed 15 years for a terrorist act he didn't commit. Director Jim Sheridan (My Left Foot) says he wanted to make a movie that depicted the Irish as more than "bombers and terrorists."

- Intersection: Remake of French film Les Choses de la Vie about an architect (Richard Gere) torn between his wife (Sharon Stone) and lover (Lolita Davidovich). "The conflict here is that we're both nice women," Davidovich says.

- Mrs. Doubtfire: Robin Williams stars as a voiceover artist going through a divorce. His wife gets temporary custody of the kids - until he disguises himself and is hired as their nanny. Maintaining female body language was the toughest challenge, says Williams. "You have to keep your legs crossed no matter how uncomfortable it is." Beneath the laughs, he adds, is a serious lesson about divorce: "Parents shouldn't treat their children like little hostages, carrying messages back and forth."

- My Life: Michael Keaton's a public relations exec who learns he has cancer and begins making a videotape of his life for his unborn child. Nicole Kidman plays his wife. Ghost writer Bruce Joel Rubin says he came up with the film's premise years ago when he woke up in the night with a stomach ache and thought: " 'What if this is terminal? If so, what would I leave my family? Two seconds later I said, 'This is a great idea for a movie!' "

- The Pelican Brief: Julia Roberts returns to the screen in John Grisham's second best seller to become a movie (following The Firm). "The time she's been off has matured her as an actress. There's a complexity and depth to her in this movie that is wonderful," says producer Pieter Jan Brugge. Roberts plays a law student who stumbles on a plot to kill Supreme Court justices. Co-stars Denzel Washington.

- Philadelphia: Hollywood's first big studio feature about AIDS. Directed by Jonathan Demme (The Silence of the Lambs), it stars Tom Hanks as a gay lawyer who's fired when it's discovered he has AIDS. He hires a homophobic hotshot attorney (Denzel Washington) to win his job back. Making the film was "emotional," says Mary Steenburgen, who co-stars as Washington's courtroom adversary. "People in the film, in the hospital scenes and observing in the court room have AIDS. We all talked about it (AIDS) a lot."

- Schindler's List: "This is the movie my parents always wanted me to make," says director Steven Spielberg of the true story of a war profiteer and sometime Nazi (Liam Neeson) who saved the lives of more than 1,000 Jews in Poland. "We had 17 members of our family - cousins and aunts - in the Holocaust," Spielberg says.

- Six Degrees of Separation: Rapper Will Smith is a charming con artist in the screen adaptation of John Guare's play.

- Tombstone: First of two films about Wyatt Earp. This one stars Kurt Russell (the other Kevin Costner) and centers on the infamous gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

- Wrestling Ernest Hemingway: Two 75-year-old men, a shy barber (Robert Duvall) and boisterous ex-sea captain (Richard Harris), form a life-changing friendship. Also stars Shirley MacLaine.

Sequels: The Addamses and Wayne return

Summer was short on sequels but this fall and holiday season, marquees will be jammed with recycled titles. Among them:

- Addams Family Values (November). Gomez (Raul Julia) and Morticia (Anjelica Huston) have a new baby. New cast members include Carol Kane (Granny) and Joan Cusack (the nanny).

- Beethoven's 2nd (December). Beethoven has puppies for more slobbery family fun. Charles Grodin and Bonnie Hunt return.

- Look Who's Talking Now (November). Kirstie Alley and John Travolta return, joined by two chatty pooches.

- Sister Act 2 (December). Whoopi Goldberg and the singing nuns are back; this time as schoolteachers.

- Wayne's World 2 (December). Wayne (Mike Myers) and Garth (Dana Carvey) host a marathon rock concert called Wayne-stock.

**Notes**

FALL MOVIE PREVIEW; Fall '93 brings a harvest of thoughtful, Oscar-potential fare from quality directores, with a sprinkling of sequels, remakes and comedies. USA TODAY's Susan Spillman offers a sampling of movies on the way to a theater near you.

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, color, Phillip Caruso, Columbia Pictures; PHOTO, b/w, Bonnie Schiffman: PHOTO, b/w, Andrew Cooper; PHOTO, b/w, Frank Connor, Walt Disney Co.; PHOTO, b/w, Ken Regan, Camera 5; PHOTO, b/w, David James; PHOTO, b/w, Arthur Grace; PHOTO, b/w, Melinda Sue Gordon

**End of Document**



[***BLACK WOMEN SAY THEY'RE NOT WINNING DATING GAME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F820-0094-233F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** R. LAMONT JONES JR., POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Times have damn sure changed.

And I can't lie. Now I worry. I worry about if and when I'll ever find the right man, if I'll ever be able to exhale. The more I try not to think about it, the more I think about it. Never in a million years would I have ever believed that I would be 36 years old and still childless and single. But here I am.

-- Savannah Jackson in ''Waiting To Exhale''

Like the four principal characters in Terry McMillan's best-selling novel, single black women across the United States are holding their breath, hoping they will meet Mr. Right and that he will come in a chocolate package.

The difficult dating situation for single black women has simmered quietly in recent years. Women have mulled it over at lunch, in beauty salons, at the back fence. Now the brew has reached a boil, and the topic is hot most everywhere two or more single black women gather.

Black women have made unprecedented strides in the corporate world. Well- educated and ambitious, an increasing number of single black women have jobs that pay well, comfortable homes, nice cars. But for many, something is missing -- relationships with men.

A numerical and emotional schism apparently exists between single black men and women.

Statistics show the numerical part. Eligible women outnumber eligible men.

Conversations with men and women bear out the second part. Women say it's difficult to find men with a job, who are honest and believe in a higher power. The men say many women can't recognize good men because their vision is clouded by materialism.

Deborah Parker manages news and public affairs programming at WCXJ-AM radio, is a morning anchor for American Urban Radio Networks on WAMO-FM, and caters on the side. She owns a house in the East End and real estate in Altoona. The only thing lacking is a romantic relationship with a man.

Parker is 42, single and childless. She has been engaged but stopped just short of jumping the broom.

Parker was born in Pittsburgh and has lived in Tampa, Atlanta and Richmond, Va. She intends to marry one day -- a black man, she hopes -- because she knows ''God has someone picked out'' for her.

In most cities, single adult black women outnumber men. But Parker said she finds the pickings slimmer in Pittsburgh than in other cities where she has lived.

The U.S. Census Bureau reported the ratio of single black males to single black females age 15 and older -- excluding widowers and widows -- in Allegheny County in 1989 was 83 to 100. For black and white Pittsburghers combined, the ratio was 95 to 100.

The pool of eligible black men shrinks further when adjustments are made for men in committed relationships, in prison or unemployed.

A study by the Sentencing Project, a nonprofit group that promotes sentencing reforms, found that in 1990, one in every four black men aged 20-29 were in prison, on probation or parole or awaiting trial.

The state Department of Labor and Industry calculated that in Allegheny County, the unemployment rate for black men was 13.7 percent in 1991, the last year figures were available. The jobless rate for black women was 10.6 percent; for white men, 5.1 percent.

But women like Parker say numbers alone don't tell the story -- that it's difficult to find single black men with the ''extras'' she seeks: faith, love of God, a sense of humor.

''After being beaten down by society and conditions, some black men underestimate themselves,'' she said. ''They allow material to dictate their behavior, as opposed to allowing feelings to dictate their behavior. Therefore, they end up being someone you don't want to approach and someone you don't want approaching you.''

Some single black men said they understand the concerns.

''It's hard for me to find male friends here because they're not well- rounded,'' said Kevin M. Jordan, 29, a native of West Mifflin. ''If they have the career, they are their career. Then after that they lack spiritual, social and cultural identification.''

But others said many black women miss out because they make little effort or their attitude is wrong.

''Black women have the impression that there are no black males worth dating,'' said Donald S. Prophete, 25, of Shadyside, a lawyer.

''When you go to a social function in Pittsburgh, black women are uninterested in meeting black men, unlike in Atlanta and D.C. Black women have a standoffish attitude, which perpetuates the problem. Black men are always in a position of having to carry the burden, and you get to the point where you don't want to do that anymore.''

Dating dilemmas

Men and women offer several reasons why they aren't connecting.

Single black women say clubs, mixers and other social settings in Pittsburgh lack an atmosphere conducive to meeting.

''You have to look like a prostitute to go out and meet people,'' said Kimberly Parker, 27, of Wilkinsburg, who is not related to Deborah. ''If you don't wear a bunch of makeup and show flesh, guys don't give you the time of day.''

''It's kind of frustrating because the black males that are out there, some of them are quite disrespectful to black females,'' said Leslie Day, 24, of Friendship. ''You meet lots of guys who judge you based on your appearance. And they always talk about things they are not going to do for a woman, not that anyone has asked them for anything.

''They're just trying to fake you out,'' Day said. ''They want women to cater to their needs and be at their beck and call. So many times, black women do the giving, black men do the taking and then they leave. That just needs to stop.''

Day and others said they wanted the men they date to be honest, mature, responsible and kind. Some insist that the guy have a job and his own place to live.

''It's disappointing that sometimes black men don't seem to be as ambitious as black women,'' said Debbie Norrell of East Liberty, a client service manager for Mellon Bank and part-time model, actress and radio broadcaster. Norrell, who is 40, said a job, car and place of his own will get a man some conversation with her. For dating, he also must be adventurous, focused and ''extremely secure.''

Is she asking too much?

''Absolutely not,'' she said. ''It's so basic. I used to see myself as an equal opportunity employer. Not anymore. No more playing around. I'm too old for that.''

Single black women say some black men are intimidated by successful black women. Anthony Frenzley said he is, because most black women at the Downtown office building where is a security officer ignore him.

''Some of them don't like to speak to you,'' said Frenzley, 27, of East Liberty. ''Some of them don't even like to make casual conversation. A lot of them act snobbish because I'm blue-collar and ***working class***.''

He and other single black men said many eligible black women seemed superficial and materialistic.

''They want that brother in the suit who drives a certain kind of car and who has the certain look, the cosmopolitan 'Ebony Man' type,'' said Jordan, personnel and compensation administrator for Consolidated Natural Gas.

Kevin Trotter, a prevention and intervention specialist for Addison Terrace Learning Center in the Hill District, said women usually asked him about his job or salary first.

''It's clear they try to gauge your economic viability,'' said Trotter, 33, of Highland Park. ''Our women seem to be hung up on how much you make and what you can do for them.''

In prior generations, black professional men willingly married black women who were not working or had blue-collar jobs, said Trotter, who is getting married next month. But now that black women have achieved some professional success, ''they have a problem with black men not being on their level.''

Lack of ambition, not the size of a paycheck, turns off Chrystal Floyd, 24, an industrial management student at Carnegie Mellon University.

''They can be a trash man and that doesn't bother me if they get up and go to work every day,'' she said.

Some women spoke frankly about their resentment over eligible black men dating white women, which further drains the selection pool.

''Black men want to be catered to and these white women will do it,'' Kimberly Parker said.

For some black women, dating white men is out of the question.

''There's something about black men,'' Floyd said. ''The way they walk, the way they talk, the way they dress.''

''There's enough problems in relationships that you don't have to deal with racial problems,'' added Dawn Jackson, 22, of Penn Hills.

Others said that although they had never crossed the color line, they would not rule it out.

''I would not exclude someone from my life based upon color,'' said Michelle Gutzmer, 30, a lawyer who lives on the North Side. ''But like Jayne Kennedy said a few years ago, I do think that there is a quality that comes in a black relationship that is tied to the history of African-Americans in this country and the struggle they have had, and the pride that comes with successfully raising black children.''

Finding eligible men to date may also be a problem for some white women, but the situation ''is more acute in the African-American community,'' said Barbara Miles, editor-in-chief of ''Chocolate Singles,'' a national magazine targeted at single black men and women.

''The overall shortage is compounded among blacks because of the social and economic plight of black men,'' she said.

But the disproportion doesn't automatically translate into a bonanza for black men, Jordan said.

''The quantity is there but the quality is not,'' he said. ''As far as the women being diverse within themselves, you can find a woman with a career, but she doesn't know how to take care of a home. And you can find women that are domestic, but they don't have any ambition.''

Is outlook grim?

Some say the outlook is grim for relations between single black men and women.

''I don't see much progress because black men and black women are too much at each other's throats,'' Floyd said.

Julia Hare, a social and educational psychologist in San Francisco, agreed.

''These sisters are very, very angry with these brothers because of the shortage that has left them without fathers, without mates, without relationships. So they are taking their rage out on them rather than the system that created 94 or 95 percent of it. Rather than confronting this racist society, they confront the men. The men, who are reacting, confront them. So the black men and black women are at each other's throats in a deadlocked heat of rage.''

Hare and other experts on black male-female relations say the inability of single black men and women to connect is not unique to Pittsburgh.

Hare and her husband, clinical psychologist and sociologist Nathan Hare, operate The Black Think Tank, a research organization that publishes writings and conducts seminars on black issues. They said they saw the black male- female crisis coming in the late 1960s.

When black and white women became political allies in the feminist movement, black men were left out, she said. A census study conducted in 1989 and 1990 indicated that black men lagged behind black women, white women and white men in professional or managerial positions. The study of 110,000 people found that 19 percent of black women held professional or managerial jobs, compared to 13 percent of black men.

''The bottom line is, no matter how successful black women are, they still want a black man,'' Hare said.

Prophete said he didn't think the situation will improve soon.

''A lot of young black professionals have this attitude that 'I'm just here for a year, so I don't have to try to have a good attitude' or 'I don't have to try to meet someone and be pleasant,' '' he said.

Prayer and hope

Some have turned to prayer. Sisters in Christ, a group of mostly black single women, gathers on Saturday mornings at Sylvia Johnson's home in Stanton Heights. Discussion occasionally turns to dating.

''I think there's hope because I see the church working a lot towards men, the black men in particular, strengthening them and letting them know it's not bad to commit to one person,'' said Johnson, one of the group's founders.

Johnson, 32, a bank employee, said anger and resentment are no longer expressed when the subject surfaces in the group.

''We've come a long way,'' she said. ''We can lift each other up. There's always somebody who's been through what somebody else is going through.''

Trotter said black men and women had to ''put aside gender issues and look at each other as solutions instead of problems. We've got to bury the hatchet somewhere, and hopefully not in each other's chest or back.''

Jackson said she saw hope ''as long as we don't try to change our men -- if we accept them for who they are and keep looking until we find what we want.''

''Sometimes I'm afraid,'' said Willa Kindle, 24, a substitute teacher from the Hill District. ''Sometimes I juggle the thought of actually being unwedded or growing old and not marrying. There are a lot of beautiful, wonderful, great black men out there and a lot of beautiful, great black women. If we can just connect, we'll be all right.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Terry Harris/Post-Gazette: Leslie Day -- ''So many times, black women do the giving, black men do the taking'', Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Deborah Parker -- ''After being beaten down by society and conditions, some black men underestimate themselves''

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[***AT 'PHIL'S,' USED FRIDGES FIND, AND GIVE, NEW LIFE / FOR DOZENS OF BUYERS AND SELLERS, THE SIDEWALK STORE IS THE ONLY THING BETWEEN "GETTING BY" AND THE STREET.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B7D0-01K4-90P9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Jane M. Von Bergen, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Below the elevated tracks, on a dirty stretch of Kensington Avenue, across D Street from the Utter Nonsence bar, scores of used refrigerators, washers and dryers stand shoulder to shoulder on a sidewalk showroom.

There might be 80, stretching from the middle of the block to the corner and then around D Street for another half-block or so, spilling into the street.

Welcome to Phil's Appliances, where used appliances from South Jersey to the Philadelphia suburbs come and go like the SEPTA trains overhead.

Phil's is where the strong ones get sold fast and cheap and the weak ones get stripped and shipped, where refrigerators are lifted and tossed like watermelons, where lives are saved from oblivion, and where everyone is called Phil, whether he is named Phil or not.

Phil's Appliances, once contained inside a small storefront, has grown over the years, spreading into five rowhouses, a shuttered produce market, a defunct butcher shop, and other faded buildings cluttered with springs, hoses, washing-machine agitators, wires and motors.

If Kensington Avenue were a mall, Phil's would be its anchor. As it is, Phil's is more than an anchor of stores. It is an anchor of lives.

By day, the sidewalk holds the merchandise. By night, what remains unsold is moved inside. The cast-off appliances and apparatuses underpin a busy, fast-paced economic system that supports dozens of people and supplies tens of thousands of appliances each year.

From the Imbrenda family, which owns the business, to the painfully skinny brother of the hollow-eyed, weathered woman who cleans the stoves, Phil's means the difference between groceries and none, rent and none, electricity and none.

Thirty years ago, the Imbrendas and their workers might have had jobs in one of Kensington's many factories, repairing machines, making rope, operating cutting tables in textile mills. Today, those plants stand silent. Now there's the hustle, and there's Phil's.

The used appliances powering Phil's economic system come from the homes of people who traded in their tired stoves, washers, dryers or refrigerators for new models from such stores as Best Buy, Sears and American Appliance. Every day, the stores' trucks deliver new appliances to homes miles, and worlds, away from Phil's.

A few twists of a wrench and the old appliance is out the door, back on the truck, and headed toward one of the stores' warehouses. There, on the loading dock, contractors who have bid and won the right to haul away the castoffs move the old appliances onto their trucks.

About 100,000, nearly all from a major appliance chain, wind up at Phil's Appliances. Washers, dryers and stoves go for about $100. Refrigerators range more widely in price. Everything sold is clean and in working order. Delivery is included. Parts and labor are guaranteed for three months.

At Phil's, Michael Imbrenda, 42, performs a triage of sorts. His arms as thick and strong as telephone poles, he picks out some of the best used appliances, repairs them and sells them.

Another secondhand-appliance dealer, from Seventh and Dauphin Streets, feeds his family and two others by buying appliances from Imbrenda for $5 above Imbrenda's price and selling them in his own neighborhood. Three sisters from Wayne Avenue in Germantown run a similar business. A dozen others rely on Phil's.

Syrian traders drive up in late-model cars and pay cash to export some of the good-looking castoffs to Venezuela by the containerful. Over there, Imbrenda said, they can pull in $800 for a used refrigerator.

Two hand-truck jockeys maneuver refrigerators and stoves to spots along Kensington Avenue in an appliance ballet, missing the scrawny cat and the plump woman in the flowered shirt singing the praises of the circa-1970 Maytag washer she just bought for $100 cash.

When not jockeying, they are stripping parts off the junkers, organizing and selling them, and splitting the difference with Imbrenda.

Around the corner, in another Imbrenda building, this one across from the house from which the transvestites, their hair in rollers, come out, George Kintner, a member of Imbrenda's crew, blasts rock and roll from his radio and runs washers through their cycles.

He is checking for leaks. If the machines can be fixed easily and sold, he will do it. Otherwise, he will clean out parts, sell them and split the difference with Imbrenda.

"I'm doing a little better than surviving," said Kintner, who lives in a rowhouse a few blocks away. "My bills are paid. I got a nice car and auto insurance."

At Phil's, the El and its massive supports create an oddly intimate feeling, a city living room.

The hookers, the merchants, the crazies, the laborers, the welfare mothers, the desperate, the struggling - they all know each other. Sometimes, they are each other.

\* In 1920, Michael Imbrenda's grandfather, a shoemaker, and his wife, a tailor, left Italy, and settled near Richmond and Somerset Streets in the river wards.

Michael's father, Jim, was born in 1926, the third of eight children.

"We had it hard," said Jim Imbrenda, 71, also known as "the old man" or "Phil."

He is the patriarch of Phil's Appliances. Pressured to work to help support his brothers and sisters, he dropped out of school.

"I'm not a book man," he said, but, "if I can't fix it, nobody can fix it."

Nothing daunted Jim Imbrenda. Electric work, plumbing, masonry, carpentry, any kind of machine, he would tackle it. Same with playing a musical instrument: Once he learned to play the trumpet, it wasn't much of a stretch to play the tuba and the trombone.

With that kind of mechanical aptitude and can-do attitude, he did not find it hard to land a job in one of the factories that hummed day and night in ***working-class*** Kensington.

But in the 1960s, the factories began to close. And when Schlicter Jute Cordage Co. shut its doors on the edge of Port Richmond in 1976, Jim Imbrenda found himself scrambling to find a livelihood.

He joined his son, Phil, now in advertising, in a modest appliance business in a tiny storefront on the 2800 block of Kensington Avenue. Phil sold the appliances and relied on his dad to repair them.

As Phil, Michael and his other children grew up, Jim Imbrenda brought them into the business and showed them how to make a living using their hands. Now all but Phil work in the business. In fact, the only actual Phil at Phil's is Phil's son, who handles some service calls.

Supposedly, Jim Imbrenda is retired. Ha. His gray hair bristles out like Einstein's. The twin front pockets of his blue, mechanic's shirt bulge with the company's filing system: folded-up scraps of paper. In a back room, he tinkers with a gasket on a broken refrigerator.

"God gave me a brain for this," he said. "It was meant to be. When I fix something, I'm happy."

\* At 7:45 a.m., an hour and 15 minutes before the first tractor-trailer loaded with about 60 used appliances was due to arrive at Phil's, Malik Akbar staked out his position.

He runs a smaller version of Phil's, a combination repair-and-retail outfit, at Seventh and Dauphin Streets in North Philadelphia. The first in line gets first pick of the appliances after Michael Imbrenda takes what he needs for Phil's.

Rudy Robinson showed up next, at 8:30. He was vaguely annoyed at having to take the number-two spot, but affable. He lives in West Oak Lane and repairs and sells appliances where Ridge Avenue and Spring Garden Street run together, just north of Chinatown.

"What we do is put a couple of pieces outside," Robinson said. "We advertise through the Yellow Pages. I get by."

When the truck pulled in at 9, Imbrenda hopped inside, as he always does, and took a look.

The others defer to his judgment. If the appliances are hopeless, they head right to the junkyard. Of the fixable, he gets first dibs. The rest he distributes, for a slight markup, to Akbar, Robinson and any others who show up.

Working his way back in the truck, Imbrenda swung open a refrigerator door.

"Anybody like banana cream pie?" he called out.

Two unopened packages of cheese got tossed in the trash.

"I found a bottle of Dom Perignon once," he said. "Wasn't even opened, still in the box. I gave it to my buddy for a wedding present."

Akbar recalled the time he found a big jug of wine and gave it to some winos.

"Hey, man, that wine was good," he recalled their telling him.

For the next few days, they kept showing up, friendly as all get out.

"Those winos never walked by so much in their lives," Akbar said. "I'd say, 'Got nothing for you today. That's once in a lifetime.' "

Everybody laughed. Imbrenda worked his way through the appliances on the truck.

If he thinks they are fixable, he will wheel them to the edge, load them onto a lift, and lower them to the street. There, he will divide them among Akbar, Robinson, the Venezuelan exporters, and the rest.

Imbrenda said the Venezuelan traders had been pressing him to sell them all his stock.

"I'm not going to do that," he said. "These guys all have to make a living . . . I'd rather keep these guys and know they'll be here."

Inside the store, Imbrenda's sister, Susan, runs the sales floor.

A woman from the Northeast asked Susan for an extra refrigerator for the woman's son's bar mitzvah.

A Mr. Hiawatha from North Philadelphia bought his daughter a refrigerator and discussed buying another for an empty lot next to his house, where he had installed green indoor-outdoor carpeting and set up tables for family picnics.

Mortgage broker Chris Bonner runs rental properties in the area and is a regular customer.

"They're inexpensive and fast," he said of Phil's. "They'll deliver it the same day you buy it."

He has had more than one tenant skip on the rent and take the refrigerator, Bonner said. Why buy new?

When Carolyn Stock came in to buy a washer, Susan Imbrenda helped her pick one out and commiserated with her about the scarcity of nearby laundromats.

"I'm a walking advertisement for this place," Stock said. "Years ago, I came here and got a refrigerator - at least nine years ago - and it's still running."

\* Michael Imbrenda's rattletrap GM pickup had seen better days. Vandals long ago stripped the inside, leaving a black hull of a dashboard.

Imbrenda laid in some carpet samples, to keep his rear off the springs, and rested his back against upholstery worn through to dingy-yellow sponge padding. So many goofy drivers had plowed into the back of the truck - parked - that, Imbrenda, just for a laugh, painted a bull's-eye on the lift gate.

Even the bull's-eye had faded.

Clunking along the streets of Kensington - dragging under the weight of the carcasses of 15 refrigerators, stoves and washers picked clean of every last salvageable morsel of motor and wire - the truck carried Imbrenda's dream for the future.

He turned the truck into the scrap yard, paused to weigh it, then backed up to a mountain of mangled appliances. He scrambled into the pickup's bed and dropped the gate.

He wrapped his arms around an almond refrigerator. Boom. Tossed it off as easily as a fruit vendor might lob a watermelon.

Every dollar's worth of scrap iron heaped up there would go into his children's college-tuition fund.

"I got a year saved for each kid," he said.

Boom. A Harvest Gold stove. A few more dollars toward the American dream.

Boom. Boom. Two white refrigerators and a dryer crashed onto the heap. Ever wonder where all those avocado-green stoves went? Boom. Onto the pile in a tumble.

Someday, he said, his boys, 9 and 7, won't have to work six days a week on the street, busting their humps, hauling refrigerators in the rain, fixing washers, worrying about the hoses freezing up in the winter, working in a dirty place in a tough neighborhood.

He collected the cash from the scrap-yard operator, folded it into his pocket, and turned his truck back toward the familiar streets around Phil's Appliances. He grew up there, in a neighborhood he now calls "The Land of the Dead."

\* Driving around the neighborhood, Imbrenda tells a story about three friends of his, guys he used to shoot hoops with as a teenager over at the playground.

About a year ago, his three friends were shooting heroin, sharing it, when one lost consciousness. The other two decided to shoot a little more heroin, and because they were sharing it fair and square, they injected an equal part into their comatose friend. He died. Six months later, the other two were dead.

"Isn't that something," he said, an ironic edge lacing his half-laugh.

He tops it with another story.

"He was turning blue," he said, pointing to a guy hanging out on the corner in front of the Utter Nonsence and remembering a time when the man overdosed on heroin. "I thought he was going to die."

But when the rescue crew injected something in the man to counter the drug, "he came to and complained they ruined his high," Imbrenda said, shaking his head. "He spent $50 for that high."

Back at Phil's, Imbrenda was testing a washing machine when Charlie, a friend from the neighborhood, hobbled in on crutches.

"Hey, brother," Charlie said, "could I borrow a couple of bucks?"

"No, you're smoking crack," Imbrenda said, smiling.

"Hey, man, that was Wednesday," Charlie said.

No hard feelings, lots of jokes, but when Charlie hobbled out, Imbrenda said: "I like Charlie, but he just makes me mad. If I didn't give a hoot, I wouldn't get so upset. He's really talented. He can take apart a transmission. You want a cinder-block wall built, he can do it for you.

"He's a decent guy. It's those damn drugs."

Standing outside Utter Nonsence, Charlie hit Imbrenda up again.

"Hey, Mike, how about a few bucks for beer?"

"No."

"Hey, that hurts," Charlie joked, yelling as Imbrenda threaded his way through cars to cross the avenue for a soda.

"Hurt's extra," Imbrenda yelled back.

Then he said, "It bothers the hell out of me, but you can't be miserable all the time.

"Everyone has troubles," he said, leaning against a washing machine. "You just thank your lucky stars that you turned out all right, and you pray for your kids. No matter what happens, I say, 'It could always get worse.' And it can.

"This," he said, waving his hand around at the neighborhood, "is the living proof."

Just a week earlier, he and his father chipped in a couple of hundred bucks to get a childhood friend of his cremated. No one in her family could afford to bury her.

"They found her dead on the street," he said.

"That's why I'll never be rich or a good businessman. I just keep giving things away. What's it to me to take a couple of bucks out of my pocket to feed somebody?"

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Phil's Appliances' Jim Imbrenda (cap), with employee Larry Davis. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ERIC MENCHER)

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[***MCCLENDON HAS THE FOCUS TO BE A GOOD FIT FOR PITTSBURGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41MW-YF30-0094-502N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

PIRATES FROM PAGE D-1

Pittsburgh will never be embarrassed by the way we go about our business."

At 41, younger than some major-league players, McClendon has arrived at this confluence of challenge and opportunity convinced of one thing: Hard work overcomes the longest of odds. What else would you expect from one of 13 kids from a ***working-class*** family in Gary, Ind., who made it to the major leagues and then earned a seat at an exclusive table as the first black man to lead a Pittsburgh professional sports franchise.

"He's always believed that if you work hard, your dream can come true," said his wife, Ingrid, also a native of Gary, and the person who sees the warm, gentle side of a feisty, fiery competitor, a steel fist inside a velvet glove. "He has the ability to motivate people. People are so taken with him. I think of him as like the Pied Piper."

Come to think of it, Hamelin was a problem-plagued small market, too.

His father's son

He has been influenced by familiar names -- Pete Rose, Don Zimmer, Jim Leyland. But the biggest impression was made by a man who toiled in an auto parts plant, the former Budd Co., where sheet steel from Gary mills was pressed into doors, fenders and panels.

That man was his father, Grant, a former boxer in the Army, who with his wife, Hattie, raised a flock of nine boys and four girls upon a foundation of love, discipline and sweat.

"People wanted to work on his line," McClendon said over a recent lunch. "He'd tell them, 'I come to make money. I got 13 mouths to feed. Let's go.' We didn't always have everything we wanted, but we had everything we needed. If I can be half the man my father was, I will be successful."

McClendon was the 10th born and the youngest boy. "I was the punching bag. I had to be tough to make it through that," he laughed.

His hometown is like Pittsburgh without the hills, rivers and coal mines. Known as Steel City USA, it was founded in 1906 when U.S. Steel Chairman Eldridge Gary, who helped organize the world's first billion-dollar corporation, erected what was then the world's largest steel mill on the dunes and marshes of southern Lake Michigan.

To come out of that crucible to managing the Pirates is like "a fairy tale," said Benny Dorsey, McClendon's coach at Gary Roosevelt High School.

Family stability was challenged by the snares of drugs, gangs, crime and racial friction prevalent in inner cities like Gary.

"He really did endure a lot of things. Managing is no pressure compared to what he went through. He won't ever be intimidated," Dorsey said.

When McClendon played Little League ball on a company field that's not there anymore, he could hear Michael Jackson and The Jackson Five rehearsing their earliest songs. And when he'd look up, he'd see his father on his lunch hour, eating his sandwiches in the bleachers.

His father, now deceased, was with him in 1971 in Williamsport when McClendon hit five home runs in five swings and was intentionally walked in every other at-bat at the Little League World Series. Although Gary, the first all-black team in Little League history, lost the finale to Taiwan, "Legendary Lloyd" was interviewed on TV by Mickey Mantle.

"In Lloyd, his dad still lives," Dorsey said.

Right way or highway

Baseball in Pittsburgh is at a crossroads. Retro-chic PNC Park offers the promise of the future. The recent past is a reminder of what it will take to return to respectability, let alone restoring bygone glory. McClendon is the man expected to make the difference.

"It's a change in direction," said General Manager Cam Bonifay.

After a nationwide search, Bonifay and Kevin McClatchy each concluded that McClendon was the best successor to Gene Lamont. This is a time to fix the problems not the blame, and McClendon is seen as a remedy to a clubhouse that last season divided into cliques, lacked self-discipline and sank into an underachieving rut of blunders of commission and omission.

"He was seeing things that ought to be done a little differently, but not once did he overstep, undercut or undermine," Bonifay said.

McClendon's strengths were summed up in two words: communication and motivation.

"He has an inner intensity. It's not that rah-rah stuff, or screaming all the time and drawing attention to yourself. He has the ability to communicate what needs to be done at a particular time so everybody understands," Bonifay said. "The team will take on his personality. They'll be fearless and emotional."

McClendon and Lamont are friends -- it was Lamont who promoted him to the major-league staff -- and he refuses to discuss Lamont's leadership. A lieutenant walks a fine line and would fracture a clubhouse even more by speaking out of line.

The tone is his to set now. And so far, McClendon hasn't been saying the right things, he saying the perfect things.

"The only extra work we did the last few years was extra hitting. That's got to change," said McClendon. Extra drills next year will include fielding, baserunning and conditioning.

Players have already gotten the message. Nine of them were summoned to Pittsburgh last week to hear the terms of McClendon's "core covenant."

Although the particulars remain a team matter, the pact involves shared goals of collective respect, commitment, love, caring, dedication and the avoiding of anything that's detrimental to the team and the organization.

"Winning is a by-product of committing to be the best player you can be, every day, one day at a time," McClendon said. "We have to keep our nose to the grindstone, scratch, claw, bite, cheat, do what you have to do. We cannot for one instant, one day, take anything for granted."

Letters spelling out the off-season conditioning regimen have been mailed, including messages from Bonifay and McClendon of what's expected from those who will inaugurate the new ballpark.

"When we go to spring training, everybody will understand. I'll go over it from A to Z. I'm not going to take anything for granted," McClendon said. "If I don't teach them how things are going to be done, I don't have a right to get mad at them if they aren't done right. I'm no genius. Moving the runner over, executing a sacrifice, taking the extra base, turning double plays, those are things that win ballgames.

"You either buy into the program or you're out. Hit the door. This is not a country club or a sandlot team. This is a major-league team and we represent a major-league city. Anybody who comes north with us next year will not have been given a job. They will have earned it."

There's also the matter of respect for the game, which seems out of fashion in today's day and age. To McClendon, that means showing deference to the guys who paved the way, performing simple tasks like running out a ground ball and appreciating the uniform the way his first big-league manager, Rose, taught him in Cincinnati.

"Pete Rose would say when you button up your jersey to stick your chest out, square your shoulders, raise your head," said McClendon, sounding like equal parts mentor, drill instructor and stump preacher chasing sin. "Wearing a major-league uniform is a privilege, not a right."

To emphasize his point, he stood tall in Pirates black and gold.

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**Load-Date:** November 12, 2000

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[***MCCLENDON HAS THE FOCUS TO BE A GOOD FIT FOR PITTSBURGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41MW-YDX0-0094-550V-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Section:** SPORTS,

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**Body**

PIRATES FROM PAGE D-1

Pittsburgh will never be embarrassed by the way we go about our business."

At 41, younger than some major-league players, McClendon has arrived at this confluence of challenge and opportunity convinced of one thing: Hard work overcomes the longest of odds. What else would you expect from one of 13 kids from a ***working-class*** family in Gary, Ind., who made it to the major leagues and then earned a seat at an exclusive table as the first black man to lead a Pittsburgh professional sports franchise.

"He's always believed that if you work hard, your dream can come true," said his wife, Ingrid, also a native of Gary, and the person who sees the warm, gentle side of a feisty, fiery competitor, a steel fist inside a velvet glove. "He has the ability to motivate people. People are so taken with him. I think of him as like the Pied Piper."

Come to think of it, Hamelin was a problem-plagued small market too.

His father's son

He has been influenced by familiar names -- Pete Rose, Don Zimmer, Jim Leyland. But the biggest impression was made by a man who toiled in an auto parts plant, the former Budd Co., where sheet steel from Gary mills was pressed into doors, fenders and panels.

That man was his father, Grant, a former boxer in the Army, who with his wife, Hattie, raised a flock of nine boys and four girls upon a foundation of love, discipline and sweat.

"People wanted to work on his line," McClendon said over a recent lunch. "He'd tell them, 'I come to make money. I got 13 mouths to feed. Let's go.' We didn't always have everything we wanted, but we had everything we needed. If I can be half the man my father was, I will be successful."

McClendon was the 10th born and the youngest boy. "I was the punching bag. I had to be tough to make it through that," he laughed.

His hometown is like Pittsburgh without the hills, rivers and coal mines. Known as Steel City USA, it was founded in 1906 when U.S. Steel Chairman Eldridge Gary, who helped organize the world's first billion-dollar corporation, erected what was then the world's largest steel mill on the dunes and marshes of southern Lake Michigan.

To come out of that crucible to managing the Pirates is like "a fairy tale," said Benny Dorsey, McClendon's coach at Gary Roosevelt High School.

Family stability was challenged by the snares of drugs, gangs, crime and racial friction prevalent in inner cities like Gary.

"He really did endure a lot of things. Managing is no pressure compared to what he went through. He won't ever be intimidated," Dorsey said.

When McClendon played Little League ball on a company field that's not there anymore, he could hear Michael Jackson and The Jackson Five rehearsing their earliest songs. And when he'd look up, he'd see his father on his lunch hour, eating his sandwiches in the bleachers.

His father, now deceased, was with him in 1971 in Williamsport when McClendon hit five home runs in five swings and was intentionally walked in every other at-bat at the Little League World Series. Although Gary, the first all-black team in Little League history, lost the finale to Taiwan, "Legendary Lloyd" was interviewed on TV by Mickey Mantle.

"In Lloyd, his dad still lives," Dorsey said.

Right way or highway

Baseball in Pittsburgh is at a crossroads. Retro-chic PNC Park offers the promise of the future. The recent past is a reminder of what it will take to return to respectability, let alone restoring bygone glory. McClendon is the man expected to make the difference.

"It's a change in direction," said General Manager Cam Bonifay.

After a nationwide search, Bonifay and Kevin McClatchy each concluded that McClendon was the best successor to Gene Lamont. This is a time to fix the problems not the blame, and McClendon is seen as a remedy to a clubhouse that last season divided into cliques, lacked self-discipline and sank into an underachieving rut of blunders of commission and omission.

"He was seeing things that ought to be done a little differently, but not once did he overstep, undercut or undermine," Bonifay said.

McClendon's strengths were summed up in two words: communication and motivation.

"He has an inner intensity. It's not that rah-rah stuff, or screaming all the time and drawing attention to yourself. He has the ability to communicate what needs to be done at a particular time so everybody understands," Bonifay said. "The team will take on his personality. They'll be fearless and emotional."

McClendon and Lamont are friends -- it was Lamont who promoted him to the major-league staff -- and he refuses to discuss Lamont's leadership. A lieutenant walks a fine line and would fracture a clubhouse even more by speaking out of line.

The tone is his to set now. And so far, McClendon hasn't been saying the right things, he saying the perfect things.

"The only extra work we did the last few years was extra hitting. That's got to change," said McClendon. Extra drills next year will include fielding, baserunning and conditioning.

Players have already gotten the message. Nine of them were summoned to Pittsburgh last week to hear the terms of McClendon's "core covenant."

Although the particulars remain a team matter, the pact involves shared goals of collective respect, commitment, love, caring, dedication and the avoiding of anything that's detrimental to the team and the organization.

"Winning is a by-product of committing to be the best player you can be, every day, one day at a time," McClendon said. "We have to keep our nose to the grindstone, scratch, claw, bite, cheat, do what you have to do. We cannot for one instant, one day, take anything for granted."

Letters spelling out the off-season conditioning regimen have been mailed, including messages from Bonifay and McClendon of what's expected from those who will inaugurate the new ballpark.

"When we go to spring training, everybody will understand. I'll go over it from A to Z. I'm not going to take anything for granted," McClendon said. "If I don't teach them how things are going to be done, I don't have a right to get mad at them if they aren't done right. I'm no genius. Moving the runner over, executing a sacrifice, taking the extra base, turning double plays, those are things that win ballgames.

"You either buy into the program or you're out. Hit the door. This is not a country club or a sandlot team. This is a major-league team and we represent a major-league city. Anybody who comes north with us next year will not have been given a job. They will have earned it."

There's also the matter of respect for the game, which seems out of fashion in today's day and age. To McClendon, that means showing deference to the guys who paved the way, performing simple tasks like running out a ground ball and appreciating the uniform the way his first big-league manager, Rose, taught him in Cincinnati.

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[***Minneapolis home values have lagged***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-90F0-002B-H1XD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 9, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Byline:** Peter Leyden; Staff Writer

**Body**

Residential property values in much of Minneapolis stagnated during the past five years, in most cases either declining or failing to keep up with inflation, according to a Star Tribune analysis of city assessment records.

This development, which the city assessor called unique in the past 30 years, apparently results from a combination of factors, including demographic changes, suburban competition and growing urban problems.

About a third of the homeowners in Minneapolis, mostly in inner-city and ***working-class*** neighborhoods, saw their property values either decline or stay flat from 1988 to 1992.

Another third of the city's homeowners, mostly in modest-priced homes bordering those areas, saw their values increase from 0.1 to 10 percent during that period, when the consumer price index rose 20 percent.

The other third saw their property values rise by more than 10 percent, mostly in the affluent areas around the chain of lakes and Minnehaha Creek, but also in such neighborhoods as Seward and the Wedge.

The data on assessed values comes from the Minneapolis City Assessor's office. The initial mapping was done by the Minneapolis Department of Public Works.

Star Tribune Graphic/ Anders Ramberg

Reporting / Peter Leyden

The patterns that emerge in Minneapolis, coupled with similar patterns seen in St. Paul, highlight larger trends that are reshaping the way homeowners must think about their homes, which many consider the major investment of their lives.

"People have got to realize that houses are places to live, not investments," said Glenn Dorfman, a representative of the Minnesota Association of Realtors, who lobbies at the Legislature.

The analysis was based on a computer-generated map made by the Minneapolis Department of Public Works at the Star Tribune's request. It shows the assessed values, rather than the market values, of the city's 96,000 houses. Assessed value, by law, must be within 90 to 105 percent of the market value and is brought up to date each year through analysis of sales in the neighborhood.

In search of explanations for the stagnation, some point to demographic changes that have left fewer young people with fewer resources looking to buy houses in the wake of the baby boomers who pushed up the market.

Others point to the continued building of homes on the suburban fringe, which creates a vacuum of sorts and depresses the values of older homes in the core.

Still others point to racial transitions in some neighborhoods, or the concentration of poverty in the central cities that leads to increasing crime and social problems.

Yet others think that some of the stagnation is temporary - a result of the past recession - or that some areas will go through a cycle of gentrification and increasing values at some point.

"In the '50s and '60s, the Wedge was the pits," said Sandy Green, a real-estate agent who watched the neighborhood regenerate itself from generally declining values to rising ones. "You hope that's a cycle that will repeat."

The property values map, with every single-family home, duplex and triplex in the city, showed that individual houses could buck the trends of their neighborhood. Individual houses sometimes rose in value within areas that were declining, or declined in rising areas.

"What I find heartening is that you have increases among the decreases," said Paul Turner, executive director of Damascus, a new nonprofit developer rehabilitating abandoned homes in inner-city Minneapolis. "It is possible to buy and sell homes at close to their fair value."

Still, the map shows a city struggling with one of the biggest fears of middle-class homeowners. Experiences in other large cities show that people can put up with urban hassles and even increasing crime as long as their property values hold, said state Rep. Myron Orfield, a DFLer who represents south Minneapolis.

"For young married families, the primary concern is the schools," said Orfield. "I think for everyone else, it's property values."

Effect of stock crash

Through the 1960s, '70s and much of the '80s, almost all home property values kept pace with or surpassed the rate of inflation, said the Minneapolis city assessor, David Bernier, who has worked in the department since 1964.

Then, around 1987 or 1988, the assessed values of houses in many areas began to lag behind inflation, he said. Some actually dropped.

"The fringe areas were inflating modestly and the inner city didn't follow along," Bernier said. "The absolute drop in value was probably only true in the central city."

The October 1987 stock market crash prompted a "psychological shift" among people involved in real estate, though not among the general public, toward believing that real estate would not continue to increase enough to be a great investment, said Lee Maxfield, who heads a real-estate research firm based in the Twin Cities. The market values actually were stagnating several years earlier, he said.

And today the East and West coasts, which experienced hyperinflation of house values in the 1980s, face severe drops in the values of almost all types of houses. The Twin Cities area, which has a more diversified economy, has not experienced regionwide drops but has seen similar drops or flattening of values in the metro area's core, Maxfield said.

"I don't see that changing," he said. "You won't see a lot of appreciation, but you won't see the bottom falling out."

About 14 percent of all Minneapolis houses declined in value and about 18 percent held flat from 1988 to 1992. The highest concentrations of houses losing value were in such places as Phillips, one of the city's poorest neighborhoods, and in neighborhoods going through rapid urban transitions.

In south Minneapolis, the area south of Lake St. and west of Interstate Hwy. 35W saw many declines in close proximity to solid gains in Uptown. The entire length of Lyndale Av. acted as a dividing line, with houses on the west almost always increasing more than 10 percent in value and those on the east having mixed results. An area in the southeastern part of the city, to the east of Lake Nokomis and Lake Hiawatha, saw a flattening of values, probably because of airport noise.

Large parts of northeast Minneapolis along Lowry Av. had stagnant values, and much of lower Northeast along the Mississippi River saw a concentration of declines.

In north Minneapolis, the area between Broadway and Lowry Avs. included a concentration of houses dropping in value. Also, much of the North Side, including areas above Dowling Av. far into Camden, had stagnant values.

Take the example on Queen Av. N. of a 41-year-old homeowner trying to sell his two-bedroom bungalow, bought 14 years ago for $ 31,000. He's had it on the market for $ 46,000 but has been reducing the price. He expects to eventually get about $ 35,000. "In 14 years I hoped to make a little money," said the man, who asked not to be identified.

Flight of whites

Many of these areas have seen an increasing number of people of color with lower incomes moving in since the mid-1980s.

People of color, for various historical reasons, often have lower incomes and logically move to areas that become more affordable to them, said Margery Turner, the director of housing research at the Urban Institute, a think tank in Washington, D.C.

Unfortunately, their movement into a neighborhood can set off the flight of some whites and spur a transitional process that can lead to property decreases, she said.

She said that some of the flight is simple individual bigotry but that a more subtle shift takes place when real-estate agents associate a neighborhood with a particular race. Marketing techniques change and different buyers are targeted.

It is crucial to address the impact of race on the housing market, Turner said, but focusing on an area's racial transition risks exacerbating flight and contributing to drops in values. "It's a tough one just to talk about."

Others see property drops caused primarily by the economics of overall metropolitan development, as new housing continues to be built farther out. People moving into the newer, more desirable housing create a chain of vacancies behind them, with the oldest and most deteriorated housing at lower prices in the core.

There are few market reasons to live closer to downtown, unlike the case in many European cities. There are no incentives, such as high energy prices, putting a premium on property nearer downtown, said Philip Raup, a professor emeritus at the University of Minnesota who teaches a course on land economics.

"We've subsidized that with ridiculously low prices of gasoline," he said. "Essentially we've bribed people to move to the suburbs."

Others argue that the rise in property values was an aberration that started in the 1970s as 77 million baby boomers began entering the housing market. By the mid-1980s, most boomers had bought their first homes; many were moving up.

Supply and demand suggest that prices will flatten when smaller numbers of baby busters, many with poorer job prospects, are seeking a larger number of baby boomers' homes.

"It's demographics and jobs," said Dorfman of the real estate association. "If we follow the long-term national trend, there will be many [fewer] people chasing houses."

Increases in value

About 36 percent of all houses in Minneapolis gained more than 10 percent in value, and some gained substantially more.

Homes around the chain of lakes and Minnehaha Creek - even those directly under flight paths - had large increases in value. The desirability of water and parks apparently overrides the noise problem.

Seward, a neighborhood bordering E. Franklin Av. and the Mississippi River, showed similar increases in value even though it is surrounded by areas that are dropping or stagnant in value.

For years, Seward has had a strong neighborhood group and has acted quickly to root out problem properties and minimize crime, said Curt Milburn, executive director of the Seward Neighborhood Group. "Probably the biggest thing of all is an ethic of working together. There's a sense of community."

The North Side includes an area bordering Victory Memorial Dr., facing Golden Valley and above Dowling Av., where values rose substantially. Dowling forms a clear line between the rise and fall of values there.

Northeast has a similar area abutting St. Anthony above Lowry Av. that is up the hill from the rest of the city. Those areas are characterized by popular Tudor-style stucco homes and classic brick homes with fireplaces and 1 1/2 or two stories that were built in the 1920s through the 1940s.

The areas of modest rises tended to be on the city's outer reaches, such as the far northern end of the North Side or Northeast. But the largest concentration of these homes cuts a swath across the middle of south Minneapolis from just east of the lakes to the Mississippi River. Many of these are modest, simple houses that often serve as starter homes, around the city's median value of about $ 71,200.

Even an increase in home values of 10 percent over five years is a "mediocre" situation because that doesn't beat inflation, said Paul Sigurdson, a real estate agent who serves on the city's Real Estate Advisory board. "If you want to make better than 3 1/2 to 4 percent, then you should put your money in some other investment."

But a house is more than an investment; it provides a place to live and a sense of identity, said Green, the agent who specializes in homes in the heart of the city. It's a tax writeoff and far better than getting no return at all by paying rent, she said.

Still, the average person wants to make money on a house. Take the case of a woman with two children who bought her house near 52nd St. and 34th Av. S. five years ago. She and her husband are selling the house because her husband took a job out of town.

"We thought we'd have more equity built up, but that hasn't proved to be the case," said the woman, who asked not to be identified. She figures that the house's proximity to the airport hurts the price and that she will get about what they paid.

"If I had to do it again, the location would have been different," she said. "But not necessarily out of the city."

Coming next

A subsequent article will examine changes in residential property values in St. Paul.

Changes in Minneapolis home values 1988-92

This map shows the general trend in property values in each quarter-square-mile section of the city from 1988 through 1992. Large sections of the inner city, as well as areas in northeast Minneapolis and the southwestern corner of the city, either dropped or had no change in value. However, properties around the Chain of Lakes and some urban neighborhoods such as Seward and the Wedge made healthy gains of more than 10 percent in value. An area forming a swath through the middle of south Minneapolis as well as areas in the outer reaches of north and Northeast Minneapolis gained from .1 to 10 percent during the period. However, that period saw a rise in the consumer price index of about 20 percent.

The map was based on a more precise map that calculated the change in assessed value for the five-year period for each of the 96,000 single-family homes, duplexes and triplexes in Minneapolis. The more general map takes all the homes within a quarter mile square and calculates which was the prevailing trend in that area. Each quarter mile square often has a mixture of all four categories of rising or falling properties. The category that has the plurality of homes determines the color of the entire square. For example, a quarter-mile square will be red if 40 percent of the homes in the area are dropping in value, even if 20 percent are flat, 20 percent are creeping up, and 20 percent booming in value. However, for most areas, one category tends to clearly prevail.

The map is overlayed with a grid of census tracts plus some major streets.

Example of a one-block area

This pullout shows how individual houses can fare differently on the same block. This block was pulled from a quarter-mile square that is dropping in value overall, but it also shows houses that are rising in value. For a copy of the more precise map, which the Star Tribune could not reproduce with sufficient accuracy, call the Minneapolis Public Works Department at 673-3620. The map will cost $ 25.

**Graphic**

Map

**Load-Date:** May 11, 1993

**End of Document**



[***AN INSIDE VIEW OF OUTSIDE ART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-G5P0-0094-204N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***INSPIRED AND OBSCURE, THESE SOUTHERNERS CAPTURE A RAW VISION OF LIFE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-G5P0-0094-204N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** STORY BY RUTH KAPLAN PHOTOS BY JOHN KAPLAN

**Body**

Mose Tolliver's art is created with ordinary house paint, usually on plywood. But there's nothing ordinary about his work, with its faces that rarely specify race or gender; they come from deeper roots in the psyche.

There is a haunting, memorable quality in the best of his work -- images of people, animals and self-portraits.

More than a decade ago, Tolliver said, ''I'm not interested in art. I just want to paint my pictures.'' A year later those paintings were included in an important exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., and other shows followed.

Tolliver, now 77, has been mostly house-bound for many years, since an accident crushed his feet in the furniture factory where he worked. His recent creations cover the walls around him as he works sitting on his bed, painting on boards that rest on his legs. His family used to scrounge for pieces of plywood, but now he can afford to buy supplies.

Visitors to Tolliver's Montgomery, Ala., home are received in his bedroom. Since he has become well-known, dealers and collectors from as far away as Japan and Germany come there to share a friendly chat on warm afternoons.

They are also there because of their interest in Tolliver's work, a sign that outsider art has catapulted from obscurity into the mainstream.

Over the past 30 years American and European outsider art has provoked steadily growing interest in the past three to five years and has reached new heights among collectors, museums and dealers. The Wall Street Journal proclaimed, ''Outsider art is suddenly the rage among art insiders.'' The article, which appeared on Feb. 25, 1992, quoted John Maizels, a British critic, ''Currently, this is the most exciting thing in the entire art world. Nothing else can touch it.''

Sotheby's, the auction house, now includes outsider artists' works in its sales. Some of this art is disquietingly raw, rough and direct -- depicting people and animals without the gentle patina of accepted styles and techniques the public has come to expect.

Yet its creative energy is palpable, and this is precisely the quality that has riveted the attention of the contemporary art world.

In the South, black and white artists alike share deep bonds, their history both polarized and interwoven. They respect the past and the elders who have inspired them. Some see compelling religious visions, others have memories that simply demand expression.

The term ''outsider'' was coined by Roger Cardinal, a Kent, England art professor. He intended it to describe art which is obscure, compulsive, and out of touch with both traditional folk art and the culture at large.

In the United States, the term has a broad meaning that emphasizes highly personal yet evocative 20th-century art not based on traditional types of folk art.

As my son and I traveled through the South to visit some of this country's best-known visionary and outsider artists, we found a depth of sensibility and value we could hardly have imagined from people both courageous and gifted.

Despite reports that many artists who have now become internationally known would be unwilling to give interviews because they felt exploited, we found most to be hospitable and sincere.

They had never before encountered a mother-son journalistic team and apparently liked the idea that we were ''family.'' Sometimes the reception was so warm and spontaneous, we felt like kin.

A case in point was Lonnie Holley, 42, who welcomed us to explore his fascinating ''environment'' -- a large sculpture garden in a continuing state of development in Birmingham, Ala. Later, after many hours of good talk, we found ourselves enjoying a delicious Southern dinner with Holley and his five children.

Holley himself was born the seventh of 27 children. Shuffled around to foster homes and institutions, he was often mistreated. Finally, he ran away, drifted and worked as a short-order cook for several years.

Perhaps because of his own tragic experiences, family and its attendant themes form the core of his work.

When his sister's two children died in a house fire in 1979, he became very depressed. In the weeks that followed, he decided to do something constructive with his grief. The family could not afford to buy tombstones, so he decided to make them himself.

''I asked God to give me something so that I may go to the top in life, and he did,'' Holley recalls. ''I used the setting sun, the stars, the hills -- all that has affected my imagination and what I put into my work.''

He sculpts industrial sandstone, a byproduct from a local steel pipe factory in Birmingham. Thirteen years ago, he did an unusual thing for an outsider artist; he set about getting public recognition. He walked into the Birmingham Art Museum carrying several sculptures. Four months later, they were at the Smithsonian Institution.

Holley's interpretations of human and animal forms recall West African, Egyptian and Pre-Columbian art. Yet his more abstract forms relate to 20th- century masters -- Arp, Moore and Picasso. The startling phenomenon is that none of these artists has influenced him.

His imagination seems boundless; during our visit, he spontaneously composed and sang several songs, playing an electric keyboard. He also wrote a tone poem to crystallize the mood of the day.

Bill Arnett, of Atlanta, who probably has the largest collection of fine outsider art in the country, calls Holley ''a national treasure,'' not just for the quality of his work but the quality of his mind.

Arnett was also an early champion of Thornton Dial's work, and now handles its exclusive sale and manages his career. Dial built boxcars at the Pullman Standard Co., in Bessemer, Ala., for more than 30 years before his talent was discovered.

Dial, 64, and his family live in a spacious, contemporary house on a lake near Bessemer, evidence that his art has created an almost magical transformation in his life. After we took part in an expansive Sunday morning buffet featuring grits and hotcakes, we settled down with him and his son, Thornton Jr., also a noted artist, in the large studio near the house.

Dial's powerful paintings, which sell for $ 50,000 to $ 100,000 in New York, come from the head as well as the heart. He deals with social history, the not-at-all-charming story of black people in America.

These paintings are as lush as they are savage, painted with a violence that eloquently carries their message.

Dial uses the tiger to symbolize the black man in America today. One significant work shows a baby tiger surrounded by dejected human faces. It carries a long but telling title, ''Little Tiger Being Born into the World -- He Don't Know What's Going On But He Going to Find Out.''

His early work used thrown-away objects, which he perceived as parallel to the status of American blacks. Recent works express complex ideas with a diverse but effective visual vocabulary -- huge canvases, plenty of paint, rope, pieces of carpet for texture and industrial putty laid out impasto.

According to Robert Bishop, of the Museum of American Folk Art in New York, ''Museums with major contemporary art collections including Picasso and Matisse are going to have Dials in their collection.''

Dial's experience as a ***working-class*** black man are a constant reminder to him not to stray from his central themes.

''I never been able to own nothing to do anything with,'' he told The Atlanta Journal and Constitution in 1990. ''I've always been on the company land, or somebody's land, and you couldn't do this and you couldn't do that. ...''

And now that he has something? ''All of it's incredible. Because I never knew nothing about nothing like that.''

Mose Tolliver began painting 15 years ago. He was one of 12 children born to sharecropper parents and is the father of 14 children himself. He is also a prolific painter, often producing several paintings a day. He prefers ordinary house paint and a limited palette. Yet the colors he uses to paint his images of people and animals are at once sophisticated and mystical.

Tolliver was encouraged to make painting his career by his former employer, Raymond McLendon. His formal schooling was minimal, and he spurned McLendon's offer of art lessons. Tolliver says he learned to paint ''the hard way -- all by myself.''

Annie Tolliver, 42, Mose's daughter who lives several blocks away, has learned much from her father. She has emerged as a distinctive artist in her own right.

It was recently discovered that she painted some of the work attributed to Mose during a five-year period. Collectors who find they have such work ask her to sign her name near his, and she's happy to oblige.

At first, she says, her goal was to paint just like her father, who encouraged all his children to try their hand. ''Then I wanted to paint what I liked, and now that's all I want to do. … I know I'll never give it up.''

In her strong, colorful style, she paints subjects she knows: her three teen-agers and other family youngsters as she's seen them over the years -- riding bikes, scooters and cars; fishing for red snapper, etc. She paints her mother -- when she was sick in the hospital, and then, ''ascending to heaven.''

Jimmie Lee Sudduth, 82, is recovering from a recent heart operation but full of the enthusiasm and high spirits that have made him a celebrity in rural Alabama.

The son of an Indian ''medicine lady'' who encouraged him to paint, he spent most of his life working on farms and later, as a gardener/handyman for townspeople.

His painting medium is mud -- earth-brown, coal-black, ochre-yellow and red-orange mud. It's mixed with sugar water for stability and natural pigments like wild berry juices, turnip-leaf green and colors from rocks. He's been using these for almost 80 years, since he began drawing in the mud with sticks.

Known for lively images of women and simple rural subjects, he now enjoys visits from people who want to watch him paint and hear his harmonica blues.

He's a happy man, eager to share a tune. His little dog out back yaps excitedly at hearing his voice and as he says, ''I've been all the way to New York City and my pictures are all over this world.'' Both the Smithsonian Institution and the Birmingham Art Museum have shown his work; a European exhibition is scheduled this year.

In a small town about an hour outside of Atlanta, the Rev. Howard Finster and his wife proudly took us through their vegetable garden. Finster, 76, eased into a chair outside his studio. In the fading afternoon sunlight he strummed his banjo and sang lively old songs.

Finster was an active revivalist minister for nearly 40 years. When he was about 60, he began to feel that his message wasn't reaching enough people. Even some in church were not listening. And this was something he cared about deeply.

In 1976 he had a vision commanding him to ''paint sacred art,'' and although he never saw himself as an artist before, he set to his task with awesome energy.

Now, some 22,000 works of art later, he's America's most widely known visionary artist. Although it's been said that he cranks these pieces out, he also seems to believe in each and every one of them and sends them forth like little missionaries to bring messages of religious inspiration to as many people as possible.

His fundamentalist views warn of the apocalypse and exhort mankind to live morally because redemption, damnation and salvation are just around the corner.

Finster's paintings have been commissioned for the Library of Congress, and he's received a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship in sculpture.

He's done an award-winning album cover for the rock band the Talking Heads.

The ''Little Creatures'' cover, with its 26 Bible verses, gave Finster great satisfaction when it went platinum. He calculates that the verses were multiplied to 26 million verses, each with a chance to influence some not- necessarily-pious rock fan.

Working with his hands is nothing for Finster. He's adept at 22 trades including carpentry and plumbing as well as piano rebuilding and bicycle repair, skills used to supplement his income as a preacher.

His beliefs and skills also led him to create Paradise Garden, a seven-year labor that included clearing jungle, killing over 100 snakes and cutting thousands of trees. The 3-acre outdoor art environment near his home draws thousands of visitors annually. It's an earnest conglomeration of the cast-off detritus of society -- tools, broken bottles, dolls, clocks, bicycle parts, all imbedded in concrete structures and winding paths, a comment on what premature knowledge of good and evil can do.

Outsider artists by definition are unschooled, and their naivete has led to conflict with the larger art world. To them, creating is a natural act, not a means to an economic end.

But economics has intruded. Dealers have attempted to over-specify ''what will sell'' -- what images, what colors, what sizes.

The artists have responded in three ways. Some, as Joey Brackner of the Alabama Arts Council points out, have ''a new-found sense of free-enterprise, where artists crank out as many pieces as possible, sometimes with the help of friends and family.'' Others become flatly uncooperative with dealers.

Still others, like Thornton Dial, find ways to satisfy the disparate needs of the artist and his public.

Dial reasons, ''Anybody that never had nothing and something come into their life, it would make them feel good.''

**Notes**

Ruth Kaplan is a visual arts writer based in Florida and Delaware; her stories have appeared in the (Delaware) News Journal and Delaware Today magazine. John Kaplan is an award-winning correspondent for the Block News Alliance who lives in Pittsburgh.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (5), The creations of Lonnie Holley, who works through his anger with paintings like ''Reaching Up for All You Need,'' are suddenly in demand as outsider art achieves mainstream popularity. (Cover photo), Jimmie Lee Sudduth, 82, with model for this portrait of his dog, paints with mix of mud and sugar water that he has used since childhood., Thornton Dial is a breakthrough Southern outsider artist whose work (background) hangs in the Smithsonian Institution., (For two photos) Above, Mose Tolliver has used art as a form of therapy since he became disabled in an accident many years ago, and paints while sitting in bed in his Montgomery, Ala., home. His daughter Annie, left, was inspired by his work to become an artist and is fast achieving the mainstream recognition enjoyed by her father.

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**End of Document**



[***Ted's Titans of the tube After three years of endless watching, Ted Cox has winnowed down the contenders. Guess what our TV critic picks as the best shows of all time?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7P-XXR0-007M-449G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

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**Byline:** Ted Cox Daily Herald TV/Radio Columnist

**Body**

My three-year march to the summit of television is at last complete. I have reached the mountain top. And, while the view from there in any direction may be of a vast wasteland, fact is, at its highest level, TV is pretty good.

Here are the 10 best series in TV history. I think they stand with the best works of art in any other medium over the last 50 years.

"The best" in whose mind? Well, in mine, of course, but before it's all over everyone who wants a say is going to have one.

This is my choice as the 10 best, and I regard it not as some empty exercise to fill up space but as a manifesto. These are the shows I stake my critic's credentials on.

A top 10 list, I believe, informs a reader of my tastes, my beliefs, my prejudices. From there, a reader can make a more informed decision about whether to watch a show I recommend or pan. And just what are my tastes?

Criteria

In general, I'd say I have classic tastes. (Of my top 10, three are from the '50s and three from the '60s.) I like well-written scripts, and acting that doesn't over-emote (although comedians, of course, have license to violate that). More than that, I like shows that bring a spark of genius to traditional forms - like the sitcom or the cop drama.

A big but

But I also recognize that TV has an innate ability to homogenize and sanctify outrageous behavior. What commercial television does best - and this has always been the case - is create a comforting environment for advertisers to sell their wares. Carroll O'Connor may start out "Archie Bunker, bigot," but it won't take him long to become "Archie Bunker, lovable old crank."

I like shows that take that calm, soothing effect normally associated with television and try to smash it to smithereens. Or, to quote Ralph Kramden, shows that shake their fist at the status quo and say, "Bang, zoom!" Three of my top 10 shows are still doing that today.

Comedies rule

Comedies have been better at that than dramas have, traditionally. Shows like "The Honeymooners" and "The Simpsons" can be quietly insurgent, making us laugh at things that, if we really thought about them, might arouse our outrage. It's difficult, on the other hand, for a drama to be confrontational toward the audience without preaching, although "The Twilight Zone" and, more recently, "The X-Files" have managed the task quite well.

More important, the time restrictions traditionally placed on TV shows have improved comedies while confining dramas. The 30-minute sitcom is a form unto itself, as stylized as kabuki theater. On the other hand, it's difficult for a drama to be "realistic" and still get everything all tied up in a tidy package by the end of an hour.

Variety is good

Two years ago, I started this process by choosing my top 10 sitcoms; last year, I named my 10 favorite dramas - both in an effort to put my standards on the line before the start of a new TV season. Those lists are reprised here.

All right, I thought, now I just combine those two this year to get the best of all time. But something unexpected happened (that's what I enjoy about making lists).

Variety shows, which I hadn't considered as "sitcoms," came out of the woodwork and made their case. In fact, one made my list, and three insinuated themselves as "honorable mentions" (counting "Monty Python's Flying Circus," a show I consider "variety" only because it defies all other labels). The variety show is now an antiquated form, but I think these series stand up among the greatest programs of all time and deserve recognition.

What about the '80s?

What about 'em? The '80s were a pivotal decade in TV history. But the sitcoms were mostly refinements of formulas that had been done better before ("Cheers," "The Cosby Show") and the dramas, while they broke new ground, were soon overtaken by the even more daring shows of the '90s. Where TV is concerned, the '80s are simply the decade that separated us from the '70s.

Ebb and flow

Finally, TV is a living history. TV shows never die; they go into syndication. A great TV show, by definition, needs to be great time after time in multiple viewings.

Some shows stand up better than others to that test. "Northern Exposure," my top TV drama only a year ago, has now dropped to the level of "honorable mention." It happens. A top 10 list shouldn't be set in stone; it should be open to reassessment. For that reason, I fought the impulse to put "The Larry Sanders Show" in the top 10 or, at very least, in with the honorable mentions. I want to see how it stands up to the rerun test.

And now, the top 10 shows in TV history.

1. "The Honeymooners" - For concentrated brilliance, the 39 original episodes of "The Honeymooners" will probably never be topped. They premiered during the 1955-56 TV season, produced at the rate of two a week out of New York City under the most demanding of conditions. Star Jackie Gleason was a diva of a comic genius who refused to rehearse and expected everyone else simply to keep up. He demanded great writing and great performances - and for 39 shows he got them.

The writing was skilled and the plotting intricate - never more so than in the "$ 99,000 Answer," my choice as the greatest TV episode of all time. Even better, however, was the ensemble cast headed by Art Carney as Norton, the goofy sidekick to Gleason's bus driver Ralph Kramden, and Audrey Meadows as Ralph's long-suffering wife, Alice.

Yet the best thing about "The Honeymooners" is the darkness that lurks beneath all that laughter. The show is really the sitcom negation of every optimistic American success story Horatio Alger or anybody else ever wrote. Ralph is driven to be somebody, but he and Alice are stuck in a miserable ***working-class*** existence with nothing for solace but themselves. Even so, when blustery, buffoonish, abusive, guilt-ridden Ralph takes Alice in his arms and ends an episode with the line, "Baby, you're the greatest," all is made glorious.

2. "The Twilight Zone" - Rod Serling's eerie anthology series is still the one show best able to cut through TV's innate ability to trivialize everything it touches. From Serling's dreadful, poetic opening ("There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man") to the brutally ironic endings, this show is jarring - even in reruns - where most television is safe and soothing (the better to sell ads and products).

The writing, again, is intricate. It's hard to imagine a joke any more sadistic or cruel than the ending of "Time Enough at Last." In that classic, Burgess Meredith plays a nebbishy, nihilistic bookworm of a bank clerk who survives a nuclear holocaust, allowing him "time enough at last" to sit down and read, only to immediately break his glasses.

There was also "To Serve Man" (traditional alien domination in a consumer-friendly guise) and "The Eye of the Beholder," a technique-driven directorial coup and a sharp commentary on the conformity of the '50s and early '60s - both with scripts by Serling.

3. "The Dick Van Dyke Show" - This show took the sitcom form and refined it to a point where, really, it couldn't go any further; it could only be repeated again and again at various levels of competence. It was a show about TV, in that Van Dyke's Rob Petrie was a writer for a variety show ("The Alan Brady Show," clearly based on "Caesar's Hour," with Carl Reiner skewering the Sid Caesar role), but it was hardly "realistic," as Petrie's home life, with Mary Tyler Moore as wife Laura, was a twin-bed suburban fantasy world that resonated of Kennedy-era Camelot. Still, with its astute writing and perfect ensemble cast (Rose Marie and Morey Amsterdam especially), it defined the classic sitcom.

4. "I Love Lucy" - This was and is the first great sitcom. It was the first to be filmed (in Hollywood), which made it the first to discover the money bonanza of syndication (the fuel that powers today's shows). But "Lucy" never would have discovered syndication if the shows didn't repay reviewings - just as they do today.

The writing isn't up to the sophisticated level of "The Dick Van Dyke Show" or even "The Honeymooners." But "Lucy" has one of the great performers in TV history, Lucille Ball, an excellent supporting cast (real-life husband Desi Arnaz as husband Ricky Ricardo, with Vivian Vance and William Frawley as the Mertzes) and the good sense to set them loose in gags that have yet to be equaled (for instance, the candy-factory conveyor-belt sequence).

It's also worth pointing out that there's a strong feminist subtext to "I Love Lucy." Lucy was also striving for equality with her show-biz-star husband. (Like Ralph Kramden, Lucy aspired to be somebody.) But, this being the '50s, she was never granted that stature. Of course, in real life, it was the woman, Lucille Ball, who was carrying the man, Desi Arnaz.

5. "Seinfeld" - The "show about nothing" is really the sitcom about sitcoms, about how sitcoms function, about what makes them effective. Where "Dick Van Dyke" refined the form, "Seinfeld" deconstructed it, breaking it down and putting it back together again in a new way.

The show has been through several phases: the shows about nothing, the shows about propriety, the self-referential shows about getting a show on TV.

But, really, where it seemed to have its most fun was in the season when co-creator Larry David bid the show adieu by putting his alter ego George (Jason Alexander) through a long engagement that threatened to pull him out of the ensemble. When George's fiancee, Susan, died from licking cheap wedding-invitation envelopes, it stressed that "Seinfeld" is not reality, which in turn outraged the audience. That a sitcom still could provide outrage - and not through coarse language or sexual subject matter - was kind of surprising.

6. "Your Show of Shows" - It's hard to gauge the overall quality of this definitive variety show, which aired from 1950 to '54. But it was 90 minutes of live sketch comedy every week, and the material that survives - most readily available on the 1973 collection "Ten From Your Show of Shows" - makes a convincing case that this is one of the greatest programs in TV history.

Again, the ensemble was excellent: Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. Caesar and Coca were at the peak of their careers, but Reiner would go on to create "Dick Van Dyke," while Morris would go on to play Ernest T. Bass on "The Andy Griffith Show" (see below). And the writing - provided by an intensely competitive team that included Mel Brooks, Neil Simon, Larry Gelbart ("M\*A\*S\*H") and, last but not least, Woody Allen - was top-notch. "Your Show of Shows" would be a direct influence on "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In" and "Saturday Night Live," but it appears, from all available evidence, to be the best of all.

7. "The Simpsons" - If "Seinfeld" revolutionized the sitcom form in general, "The Simpsons" revolutionized the family sitcom. The Simpsons are a middle-American family that long ago gave up the dream of being anything or anybody special. Father Homer is an oaf, and son Bart is a self-described underachiever. Of course, in the peculiar environment that is modern-day America, they became the biggest thing on TV in the late '80s and early '90s.

The show makes my list thanks to its manic pace - even the most sophisticated viewer is liable to catch new references and in-jokes on reruns - and its relentless satire. It makes us laugh at the contradictions and insanity of contemporary existence. If that doesn't make for great television, I don't know what does.

8. "The Andy Griffith Show" - The best of the traditional family sitcoms, a show daring - then and now - in its unabashed sentimentality. The things this show gets away with - the life lessons, the gentle humor, the respectful caricatures - continue to amaze me today.

Simply put, the show is hilarious, thanks largely to the supporting cast, especially Don Knotts as Barney, Jim Nabors as Gomer, Howard McNear as Floyd, Hal Smith as Otis and the aforementioned Morris. "The Andy Griffith Show" illustrates the oxymoron, "Dare to be conservative."

9. "Homicide: Life on the Street" - The best of the current dramas and, as such, the best nonanthology drama in TV history. The dialogue is realistic, but also artfully contrived, as the characters have evolved from show to show and season to season.

As with any TV drama, it has been driven by the high level of the acting, primarily (but not exclusively) on the part of Andre Braugher, the compelling fallen Catholic with a passion for justice. It does everything all the great cop dramas have done better than any one cop drama has done them before (with the notable exception of car chases, which have never been a part of this show).

10. "All in the Family" - It was a groundbreaking comedy and the No. 1 show on television from 1971 to 1976, but it occupies an uneasy position on my list. For all of Archie Bunker's bluster and self-parody, the show has had the usual TV effect: It has made bigots tolerable even as it has lampooned them. What's more, many of the lessons are delivered with a sharp, condescending tone - a liberal harangue - in marked contrast to "The Andy Griffith Show."

But even today there's no denying the show's impact or its humor. In future years, I may put "The Larry Sanders Show" in its place. But, for now, "All in the Family" remains one of my top 10 shows in TV history.

Ted Cox's Top 10 Sitcoms

(September 1995)

1. "The Honeymooners"

2. "The Dick Van Dyke Show"

3. "The Andy Griffith Show"

4. "I Love Lucy"

5. "The Simpsons"

6. "All in the Family"

7. "Roseanne"

8. "Seinfeld"

9. "The Bob Newhart Show"

10. "The Mary Tyler Moore Show"

Ted Cox's Top 10 Dramas

(August 1996)

1. "Northern Exposure"

2. "The Twilight Zone"

3. "Twin Peaks"

4. "Homicide: Life on the Street"

5. "Hill Street Blues"

6. "The X-Files"

7. "I Spy"

8. "Miami Vice"

9. "Moonlighting"

10. "Harry O"

The chosen

1. "The Honeymooners"

2. "The Twilight Zone"

3. "The Dick Van Dyke Show"

4. "I Love Lucy"

5. "Seinfeld"

6. "Your Show of Shows"

7. "The Simpsons"

8. "The Andy Griffith Show"

9. "Homicide: Life on the Street"

10. "All in the Family"

Honorable mentions: "The Ernie Kovacs Show," "Monty Python's Flying Circus," "Northern Exposure," "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In," "60 Minutes"

**Graphic**

The 39 original episodes of "The Honeymooners," starring Jackie Gleason, Audrey Meadows, Art Carney and Joyce Randolph, probably will never be equaled for concentrated brilliance. Michael Richards, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Jerry Seinfeld and Jason Alexander of "Seinfeld": The show about nothing became the show that both deconstructed and celebrated the sitcom form. Kyle Secor and Andre Braugher of "Homicide: Life on the Street": The best, sharpest and most consistent of the excellent dramas of the '90s. Carroll O'Connor as Archie Bunker: "All in the Family" was a groundbreaking show, but is it as funny today as it was originally? Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore as Rob and Laura Petrie: "The Dick Van Dyke Show" redefined and refined the situation comedy. Vivian Vance (left) and Lucille Ball (right) as Ethel and Lucy in the infamous candy-factory conveyor-belt scene from "I Love Lucy": Great gags rendered with great comic skill. Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca: There's really no way to grasp their achievement on "Your Show of Shows. Rod Serling: He gave "The Twilight Zone" its defining sensibility - and many of its ironic endings.

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[***LIVE MUSIC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5CRS-PJ21-DYRS-T08Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

May 16, 2004 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Body**

Pittsburgh has an image as a place that appreciates ***working-class***, R&B-rooted bands. But there is a lot more going on here, as any bar-hopping guy or gal can tell you.

ACOUSTIC

Appian Way, Moon, 412-262-4160.

Babcock Pub, Ross, 412-364-8511.

Backdraft Lounge, Baldwin, 412-884-9948.

Baltimore House, Pleasant Hills, 412-653-3800.

Barnes & Noble, Cranberry, 724-772-6200.

Barnes & Noble, North Fayette, 412-494-9683.

Barnes & Noble, Waterworks Mall, 412-781-2321.

Billy's Roadhouse, Wexford, 724-934-1177.

Borders, Bethel Park, 412-835-5583.

Borders, Monroeville, 412-374-9772.

Borders, Northway Mall, 412-635-8011.

Bourbon Street Square, Ohio Township, 412-369-9916.

Bronze Hood Lounge, Robinson, 412-787-7240.

Brownsville Inn, Carrick, 412-885-5333.

Brush Hour Cafe, Dormont, 412-306-0138.

Cafe Carousel, Verona, 412-828-6919.

Carrick Inn, Carrick, 412-884-9939.

Doorway Coffeehouse, Avalon, 412-734-9123.

Double Eagle, South Park, 412-653-9816.

Duke's Upper Deck, West Homestead, 412-461-8124.

Elwood's Pub, Cheswick, 724-265-1181.

Excuses, South Side, 412-431-9847.

Fat & Sassy Saloon, Brackenridge, 724-224-1999.

Fox Chapel Yacht Club, Fox Chapel, 412-963-7001.

Gameroom, Munhall, 412-462-4263.

Gunners, Butler, 283-6061.

Hambone's, Lawrenceville, 412-681-4318.

Hollow Tavern, Latrobe, 724-520-1210.

Idlewood Inn, Green Tree, 412-922-9560.

Java River Kaffe, South Side, 412-481-9077.

Jekyl & Hyde, South Side, 412-488-0777.

Johnny's Wife's Place, Jeannette, 724-523-6288.

Kaib's Tavern, Mount Washington, 412-431-9313.

Katerbean, Regent Square, 412-244-8942.

Kelly's Riverside Saloon, Bridgewater, 724-728-0222.

Kiva Han, Oakland, 412-687-6355.

La Prima Espresso, Downtown, 412-471-4590.

Magoo's Bar & Bistro, McCandless, 412-635-2300.

Maxy's Place, Carrick, 412-881-9898.

McArdle's, White Oak, 412-754-3721.

McClaren's, Munhall, 412-461-0424.

Monterey, Monongahela, 724-258-2300.

Monticello Manor, Pleasant Hills, 412-384-6100.

Move Studio, Wilkinsburg, 412-243-7289.

Mr. Smitty's, Greensburg, 724-832-7090.

Murphy's Tap Room, Regent Square, 412-241-9462.

My Place, Library, 412-831-3363.

Nooners, Bloomfield, 412-621-4900.

Paddy Long's, Greensburg, 724-834-4041.

Parkwood Inn, Greensburg, 724-834-2332.

Piper's Pub, South Side, 412-381-3977.

Quiet Storm, Friendship, 412-661-9355.

Redstone Tavern, Crafton, 412-921-4411.

Rialto, Greensburg, 724-834-8010.

The Roman Room, South Side, 412-431-5910.

Rusty Nail, Bridgeville, 412-221-4046.

Ruth & Herb's, Ross, 412-366-8770.

Starbucks, McKnight Road, 412-364-9996.

Starbucks, Monroeville, 412-823-5328.

Starbucks, Mt. Lebanon, 412-563-7813.

Starbucks, Oakland, 412-682-3868.

Starbucks, Sewickley, 412-741-9184.

Starbucks, Shadyside, 412-621-7733.

Suzie's Coffeehouse, Wexford, 724-940-3930.

10,000 Villages, Squirrel Hill, 412-421-2160.

Uptown Theatre, Washington, 724-223-8101.

Wheel, Bridgeville, 412-221-2373.

Wright's Seafood Inn, Heidelberg, 412-279-7900.

BIG BAND

Gateway Clipper, Station Square, 412-355-7979.

CHRISTIAN

Shepherd's Inn Cafe, Avalon, 412-

734-9123.

COUNTRY

Ann's Restaurant, Bethel Park, 412-835-9985.

Boot Scootin' Saloon, West Newton, 724-872-2000.

Boston Waterfront, Boston, 412-751-8112.

Chat Room, South Side, 412-488-9360.

Cigna's, Lawrenceville, 412-687-4287.

Eagles, Washington, 724-222-3106.

Eddie's, Wall, 412-829-8909.

Friendship Lounge, Richeyville, 724-632-3250.

Gateway Clipper, Station Square, 412-355-7980.

Homestead Hotel, Kittanning, 724-548-2130.

Kendrew's Lounge, Aliquippa, 724-375-5959.

Kim's 7th Street Cafe, McKees Rocks, 412-331-9275.

King Of The Hill, Bentleyville, 724-239-1270.

Klondike Lounge, Masontown, 724-583-1137.

Koratich's Golden Rail, Waynesburg, 724-627-9333.

Lone Star Saloon, Van Voorhis, 724-258-9160.

Long Branch Saloon, Uniontown, 724-439-5595.

Long View Lounge, North Versailles, 412-823-9602.

My Other Brother's Pub, Mammoth, 724-423-4488.

Narodni Dom Lodge, Verona, 412-826-8330.

Pitzer's Crooked Creek Inn, Ford City, 724-763-4123.

Rinky Dinks, Amity, 724-229-8465.

Rock A Bye, Bethel Park, 412-835-9915.

Ruth & Herb's, Ross, 412-366-8770.

Scotty's, West Elizabeth, 412-384-9948.

Tommy's Dance Club & Rib House, South Side, 412-488-2700.

Twin Oaks Lounge, White Oak, 412-678-3321.

Uptown Theatre, Washington, 724-223-8101.

Versailles American Legion, 412-751-5760.

Village Inn, Raccoon, 724-899-2588.

Washington Moose, Washington, 412-222-9602.

Whitaker VFW, Whitaker, 412-461-9011.

DISCO

3-B'S, Zelienople, 724-452-9959.

Falcon's Nest, Lower Burrell, 412-339-2630.

Tilt's, Gibsonia, 412-443-5211.

JAZZ

Black Beauty's Lounge, Hill District, 412-566-9087.

Borders, Bethel Park, 412-835-5583.

Borders, Monroeville, 412-374-9772.

Borders, Northway Mall, 412-635-8011.

Buffalo Blues, Shadyside, 412-36-BLUES.

Cafe Carousel, Verona. 412-828-6919.

Club Cafe, South Side, 412-431-4950.

The Colony, Mt. Lebanon, 412-561-2060.

Cozumel, Shadyside, 412-621-5100.

Crawford Grill, Hill District, 412-471-1565.

Crawford Grill on the Square, Station Square, 412-281-2885.

Deja Vu, Strip District, 412-434-1144.

Derosa's, North Versailles, 412-824-1100.

Dowe's On Ninth, Downtown, 412-281-9225.

Foster's, Holiday Inn, Oakland, 412-682-6200.

Fountain Room, Wilkins Township, 412-823-6300.

Fox Chapel Yacht Club, Fox Chapel, 412-963-8881.

Fresco's, Wexford, 724-935-7550.

Gateway Clipper, Station Square Dock, 412-355-7980

Holiday Inn, Meadow Lands, 724-222-6200.

James Street Restaurant, North Side, 412-323-2222.

Jazz At Emmanuel, North Side, 412-231-0454.

Lucca, Oakland, 412-682-3310.

Michael Marie's, Penn Hills, 412-798-9886.

Minutello's, Shadyside, 412-361-9311.

Mirage Restaurant, Plum, 724-339-6613.

Moy's Cove, Monroeville, 412-373-8810.

Paparazzi, South Side, 412-488-0800.

Penn Brewery, North Side, 412-237-9402.

Pluto's, Strip, 412-281-0771

Rhythm House, Bridgeville, 412-221-5010.

Roland's Iron Landing, Strip District, 412-261-3401.

Segneri's, Coraopolis, 412-264-9848.

Sheraton Station Square, Station Square, 412-261-2000.

Something Different, Hill District, 412-566-8445.

Stolen Moments, North Side, 412-766-4770.

Stone Mansion, Wexford, 724-934-3000.

Too Sweet Lounge, Homewood, 412-731-5707.

Uptown Theatre, Washington, 724-223-8101.

Whispers Lounge, Holiday Inn Meadow Lands, 724-222-6200.

Zeb's, Squirrel Hill, 412-421-9958.

LOUNGE

Angel's, South Side, 412-488-2700.

Fox Chapel Yacht Club, Fox Chapel, 412-963-8881.

Johnny's Restaurant, Wilmerding, 412-824-6642.

River Room Restaurant, Sewickley, 412-741-4300.

SNPJ Recreation Center, Enon Valley, 724-336-5180.

Suburban Room, Dormont, 412-561-3088.

VFW, Millvale, 412-821-2113.

Viaggio, South Side, 412-488-0646.

OLDIES

Bradley House, Whitehall, 412-751-3423.

The Brickhouse, Butler, 724-284-1159.

Cahoots, Green Tree, 412-922-8400.

Charlie's Courtside, Beaver Falls, 724-846-2072.

Cigna's, Lawrenceville, 412-687-4287.

Crowne Plaza, Moon, 412-262-2400.

D'imperio's, Wilkins Township, 412-823-4800.

Embassy Suites, Coraopolis, 412-269-9070.

Gateway Clipper, Station Square Dock, 412-355-7980.

Grandview Golf Club, North Braddock, 412-351-5390.

Hiller Fire Hall, Hiller, 412-582-0124.

Jergel's, Ross Township, 412-364-9902.

Jimmy G's, Sharpsburg, 412-781-4884.

Lamplighter, Delmont, 724-468-4545.

Marriott, Green Tree, 412- 922-8400.

Michael Marie's, Penn Hills, 412-798-9886.

Nicole's Living Room, Bethel Park, 412-835-9772.

Office Lounge, Baldwin, 412-885-0650.

Palace Inn, Monroeville, 412-372-5500.

Peter's Place, Bridgeville, 412-221-5000.

Pop Edwards, Bridgeville, 412-221-5010.

Re Club, Sharpsburg, 412-781-0229.

Ramada Inn, Penn Hills, 412-244-1600.

Roland's Iron Landing, Strip District, 412-261-3401.

Royal Place, Castle Shannon, 412-882-8000.

Seven Springs Resort, Champion, 814-352-7777.

PIANO

Becker's Shadyside Inn, Uniontown, 724-438-0931.

More, Oakland, 412-621-2700.

Nicole's, Bethel Park, 412-835-9772.

Sheraton Station Square, Station Square, 412-261-2000.

RHYTHM AND BLUES

Al's Cafe, Bethel Park, 412-833-4099.

Ann's Restaurant, Bethel Park, 412-835-9985.

Anthony's, Avalon, 412-734-4000.

Atria's, North Shore, 412-322-1850.

Baltimore House, Pleasant Hills, 412-653-3800.

Bamboo's, Ambridge, 724-266-9766.

Big Daddy's, North Charleroi, 724-483-2112.

Blaine Hill BBQ, North Huntingdon, 412-823-2239.

Blue Duke Cafe, Ambridge, 724-251-9721.

Blue Fellas, Cranberry, 724-772-5757.

Blue Note, South Side, 412-431-7080.

Blues Cafe, South Side, 412-431-7080.

Bobby Dale's, Greensburg, 724-834-2070.

Bourbon Street Saloon, Sharpsburg, 412-784-8808.

Bronze Hood Lounge, Robinson, 412-787-7240

Brownsville Inn, Carrick, 412-885-5333.

Buffalo Blues Bar, Shadyside, 412-36-BLUES.

Bullwinkle's, Mt. Lebanon, 412-278-7777.

Cafe Carousel, Verona 412-828-6919.

Cahoots, Green Tree, 412-922-8400.

Car Hops, Dormont, 412-561-5015.

Carmassi's Trattoria, Butler, 724-282-2793.

Casa D'ice, North Versailles, 412-823-8989.

Chesapeake, Baldwin, 412-885-0650.

Crawford Grill, Hill District, 412-471-1565.

Crawford Grill On The Square, Station Square, 412-281-2885.

Crazy Horse, Ellsworth, 724-239-3749.

Crow's Nest, Sharpsburg, 412-782-3701.

Daly's Pub, McKees Rocks, 412-771-7872.

The Den, Shaler, 821-2144.

Diversions, West End, 412-771-6577.

Dolly B's Plaza Cafe, McKees Rocks, 412-331-0165.

Excuses, South Side, 412-431-9847.

Fat & Sassy Saloon, Brackenridge, 724-224-1999.

Fireside Inn, Robinson, 412-921-5566.

Flashbacks, Ross, 412-939-2303.

Gateway Clipper, Station Square Dock, 412-355-7980.

Getaway Cafe, Baldwin, 412-343-1333.

The Gin Mill, Robinson, 412-676-9986.

Green Forest, Penn Hills, 412-371-5560.

H&H Bar, Penn Hills, 412-793-9763.

Harley's, McKees Rocks, 412-771-8990.

Highland House, Uniontown, 724-437-6749.

Holiday Inn, Meadow Lands, 724-222-6200.

Holiday Lounge, Hopewell, 724-375-2920.

Hot Rod Cafe, Sharon, 724-981-3123.

Howler's, Bloomfield, 412-682-0320.

Idlewood Inn, Green Tree, 412-922-9560

J-City Grill, Jeannette, 724-527-5005.

James Street Restaurant, North Side, 412-323-2222.

Jay's Mountain View Inn, Sarver, 724-295-5221.

Jay's Sports Bar, Canonsburg, 724-746-2250.

Jim & Jerry's, Bridgeville, 412-221-7808.

Junction Square, New Brighton, 724-847-9881.

Kelly's Riverside Inn, Bridgewater, 724-728-0222.

Knuckleheads Bar & Grill, South Side, 412-431-2881.

Ladbroke, Greensburg, 724-837-7791.

Lardin House Inn, Masontown, 724-583-2380.

Laurel Mountain Ski Resort, Ligonier, 724-238-9860.

Ligonier Beach, Ligonier, 724-238-5553.

Locker Room, Lyndora, 724-283-0061.

Magoo's Bar & Bistro, McCandless, 412-635-2300

Mama Rosa's, Lawrenceville, 412-784-9530.

Max's Allegheny Tavern, North Side, 412-231-1899.

Michael Marie's, Penn Hills, 412-798-9886.

Moondog's, Blawnox, 412-828-2040.

Moy's Cove, Monroeville, 412-373-8810.

Natili's, Butler, 724-287-5033.

New York New York, Latrobe, 724-539-9441.

Nick's Fat City, South Side, 412- 481-6881.

Nold's Tavern, Brackenridge, 724-224-1889.

Nooners, Bloomfield, 412-621-4900.

Oasis, Strip District, 412-338-1988.

Office Lounge, Baldwin, 412-885-0650.

Oregon Grille, Ross, 412-821-4355.

P.J. Clark's, Moon, 412-269-9100.

Peanutz, North Side, 412-321-5930.

Penn Brewery, North Side, 412-237-9402.

Peter B's, Sarver, 724-353-2677.

Phoenix, Shaler, 412-821-6606.

Piper's Pub, South Side, 412-381-3977.

Pudder's, Ross, 412-931-9849.

Quail Hill, Canonsburg, 724-745-0333

Quiet Storm, Friendship, 412-661-9355.

Radisson, Green Tree, 412-922-8400.

Ranch, Ellwood City, 724-752-9700.

Rhythm House, Bridgeville, 412-221-5010

Red Star Microbrewery, Greensburg, 724-850-7245.

Redstone, Crafton, 412-921-4411.

Robert's Roadside, Beaver, 724-775-0200.

Rock Ann Haven, Butler, 724-283-1826.

Roland's Iron Landing, Strip District, 412-261-3401.

Sandtrap, McDonald, 724-796-0700.

Savannah's, Zelienople, 724-452-4540.

Scooter's Blues, Latrobe, 724-532-2277.

Shaler Lounge, Shaler, 412-486-9899.

Silky's Crow's Nest, Sharpsburg, 412-782-3707.

Skelley's Place, Shaler, 412-821-5330.

Smarty Arty's, Plum, 724-327-8991.

Strip Brewing Co., 412-338-2337.

Sunny Jim's, Emsworth, 412-761-6700.

Temperanceville Tavern, West End, 412-920-1300.

Three Rivers Brewery, Strip District, 412-456-2797.

Tia's, Burgettstown, 724-947-2423.

Tony G's, Mt. Lebanon, 412-276-1646.

Top Dawgz, Ford City, 724-763-8568.

Town Tavern, Heidelberg, 412-276-3448.

Twin Oaks Lounge, White Oak, 412-678-3321.

Uptown Theatre, Washington, 724-223-8101.

Vincentina's, Shaler, 412-486-8800.

Warehouse Cafe, Bethel Park, 412-831-8002.

Yesterday's Cafe, Plum, 724-327-2400.

ROCK

Ann's Restaurant, Bethel Park, 412-835-9985.

Atria's At PNC Park, North Shore, 412-321-1850.

Auggie's Roadhouse, Washington, 724-743-3636.

B.J.'S Roadhouse, Verona, 412-795-2400.

Baltimore House, Pleasant Hills, 412-653-3800.

Beacon Hotel, Renfrew, 724-586-6233.

Bloomfield Bridge Tavern, Bloomfield, 412-682-8611.

Blue Haven Lounge, Cheswick, 724-274-9963.

Boardwalk, Strip District, 412-281-3680.

Bronze Hood Lounge, Robinson, 412-787-7240.

Brownsville Inn, Carrick, 412-885-5333.

Carrick Inn, Carrick, 412-884-9939.

Cheers, Coraopolis, 412-264-5525.

Cheers, Gibsonia, 724-443-4800.

Cheers, McKees Rocks, 412-771-4536.

Cheers Bar, Butler, 724-352-3960.

Cigna's, Lawrenceville, 412-687-4287.

Club Cafe, South Side, 412-431-4950.

Coolpeppers Hothouse, Lawrence-ville, 412-682-4001.

Coyote Cafe, Bloomfield, 412-682-0320.

Coz's, Green Tree, 412-921-5100.

Cross Creek Country Cafe, Avella, 724-356-2393.

Crow's Nest, Sharpsburg, 412-782-3701.

Culmerville Hotel, West Deer, 724-265-2030.

The Den, Millvale, 412-821-2144.

Dukes Station, Bethel Park, 412-835-0697.

Embassy Suites, Moon, 412-269-9070.

Excuses, South Side, 412-431-9847.

Falcon's Nest, Lower Burrell, 724-339-2630.

Fawn Tavern, Tarentum, 724-224-9511.

Filly Corral, Smithton, 724-872-6104

Fireside Inn, Robinson, 412-921-5566.

Flashbacks, Ross, 412-939-2303.

Frank's II, New Alexandria, 724-668-8772

Gateway Clipper, Station Square, 412-355-7980.

Gators, Jeannette, 724-527-5262.

Gooski's, Polish Hill, 412-681-1658.

Harrington's, McDonald, 724-796-5117.

Hard Rock Cafe, Station Square, 412-481-7625.

Harry's Holiday Park Lounge, Plum Borough, 724-387-2271.

Hennessey's, Butler, 724-287-2329.

Hohman's Lounge, Monroeville, 412-823-8050.

Hoorah's Tavern, West View, 412-931-3990.

Hot Rod Cafe, Sharon, 724-981-3123.

Hot Rod Lounge, Delmont, 724-327-1660.

Howlers/Coyote Cafe, Bloomfield, 412-682-0320.

Huckles, Ross, 412-939-2303.

Idlewood Inn, Green Tree, 412-922-9560.

Ilgenfritz Motor Inn, New Stanton, 724-925-3541.

J.D. Marco's, West Mifflin, 412-469-0071.

J-City Grill, Jeannette, 724-527-5005.

Jacksons Restaurant, Southpointe, 724-743-5005.

Jay's Mountain View Inn, Sarver, 724-295-5221.

Jay's Sports Bar, Canonsburg, 724-746-2250.

Jergel's, Ross Township, 412-364-9902.

Jocco's, Mount Pleasant, 724-423-6462.

Joey D's, Canonsburg, 724-745-8844.

Joey's The Edge, Export, 724-327-3899.

Kacky's, North Braddock, 412-823-9473.

Kathy's Rainbow Lounge, Mount Pleasant, 412-547-8977.

Kennedy Tavern, Kennedy Township, 412-771-7606.

Kennedy's, Scott, 412-331-1023.

Knuckleheads Bar & Grill, South Side, 412-431-2881.

L.A. Lounge, Latrobe, 724-539-7413.

Ladbrokes, Greensburg, 724-837-7791.

Laterbach Cafe, Mount Oliver, 412-431-2255.

Leo's Hotel, Cheswick, 724-274-8707.

Little Traverse Inn, Clinton, 724-899-3878.

Locker Room, Lyndora, 724-283-0061.

Loffredo's Cafe, Pitcairn, 412-372-9913.

Longview Lounge, North Versailles, 412-823-9602.

Magoo's Bar & Bistro, McCandless, 412-635-2300.

Mama Rosa's, Lawrenceville, 412-784-9530.

Marina Pub, Verona, 828-7775.

Michael Marie's, Penn Hills, 412-798-9886.

Mint Lounge, Monongahela, 724-489-9777.

Mocha Motion Coffee House, Scottdale, 724-887-9600.

Monte Cello's, McKees Rocks, 412-787-1377.

Monterey, Monongahela, 412-672-5030.

Moondog's, Blawnox, 412-828-2040.

Moy's Cove, Monroeville, 412-373-8810.

Mousetrap, Bavington, 724-796-5955.

Mr. Roboto Project, Wilkinsburg, 412-247-9639.

Mr. Small's Funhouse, Millvale, 412-821-4478.

Murrysville Pizza Pub, 724-733-1973.

My Other Brother's Pub, Mammoth, 724-423-4488.

Natili's, Butler, 724-287-5033.

Nemacolin Woodlands, Farmington, 724-329-8555.

New Bruceton Station, South Park, 412-653-3430.

New Globe Tavern, Brownsville Road, 412-882-7096.

Nick's Fat City, South Side, 412-481-6881.

Nico's, Moon Township, 412-264-6150.

Noble Street Inn, Swissvale, 412-271-9501.

Nooners, Bloomfield, 412-621-4900.

North Park Clubhouse, Richland, 724-449-9090.

North Park Deck House, Cranberry, 724-772-2233.

O'Charlie's, North Huntingdon, 412-823-2239.

Oakmont Tavern, Oakmont, 412-828-4155.

Office Lounge, Baldwin, 412-885-0650.

Olde Time Saloon, Oakmont, 412-828-2990.

Oregon Grille, Ross Township, 412-821-4355.

P.J. McMonagle's, California, 724-938-3336.

P&K Lounge, Carnegie, 412-276-7350.

P.T. Cardiff's, Trafford, 412-373-5680.

Paradise Bar & Grill, Shenango Township, 724-924-1624.

Praha, Tarentum, 724-224-2112.

Phoenix, Shaler, 412-821-6606.

Penn Brewery, North Side, 412-237-9402.

Peter B's, Sarver, 724-353-2677.

Pine Hollow Inn, Kennedy Township, 412-331-9282.

The Pines, Delmont, 724-468-9923.

Pirates Cove, Indianola, 412-767-5885.

Pittsburgh Brewing Co., Lawrence-ville, 412-682-7400.

Pittsburgh Deli Co., Shadyside, 412-682-DELI.

Primanti's, South Side, 412-431-7080.

Pudder's, Ross, 412-931-9849.

Purple's Saloon, Ford City, 724-763-1812.

Quail Hill, Canonsburg, 724-745-0333.

Quaker Steak & Lube, Cranberry, 724-778-9400.

Quiet Storm, Friendship, 412-661-9355.

R&B Brewhouse, Moon, 412-299-0224.

R.J.'s Lounge, N. Versailles, 412-673-6117.

Rainbow Coffee House, Smithton, 724-872-5056.

Redman's Riverside Inn, Bellevue, 412-761-1258.

Red Star Microbrewery, Greensburg, 724-850-7245.

Redstone Cafe, Crafton, 412-921-9336.

Rex Theatre, South Side, 412-381-6811.

Riverside Bar & Grill, McKees Rocks, 412-331-6530.

Rochester Inn & Hardwood Grille, Ross, 412-364-8166.

Rock A Bye Cafe, Bethel Park, 412-835-9915.

Rock House, Butler, 724-283-0809.

Roland's Iron Landing, Strip District, 412-261-3401

Ronnie G's, Murrysville, 724-339-7299.

RPM's, Bridgeville, 412-221-7808.

Rullo's, Crafton, 412-937-9374.

Sandcastle, West Homestead, 412-462-6666.

Scooby's, Greensburg, 724-834-9827.

Score Board Lounge, Valencia, 724-443-6522.

Seven Springs Resort, Champion, 814-352-7777.

Second Shift, Lawrenceville, 412-781-0514.

7th Street Tavern, Trafford, 412-372-1820.

Shady's, Clairton, 412-233-9865.

Shaler Lounge, Shaler, 412-486-9899.

Sidekick's, Imperial, 724-695-2695.

Signatures, Ross, 412-931-1722.

Silky's Crow's Nest, Sharpsburg, 412-782-3707.

Skelley's Place, Shaler, 412-821-5330.

Souper Bowl, Uptown, 412-471-0416.

Steve's Down Under, West Mifflin, 412-462-4337.

Strip Brewing Co., 412-338-2337.

Sunny Jim's, Emsworth, 412-761-6700.

Sweeney's Cafe & Pub, Rostraver, 724-929-8383.

Take Six, Natrona Heights, 724-226-3505.

Third Degree Bar & Grill, Ross, 412-366-3606.

Thirsty's, Oakland, 412-687-0114.

31st Street Pub, Strip District, 412-391-8334.

3-B's, Zelienople, 724-452-9959.

3 By The River, Sharon, 724-981-3123.

Three Rivers Brewing, Strip District, 412-456-2797.

Thursday's, Bridgewater, 724-728-2229.

Tia's, Burgettstown, 724-947-2423.

Tilt's, Gibsonia, 724-443-5211.

Top Dawgz, Ford City, 724-763-8568.

Traveler's Rest, Farmington, 724-329-8884.

Tremors, Uniontown, 724-439-5450.

Twin Oaks Lounge, White Oak, 412-678-3321.

Ugly Dog Saloon, Green Tree, 412-921-5100.

Uptown Theatre, Washington, 724-223-8101.

Vi's Bar, Vandergrift, 567-6126.

Vincentina's, Shaler, 412-486-8800.

Voodoo Lounge, Strip District, 412-454-9999.

Warehouse Cafe, Bethel Park, 412-831-8002.

Warsaw Tavern, Polish Hill, 412-683-4418.

White Eagle, South Side, 412-381-7199.

Whitehawk Cafe, Penn Hills, 412-243-2511.

Wildwood Pub, Hampton, 412-486-5753.

Wilhelm's Inn, New Castle, 724-924-9154.

Windhaven, Cranberry, 724-776-1740.

World, Strip District, 412-642-2941.

Ye Olde Inn, Connellsville, 724-628-9820.

Yesterday's Cafe, Plum, 724-327-2400.

Zythos, South Side, 412-481-2234.

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The Attic, Oakland, 412-682-2050.

Boardwalk, Strip, 412-281-1600.

Coyote Cafe, Bloomfield, 412-682-0320.

Contonou Club, East Liberty, 412-661-3919.

H.B. Culpepper's, Indiana, 724-349-5486.

Kayla's, Garfield, 412-363-8211.

Kelly's Riverside Saloon, Bridgewater, 724-728-0222.

Killian's, Creighton, 724-226-8111.

Lock 6 Landing & Marina, Beaver, 724-728-6767.

Molly's Irish Pub, McMurray, 724-942-7800.

Moy's Cove, Monroeville, 412-373-8810.

Nick's Fat City, South Side, 412- 481-6881.

Pirate's Cove, Indianola, 412-767-5885.

Quiet Storm, Friendship, 412-661-9355.

Stone Crab Inn, Charleroi, 412-740-7313.

Xpressions, Homewood, 412-718-0507.

COMEDY

Funny Bone, Station Square, 412-281-3130.

Pittsburgh Improv, Homestead Waterfront, 412-462-5233.LIVE MUSICLIVE MUSICLIVE MUSICLIVE MUSICLIVE MUSICLIVE MUSIC

**Notes**

EXPLORE PITTSBURGH

**Graphic**

PHOTO: MATT FREED/POST-GAZETTE: THE CLARKS PLAY AT NICK'S FAT CITY ON THE SOUTH SIDE.CROWDS GATHER AT THE HARD ROCK CAFE IN STATION SQUARE TO WATCH THE MUSICAL WATER FOUNTAIN SHOW.

PHOTO: PAM PANCHAK/POST-GAZETTE: PITTSBURGH SINGER-SONGWRITERBILL DEASY DURING A SOUND CHECKAT CLUB CAFE ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

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[***For combat-weary Marines, each stint adds to the strain***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GRR-93G0-010F-K0FW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Gregg Zoroya

**Dateline:** RAMADI, Iraq

**Body**

RAMADI, Iraq -- The day the Marines crossed into Iraq, Cpl. James Welter Jr. killed his first man. During his second combat tour, he earned a commendation for leadership skills and coolness under fire, but he brought a nightmare home. Now, with six weeks left in his third fighting tour, his goal is simple.

He hopes to survive.

Welter -- Jimmy to his friends -- is among about 150 veterans of the 1st Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment here who have fought in Iraq three times since the war began in March 2003. Each trip, they have endured some of the harshest combat.

They were here for four months at the start of Operation Iraqi Freedom, when they were at the tip of the invasion spear. In the summer of 2004, during a second tour that lasted 41/2 months, they fought in the streets of Fallujah after insurgents there killed four American contractors, burned and mutilated their bodies and strung two of the corpses from a bridge.

Now, for seven months this year, the Marines are here in Ramadi, the capital of the insurgency and a city thick with roadside bombs. Snipers lie in wait, and at the exits of U.S. military installations, huge warning signs, some inscribed with a skull and crossbones, read: "Complacency Kills!"

The battalion has lost more men in Ramadi than anywhere else: 12 Marines and a Navy corpsman killed in action. Their 13 portraits hang on a wall in battalion headquarters -- a grim reminder of what awaits outside the gate.

The frequency with which troops are being sent back to combat is unprecedented in the all-volunteer U.S. military, which was created in 1973 after the draft ended. To boost morale, commanders draw comparisons to the sacrifices of the Greatest Generation, those who fought for the duration of World War II. But that war is dust-covered history to those fighting here, and defense researchers concede that they do not yet know what back-to-back-to-back tours of duty will do to this military -- or to those fighting.

"It's an open question as to how much we can ask of them," says James Hosek, a RAND Corp. specialist on military retention.

The Marines send troops to Iraq more frequently than the Army but do so for shorter combat stints that don't last longer than seven months. Three Marine battalions, including the one in which Welter serves, are fighting for the third time; two more are preparing for third combat hitches. The Army deploys units for longer periods -- usually 12 months -- but less often. Some Army units are starting a second tour in Iraq this year.

Lt. Col. Bryan Hilferty, a spokesman for the Army's personnel division, says re-enlistments have held steady so far. "But we are keeping an eye on that," he says.

Studies about Vietnam veterans are of little use because the nation had a larger, conscript military then and combat was typically limited to a single 12- or 13-month tour. Hosek testified before Congress last year that what limited data exist suggest a third tour could sour the troops and their families and hurt re-enlistments.

Interviews with two dozen Marines in Ramadi, their commanders, and friends and family back home reveal the cost in human terms. Like Jimmy Welter, some Marines in this unit enlisted after the terrorist attacks of Sept.11, 2001. But that patriotic fervor now seems spent. And what the Marines have endured -- Welter's story is typical -- speaks to the changes that come with war.

During their first tour, Welter and his unit were greeted as liberators. During the second, they fought a growing rebellion. Now, on the third, many say they are angry to be back, shaken by the loss of more friends and feeling old beyond their years.

"I'm 22 years old. It really feels like I'm 30," Welter says. "I've seen more and done more things at 22 than most people have in 40 years."

Evidence of victory is scant, those interviewed by the newspaper say. Some are stunned that, after all the sacrifices they and others have made, so many Iraqis now seem to hate them.

Their choice to serve has put them on the battlefield three times in three years. Now, many say they just want to go home.

A fiancee's fears:'He's pushing his luck'

Their commander, Lt. Col. Eric Smith, sees the wear and tear.

"This takes a mental toll on these guys," says Smith, 40, of Plano, Texas, who was wounded in combat during a tour last year in another command position.

"I do know they get tired, and I do know they've changed," Smith says. "I mean, their counterparts (back home) are running around getting pissed off because they were unable to register for Psych 303 and they have to start their senior year. These guys are running around worried about being supplied with .50-caliber ammo and not getting shot tomorrow."

The man working to re-enlist them explains the hardships.

"They've done their war, and they're done," says Staff Sgt. William Beschman, the battalion retention officer. Unlike the Marine Corps as a whole, the battle-scarred 1st Battalion, 5th Marines will not meet its re-enlistment goal this year. The largest bonuses in Marine Corps history -- a year's salary, or about $20,000 tax-free if they sign up while in Iraq -- got few takers. Of 287 first-term Marines in the battalion, just 50 are staying. The goal is 58.

And veterans of the battalion now have a look about them. In Vietnam, it was called the "thousand-yard stare": a weariness devoid of emotion. Cpl. Mike Kelly, 23, wore it as officers award him a Navy commendation for valor at a battalion headquarters ceremony this month.

He's heading home to Boston with hopes of opening a bar. His four-year enlistment -- including three tours of duty in Iraq -- is almost over. "I just want to live an easy life," he says after the ceremony. "A normal job, nothing fancy. A working stiff. That's my dream."

So does Cpl. Richie Gunter. "I just want to go back to the way things are," says Gunter, 30, who longs to trade Marine fatigues for a T-shirt and jeans and work on the family's tomato farm in Woodland, Calif.

Their loved ones suffer with them. Danielle "Dani" Thurlow of Coloma, Mich., has watched her fiance, Marine Cpl. Ryan Kling, 22, grow colder and angrier with each tour. "He's pushing his luck," she says.

"I tell a lot of people: I wouldn't wish this on anyone," says Thurlow, 19. "It's very hard. It really is. You're just looking toward the end. That's all you want, is for it to be over."

And Ken Frederking, 69, says he lives in fear that his oldest grandchild, Jimmy Welter, may never find his way home. "What this kid has gone through at his age, it's incredible," the grandfather says. "It just seems like he can't escape."

Keeping in touch with their families -- through letters, e-mails and telephone calls -- is essential to preserving morale, says Smith, the battalion commander.

"You've got to make sure to not let the Marines get mean," he says. "You can't let the guys go home without their humanity."

Listening to Metallica's'For Whom the Bell Tolls'

Ramadi, a city of 250,000 people along the Euphrates River, is the capital of volatile Anbar province, which includes Fallujah and stretches west to the borders of Jordan and Syria. The governor here is the third in as many months. The first one quit out of fear of reprisal for working with Americans. The second was assassinated.

Tips about insurgent activities in the city have been increasing, Lt. Col. Smith says. Still, the largely Sunni Arab population here seems either indifferent toward or outright supportive of the guerrillas. Barely a thousand people here participated in elections in January.

Clerics have routinely preached violence against Marines. Early this month, loudspeakers from the Saman Mosque in Ramadi blared: "My God: Victory to the enemy of America!"

Marines estimate that there are roughly 2,000 potential insurgent fighters here, rallied by a hard core of perhaps 150 full-time combatants skilled at sniping and roadside bomb ambushes. Suicide car bombers are also a threat.

"They kill us. We kill them," Smith says grimly. He could easily use two more battalions of about 850 Marines each, he says.

With the assistance of two Army battalions operating on the city edge, the Marines have incrementally brought limited security to Ramadi. They do this by aggressively sending out daily and hazardous "presence" patrols, on foot or in armored vehicles. The official acronym for this work is Security and Stability Operations, or SASO.

Marines call it "SASO World" and see it as anything but secure. "SASO World is 10 times scarier than any offensive," Jimmy Welter says. "In SASO World, like Ramadi, you don't know where the enemy is at. He could be anywhere."

Fair-skinned like his mother, with her eyes and slender frame, Welter wears a history of war across his body. After boot camp, he had the "USMC" tattoo inked into his right forearm; the brazen grim reaper across his right shoulder blade marks his first tour. For the second, a Celtic Cross is etched into his left shoulder and arm. And he plans a memorial to slain friends for his third: "Brothers in Arms, Even in Death," down his ribcage.

He prepares for SASO World with his iPod, often to the beat and lyrics of Metallica's For Whom the Bell Tolls. The intensity and throbbing rhythm of the heavy metal music stiffen his resolve:

Make his fight on the hill in the early day

Constant chill deep inside

Shouting gun, on they run through the endless gray

On the fight, for they are right, yes, but who's to say?

Each day, along the streets of Ramadi, their patrols in armored Humvees resemble Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, a dark and nightmarish Disneyland amusement. A driver speeds and swerves to avoid debris that might hide roadside bombs.

Welter, from his perch in the front passenger seat, has imagined the worst, something catastrophic like that day in June when he lost five friends in a single explosion here: the floor buckling beneath him from the blast, the fireball from burning fuel, and then nothing. Eternity.

Take a look to the sky just before you die. It's the last time you will

The thoughts leave him rubbing the cloth scapular hanging from the Timex on his left wrist. The Roman Catholic token promises Welter dispensation from hell's eternal flames should he die this day.

War was nothing like this during his first tour.

First tour: 'All of us thought we were done'

The fight in 2003 was simple, the enemy clear. Jimmy Welter could point at them -- right there, across the berm from where the Marines of the 1st Battalion, 5th Regiment were poised in Kuwait.

The war scrapbook in his mind lays out the images in sequence. The oil fires of the Ramallah fields lighting the night sky on the eve of the attack. The plea of his platoon commander, Lt. Therrel Childers, the first American casualty of the war, writhing from a mortal stomach wound: "It hurts. It hurts." And the scarred, fly-covered face of the Iraqi soldier Welter shot that day. As Welter stood over him, the man pleaded for water before drawing his last breath.

It was all new then, and terrifying. But there was also clarity. It seemed like victory and the war made so much more sense.

Eighteen months before the invasion, Welter had watched the second passenger jet hit the World Trade Center. He saw it on television at Mount Carmel High School, in his ***working-class*** south Chicago neighborhood, the day he picked up his transcripts. He was still contemplating enrolling in college, but after seeing the carnage in New York, he chose the Marines instead.

"I wanted to do my fair share," he says.

The invasion of Iraq gave him that chance. He could focus every ounce of the notorious Jimmy Welter temper, the willingness to reason with his fists, bloodying anybody he deemed a threat or a challenge. Always with something to prove, ever since he was 7 and his mother died from a heart attack at 31, her body weakened by multiple sclerosis.

"Just anybody could push his button," says his father, James Welter Sr., 50, an ironworker who raised Jimmy and his younger brother, Joe. "He was one of those kids on the block nobody would mess with, even as skinny and scrawny as he was."

That cockiness seemed to stay with Welter through boot camp -- even through that first tour in Iraq, with its brutal opening day of combat and the furious eight-hour firefight as the battalion entered Baghdad weeks later.

It was during that battle that a rocket-propelled grenade hit the helmet of a Marine standing next to Welter as both stood in an armored personnel carrier. The Marine fell unconscious. The grenade was a dud.

Welter felt lucky after that. He and his Marine brethren had been baptized in war. Baghdad lay at their feet. Iraqis were rejoicing. Victory was sweet, or it seemed to be.

"It was a good time to be there," he says of that first tour. "All of us thought we were done."

Second tour:'I'm still not over it, Grandpa'

But as the battalion trained in Okinawa for urban warfare in early 2004, the Marines realized that more fighting awaited them in Iraq.

As in the first tour, the enemy was straight ahead of them. This time, it was in Fallujah. When Marines launched an offensive into the city in April 2004, the 1st Battalion, 5th Marines was ordered in. Fighting was block by block.

In those blasted warrens where insurgents were dug in, Jimmy Welter says, he learned something about himself. The scrawny troublemaker from south Chicago, the boy who got bounced from St. Rita High School for bad behavior, suddenly discovered he was cool-headed and canny under fire. In a place where machine gun and mortar rounds blistered the pavement all around his advancing squad, Welter and other veterans of the 2003 invasion calmly directed fire and positioned troops.

At one point in the Fallujah battle, Welter moved to the center of a street, in plain sight of an enemy position, to fire his grenade launcher. The first round fell short. But he could gauge the deficit -- "you got to kind of Kentucky-windage it," is the way he explains his technique -- and the next shot landed squarely amid insurgents clustered on a rooftop. Then Welter dropped another neatly into a treeline where more enemy fighters were crouched. Then silence.

"Welter showed fierce aggressiveness and leadership beyond his pay grade," reads the Marine Corps Certificate of Commendation he later received. He "kept his bearing and effectively employed his team while also laying devastating fire on the enemy's position with his M203 grenade launcher," the commendation says.

Welter's steadiness amazed Lance Cpl. Jim Cullen, who was then on his first tour. "I was kind of like in awe of him," says Cullen, 21, of Rochester, N.Y. "They just had this confidence," he says of the unit's veterans, a "pride of knowing that when they came in, they freed the country."

The fighting in Fallujah lasted weeks. And when his second tour ended and Welter returned to south Chicago, the chip on his shoulder was gone. He carried himself with the same assurance he had demonstrated in the streets of Fallujah. Everyone could see it. Not once did he and his brother fight.

But his family noticed something else: a nervous anxiety.

And the nightmares began. In them, he is defending a bunker, firing madly at insurgents who come in wave after wave. Killing the other Marines. Leaving Welter alone. Not until the attackers are on top of him does he wake up.

When his grandfather asked him what was wrong, Welter's answer was simple: "I'm still not over it, Grandpa."

Third tour: A close call and headaches

Along a street in Ramadi this year, a bomb exploded near Welter's Humvee.

If timed right, such an explosion can torch the Humvee's fuel tank from below and incinerate Marines inside. Since the battalion arrived in March, insurgents in Ramadi have detonated 175 roadside bombs. Ten Marines have been killed.

"As soon as you leave the gate, it's game on," says Marine Capt. Kelsey "Kelly" Thompson, 36, of Shallowater, Texas. He commands Alpha Company, the unit in which Welter serves. The company has suffered more casualties than any other in the battalion.

"I don't think the Battle of Ramadi can ever be won," Thompson says. "I just think the Battle of Ramadi has to be fought every day."

Marine Reserve Maj. Benjamin Busch, an actor in civilian life who plays Detective Anthony Colicchio on the HBO series The Wire, agrees: "We're going to be continually hunted here until we leave."

Welter was lucky when the bomb went off that day in June.

The shock wave funneled down the gun turret in the roof of the Humvee and blew open the armored doors. With two tires flattened, the Humvee rolled to a stop. Welter will never forget the pressure of the blast, the deafening sound and then the blackness, the ringing in his ears and the throbbing in his head.

The Metallica song speaks to it: Blackened roar, massive roar fills the crumbling sky.

Sitting in the front seat, dripping with fetid black ooze thrown up from the Ramadi street, Welter checked to see if his body was intact. Then he turned to Cullen, who was behind the wheel. The two had grown close during Fallujah and now were best friends. Almost without thinking, they high-fived and burst into laughter. "We made it!" they shouted in unison. But Welter's headaches persisted.

Military medical researchers fear that repeated exposure to these blasts and their concussive effects can cause brain damage. So far, the battalion surgeon has sent at least three Marines home with chronic, persistent cognitive problems stemming from roadside blasts.

Armor was no protection days later when five Marines from Welter's platoon -- including a close friend, Cpl. Tyler Trovillion, 23, of Richardson, Texas -- died in a roadside blast that demolished their Humvee. The deaths June 15 left Welter and his comrades shaken. Some didn't want to go on patrol.

But after heart-to-heart talks with the chaplain, they were back on the streets in six hours.

Erin Dillon, 21, a waitress and college student who has been dating Welter since he came home from his second tour, says she noticed a real difference in his voice during the phone call he made after Trovillion's death.

"After the whole time of being there, he was starting to be a little scared," she says. "I think maybe he feels his luck is starting to run out, just because he's seen so much and there's so little time left."

Just weeks remain before the battalion finishes its tour in Ramadi and goes home in September. And while on guard duty at the provincial government center, Welter talks about dying.

The government center is an impregnable fortress with bunkers and watch towers that provide interlocking fields of fire for the Marines who guard it. When armed motorcades arrive at the entrance, Marines toss flash-bang grenades to clear the crowd.

Insurgents fire rockets or mortars into the area, or pepper watch towers with rifle fire while dropping off roadside bombs in rice sacks at intersections nearby, hoping to blast some unlucky Marine patrol. The place feels like it's under perpetual siege.

Alpha Company provides security, and platoons alternate four-day shifts here. It is a break from the risky patrols, and it offers time to reflect. On a moonless night, in the blackness of a watch tower, Welter says that if he survives this tour, his duty to the nation is done.

"Three deployments is my hit," he says. "And $20,000 isn't enough for me to come back here again."

Police work in Chicago might be in his future, though he says he may be tired of guns. Welter loves to cook almost anything. Omelets and barbecue are his specialty; perhaps culinary school and a career as a chef?

Talk winds back to the war, and Jimmy Welter echoes a common refrain of third-timers: If death happens, it happens. And the sooner you accept that you are as good as dead, the better you will fight -- and the more likely you are to save your sanity.

It is a fatalism echoed by the lyrics of Metallica:

Suffered wounds test their pride

Men of five, still alive through the raging glow

Gone insane from the pain that they surely know

"Everybody's got that feeling." Welter pauses in the darkness. "But they don't really believe it. It's just something they say."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Karl Gelles, USA TODAY, Sources: U.S. Marine Corps; Dept. of Defense (Pie charts); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Source: USA TODAY research (Map); PHOTO, Color, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY (6)

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**Byline:** ROBERT CROAN, POST-GAZETTE SENIOR EDITOR

**Body**

ntil this year, Southeast Asia meant to me little beyond vague recollections of war, mostly derived from grisly images I saw on TV long ago. As a young adult in the ' 60s, I protested Vietnam and believed (as I still do) that we were on the wrong side. More recently, I think of Asia mostly in terms of the effect its stock markets have on Wall Street.

So this year I carved out a five-week tour, which included travel by air, ship, cars and buses, and traversed eight countries. My companion and I had both accrued enough frequent-flier miles to fly first class, but even so, the trips over and back were grueling. Although I'm an experienced traveler, it took me a full week after I got home to recover from the jet lag. It was well worth it.

Our itinerary included a week in Bangkok, then a flight to Singapore, where we boarded Royal Caribbean's Legend of the Seas for a three-week cruise that would visit seven more ports (including a return, for us, to Bangkok), finally disembarking in Hong Kong. The cruise was unusual for its length and number of ports in this area. The ship was only two-thirds full, and we were told that a shorter itinerary would replace this one next year.

It was a journey of contrasts and culture shocks: from the poverty of Vietnam and the Philippines to the extreme wealth of Brunei; from the equatorial heat of Bali to bone-chilling rains in Hong Kong; and from the political repression of Singapore to the sexual and personal freedoms enjoyed by the Thais. This was not a way to get to know any one place in depth -except for Thailand, where we came back with a genuine feel for the country and its people -- but it was a good way to get a first-time overview, and an idea of which places we might like to return to for longer visits in the future. Naturally, then, impressions of ports visited for a single day will be snapshot vignettes.

Thailand

Bangkok is a vibrant city -- a wonderful mixture of East and West, old and modern -- that held enough treasures and pleasure to take up the several days and leave us looking forward to our imminent, albeit briefer, return.

Thailand may be the freest country among those we visited in individual liberties and sexual liberality, yet its people are strictly forbidden to say or do anything against their king or even members of the Royal Family. Luxury and sleaze exist side by side, both in unembarrassed visibility. An elegant and expensive meal at the super-deluxe Oriental Hotel -- one of the world's great hostelries -- may be followed by drinks at a grungy bar in the Patpong. Shopping for silk at Jim Thompson's or for expensive artifacts at the River City Shopping Center may precede a walk through the colorful and always crowded outdoor Night Market on Silom Road, where vendors flaunt international copyright laws with admittedly fake (cheap but often quite well-made) merchandise from "Rolex" watches to "Prada" bags.

There's a newly built, sparklingly clean Skyway train, which will get you places faster than any surface transportation, given the very congested traffic scene below, but metered taxis are so cheap and plentiful that we opted for them most of the time. From one end of the city to the other, it was almost impossible to spend more than $ 3 American on a single taxi trip. Tuk-tuks -- the tiny, open three-wheelers that look like they'd be fun to ride in -- are even cheaper, but slow, dangerous in traffic and exposed to the heavily polluted air.

In Thailand, as in many foreign countries, the value-added tax on purchases made there is refunded on leaving the country. This was the case when we left Thailand by plane for Singapore. A week later, however, we departed the country by ship, and neither Royal Caribbean nor the Thai customs people on board would do anything to assist us in obtaining our rightful refund. We were also disappointed to find that the travel agency on board Legend of the Seas was woefully uninformed about land schedules for anything other than their own specific tours. They had even listed one incorrect port of entry, which created a problem with a car we had ordered to meet us.

Sightseeing in Bangkok is limited only by how much time you have to spend and how well you take the heat. The easily accessible Grand Palace complex is a good start, with a row of three Wats (temples) each in a different architectural style (Thai, Chinese, Indian). Because of obscure local holidays and other scheduling oddities that we were never able to figure out, the palace itself (no longer the actual residence of the king) was never open when we could get to it. A scenic ride up the Chao Phraya River (you can catch a water taxi at the Oriental Hotel) will take you to fabulous Royal Barges and also allow you to view the alternately rich and poor dwellings that line the riverfront.

Jim Thompson's House -- which incorporates several styles of Thai architecture and furnishings, was another favorite sight. This adventurous American, who made a fortune by bringing an international silk trade to this country, is one of the world's still-unsolved mysteries. In 1967, he took a trip to the Malaysian jungle and disappeared without a trace.

For authentic Thai cuisine, Thai friends took us to Anna's -- a pleasant restaurant on the ground floor of an elegant house in the Silom district. We had anticipated comparing authentic pad thai with the American version, but when we got there, this most popular dish was not on the menu! For Chinese, our favorite was a lunch of dim sum and succulent roast pork at Tien Tien (on Patpong). Our hotel, the superb Dusit Thani, contained a variety of good restaurants that included Thai, Chinese, Japanese and Continental cuisines.

We visited two more Thai locales later on, during our cruise: Ko Samui, a ***working-class*** island resort with beautiful sand beaches that made for a pleasant but otherwise unremarkable day trip; and Pattaya, a notably seedy resort known to many tourists as "Thailand's sex city." We were there during the day, but at night there's an open and very active sex trade whose purveyors proudly claim offers something for every taste. A similar scene exists in Bangkok as well, although a little less blatantly open and aimed at a higher-class tourist. Thailand is addressing the issue of AIDS without preaching abstinence (which would be hopeless) by openly and graphically explaining techniques of safe sex.

Singapore

We flew from Bangkok to Singapore a day before Legend of the Seas was to embark. I'll admit I had been put off about Singapore from news reports of canings and other government assaults on basic human rights. There's no question, however, that this is a glistening, prosperous country. Its central shopping district (around the intersection of Orchard Street and Scott Road) has an extraordinarily large concentration of upscale shops and major chains.

No trip would be complete without a Singapore sling at cocktail hour at the famous Raffles Hotel -- a favorite haunt of past-era writers from Joseph Conrad to Somerset Maugham. I didn't much care for the signature drink and switched quickly to martinis, but just being there -- throwing peanut shells on the floor and watching the fascinating, strangely designed ceiling fans -is an experience not to be missed.

Especially interesting are Singapore's varied neighborhoods -- from the Westernized shopping meccas with their malls, restaurants and nightclubs, to Chinatown -- dotted with temples or mosques, and like the rest of the city, sparklingly clean and tidy. If you have children (or a bit of the child in yourself), you'll want to take the spectacular cable car ride to Sentosa Island, which contains an elaborate theme park which you can traverse by a small railroad, once you're there.

Brunei

The tiny sultanate of Brunei, which we visited later in the trip, has a lot in common with Singapore: an absolute monarchy in this case ruled by the richest man in the world, who makes sure that his small population enjoys high salaries, free education and medical care. Our young guide several times mentioned his family's servants -- all foreign. But don't go to Brunei with the intent of having much fun. Brunei is a strict Islamic state, where alcohol is banned and most forms of music are looked on with suspicion. We were able to take in most of the capital city, Bandar Seri Begawan, in a single morning.

The beautiful Omar Ali Saifuddin Mosque was extraordinary, but the 1,788-room Sultan's Palace -- built at a cost estimated to be upwards of $ 600 million -- is open to the public only on the Sultan's birthday, July 15, and even the exterior of the buildings is essentially hidden from public view. One of the most interesting things to see here is the water village, Kampong Ayer, home to about 30,000 Brunei citizens who objected to moving from their traditional milieu to a modern city.

Every cruise line offers shore excursions at every port, and these guided tours are often the best way to get to know a new city in a short amount of time. One caveat, however, is the obligatory inclusion of shopping stops that not only waste valuable time, but also are often tourist traps, with limited or inferior merchandise at top dollar.

Malaysia

Our first stop after Singapore was the Malaysian capital, Kuala Lumpur -42 miles inland from the west coast Port Kelang, On disembarking, we found taxis plentiful, with clear signs stating that an air-conditioned car with an English-speaking driver who would also be our guide was $ 70.

Highlights of that day trip included a Central Market where real bargains were to be had (especially in hand-painted silk items), the National Mosque (closed to tourists because it happened to be a Friday), and Petronas Twin Towers, currently the world's tallest structure -- a wonderful mixture of Western modernism with Asian-style twin towers linked by a skybridge. Adjacent is a gorgeous shopping mall containing a myriad of Western designer boutiques and good restaurants to boot.

Another huge shopping mall-hotel complex, on the outskirts, contained less fancy shops but was amusing for being built as a giant pyramid surrounded -Las Vegas style -- by fake Egyptian artifacts.

Bali

Bali -- where we docked for two days -- was our major disappointment on this trip. One is assaulted by vendors of all ages, aggressively, almost forcibly pushing their wares. Taxi drivers start with outrageously high prices (which you have to bargain down) and may promise you an air-conditioned new car when what they have is a beat-up jalopy that has to be repaired along the way.

There are in essence two Balis. The isolated world of high-end luxury resorts in which a tourist may see nothing but sea and sand, is a never-never land that resembles the postcards and travel brochures. Once you step outside those hotels, however, you find horrendous poverty, repellent slums and people who see Western tourists as little more than wallets on legs.

We took the low road on Day 1, hiring a driver (who had an ancient Toyota with air-conditioning that went off every five or so minutes) to take us first to the capital city of Denpasar (one of the more depressing places I've visited), then up through the colorful crafts villages to the artist colony, Ubud. It was indeed interesting to watch the local artisans make batiks, but the attractive hand-painted cotton shirts we purchased fell apart within a week. A memorable attraction in Ubud was the Monkey Forest, where sacred monkeys -- as aggressive as the human vendors -- vie for bananas (which you can buy at the entrance) and try to steal your cameras or other personal items when you have nothing left to offer them.

On the way back we stopped to walk through the spectacular Royal Palace in Klungkung, with its unique Floating Pavilion and informative historical museum.

On the second day we treated ourselves to an afternoon at Amankila, an expensive hillside resort close to Padangbai, where our ship was docked. It was indeed beautiful and luxurious, but even in the shade the temperature remained well above 100 degrees.

Vietnam

Our single day in Vietnam left us wanting to see more of this country and its spunky yet gentle people. To my surprise, we encountered few difficulties from the present-day Socialist government -- far less red tape, in fact, than getting in and out of Russia last year.

We opted to see Ho Chi Minh City -- the former Saigon -- on our own, with a private car and guide we had arranged back in Bangkok. Since the ship's travel agency had no idea of hydrofoil schedules, we were obliged to take the arranged bus from Vung Tau into the city and back -- a rough three-hour ride each way.

Saigon (many natives still refer to it as such) was a very pleasant place. It's population is young and vibrant. Motor bikes have replaced foot-pedaled bicycles as the most prevalent form of transportation. In-town "must-see" sights included the Reunification Palace, where National Liberation Fighter tanks crashed though the gates in April 1975; the Revolutionary Museum, in which it was particularly helpful to have an English-speaking guide; and the Art Museum, which contains artifacts from the ancient world and the recent revolution side by side. It was also possible to stroll through streets lined with shops that sell gorgeous hand-done lacquer work at very low prices, or stop for a refreshing drink at the popular rooftop bar of the Rex Hotel. For the more adventurous, there are also the forbidding Cu Chi Tunnels (46 miles northwest) used by the Viet Cong to hide from the enemy.

The Philippines

On the advice of our shipboard travel lecturer -- who gave stern warnings on the dangers of going into Manila on one's own -- we made our introduction to the Philippine capital via a Royal Caribbean tour. This took us -- all in a morning -- to the historic Fort Santiago, the walled city of Intramuros, the more recent American Cemetery memorializing soldiers killed in action during World War II, and (from the outside only) to the impressive Cultural Center Complex, which includes an opera house. Manila had the very worst air pollution we encountered on this trip -- also the worst slums, in tandem with the millionaires row known as Forbes Park, where magnificent homes are hidden from public view and are highly policed inside and out.

Hong Kong

Disembarking in Hong Kong on the 21st day seemed like a return to the West. The gorgeous Hong Kong skyline is very much like New York, and so -- in perhaps superficial ways -- is the city itself. There is excellent public transportation, including convenient Star Ferry service between the mainland peninsula of Kowloon and Hong Kong Island itself, yet this is a city for walkers as well. Traffic is horrendous, but there are walkways and pedestrian overpasses everywhere.

Tourist activity is heaviest in Kowloon, starting with the Hong Kong Cultural Center right at the ferry stop, continuing on the "Golden Mile" section of Nathan Road, which contains innumerable shops and restaurants crowded together and overflowing onto the side streets.

Standing nobly apart from the honky-tonk on Nathan Road is the top-grade Peninsula Hotel, which is worth a stop for a gourmet meal in Gaddi's, the top French restaurant in Hong Kong, the Spring Moon, its upscale Chinese eatery, or just a cocktail or two in one of its secluded nearly private bar areas.

We opted for cocktails at the Peninsula, but preferred to stay on the island side, where we found a Chinese restaurant to rival the Peninsula's in the Grand Hyatt on the island side.

Facing Victoria Harbour but designed purposefully without any windows from which to savor the spectacular vista, is the Hong Kong Cultural Center -- a user-unfriendly complex of theaters that nonetheless attracts world class artists and ensembles.

Most businesses on Hong Kong Island are in the areas called Central and Wanchai. There are shops of every description, and luxurious shopping malls that bear little resemblance to their middle-class equivalents in the United States. Such malls typically include boutiques such as Armani, Gucci, Rodier and the like, and the restaurants in their "food courts" are first-class. The best meal of our trip turned out to be an eight-course lunch in Szechuan Garden, a restaurant we found by chance in the Pacific Place Mall. Most restaurants in Hong Kong, by the way, specialize in a particular regional cuisine.

It should be noted that although Hong Kong reverted from British rule to the People's Republic of China in 1997, the communist government has allowed it to remain pretty much the prosperous capitalist haven it always has been. After all it's still a great cash cow!

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[***THE FAMILY DOES NOVA SCOTIA / MOM, DAD AND OFFSPRING EXPLORED THE MARITIME PROVINCE ON A WEEKLONG, 2,300-MILE DRIVING EXCURSION. IT WAS FUN FOR ALL - AND VERY AFFORDABLE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B2V0-01K4-941R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T01

**Length:** 2473 words

**Byline:** Steve Goldstein, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** BADDECK, Nova Scotia

**Body**

It seemed a logical thing to ask, as we sat in the cozy dining room of the Village Kitchen restaurant, which served, we were assured, the tastiest fish and chips on Cape Breton Island.

What exactly was that puffed-up brown-paper bag doing hanging in the open doorway?

"Keeps the flies out," said our waitress, Colleen, as she whizzed by with some golden-brown haddock balancing atop a mound of fries.

The sad sack hardly seemed as effective as, say, a screen door. And it wasn't big enough to impede a person, much less a fly. What was the deal?

"Flies think it looks like a hornet's nest," explained the slender Colleen, an enchantingly earnest character right out of the pages of an E. Annie Proulx novel.

"Except when the wind blows and it moves a lot," she added. "Then it looks like a bag."

The flies, it should be noted, stayed outside.

The quirky Village Kitchen was just one of the many things we found charming about Baddeck, a scenic resort village on Bras d'Or Lake in the heart of Cape Breton Island. Baddeck served as our base for exploring the spectacular Cabot Trail and was our first stop on a seven-day driving excursion of Nova Scotia, Canada's second-smallest province.

Our mission, since we chose to accept it, was to give our four children a trip with some international flavor without blowing a whale-sized hole in our budget. Nova Scotia, or "New Scotland," is a beauteous place, as comely as Maine or the California coast but with far less tourist traffic. It's off the well-beaten East Coast track, for one thing. For another, the formalities of border crossing - though minimal - tend to discourage the hordes. Those minor obstacles are more than compensated for by the scenery and the considerable bang you get in Canada for your Yankee buck.

One of Canada's Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia is almost an island, encircled completely by water except at its nine-mile-long border with New Brunswick. Its coastline stretches 4,625 miles and touches the Atlantic Ocean, the Bay of Fundy, the Northumberland Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Visitors may choose to fly into Halifax, the capital, or drive to Maine and cross by ferry from either Portland or Bar Harbor to Yarmouth, at Nova Scotia's southern end. We - my wife, Margy, and our quartet, ages 8 to 13 - decided to drive all the way to Nova Scotia, via New Brunswick, then return to Portland by ferry.

It's a long haul. Baddeck is 1,150 miles from Philadelphia, roughly the same distance between the Big Apple and Des Moines, Iowa. But we wanted to see some of New Brunswick.

Why? The tide, of course. The highest tides in the world are in the Bay of Fundy, with up to a 50-yard vertical gain near Truro in central Nova Scotia. The tide is a natural phenomenon but also means business for many tourist-dependent cities - like St. John, New Brunswick, home of the so-called "reversing rapids."

In Moncton, New Brunswick, we watched the "tidal bore" come up the Petitcodiac River. This is a kind of wave that comes rushing up the river, against the tide, twice each day. The wave, as high as 2 feet, is caused by tides rising on the Bay of Fundy, to the south. "Total bore," pronounced Maura, 8, as she slapped away one of the overly aggressive mosquitoes hanging around the park where we and 40 or so dedicated tourists stood in a light rain.

The other Moncton must-see is Magnetic Hill, a natural wonder turned theme park that features an optical illusion in which your car seems to roll uphill. Yep, it did. And for the $2 admission fee, we could do it as many times as the children demanded. According to tourist guides, this is the third-most-popular natural tourist attraction in Canada, after Niagara Falls and the Rockies. Go figure.

On a pretty, late-summer day, we drove from Moncton into Nova Scotia, taking the TransCanada Highway to exit at Tatamagouche, where we began a picturesque drive along the coast of the Northumberland Strait, which separates Prince Edward Island from Nova Scotia. We stopped at the Victorian ***working-class*** town of Pictou (pop. 4,413), where we ate lunch at the attractive waterfront park fronting a fine harbor created by the confluence of three rivers.

Then it was on to Cape Breton Island, which is joined to mainland Nova Scotia by the half-mile-long Canso Causeway, opened in 1955 and, at 217 feet, the deepest causeway in the world. Cape Breton boasts some of the most breathtaking scenery in North America.

"I have traveled around the world," wrote inventor Alexander Graham Bell, who liked the craggy island enough to spend the last 35 years of his life there. "I have seen the Canadian and American Rockies, the Andes, the Alps and the Highlands of Scotland, but for simple beauty, Cape Breton outrivals them all."

Baddeck is a relatively unspoiled town on the 620-square-mile saltwater Bras d'Or (Arm of Gold) Lake, which separates the two "lobes" of the island, west and east. The name Baddeck is derived from abadak, or "place near an island," as the MicMac tribe called it. The "island" refers to Kidston, a tiny isle in the harbor of Baddeck, which was once a major shipbuilding center.

Our first night in Baddeck, we bunked down at a place called Pine Away, where Athol and Bernice Grant have installed three recreational vehicles, and added decks and amenities to create a kind of RV motel. Our children thought it was to die for, due to the local wildlife - friendly rabbits and chittering squirrels. We found it a tad cramped for our mob, but it's a very nice place with a terrific view of the lake.

What adds to Baddeck's drawing power is its location a short drive from the beginning of the westernmost entrance to the Cabot Trail. We announced that we were going to do all 184 miles in one day and were met with dismay. But when the day dawned clear and sunny (not a dependable occurrence) and we got under way, the scenery did much to soothe the savaging from our four beasties.

The trail is actually a road, of course, beginning in the Margaree Valley, renowned for its salmon-fishing stream. Probably the most beautiful stretch is between Cheticamp and Pleasant Bay, where the road rises and dips with the mountains bracing the azure water. There's little but air between you and the waves crashing below. We ate lunch at a mouth-watering, quaint emporium called the Chowder House in picturesque Neils Harbor, then went for a swim at Black Brook Cove. The cove boasts a white-sand beach and a freshwater waterfall cascading into the warmish waters of the Northumberland Strait.

At Ingonish Beach, we parked near the classical Keltic Lodge and hiked into the Middle Head Peninsula, where we were rewarded with sightings of a bald eagle and pilot whales frolicking off the point. The children spotted them before the whale-watching boats caught up in the bay. There are nearly 300 species of birds inhabiting Nova Scotia, but eagles are its trademark. About 250 pairs nest in the province, the second-largest colony on the east coast of North America after Florida. Whales frequent Nova Scotia from June through October. The pilot whale is among 20 species found here.

We celebrated our Cabot Trail adventure at the Village Kitchen, then repaired to our new digs, McIntyre's Housekeeping Cottages. These units gave us a bit more room, and the children were able to play with some of the McIntyre brood.

Our last full day in Baddeck, we stayed local, hiking to Usige Ban falls, a short hike for good scenic value. We followed that by taking the short ferry ride (free) to Kidston Island, which is part nature reserve, part town beach.

We capped our day by exploring the Alexander Graham Bell Museum, which recounts how Bell fell in love with the Scottish-like region and built a fine mansion called Beinn Bhreagh. Over 37 years, the townspeople saw Bell experiment with kites, aircraft, hydrofoils, communication devices, genetics and medicine. All of this is described in the museum, which has a hands-on workroom where children can re-create some of the experiments and inventions.

\* The next day we drove from Baddeck to the mainland town of Lunenburg, which was to be our next base of operations. Along the highway we were stopped as the flagman turned his construction sign from "slow" to "stop."

This proved to be an entertaining way to pass the time. The flagman was a chatty fellow who asked a lot of questions and told us about himself, though we hadn't asked. "When I started this job in 1983, I weighed 127," he confided. "Now I weigh 170." Nova Scotians speak with a lilting Eastern Canadian mix of British and Gaelic and end each sentence on a high note, as if they were asking a question. But we got more answers than questions, including useful information about Lunenburg restaurants and must-see attractions. By the time he waved us on, we felt like old friends.

We got off at an earlier exit to take the coast road, wending our way through scenic Mahone Bay. Lunenburg (pop. 3,014) was settled in 1753 by German, Swiss and French Protestants. It is a UNESCO International Heritage Site, which is sort of the equivalent of an international landmark. Many houses are fabulous examples of Second Empire and Victorian styles, painted in primary colors right out of the Crayola box.

A full tour would wait. Instead, we left the next morning for a day-trip to Halifax, stopping along the way at Peggy's Cove, an almost too beautiful and quaint fishing village on a rocky headland about 40 minutes southwest of Halifax. With its houses clinging to a weathered granite shelf at the edge of Margaret's Bay, the cove is one of the most photographed spots in the world. There's a post office inside the white-and-red lighthouse perched on the fantastically smooth, weathered rocks. (Caveat: Don't mail anything that has to arrive in timely fashion.) Even the environmentally safe compost toilets at the parking lot were interesting.

Then on to Halifax, the capital, a little big city of 115,000. In 1749, Col. Edward Cornwallis arrived with about 2,500 settlers on 13 ships and founded Halifax, naming it for Lord Halifax, president of Britain's Board of Trade and Plantations.

Much of Nova Scotia was carved by the great ice sheet, which bulldozed glacial debris into "drumlins," large islands of fine soil piled up in places on the predominantly rocky land. The best-known of these is the steep hill on which sits the Citadel, a massive fort. The Citadel is great for children, with lots of Beefeaters and bagpipers, and ramparts to clamber on. It also has a family admission rate, which greatly reduces the cost for larger families.

After a thorough tour, we wandered down to the waterfront. This was the time of year when they have a buskers festival, attracting all manner of sidewalk entertainers and musicians. We were stunned and delighted to encounter a Japanese artisan-magician whom we had seen almost two years before at Epcot Center in Disney World. Sasha, 10, and Lissa, 12, still have hand-crafted souvenirs he created during his tricks.

On our way back to Lunenburg, we made a small detour to Blue Rocks, a tiny fishing village that's almost as pretty and definitely more authentic than Peggy's Cove. The hamlet takes its name from the blue-gray slate and sandstone rocks ringing the harbor.

At the suggestion of Katie, 13, we'd been having our own family happy hour (Cokes for the kids; local Keith's Pale Ale for the adults) on the deck outside our room at the Topmast Motel overlooking Lunenburg harbor. For dinner, it was a short walk from there into town, where we found wonderfully fresh haddock and scallops.

We began our final full day with a trip to the Museum of the Fisheries of the Atlantic, a bright red structure. This is a terrific museum covering all aspects of the fishing industry, with lots of hands-on activities. A lecture on the lobster, complete with a live crustacean, was informative and delightful. The children were eager to scramble around the fishing schooner Theresa E. Connor, the steel-hulled trawler Cape Sable, the Royal Wave, a Digby scallop dragger, and the Bluenose II.

The original Bluenose, built here in 1921, was a 49-meter fishing vessel that won the International Fisherman's Trophy Race in 1921 and was undefeated champion for 18 years. The ship, which sank while working as a freighter in the West Indies, adorns the Canadian dime. The Bluenose II was created in 1963 from the original plans and serves as kind of a floating, working reminder of Nova Scotia's connection to the sea.

We tore ourselves away from Lunenburg on a bright sunny day to drive leisurely to Yarmouth, where we would catch the ferry back to the United States. On the way, we stopped at Clark's Harbor, an unspoiled fishing community with a vast beach. It had gotten too overcast and cool to be inviting to swim, so we contented ourselves with wading, beachcombing, and watching the seals sitting on rocks just offshore.

Yarmouth really doesn't have much to recommend it, but the sun had returned so we were able to spend time down at a lovely pond near our motel. The morning gave us our last opportunity to sample breakfast at Tim Horton's ubiquitous doughnut shops, and we were pleasantly surprised: good sinkers for the children and decent bagels for the adults.

Then we joined the queue of cars waiting to board the M.S. Scotia Prince. It's a very demanding exercise to load the cars just right and get them aboard; time-consuming, but the crew did it efficiently. The ferry is a pleasant, but not a pleasure, boat. The youngsters complained, rightfully, about too many slot machines and too few places to sit, especially where smoking was not allowed. But it was comfortable enough.

We had a real sit-down ship's lunch as a treat and read books in the intermittent sun on the outside decks, interrupted only by runs to the railing to watch the frolicking dolphins.

Oh, yes, there's a movie and other diversions. And you can rent a cabin for the trip, too. But we chose to read, snooze, snack, watch the water and walk around the ship. We arrived in a beautiful sunset over Portland, where we had begun our Nova Scotia adventure eight days before. Coming full circle, we couldn't have been more pleased.

If You Go Attractions:

\* Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Access to the park is via Cabot Trail, in Baddeck. Phone: 902-285-2691 (winter), 902-285-2535 (summer).

\* Alexander Graham Bell National Historic Park, Baddeck. Phone: 902-295-2069.

\* Museum of the Fisheries of the Atlantic, Lunenburg. Phone: 902-634-4794.

General information: Tourism Nova Scotia, in Halifax, offers information for touring the province: 800-565-0000.

Accommodations: In Baddeck, the Pine Away and McIntyre's Housekeeping Cottages. In Ingonish Beach, the Keltic Lodge. In Lunenburg, the Topmast Motel.

Dining: In Baddeck, the Village Kitchen, Highwheeler, and Yellow Cello. In Lunenburg, Big Red's and Grand Banker.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Cape Breton boasts breathtaking scenery; this vista in the highlands looks out on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. (For The Inquirer, MARGARET WIENER)

Bathers play by the Black Brook Cove waterfall, above. At left, Maura Goldstein, 8, poses in a giant lobster trap at the Museum of the Fisheries of the Atlantic in Lunenburg.

Black Brook Cove in the Cape Breton Highlands boasts a beach of white sand. A good place to eat before or after a swim is the Chowder House in picturesque Neils Harbor. (For The Inquirer, MARGARET WIENER)

Alexander Graham Bell lived on Cape Breton for the last 35 years of his life. His mansion in Baddeck, now a museum dedicated to the inventor, looks out on Brader Lake. (For The Inquirer, MARGARET WIENER)

Worth a detour is the pretty fishing village of Blue Rocks. The hamlet takes its name from the blue-gray slate and sandstone rocks ringing the harbor. (For The Inquirer, MARGARET WIENER)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***STILL STRUGGLING TO MAKE ENDS MEET WITHOUT BREYERS / FOR MANY WHO LOST THEIR JOBS MORE THAN / A YEAR AGO, THERE'S NO RELIEF IN SIGHT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-9XH0-01K4-921W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Rita Giordano, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The plant shut down more than a year ago, but Bill Teti can't help it. He's still on Breyers time.

Teti, 59, made ice cream at the West Philadelphia plant for two decades. Now, he tends the dream machines at Trump World's Fair casino in Atlantic City. He travels twice as far for half the money, and the memories don't stop at the casino door.

"I work 3 to 11. I get there around 2 o'clock," Teti said, his voice listless with sighs. "I'll go have coffee before I start work. I'll be thinking, 'Right around this time, I would be walking into my house and my day would be done.' "

Teti was at his home in National Park, N.J., the other day, watching a movie. Sure enough, a Breyers sign popped up in the background. Someone else wouldn't have noticed. For Bill Teti, that old mint leaf shouted out like neon.

"I said, 'Jeez, now I have to see this. I can't get away from this.' "

That's the bottom line: They haven't gotten away from it, not really, not the majority of the 240 men and women who worked at the Philadelphia Breyers. When we first picked up their journey in late October 1995, just before Unilever, a Dutch conglomerate, closed the 71-year-old plant, they had only begun to come to grips with the anger and fear.

Now, a sickening sense of finality has set in. For many, the hard times seem here to stay. What a Unilever official described as "a business decision," nothing personal, has permanently altered their lives.

"I mean, you expect the worst," said Barry Barron, 38, a former Breyers lab worker, "but the worst is worse than what you expected."

Now, with a year of struggle behind them, many workers say they have lost faith. In an election year, they listened to the President crow about economic growth while they scraped around for work. They learned a bitter lesson: that the promise they grew up on - take care of your job and your job will take care of you - was a tired fairy tale that they will never pass on to their children or their grandchildren.

And then when they looked to government for assistance, they were stunned to learn its limits. Congress did not extend their six months of unemployment benefits. Those who swallowed their pride and applied for welfare or food stamps often were told that they weren't poor enough to qualify. Not yet.

"It's not the American Dream anymore. It's the American nightmare," said Cathy Matthews, 45, of Port Richmond, who lost her bookkeeping job shortly after her husband, Eddie, 46, got laid off from Breyers. "Now you hope for your children - not for them to have more than you, but just to have a job. Just to make it."

Of 120 Breyers workers surveyed, nearly a quarter still haven't found full-time employment - about the norm for downsized workers, according to a federal study.

And those with full-time jobs, in most cases, have had to come to grips with lower pay, work they find demeaning, less or no health insurance, lousy shifts and long commutes. Their lives have come to reflect compromised expectations: moving in with relatives to save on rent, cutting back on health-sustaining medication, driving cheaper cars, skimping on the holidays. Some marriages haven't survived.

The workers and managers who caught on at Breyers plants in Framingham, Mass., Henderson, Nev., and elsewhere, have had to adjust to new environs and, in some cases, weakened family ties.

Things people once took for granted are now dim memories. Savings? Not with so many bills to be paid. Vacations? Forget about it.

"My daughter complained and cried all summer," said Roney Brabham, 42, of Southwest Philadelphia. Brabham spent 18 years at Breyers. He is now working 20 hours a week as a patient attendant at Pennsylvania Hospital.

"My daughter said, 'This is the worse summer I've had in my whole life.' I said, 'Me, too.' "

"I don't know how the government can say this country is in such great shape. It isn't," said Gwen Runge, a 10-year Breyers veteran. For the last year, the single mother of two completed a job-retraining course while working nights for the United Parcel Service at Philadelphia International Airport.

"These senators and all these representatives have a job. They're getting over," she said. "Until it really hits home with someone in their family, they don't really know how it feels."

The Breyers workers' experience reflects a grim regional employment picture. Philadelphia lost 11,000 jobs in 1995, the seventh consecutive year of job loss. Some 100,000 jobs have vanished since 1988, according to the U.S. Labor Department. And in the eight suburban counties, job growth has slowed markedly.

It wasn't a bad year for everyone. Unilever's sales and profits rose. Its stock soared - a result, analysts say, of aggressive management moves like plant closings and downsizing.

What's good for the balance sheet can have harsh human consequences. Some former Breyers employees have endured multiple layoffs since the ice cream plant shut down. Roger Rippey, 39, who went to work for Pepsi-Cola in Pennsauken, has been cut loose and recalled by that company three times.

"I haven't relaxed for a whole year," he said.

Arnetta Curry, 40, of Southwest Philadelphia, got hired at Hatfield Quality Meats after Breyers closed. Then Hatfield let her go. She was relieved to land a production job at Penn Maid in Northeast Philadelphia. But on her first day there, Curry said, she almost walked out when she learned that the company had just been sold to Crowley Foods of Binghamton, N.Y.

"I was putting my coat back on," Curry said. "I told [a manager], 'I don't know if I want to be here. I can't take this.' I asked, 'Are they from the Netherlands?' "

Crowley, it turned out, is owned by a Dutch company. That was enough to make Curry want to bolt. In the end, she stayed; she has a 14-year-old son to support. But it doesn't take much to get her mind reeling. "When they say they're having a meeting," she said, "I get scared."

As unsettling as Breyers' closing was for most, a few former employees found that it opened doors. Mike Gallo, 42, had studied business in college and planned to go into insurance. Then he got a summer job at Breyers. It paid so well he decided to stay.

Now, he's a claims representative for Nationwide Insurance Co. The money isn't as good as at Breyers, but there are opportunities for advancement. "So I feel blessed," he said.

Fifteen months after the closing, the Breyers alumni still ask about each other, but their once-tight ties have loosened. A gala reunion planned for October never happened. Not enough money, too many conflicting schedules. Some of the workers managed to attend the Philadelphia funeral of Leonard Robinson, a former Breyers employee who died last fall. But several couldn't get time off from their new jobs for that, either.

For each of the 240 people who worked at the Philadelphia Breyers, there is a story. Outcomes may vary, but out on the front lines of America's embattled ***working class***, the feelings often do not. And even with survival come scars.

\* These days, Barry Barron is feeling good, relatively speaking. He pulled it off. He and his boys, that is.

For most of the past year, Barron, a single father, juggled two part-time jobs to scrape together about $4,000 for parochial-school tuition for his honor-roll sons, $319 a month for health insurance, plus money for all the other bills. The phone, the lights, water - they all got turned off at his West Philadelphia home, though not at the same time. But Barron kept food on the table.

"I was robbing Peter to pay Paul. I was confused. No, I was scared. I was scared every day."

His sons, Malique, 13, and Dominique, 10, held up their end. In school, they got straight A's and didn't ask their father to buy them things so he wouldn't have to feel bad when he said no. If a Breyers ad came on the radio, they switched it off. If they fought, as brothers do, they kept it to themselves.

"Perfect little gentlemen," their father said.

And then, just when his fortunes seemed to be at their worst - one of his two jobs ended when Breyers closed - the Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute in East Falls came through with a full-time job as a psychiatric nursing assistant.

"I was extremely happy. I'm talking extremely," Barron said. "When they tell you that you can go back to living like a normal human being, that's an excellent feeling."

Of course, it'll be months before he's caught up with his debts. And the last year left a mark on him in other ways. He remembers the days he kept his boys home so they wouldn't play in football games. He didn't tell them why, but it was for fear that they'd get hurt and he wouldn't able to keep up the health insurance.

Every day, he works with people suffering from depression. Many of their stories are about what happened to them after they lost their jobs. "They're not there to hear my story," Barron said, "but I'm dying to tell them."

He knows too well the nagging uncertainty, the loss.

"It's always in front of me. That's the one thing I haven't been able to do - forget it. It's definitely reality and it could happen anytime.

"Breyers right now is still in front of me," Barron said. "I may never get over it."

\* To Paul Reed, 57, it all comes down to the numbers.

A maintenance mechanic with 17 years at Breyers, he figures he sent out 200 resumes in the last year. He got 12 responses, and three were rejections. He got one offer to drive an ice-cream truck part-time in a rough neighborhood and another to start at $5.25 an hour and work his way up to $6.50. At Breyers, he made about $15. He took a test to become a city employee. He's No. 488 on the hiring list. He's not holding his breath.

Like a lot of the older Breyers employees, he put in for an early pension, even though he'll get $300 a month less than if he had held out until age 62. He has a job driving schoolchildren around to sell subscriptions to The Inquirer door-to-door. A subcontractor for the newspaper company pays him $375 a week without benefits.

Before Breyers shut down, Reed, a Northeast Philadelphia resident, went on vacations two, sometimes three, times a year. This year, he canceled a three-day visit with an uncle in Massachusetts because he couldn't afford it.

Ask him if he believes his fortunes will change, if a better job will come along, and Reed coughs out a soft laugh.

"When I was first out of work, I pounded the pavement. And when I wasn't, I was here waiting for the phone to ring. It just didn't happen."

\* Jimmy Ashworth, 57, can't seem to say often enough how happy he is to have his job as a housekeeper at the University of Pennsylvania and how grateful he is to the people at Teamsters Local 115, who helped him get it.

He had a contact there who pulled him in. Ashworth even volunteered at the union hall. His own local, Teamsters Local 463, which represented Breyers production workers, didn't help him, he said.

Bob Ryder, secretary-treasurer of Local 463, said the local helped find new jobs for about 30 Breyers workers. Other former Breyers hands, however, voiced complaints like Ashworth's. Unions are just one more thing they've lost faith in, they said.

For Ashworth, the Breyers closing came on top of another blow - the breakup of a relationship.

"It wasn't only losing the job," the Fishtown resident said. "I lost my girlfriend in the same week. I was talking suicidal."

Around the same time, Ashworth's daughter was laid off from her job at Kmart.

He dropped 60 pounds. He was out of work 8 months, after 21 years with a company he was sure would see him through to retirement.

"I think we're in trouble," Ashworth said. "Even educated people are going to be in trouble. It's going to be a hell of a life. And they're talking about taking people off welfare. I believe you're going to have a lot of chaos a few years from now."

It makes Ashworth grateful for one more thing: that he isn't young.

"I wouldn't want to be 25 years old, just starting out," he said. "I don't know how I'd feed my family."

\* Bill Teti's voice is very soft, like that of a man talking about something a lot more personal than a building and bunch of machines.

"I don't think any of us will get over it for a long time. It really changes your perspective on everything. I'm still upset about it. It's like a marriage. I was tied up with them for life."

It has been more than a year since Teti sat behind the wheel of the charcoal-gray Chrysler LeBaron his Breyers paycheck helped him buy and talked about his lifelong belief in the rewards for work well-done.

The last year has taught him that belief is obsolete, he says. If his own experience wasn't enough, he hears it from his new coworkers at Trump World's Fair.

"Most of them all have a story," he says. "They've been through this, too." One guy was let go from Prudential, Teti says, another from IBM. "It's a big letdown."

Last November, for the first time in his adult life, Bill Teti didn't bother to vote in a presidential election. His wife, Carol, resigned as a Democratic committeewoman in National Park.

"I lost faith in the whole system," Teti said. "I just don't believe it works anymore."

So now Teti heads to Atlantic City every working day, putting miles on the car he won't be replacing anytime soon. Carol will not get the new couch she'd been waiting for. Their annual trip to Florida to visit their little grandson didn't happen for the second year in a row. And the Tetis don't go to the casinos for fun anymore, because now, it isn't.

While the facts of Teti's life have changed, the man has not. When gamblers get lucky at the slots, he acts happy for them. He figures that's only right, part of the job. He gets to work on time, or early.

"I still give them 100 percent," Teti said. "It's probably more for my own satisfaction. I don't think I'm unusual. I think most of the guys I worked with felt the same way."

Bill Teti can't help it. In spite of everything, in his heart, he is still a working man.

**Notes**

Last in an occasional series of stories about the former employees of Breyers ice cream in Philadelphia.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Bill Teti made ice cream at Breyers for 20 years. Now, he's working at an Atlantic City casino for half the money. For Teti and other former Breyers workers, memories are as hard to escape as the financial difficulties. The plant, after 71 years, was closed in October 1995. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ERIC MENCHER)

Paul Reed received only 12 responses to the 200 or so resumes he sent out in the last year. A maintenance mechanic with 17 years at the plant, he put in for an early pension to supply some income.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***The world was their oyster;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:459G-FR30-0190-X466-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Old Original Bookbinder's reputation was based on a little history***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:459G-FR30-0190-X466-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***and a little myth, spiced with national celebrities and local characters.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:459G-FR30-0190-X466-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** INQUIRER MAGAZINE; Pg. 08

**Length:** 2961 words

**Byline:** Beth Gillin

**Body**

It was never just about the lobsters.

Old Original Bookbinder's was restaurant-as-theater, right down to its genteel sobriquet, which suggests antiquity, craftsmanship, reading.

What the name doesn't suggest is the 1898 oyster saloon, a blue-collar pub really, that a Dutch Jew named Sam Bookbinder operated, serving lunches to working stiffs on the waterfront.

Bookbinder's closed its doors Jan. 4. Once, it had been one of the few strongholds of fine dining in Philadelphia. At its end, critics and patrons alike came to find its menu offerings inferior and overpriced: $54 for rubbery lobster!

But the place was always about more than the food.

Over the years it became a required stop on any historical tour of the city. For a while it was so popular with tourists from Japan that the restaurant printed a menu in Japanese. People from all over the world would pop into the restaurant and pose for snapshots, then leave without ordering a thing. Even though Bookbinder's was not officially a historic site.

It certainly tried to look like one, with the bas-reliefs of U.S. presidents on its facade and the Gettysburg Address written in bronze near the door. The menus and bold letters out front claimed that Old Original Bookbinder's had been around "since 1865." This was the myth.

To this day, nobody can say where that year came from. Evidence, though, hints that somebody was operating some sort of eatery somewhere on the property the year Lincoln died.

"I've seen menus from the 1930s, before my grandfather bought the place, that said 'since 1865,' " current owner John E. Taxin noted.

No matter. The important thing is that the date, like the name, conferred a sense of the grandeur of the past, no small attribute for a restaurant that wants to pull in tourists and is located at 125 Walnut St., mere blocks from the Liberty Bell.

In any case, it would have been churlish to complain in 1965, when Old Original Bookbinder's celebrated its 100th birthday, that the centennial was, well, fake. The name, the ersatz birth date, the locale, the borrowed aura of Colonial charm - all were part of the package.

Begin with Sam Bookbinder, who moved to the present location in 1898 from a few blocks away to be closer to the bustling Philadelphia waterfront and all those hungry laborers. Sam, who served only lunches, presided over a colorful and wildly dysfunctional family.

He had three sons - a cop, a bootlegger, and an adventurer who went West and was never heard from again - and a daughter, the lovely and crafty Harriet, who ended up with it all. She got the restaurant by lending lots of money to her brother the bootlegger and demanding that he turn the place over to her in payment.

The restaurant seemed destined to pass from Harriet, who had no children, to her nephew, Sam, who was deaf from a childhood illness but could read lips and was generally agreed to be a wonderful host.

Then Sam fell in love with a Catholic waitress, and Harriet banished him.

From his father, the cop, Sam learned that a vacant station house 13 blocks west was for sale, and Sam bought it and opened Bookbinders 15th Street Seafood House, which is open to this day. (There are still cells in the basement, where supplies are now stored.)

When Harriet died, the oyster saloon, along with her money, her bonds and her jewels, passed to her husband, a lawyer. He didn't want to operate a restaurant, and earned a handsome tax deduction by donating it to the Jewish Federated Charities in 1941.

From there it was acquired by the Taxins: first John M.; then his son Albert, who died of a brain tumor in 1993; and finally Albert's son John E., whose sad task it was to shutter the place this year.

Under the stewardship of John M. Taxin, a vegetable huckster with the soul of a sportsman, Bookbinder's became a magnet for celebrities. They were lured there by a memorable press agent named Arnold Stark, who seduced them with cheesecake.

"Arnold Stark created Bookbinder's," said Sam Bushman, the city's oldest practicing public-relations man. "Stark is singularly responsible for the place's success. He worked for Bookbinder's for more than 50 years; it was his whole life."

Stark died at 83 on Dec. 30, just five days before Bookbinder's closed. His old friend Bushman is glad he didn't live to see the place shut down.

"It would have broken his heart," Bushman said.

Stark's son-in-law, Beau Weisman, agreed that Stark put Bookbinder's on the map, "in terms of giving it a national reputation. Look, a restaurant is a restaurant is a restaurant, until it becomes something more, part of a city's tradition, a place where leaders and celebrities come to see and be seen. Admirals and generals dined there during the Army-Navy games. Entertainers, athletes, U.S. presidents came in."

Stark, a rabid Republican with a mumble and a love of hamburgers, set out to make the place a landmark.

"Arnold had a sense of the dramatic. He could turn a disaster into a national publicity stunt," Weisman said. For example, during the 1971 World Series, between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Baltimore Orioles, Stark decided to deliver a cheesecake to Danny Murtaugh, the Pirates' manager, compliments of Bookbinder's. While Stark was getting access to the dressing room, somebody stole the cheesecake from his car, Weisman said.

So Stark got on the phone and alerted the media, and because of national interest in the World Series the item about the stolen Bookbinder's cheesecake was picked up across the country.

It took more than cheesecake to get Frank Sinatra to visit. Sinatra, who was staying at a Philadelphia hotel, declined several invitations - until Stark went to the airport, found a stewardess, and paid her to bring a Los Angeles Times from the Coast. Stark then delivered the paper to Sinatra's room, courtesy of the restaurant. Sinatra was so charmed that he came for dinner, and before long Bookbinder's was one of his favorite places in town.

Thanks in large part to Stark, the celebrities came. Charo, Monty Hall, Dinah Shore, Vic Damone, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Greco, Elizabeth Taylor (and two husbands, Mike Todd and Eddie Fisher), Marvin Hamlisch, and Marie Osmond speared steaks and cracked crabs at Bookbinder's.

Josh Wink, Eddie Murphy, Grace Kelly, John Travolta, Liza Minnelli, Colin Powell and the Los Angeles Lakers posed for photos.

The stars didn't hang out in some private dining room away from the regular folk, either. Entertainers and athletes dunked oyster crackers in snapper soup next to tourists from Tulsa. Parents from Upper Darby cut crabcakes into bite-size portions at tables where a former president might have dined the night before.

It was the democratic republic of Bookbinder's, John M. Taxin's dream.

As a teenager working with his father at the city's open-air produce market across the street, Taxin had pressed his nose to the glass of Sam Bookbinder's oyster saloon, which his age barred him from entering.

In 1945, he bought the place, in partnership with three other men; by 1949 he'd bought his partners out, and added "Old Original" to the name, to distinguish it from the 15th Street establishment.

John M. Taxin had a head for business and a love of playing host. During World War II and then the Korean conflict, when young men were sworn into the armed forces at the U.S. Customs House across Second Street, Taxin told the government workers to send the recruits over, once their paperwork was done, for a free lunch at Bookbinder's.

The young guys would never forget it - their last good meal before boot camp. They'd write home about it to family and friends all over the country. That was the beginning of Bookbinder's national reputation.

Years later, when the troops came home to settle in the Midwest or California or Upstate New York, they'd tell people to make sure if they ever got to Philadelphia to eat at Bookbinder's.

Sometimes they'd return themselves.

"People would drop in 35 years later with their families and say, 'You gave me a free lunch when I went in the Army,' " said Anthony Pantalone, who worked at Bookbinder's for 42 years. Pantalone was Bookbinder's last maitre d'. He'd had the job since 1969.

In the 1960s and 1970s, Bookbinder's had a robust clientele. Romances bloomed in its dining rooms.

In 1978, for example, there were frequent sightings of a minor celebrity then known as "muscleman Arnold Schwarzenegger." One night in February, he dined a few tables down from New Jersey Gov. Brendan Byrne and a couple of place settings away from Miami Dolphins coach Don Shula.

In July, he was observed lunching with a KYW-TV news employee then known as "Jackie O's niece," Maria Shriver.

They tied the knot in 1986. He went on to be one of Hollywood's highest-paid action stars, and she a network anchor and best-selling author of children's books.

A couple of years after Jomo Kenyatta became the first president of Kenya in 1963, he sent his "ceremonial wife" (as distinguished from his actual wife) on a goodwill tour of the States.

While in Philadelphia, she visited Independence Hall and Elfreth's Alley. Then, accompanied by several press agents, a City Hall guide, and two cheetahs, she had lunch at Bookbinder's.

Consider what a Saturday night at Bookbinder's might have looked like in 1965, the restaurant's "centennial" year.

At one table might be Joey Bishop, the comedian and actor who made "Son of a gun!" a national catchphrase, chatting with his agent. As always, he'd be ordering the scrod.

The Joey Bishop Show, the sitcom in which he played a talk-show host, was in its last season; he'd just wrapped a western, Texas Across the River, with Dean Martin and Alain Delon.

In two years, 1967, he'd actually be the host of a late-night talk show called The Joey Bishop Show. His second banana would be some guy named Regis Philbin.

Over there, tucking into a boiled lobster, might be Jerry Wolman, who made his millions in construction in Washington. Outgoing and restless, Wolman was the energetic owner of a once-miserable football team that had been on the rise since he bought it in '63.

Wolman, only 36 when he purchased the Eagles for $5.5 million, couldn't have done it without the help of his host.

Wolman didn't know much about professional football, didn't hobnob with team owners, was clueless about how clubby they were. But he wanted to be an owner, and he told this to a sportswriter in Washington, who put him in touch with John M. Taxin.

And Taxin, of course, knew everybody.

One of the people Taxin knew was Eagles general manager Vince McNally. Introductions were made. Soon Wolman, the young outsider, had closed the deal, outmaneuvering a local syndicate poised to take over the team.

On this night at Old Original Bookbinder's it would have been easy to see, from the number of people who stopped by his table to greet him, that Wolman was one of the most popular figures in the city. When he bought the team, the Eagles had 2 wins, 10 losses and 2 ties; in one more year they'd be 8 and 5. Life was good for Wolman. Soon, he'd build the Spectrum.

The glow he was basking in wouldn't last, of course. By '68 the Eagles would be 2 and 12. The roof would blow off the new Spectrum - twice. This would become a national joke.

Wolman's construction business would go bankrupt, and in 1969, he'd sell the Eagles to Leonard Tose and slink out of town.

This centennial night of 1965, though, Wolman would probably be one of many entertainers, sportsmen and politicians who'd come out to dine. That patrician-looking white-haired fellow sipping a martini? Richardson Dilworth, former mayor and then president of the board of education, with his wife, Ann.

Dilworth and Taxin, of course, went way back.

In 1962, when Dilworth was mayor, Taxin had run into some parking problems. He'd always provided valet parking for his patrons, using a lot directly across Walnut Street from the restaurant.

Then developers decided it would be a good place for a hotel and the city condemned the lot. Taxin went to Dilworth for help. They struck a deal.

The city promised that Taxin "would always have adequate parking available," the restaurateur remembered years later. In exchange, Taxin would restore the historic Krider Gun Shop at the corner of Second and Walnut, just west of his place.

The gun shop was renovated in 1964 at no small cost - $1.5 million, according to Taxin.

So in '65, as waiters bustled in and out of the kitchen, passing beneath a black-and-white photo of a bearded and solemn Frank Sinatra, Taxin would have been likely to say hello to Dilworth, who came in once a week, sometimes twice.

About the photo of Sinatra: It hangs, still, in the Presidents Room, the room with the bar and the dark wood booths and prints of all the U.S. presidents. It was Sinatra's favorite room, and he once jokingly asked Taxin why his photo was hanging somewhere else. "Because you aren't a president," Taxin replied. "You don't even have a beard."

So Sinatra had a fake beard professionally applied and hired a photographer to do a formal portrait of him, his arms folded, looking solemn and commanding and a bit like President Ulysses S. Grant. He sent it to Taxin, who knew where to put it.

Now Taxin might be talking to Dilworth. Perhaps, nodding in the direction of the newly restored gun shop that one day would house a Bookbinder's gift shop, the host might have made a little joke about the price of doing business with the city, and the two friends would have shared a laugh.

Just another crowded, busy night at Bookbinder's.

Fast forward to Dec. 31, 2001, when 600 diners were in the restaurant, and 300 others were upstairs in the banquet hall, all preparing to welcome the new year.

Down in the basement, the third-generation Taxin was getting ready to throw in the towel.

John E. Taxin, 34, was eyeing the recalcitrant boiler. He had tried to keep up with repairs.

"In the last eight years we probably spent $3 million," he said. "The electricians were here for nine months. That cost $600,000. Licenses and Inspections came in and got tough and told us to replace some of the doors and windows, which we did, for $200,000. The building is sound, but the plumbing is old."

It never seemed to end.

Bookbinder's occupied 45,000 square feet, sprawling over five connected buildings, with a total of 10 roofs. No sooner would one roof be patched than another would start to leak.

On New Year's Eve, history finally caught up with Bookbinder's. Young Taxin studied the boiler, which had two operating speeds: on and off.

There was no thermostat, no way to control the steam that heated the radiators. You regulated the temperature by turning on the air-conditioning.

Since 1993, when his father died, young John, in partnership with his aunt Sandy, had managed to keep the place afloat.

Two years ago, to cut down on labor costs and concentrate all his energies on the dinner trade, he stopped serving lunches.

He thought he could keep it going.

Competition had been growing ever since the restaurant renaissance of 1970s, but Bookbinder's had still counted on three loyal groups of patrons: business travelers, tourists, and locals celebrating a special occasion.

Then came Sept. 11.

Conventions were canceled. Vacations were put on hold. Nobody felt much like celebrating.

Now it was New Year's Eve and ahead lay January and February, traditionally the slowest months of the year for the restaurant.

Taxin decided to cut his losses.

The new year began on a Tuesday. On Friday, Taxin broke the news to his 70 employees.

Has the curtain come down for good? Or is this merely an intermission?

Taxin would like to see the place reopen.

So would Sam Bushman, who said, "To this day, there are only two nationally known restaurant names to come out of Philadelphia: Bookbinder's and Horn & Hardart. How many people around the country have ever heard of Le Bec-Fin?"

Taxin said he has been meeting with developers. As he sees it, there are a couple of possibilities.

"Somebody could buy the whole thing. That's my least favorite choice; I wouldn't want to see the restaurant torn down . . .

"My dream is that a developer will put in apartments, with us retaining as much of the first floor as possible to run as a restaurant."

It would be, Taxin said, a restaurant of a reasonable size, not the 700-seat behemoth it is now, not 45,000 square feet.

"If we had 12,000 or 14,000 feet, we could do the same business we were doing when we closed, and we could make it," Taxin said.

For more than 100 years, Bookbinder's showed an amazing ability to adapt to changing circumstances.

As the fortunes of the neighborhood waxed and waned, as the factories - Whitman's Chocolates and Bosco's Coffee and Morton's Salt - opened and closed, as the ***working-class*** clientele gave way to men in gray flannel who escaped from three insurance company buildings at midday to sip martinis in the cool gloom of the bar, as slums crept in and were razed and brick buildings were rehabbed and the Society Hill Towers sprang up where the Food Distribution Center once stood - through all of this, Bookbinder's prevailed.

Perhaps it will be back.

In his mind's eye, John Taxin sees false ceilings removed, new tables and chairs installed, old wood polished until it gleams. He sees rest rooms on the first floor, so patrons will never again have to walk a block and a half to a bathroom located either upstairs or down.

He sees a restaurant that is a theater, its dining room offering a view of the kitchen so clients can watch food being prepared. He sees daily drama taking place in space most recently occupied by an antiquated oyster bar: "a little station with a guy shucking oysters."

"This is a beautiful old historic corner of Philadelphia," the third-generation Taxin says. "The last thing anybody wants is to see it sit here and rot."

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**Notes**

Beth Gillin is an Inquirer staff writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

John M. Taxin (left) and son Albert play host to Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra. (Photography by Michael Bryant)

Sylvester Stallone takes it on the chin from John E. Taxin, with his father, Albert.

Former President George Bush, in town for the volunteerism summit in 1997, with John E. Taxin.

Jean and John M. Taxin share a table with Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher.

**Load-Date:** March 8, 2002

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[***CONFLICT STRIKES CAMDEN PROJECT< THE MAYOR AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE WATERFRONT REVIVAL BOTH WANT CONTROL.< NO WINNERS YET.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CFN0-01K4-903F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 2647 words

**Byline:** Ewart Rouse, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In Camden, insiders will tell you, there are two centers of power.

One is City Hall, where Mayor Arnold W. Webster occupies a fourth-floor office. The other is the Harbour League building at 800 Hudson Square, where Thomas P. Corcoran, executive director of Cooper's Ferry Development Association, has his office.

The two men are fighting for control of Camden's waterfront - a test of wills between the city's chief executive and the man who runs the nonprofit agency charged with renewing that waterfront.

So far, it's a contest with no winners and, as Webster and others acknowledge, one clear loser - the city that both profess to love.

\* In Tom Corcoran's office is a model of a new city rising from the ruins along Camden's waterfront.

The scaled replicas of the real buildings - the state aquarium, the Lockheed Martin industrial complex, the Waterfront Entertainment Centre, the port authority office tower - are all linked by new or improved roads and a promenade.

Together, they represent about $250 million in investments that Cooper's Ferry has attracted since its creation in 1984. About a third of the 150 acres has been developed.

Corcoran, 52, a dapper and assertive man with graying hair, spoke with unrestrained pride of his group's accomplishments. He gushed even more as he talked of a waterfront 20 years down the line - a waterfront that he thinks will become the area's destination for entertainment, dining and shopping.

"If we can only make this thing the center, the hub [of South Jersey] again, that will have enormous advantage to the city," he said.

Webster, 65, a normally quiet man who becomes animated whenever the subject turns to the waterfront, agrees that Corcoran's picture is pretty, but he's not impressed.

So far, the project has generated $3 million in taxes or payments in lieu of taxes and fewer than 100 permanent jobs for city residents. As far as the mayor is concerned, that isn't enough bang for the buck.

In his view, not only has the project come up short in direct benefits to Camden, but Cooper's Ferry has been shortchanging the city by virtually giving away prized real estate.

"Unless we are going to do something down there that will give us the resources to develop the rest of the city - to give the waterfront away, or to have on your waterfront programs and projects that don't produce the kind of support that this city needs - I don't really know what you're doing," the mayor said.

Seeking to set the agenda rather than march to someone else's drumbeat, Webster has tried to become a major player on the waterfront with his own plans for knocking down dilapidated buildings and constructing a hotel.

Corcoran, essentially accusing the mayor of meddling, isn't about to let that happen.

Their impasse has stymied waterfront development. Some developers have walked away, apparently disenchanted and confused over who's in charge.

"The fallout," Corcoran conceded, "does make it hard to attract developers."

"This type of fight and turf battles, or whatever else has been going on, has consumed vast amounts of negative energy instead of positive energy, and in a city this poor, that needs so much new development, that's a tragedy," Corocoran said.

Webster called the situation "sad."

"The city is the loser because of their [Cooper's Ferry's] unwillingness to bend and attempt to work with me," he said.

Still, neither man has yielded enough to bridge the divide between the Harbour League building and City Hall.

\* When the city and other landowners along the Camden waterfront decided 12 years ago to create a nonprofit group to create a master plan and act as a finding agency, they chose the name Cooper's Ferry Development Association. Cooper's Ferry was the original name of the waterfront section. William Cooper was one of the area's earliest settlers.

Corcoran was tapped to head the association. The Chicago native was then Camden's business administrator. He had begun working for the city as a management analyst in 1975 at age 31, one of three "whiz kids" hired straight out of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania to help turn the city around.

(The other two "kids" were Bill Hankowsky, now president of the Philadelphia Industrial Development Corp., and Richard Lieb, now a business executive.)

In 1993, when Camden Democratic leaders were looking for a fresh face to run for mayor, they chose Arnold B. Webster. The Washington, D.C., native was a respected educator, then superintendent of the Camden school district, controlling a budget of nearly $200 million - almost twice the city's - and supervising about 3,000 employees, about three times the city government's workforce.

Each man had worked his way to the top of his field in a city that both now proudly call home. Their paths had crossed frequently during their early years in Camden, when Webster was spearheading the school board's recreation program and Corcoran was leading an effort to clean up the city's parks.

"I've known him now for 20 years," Corcoran said. "We've never been close, but we've always had a good, professional relationship, I think."

That relationship, according to Webster, began to sour when, as mayor, he tried to coordinate his overall vision for the city with Cooper's Ferry's vision for the waterfront.

That vision involves about 150 acres along a 2 1/2-mile stretch, going upriver from the Benjamin Franklin Bridge - a tiny corner of the city's nine square miles.

"No nonprofit, private entity can come to this city and have free rein over everything they choose to have without coordination," Webster said. "So we want to know who's doing what, and why."

What Cooper's Ferry has done, Corcoran replied, is establish a track record where other visions failed over the years - from Jerry Wolman's "city within a city" in the 1960s to then-Gov. Jim Florio's "Camden Initiatives" in the 1980s.

"Cooper's Ferry has actually made something happen," Corcoran said. "The other efforts never saw a dollar of investment or a shovel in the ground, other than a ceremonial grounding."

He then quickly ticked off the achievements:

About $32 million for improvements to the waterfront's infrastructure, including construction of a garage for 2,000 vehicles and upgrading of the marina; $53 million for construction of the Thomas H. Kean New Jersey State Aquarium; resumption of ferry service between Camden and Philadelphia; $79 million for a new Lockheed Martin complex for 1,200 former RCA and General Electric employees who had occupied aging buildings on the waterfront; $56 million for the Waterfront Entertainment Centre; $30 million for the Delaware River Port Authority office tower.

Sounds nice, the mayor said, but he noted that each of those projects required substantial public funding, and he questioned the wisdom of deals that some of the investors got. For instance, Pavilion Partners, owners of the Entertainment Centre, have gotten a 10-year holiday from city taxes.

Corcoran defended the financing arrangements, saying they were consistent with waterfront developments nationwide. Regarding the Entertainment Centre, he explained that the state is filling the breach by providing the city $1.5 million a year in place of taxes.

Heavy public seed money is necessary to serve as the catalyst for private investment, he said.

"As of now, of the total $250 million investment, about $150 million is public and about $100 million is private," Corcoran said.

With each new project, he expects the proportion of private-sector investment to increase. If that doesn't occur, "then we aren't doing our job right," he said.

The two men crossed swords when Webster announced plans to make available to a minority developer some $4.3 million in federal grants, which the city controls, for construction of a hotel on the waterfront.

Corcoran insisted that it would make better business sense to solicit bids for the land set aside for hotel development than to give a contract to the mayor's handpicked developer.

The land is owned by the Camden Redevelopment Agency, which was set up by City Council to identify parcels of city-owned waterfront property for development. Cooper's Ferry has an agreement with the agency to find developers for those parcels.

Thomas Roberts, the redevelopment agency's executive director, spoke warmly of his relationship with Cooper's Ferry. "Based on what they have produced, they get a great deal of respect [and] there's a high degree of their recommendations being accepted" by his agency, he said.

Cooper's Ferry is governed by a board of directors that includes representatives of the redevelopment agency, the Delaware River Port Authority, the Camden County Board of Freeholders, Campbell Soup Co. and Lockheed Martin Corp.

Webster also has a seat on the board. But it's a do-nothing board as far as he's concerned.

"Cooper's Ferry hasn't had a board meeting in over a year and a half," he declared.

Not so, said Corcoran. The board held its annual meeting in April, and Webster was a no-show, Corcoran said. He conceded that the board has met infrequently, but he said that was because of the friction with the Webster administration over the Moshulu, the restored historic ship that was destined for Camden as a restaurant and tourist attraction, but which now sits in Philadelphia.

The mayor's hotel proposal remains in limbo.

The two men squared off again when the mayor handpicked a second minority developer for a contract, estimated at $9 million, to knock down the old RCA buildings on the waterfront.

Webster said he did so because the developer had a plan to take the building down by hand, brick by brick, a method that would have created jobs for hundreds of city residents.

The proposal died after discovery that the developer had had a variety of problems in other states. The state has now assumed responsibility for tearing down the buildings. It plans to do so in September.

Webster views his tensions with Cooper's Ferry as analogous to the friction that black mayors nationwide have faced in dealing with entrenched, elitist groups that seek to shut the mayors out of the picture on economic matters.

He contended that there was no reason to shut out his proposed developers "other than just a desire to attack a minority businessman in this county and omit him from being a part of the action."

And Webster takes umbrage at the notion that someone such as himself, with his background and record as superintendent of schools, suddenly "can't cross the street by myself."

"It's the same man," he said.

Friction has arisen, he said, because those seeking to put obstacles in his path underestimated his tenacity.

"They didn't think I'd dive into this job in the manner and fashion I have," he said. "And I imagine if I changed my mode of operation, and just sat back and signed off on things without knowing what the heck I was signing off on, and endorse things that I didn't know what I was endorsing, there'd be a lot of happy people around here. But I have a stronger commitment to the real people of this community than to let myself do that."

In response, Corcoran said he accepted that Webster, as the city's chief executive, "should have a lot of say in the overall direction, in how the project goes. But in most cities, it's not the expectation that the mayor is the hands-on, day-to-day coordinator of the development process."

Webster need look no farther than Philadelphia, Corcoran said.

"Mayor Rendell has his vision, but it's groups like the PIDC [Philadelphia Industrial Development Corp. ] and Penn's Landing that go out and implement that vision," he said. As for the charge of being elitist, he pointed out that other stakeholders were involved in Cooper's Ferry, both public and private.

Each man points a finger at the other for letting the Moshulu get away; for the fact that the old RCA buildings are still standing, splitting the development site in two and acting as a psychological barrier to new investment; and for the fact that seed money for hotel development remains tied up.

How has the feud hurt the city?

"It has slowed things down," said Roberts, the redevelopment agency's executive director. "Each side needs the other for certain purposes. Cooper's Ferry can come up with great plans, and great developers, but they also need government money. [Some] government money has to be cleared through the mayor's office."

"It's hard to really say who's at fault," said Philip P. Rowan, executive director of the Camden County Improvement Authority, which arranges financing for development projects countywide, including those at Cooper's Ferry. "They got off on the wrong foot, and it just intensified."

\* Corcoran doesn't regard the waterfront development as a panacea for the city's economic problems. Over time, he said, the waterfront could represent about 20 percent of the solution by generating up to 1,000 jobs, as well as many millions in tax revenues.

He pointed to his site plans to show how Cooper's Ferry intended to get there.

The plans, dubbed "The Second Decade: 1995-2004," include an expanded aquarium with interactive entertainment, a children's garden, a hotel, a second office tower, a museum devoted to the history of recorded sound, nightclubs, restaurants and upscale housing. It is a vision of a waterfront so thriving that up to four ferries would be needed to shuttle up to 15 million visitors annually between Camden and Penn's Landing.

It is a vision of the city's halcyon days of the '20s, when Camden was the cultural and entertainment hub of South Jersey, with more than 20 theaters in its Broadway district, an opera house, fine restaurants and major retail outlets.

"This," said Corcoran, "is a fundamentally manageable-size city - 89,000 people in nine square miles. . . . It will never be a Society Hill. It will never be a Haddonfield, but it could be a viable, exciting ***working-class*** city."

But at City Hall, a dubious Webster wondered aloud whether, at the rate at which he said Cooper's Ferry is "giving away" the land, any would be left by the time private investors felt comfortable enough to seek a piece of the action without any enticement from government subsidies.

"I'm very appreciative of what they've done down there; they're helping to change the image of the community," the mayor said. "But if they [new investors] want to come in, and all your most valuable land has all been used up or given away, I question whether you're going to get the high quality of people to come in."

Corcoran sounded this conciliatory note: "We've had extreme difficulties in communication. Right now, we have a tacit understanding that there's no sense in fighting in public because it doesn't do anybody any good. We do need to quietly try to find a way to reach a mutually acceptable way of operating."

Jeffrey L. Nash, the county freeholder director, believes he has found such a way: creation of a new agency, the Camden City Industrial Development Corp.

As envisioned, the corporation would help identify potential industrial sites and develop plans to market them. It would be the first stop for potential developers and would steer them to the appropriate people to get things done.

Nash explained that because of the fighting, and the severely fragmented system of economic development in the city, potential developers really don't know whom to go to in Camden. The proposed agency wasn't designed to undercut either the mayor or Cooper's Ferry, but simply to create that "go-to" body.

Webster, who attended a meeting at which the proposal was discussed, said he was cautiously optimistic about it.

"It seems to be well-intentioned," he said. "I will give it my cooperation as long as they seem to operate above board and on the table."

Corcoran, too, was hesitant about endorsing it outright.

"I think it's worth doing," he said, provided that when developers go to the corporation with plans for waterfront development, "they point them to us."

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**Body**

To put it simply, Jordan's reputation is unflattering. The north Minneapolis neighborhood is well-known to cops, and it's a fixture in the news, not for reasons anyone would consider good.

     Jordan continuously teeters between calm and chaos.

     Indeed, residents have had plenty to contend with: Last year, there was a riot after a botched drug bust ended with an 11-year-old boy shot in the forearm. In three years, two children have been hurt in gang-related shootings. Third Ward Council Member Don Samuels held an outdoor three-day fast and vigil after toddler Deasha Hazley was shot in her home in July. (She has recovered.) And six state troopers were summoned this summer to help fight crime.

   Yet, if you look beyond the roughness, here's what you'll find: Steady and unmistakable change for the better.

     The crime rate is dropping. Since 2000, violent crimes \_ homicides, rapes, robberies and assaults \_ have dropped 54 percent. That's from 287 total crimes in 2000 to 132 through August of this year. And during the summer months, when crime peaks, violent acts have dropped 39 percent in the same period.

     The trend is a relief to both residents and police, who credit themselves and one another. It's working, and it's remarkable, they say.

     "That's the best news I've heard in the 11 years I've lived here," said Shari Staples, 46, last week. "It's a perfectly normal neighborhood, with the exception of a few gunshots here and there and the drug dealing on the corners."

     Indeed, the biggest problem in Jordan now is in-your-face drug dealing.

     As quick as residents are to praise the crime drop, they're just as quick to say more needs to be done.

    Police still call Jordan's 26th Avenue N. one of the city's worst drug corridors. Marijuana is the preferred product.

     Police conduct sweeps and catch dealers selling to undercover officers, but the pushers   know how to operate below the radar, said Inspector Tim Dolan, who leads the Fourth Precinct, which patrols Jordan. They sell in low quantities and can spot undercover cops most of the time.

      The dealing nags at Jordan residents.

     "It is very frustrating for us," Dolan said. "What we hear from the community is 'Get these kids off my corner.' " Unless cops catch them breaking the law, he said, they have a right to be there.

   Each morning, ***working-class*** residents   wait at bus stops along 26th Avenue as another kind of worker \_ drug dealers \_ hovers nearby.

     Only they stay for hours \_ sunup to sundown, rain or shine. Mostly teens, they play cat-and-mouse games with police while peddling "reefer," "green-green" and "weed," all synonyms for marijuana.

      It's a day-to-day struggle for territory: the roll-up-your-sleeves workers vs. drug pushers looking for easy paydays. The dealers have become unofficial ambassadors, and it's this reputation that caring residents want to change.

"Everybody who lives here ain't bad; it's just a few people who ruin the reputation for the rest of us," said Anthony Howard, 40, who lived on the corner of 26th and James until recently. He's a security guard in Minneapolis.

     One street defines the neighborhood, and this uneasy and tense co-existence is all too visible.

     "It's right in front of you," said Brian Few, 39, who lives in the 2600 block of Knox and is a brake press operator at a sheet-metal site in Champlin. "And you can ignore it or do something about it." Either way, he said, "We gotta live here."

       As this daily dynamic unfolds, one constant remains: It's a neighborhood concerned about its future. Will drug dealing remain a fact of life, or will residents have the resolve to fight back?

    Jordan has its characters: Dee Dee, a charismatic drug dealer whom buyers request by name; Sam Garrett, an ex-felon trying to help the likes of Dee Dee change their ways; Howard, a family man who pleads for help from police, and Dennis Plante and Greta Johnson, a mixed-race couple who have almost had enough.

    Life in Jordan, to be sure, is a test of wills.

The dealers

     Like many Twin Cities neighborhoods, Jordan's makeup is shifting. Its population has grown from 7,752 in 1990 to 9,149 in 2000, according to the U.S. Census. In 1990, it was 24 percent African-American and 66 percent Caucasian. By 2000, it was 49 percent African-American and 24 percent Caucasian. The Asian community has grown from 2 percent to 17 percent in the same period. The poverty level, 28 percent, remained the same.

     On some blocks, it's almost too quiet. On others, blaring rap music is the soundtrack. The beats and rhymes from passing cars often drown out laughing children and, in summer, the melody of birds.

      New houses are popping up like mushrooms. Their neatly cut green lawns and fresh paint jobs offer hope among dilapidated homes on Irving, James and Knox avenues.

     Pit bulls appear to be the preferred pet; several back yards resemble breeding grounds. Some dogs are leashed with steel chains, symbolic of the neighborhood's tough exterior.

     Many teenage boys and young men strut in oversized, crisply ironed white T-shirts. The dealers, some of whom live outside Jordan, blend in, and the large groups make some adults cringe and police leery.

     "Some of these kids are nonhumans because they have been labeled dealers," said Laura Wieland, the mother of three teenage daughters. "They don't have names, they will never give you their names. They are a group of people who float into the twilight zone of nonreality where reality is going to work every day, paying for your house and apartment. These people don't exist in that reality."

     The drug scene is offset by girls jumping rope and boys throwing a football. Their innocence shows, but they're wise enough to retreat when trouble occurs.

     And trouble isn't hard to find: If portions of Penn and W. Broadway represent Jordan's legal business district, then 26th Avenue N. \_ despite the three churches there \_ is the neighborhood's gateway to drug dealing.

     Drug buyers come from the city, the suburbs, Wisconsin: An older black couple cruise in a rusty blue Pontiac; a champagne-colored Dodge Caravan rolls past with Asian teenagers inside; a shiny black Jeep Cherokee with a well-dressed mixed-raced couple pulls up.

     They seek dealers such as Dee Dee. He doesn't have to run up to vehicles like his counterparts who often rock cars sideways with an aggressive sales pitch.

     One dealer: "I got that good stuff."

     Another: "Make a deal, make me a deal."

     A third, in desperation: "I'll give you three [bags]) for $10!"

       A driver bypasses the chatter and grabs the pouch of weed closest to him. The dealer's hand snatches $10.

     That's the scene, today, tomorrow, next week.

     To attract customers, the pushers yell "Weed!" to no one in particular or put two fingers to their lips in a puffing motion. They have codes and signals when police are coming.

     When the cold weather snapped this spring, dealers began manning their posts. At first, appearances were spotty. Around that time, the Jordan Area Community Council (JACC) started discussing ways to rid the neighborhood of dealers, and police stepped up their efforts.

     But as the temperature rose and school ended, dealers became more visible. They lay low when necessary, especially when Third Ward Council Member Samuels held his fast and vigil.

    "My cousin came around here, and she said, 'Oooh, I never seen it this quiet around here,' " Cozette Clark recalled. "I told her, 'Honey, it won't last long.' "

     As soon as Samuels folded his tent, the dealers re-emerged.

     Their mantra: "I GOTS TO EAT!"

     And buy diapers.

     Dee Dee sells "hydroponic marijuana" or "dro' ," which he describes as "hypnotic." Police call it "crack weed." One bag is $20.

     Customers ask for Dee Dee by name, and this time it's a group of white girls   screaming from a sport-utility vehicle with Washington state license plates. Dee Dee hops in and reappears five minutes later, waving cash at admiring peers.

     "I only deal with repeats or referrals," said Dee Dee, who claims to earn $2,000 weekly. "They buy it in bunches and keep coming back for more."

     The ambitious father of a 9-month-old girl rattles off where his clients live: Bloomington, Champlin, Zimmerman.

     The drug game pays for baby formula and diapers, and allows him to give some money to his baby's mother, he said. He also helps pay the telephone and water bills at his mother's house.

     His neighbor Dennis Wagner said this is a far cry from the Dee Dee he first saw in diapers in the mid-1980s. He knew that Dee Dee didn't always have the best role models. And reaching out isn't always the best solution.

     "How involved can you get with some of these folks?" Wagner said. "All you can do is hold to the principles and moral values and keep moving forward."

     Dee Dee says he has other aspirations, including becoming a carpenter. He and an uncle built a deck behind his mother's house this summer.

     To get an apprenticeship he needs a high school diploma, so last month he enrolled in a high school equivalency program. It came at the urging of resident Sam Garrett, who has taken a big brother approach.

     Said Garrett: "I told him to do something, get your GED. I told him and the others to be careful because this short-term [expletive] don't last forever. So what, you made a lot of money? You don't have no credit record or work history. Who's going to give you a job? Who's going to sell you a house?"

     The biggest problem Dee Dee will face, Garrett said, is patience in school and in getting a job, and in waiting every two weeks for a paycheck.

     "I can't let it [drug dealing] go altogether," Dee Dee said. "A cat like me gotta have more than one option. I'm trying to be rich."

The police

     In April, Laura Wieland was angry that drug dealers were badgering her 17-year-old daughter with "heey baby" and other catcalls when she walked home from the bus stop.

     Wieland, 48, pleaded for help from 25-year-old neighbor Robbie Clark, a hydraulics worker who, because of his appearance, age and demeanor, connects with the dealers.

     "At that moment, I felt it needed to be addressed," said Wieland, who's white. "I asked him point blank: 'Is this what's going to happen in the neighborhood this summer? Are we going to be safe?' "

     Clark, who's black, shrugged. "Yeah, I handled it. She asked me to, and I told them to stop. It's that simple."

     If only it were.

     The dealers could leave, said former Jordan resident Howard, but others would replace them. That's because of the reputation of 26th Avenue N. First dealers sold to neighborhood customers, then Jordan became known to outsiders, partly because the street is so accessible from the city's major roadways.

      "This is not the ghetto, but this is where people far and wide know to come for some weed," Howard said. "It's bigger than us."

     For dealers, making a lot of money in a short time is too attractive and too addictive.

     "You could give the dealers a job or get them involved in some activity," Howard said, "but they will find a way to work dealing into their schedule. It's the only thing that gives them satisfaction.

     "They must have it not only in their minds, but in their hearts to say 'I'm not slangin' [selling drugs] no more.' "

     Samuels says it will take community strength as well. "Persuading drug dealers to take up new pursuits will take massive community disapproval from someone who looks like them and someone able to demonstrate love and affection," he said one day before Deasha was shot.

     And residents say it will take the force of the law.

     But that's a tough order, police say, because young dealers know the game. A felony drug charge is removed from their criminal record when they turn 18. They often carry fewer than 28 grams of marijuana to escape a felony charge.

     Possessing marijuana is a petty misdemeanor, Inspector Dolan said. Fines are $100 to $250, with no serious jail time.

     Minneapolis police officer Richard Jackson says dealers who carry marijuana with an intent to sell can get caught dozens of times, and it still won't amount to a felony.

      "Usually they keep about five to 10 dime bags on them and hide their stash elsewhere," Dolan said. "They're not stupid."

    Nor are their numbers unmanageable, neighbors say. It just takes effort.

The residents

     Pray. Befriend. Do your part.

     If you live in Jordan, you have to find a way to cope with the dealing.

     Estella Strickland, 40, has owned a day-care center on 28th and Knox for five years. Most days she takes her preschoolers for a two-block walk through Jordan, unafraid as they stroll past drug dealers.

    "I just be praying as I go. I let the Lord lead us," she said. "They [the dealers] are not as big and bad as they think they are. You give them respect, and they will give it back to you in return."

     Garrett, 25, takes a tougher approach and has earned the respect of his neighbors, the dealers and, to a small degree, the police.

     Not so much for the nearly four-year sentence he served for second-degree manslaughter. As a construction worker, Garrett, is leading by example: Once you've done your time, you can get your life back.

     "I try not to be a father figure but rather a big brother to them. If they ask me something, I give them my advice."

        Some dealers are among those who hang outside his home near 26th and James.   But heed his rules: No dealing on his doorstep. Respect the property. And no yelling.

     Garrett can wave a plastic trash bag and get the dealers to clean up the block.

     "Sheriff Sam," said Dennis Wagner, 53, who has lived in Jordan since 1984. "He seems to have got them thinking in a different direction, which is real positive."

     Dennis Plante, 44, a neighbor who lives a block north of Garrett, has watched the scene.

     "I wondered about him at first," Plante said of Garrett. "Yet all he wants to do is to be able to keep that job, that house and not have anything traumatic to happen to him and his family. That's admirable.

     "While I don't approve of everything happening in his front yard, I do have respect for what he's doing with a couple of them."

     Garrett has equal respect for neighbor Aaron Brewer, 30. He and his girlfriend, Kelly Phillips, 27, who is the chair of JACC, tend a garden near the corner of 26th and Knox Avs. N.

     Brewer enlists neighborhood kids to help. His warm smile and affable approach connects with them. He's "cool people," many say.

      Cozette Clark, 44, has three grandsons in Jordan, so the shooting of Deasha struck a chord. She spends summers at her daughter's home on 26th and James Avs. N.

     "They say I'm the nosiest neighbor on the block," she said. "I have to look out for our children."

     What about the dealers? "Oh, they respect me. They get out of my way. 'They know 'Granny' don't play that."

     The dealers also know that Robbie Clark, who helped Wieland when her daughters were being harassed, is Clark's son. And they dare not mess with her grandsons, Maurice, 12, Derek, 11, and D.J., 10.

      The boys listen attentively to their mother, Erica Clark, 28, a former welfare recipient who now works as a ticket agent for Sun Country Airlines. Erica Clark knows her boys are exposed to both good and bad.

     "There's no sugarcoating around here. You can't hide it from them," Erica Clark said. "They ask, 'Ma, what are they doing over there?' I tell them the truth, that it's probably something I better not catch them doing. They know right from wrong."

Who stays, who leaves

     When the Rev. Alan Holt looked at his four-bedroom home under construction last December on 25th and Knox, he had heard all about the drug dealing.

     In July, dealers conducted business outside his home.

     "There were droves of people out there, just numbers that can take you aback," said Holt, 37, a married father of four. He resorted to videotaping drug deals. "We didn't think it would be that severe."

     Soon, dealers started calling him "Preacher," which is fine by him. They also quickly learned that police don't always come when he calls.

     "I would say the police grow callous at times to the cry," Holt said. "They hear it so often and they wonder how serious is it. That becomes dangerous, too."

     Nonetheless, Holt said he's committed.

     "I feel, spiritually, there's protection around me, but I'm not going to walk in the middle of a sale," Holt said. "You have to be tactful and discerning. It's hard to reach them when they're with their peers. You get them one-on-one, without the added dimension of peer pressure."

     He knows the road is long and well-traveled.

     "Me and my wife have had those conversations," Holt said. "And again, it made us plant our feet and recommit ourselves to the reasons why we're here. I care about them, and I make that known. You give me time, and I'll show you change."

     Plante and Greta Johnson, the self-described neighborhood "odd couple," are tired of waiting.

     Plante said he's fed up with the drug dealing, the disparity between homeowners and renters and his belief that officials are content with his neighbors living in "a socially contained impoverished area."

     "I don't know how anybody with a conscience can live here under these circumstances and not have an impact or not feel like you want to do something," Plante said. "You can't."

       Minneapolis Mayor R.T. Rybak praised them publicly this summer for their efforts to improve the neighborhood. They attend JACC meetings, organize neighborhood patrols and fix children's bikes. Girls yell "Greta," and run for a hug when she steps outside.

     But six years of living in Jordan has exhausted them and affected their marriage. "We're in deep trouble," said Plante, who's white. His wife admits that although her husband wants to move, a part of her wants to stay.

     "I still want to help and be a part of things," said Johnson, 29, who's black. "But I don't feel like I have quite the will that Dennis has about saying enough is enough."

      While they continue to debate their future, the weather has cooled and the few dealers remaining have put jackets on over their white T's. Howard and his family won't be nudging them out \_ they've moved to the western suburbs. Fresh-faced drug peddlers have popped up outside his former home and were accepted by the regular dealers, a strange reinforcement of sorts.

     The teen dealers work shorter hours nowadays because most are back in school. Outright dealing will taper when winter comes, but residents know it will resume when the weather warms.

     And they know that despite the improvement, the drug dealing could hold the neighborhood back.

     Steven Oates, a JACC board member, said he is pleased about the drop in crime and the renewed vigilance, but he doesn't claim victory.

     Said Oates: "That's good, but we cannot rest. We must remain vigilant or they rise back up just as easily. …

     "We have to keep harassing them. We must continue to make their lives just as miserable as they make ours."

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Computer-assisted reporting editor Ron Nixon contributed to this report.

Terry Collins is at [*tcollins@startribune.com*](mailto:tcollins@startribune.com).

To view an audio slide show of the Jordan neighborhood, go to http//[*www.startribune.com*](http://www.startribune.com)

Crime drops in Jordan

     In a neighborhood known for high crime rates, the last three years have shown some relief. Residents and police credit increased police presence and neighborhood vigilance for the steady decline in felonies.

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VIOLENT CRIMES

     Summer only   Total all year

2000     145            287

2001     122            234

2002      77            200

2003#     88            132

PROPERTY CRIMES

2000     347            694

2001     282            565

2002     195            481

2003#    206            275

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#Through August

Source: Minneapolis Police

**Graphic**

CHART; MAP; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Breaking the Cycle Olympian's big obstacle comes from within***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-H2X0-00C6-D035-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2329 words

**Byline:** Sal Ruibal

**Body**

As David "Tinker" Juarez crossed the finish line at the Olympic

Mountain Bike Trials in May, he should have raised his hands in

joy at earning a spot on the U.S. Olympic team.

But instead of basking in the glory, the most famous and wealthiest

mountain biker in the world was angrily consumed with his own

shortcomings.

"I was so stupid!" he said. 'I almost blew it. I went out way

too fast and didn't drink enough fluids. It could have been the

biggest mistake of my career."

Obsessing over the tiny spot of tarnish on a golden moment is

not new to the charismatic 35-year-old with dreadlocked hair,

the USA's best hope for a medal in the new Olympic sport of cross-country

mountain bike racing.

Tinker's hard ride to Atlanta represents the dark side of Olympic

dreams, an athlete forced to overcome obstacles more soul-wrenching

and psychologically scarring than the hardest training routine.

More than an up-from-poverty tale, his is a story of doubts planted

so deep, even gold may not ease the ache inside.

After 23 years of racing, he's got self-torture down to an art.

It's both a cruel talent he learned from his father and a wound

slowly healed by a mother's love.

In 1966, David Juarez Sr. taught 5-year-old Tinker to ride a bike

the old-fashioned way, without sissy training wheels. Over and

over again, the proud father pushed the gangly boy and wobbly

bike down the cracked and bumpy sidewalks of Norwalk, Calif.,

a barely ***working-class*** Los Angeles suburb tightly packed with

small, look-alike stucco ranch houses.

Young David's fascination with the mechanical workings of his

bike led to his nickname, "because he was always tinkering with

it," says his mom, Rose."But he never really knew what he was

doing."

For Tinker, those spinning tires might well have been wings.

To the janitors at Dolland Elementary School, the little Mexican-American

kid and his buddies were like a swarm of bees, zooming around

the concrete walkways between classrooms at high speed.

"We had to go around corners real fast," he recalls, dark eyes

squinting with a supressed laugh. "That's where I learned my

bike handling skills."

Tinker's childhood buddy Vic Armijo, now associate editor of *Mountain*

*Biking* magazine, says those schoolyard races were a glimpse

of Tinker's staggering talent on two wheels.

"Except for the few who were into bikes, he didn't have many

friends," Armijo says. "He was always sort of anonymous. But

it was obvious from the start that he was a star. He was always

on a bike."

In 1974, when Tinker was 13, construction began on Holifield Park.

Huge earth-moving equipment left behind a mammoth mound of construction

dirt that became an irrestible magnet to Tinker and his crew.

"We started riding and jumping on it," Armijo says, "but the

parks and rec guys would chase us away. They finally got tired

of chasing us, so they turned it into a BMX course."

BMX, or bicycle motocross, was just emerging as a sport in Southern

California. BMX riders race small-framed, single-geared bikes

over an undulating earthen roller-coaster, leaping as often as

pedalling.

Tinker had found heaven on dirt.

"I noticed that he started bringing home these trophies," says

Rose Juarez. "Finally, after he had five of them, I asked where

they were coming from. He said he was racing."

BMX racing starts

as fun, family venture

David Juarez was an enthusiastic supporter of his son's fledgling

racing efforts.

On race days, Tinker's parents and younger sisters Yvonne, Sandy

and Christine would all chip in to get Team Juarez to the BMX

tracks.

"We would load up our Chevy van after work," Rose Juarez says.

"We'd eat dinner at the races. In those days, it was very family

oriented. At first it was fun, then it got serious."

Tinker began winning and getting noticed. At 15, he became the

youngest pro rider in the nation when he signed with BMX bike

maker Mongoose.

"I was expected to win," Tinker says. "There was a lot of pressure."

Much of that pressure came from his father.

"At races, his dad would run beside him, yelling 'Go, son, go!'

," says Vic Armijo. "But after the race he would yell at him,

'Why did you let that guy pass you?' "

Rose Juarez says the blowups at the races were just more ugly

scenes from a long-running family drama.

"My husband was the type of person who would say, 'If you don't

go out and beat that guy, you're not any good. Put your elbows

out, knock him down.' But Tinker was never a bad person, people

meant too much to him. He wouldn't cheat or lie or ride dirty.

"His dad would mentally torture him, threaten him. He took Tinker's

confidence away. Tinker, you see, was my protector, even from

when he was young."

The turning point came in 1978 at a national championship race

in La Mirada Park.

Tinker had raced hard, but came in second.

Moments after the race, Tinker joined his mother and friends,

receiving their congratulations on his silver medal performance.

Suddenly, his father ran up from the track, his face red with

anger.

What happened next is burned in her memory, Rose says.

"He screamed at Tinker, 'What happened? Why didn't you elbow

him?' Then he slugged Tinker in the face with his fist. Tinker

dropped to the ground, still wearing his racing helmet," she

says.

"To me, the crowd disappeared. All I could see was Tinker's face.

He was crying. All of our friends were in shock at what had happened."

She says she helped Tinker back to the family van, where her husband

was waiting. Before he could speak, she turned to him and said,

"You can hit me, but never, never hit the kids."

The next day, she began to secretly plan an escape.

"After my husband had put him down, I would talk with Tinker

and let him know how I felt," she says. "I told him to just

do the best you can and as long as you do that you have nothing

to worry about."

Six months later, she filed for divorce. David Juarez left the

little house in Norwalk. Team Juarez had disbanded.

Tinker Juarez begins

to see 'dark side' of dad

Tinker doesn't like to talk about those days. He never mentions

his dad in conversation and doesn't add "Jr." to his name. But

after a workout the day before the Olympic Trials in Conyers,

Ga., the words slowly began to come out.

"My mom and dad used to fight a lot," he said. "Not hitting,

but lots of arguing. My dad would do things for himself instead

of thinking about the family. He wasn't making a lot of money.

Mom was the one who put food on the table. She was my role model

as both a mother and a father. That's when I started to see the

dark side of my dad."

"My success became a threat to him. He always wanted a lot, but

everything had been given to him, not by working for it," he

said.

"My weakest part in life is being confident. I've always had

a problem with it. It may have come from seeing the weak side

of my dad. It was always hard to believe in myself. Those things

stay deep inside you.

"When I was growing up, there were times I didn't think there

was hope."

After the divorce, life was hard for the Juarez family. Rose continued

to work at her warehouse office job with Northrop Corp. while

also trying to manage Tinker's racing career.

"We never thought of leaving the sport," Rose says. "I saw

how happy he was, how much he enjoyed it. One way or another,

we were going to make it."

At the races, Rose would clean and prepare Tinker's bike. She

would also perform a little espionage, checking out the other

racers' bikes before the start to see what gear they had selected.

To pull that off, she learned to quickly count the teeth on the

gear rings.

"We did some pretty funny things to make it," she says.

The pro contract brought in a few hundred dollars a week, but

not enough to support Tinker and his ambitions.

He took a construction job to make ends meet, but the heavy physical

load of working and training left little time for recovery. Tinker's

racing suffered and his always shaky confidence began to ebb.

"I told him he had to decide on one or the other, racing or work,"

Rose says. "He said, 'I want to race.' "

Tinker went back to training and racing full time.

His mother took a second job scrubbing floors and cleaning bathrooms

for the rich people who lived in the big, fancy houses in the

nearby enclave of Downey.

Tinker and his mom survived seven more years on the circuit, but

age began to creep up on the BMX racer.

At 24, he was an old man in a kid's game. His sponsorships ended

and and the money that fueled his racing career dried up. Tinker

was looking at the end of life on two wheels.

Then he discovered mountain bikes.

When 25-year-old Tinker entered mountain biking in 1986, it was

a low-key country cousin to suburban BMX. Racers were attracted

by the potent blend of a tough endurance sport contested over

marathon-length courses in the rugged outdoors.

"I started out doing it just to do it. I was out in nature, away

from where I lived, all those blocks and blocks of houses," Tinker

recalls. "I bought what I thought was a racing bike for less

than 400 bucks. It was a Roland, a heavy city bike with upright

handlebars."

In his first race, competing against more experienced mountain

bikers, he came in fourth. But it was an ugly finish, for the

Roland was a sturdy draft horse competing against sleek stallions.

"There was nothing in that race that predicted what he would

become," says Zapata Espinoza, editor of *Mountain Bike* magazine.

"I was surprised he didn't blow up."

Espinoza took pity on Tinker and let him borrow several racing

bikes the magazine was reviewing. Properly mounted, Tinker was

now a contender.

He quickly attracted a pro contract from General Bicycles because

of his BMX reputation and trademark look: Latino dreadlocks sticking

out from under a racing helmet.

For his mother, mountain biking was another fresh start.

"It was something we found on our own, nothing to do with his

father," she says. "He learned the hard way, but it was his

way."

Hard work and

determination pay off

Between that first mountain bike race and the steamy Georgia morning

when he clinched a spot on the U.S. Olympic team, Tinker and his

mother found success beyond anything they dared to dream: three

national championships, a 1995 Pan American Games gold medal,

a silver medal in the 1994 world championship, worldwide recognition

and a motherlode of sponsorships that generate a six-figure annual

income.

And a 3,000-square-foot, five bedroom luxury home in Downey, the

same neighborhood where Rose cleaned other people's bathrooms.

The big house with a pool is just five miles from the cracked

sidewalk where Tinker learned to ride a bike.

Tinker gave Rose the master suite, complete with dual showers,

a Jacuzzi and two walk-in closets. He has a small bedroom downstairs.

But despite the glory and the money, Tinker still has doubts and

his mother still has her faith.

"He's always been around competition," Rose says. "That's not

the part that scares him: It's the lack of confidence in himself.

"It is tied back to the way his dad treated him. We can't give

him credit, sometimes he gets so disgusted with himself," she

says. "No one needs to beat up on him now, he does it by himself."

She says he's slowly improving and sometimes Tinker will even

admit that he's good.

"It's been hard to always stay confident," he says. "But then

I started hearing from other people that I was good. I got a letter

from a little kid telling me I was the best person to ever ride

a bike. Those are little things, but they mean a lot to me."

Revenge against his father doesn't motivate him, he says. His

intense training ethic -- daily rides that always include a minimum

of 4,000 vertical feet of uphill, thigh-crushing punishment --

isn't an attempt to purge an inner pain.

"Deep down, my hard work is a reaction to knowing how hard my

mom worked," he says. "Taking care of us, keeping us under a

roof while not knowing where our next meal was coming from."

On July 30, Tinker Juarez will roll his red and white Cannondale

mountain bike to the Olympic starting line. His mother and sisters

will be there, but his father has not been invited.

David Juarez has no fixed address, but sometimes sleeps on the

couch at his daughters' homes. He comes and goes, they say, and

might be staying with friends in Oceanside. Efforts to contact

him for this story were unsuccessful.

Through his sister, Tinker offered to let his father stay in one

of the three houses he owns. His dad never showed up.

"I don't want to see him living on the street with no point in

living," Tinker says. "Because of my belief in God, I know it's

a good thing to want to help him out. He's family."

Another David Juarez won't be in Atlanta. Eleven years ago, Tinker

fathered a son. His name is David, but doesn't share his famous

dad's nickname.

Tinker's relationship with his son's mother fell apart before

David was born and the divide has widened over the years.

Even though "Little David" lives in Los Angeles, Tinker can't

recall the last time they were together.

He says he supports his son financially and talks to him whenever

he can, "but it's real hard during racing season."

Tinker admits he's not ready to be a father, but "I believe that

when it is the right time I will be a good father."

If he recognizes the irony in the strained, distant relationship

with his own son, Tinker doesn't let it show. His focus returns

to the sins of his father.

"I never speak to my father, we never talk," he says. "When

I see him, he always has his head down. I used to have my head

down, too.

"I've grown to be the role model, the man of my family."

'He was a nobody riding

a bike, struggling, suffering'

While Tinker Juarez couldn't give himself permission to enjoy

the glory when he won a spot on the U.S. Olympic team, his mother

raised her hands in joy and vindication.

"Everything flashed back to what we've gone through, the struggling,

letting things go so we could make races," she says, stifling

a sob as tears begin to fall. "That's why it means so much.

"Tinker deserves this because he stuck with it no matter how

bad things went, how hard life was. He was a nobody riding a bike,

struggling, suffering, coming from a place so ragged it was embarrassing.

"His dad never thought he would amount to anything. And look

at him now, on the Olympic team."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, R. Jerome Ferraro; PHOTO, Color, Malcolm Fearon, Bliss; PHOTO, B/W; PHOTO, B/W, Malcolm Fearon; Mother: Rose Juarez used to work at race concession stands. 'Tinker': Mountain bike race David Juarez hits the trail in Belgium this year during the Grundig World Cup. They call him 'Tinker': Because he has always been fascinated with his bikes' mechanical workings. 'He was always tinkering,' says his mom, Rose Juarez. Ahead of the field: Juarez has three national titles, a Pan Am Games gold, and a silver in world competition.

**Load-Date:** July 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***WALKING DOWN WALNUT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XH7-3B30-0094-54RS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PITTSBURGH'S CHIC STREET FACES ANOTHER LIFE CHANGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XH7-3B30-0094-54RS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** DAN FITZPATRICK AND TERESA F. LINDEMAN, POST-GAZETTE STAFF; WRITERS

**Body**

After 19 years of running a Texaco station on Shadyside's Walnut Street, Chub and Hank Walter, husband and wife, put down $ 120,000 and bought the place. It was the most valuable decision of their lives.

They had their own, simple reasons for liking the small station. Chub, a mechanic, just loved that spot. And as his wife, Hank, said, "He worked like a dog."

To developers and retailers, however, the location would be prized for other reasons. Standing at the gateway of what is now the region's most upscale shopping district, the station witnessed Walnut's transformation from quiet road to hippie hangout to home of the chic boutique. As customers flocked there and retailers sought to get in, rental rates rose higher than any other shopping spot in Pittsburgh, with top space going for as much as $ 40-45 per square foot.

Their prime location kept the Walters busy fending off interested buyers.

The unofficial bidding got nasty at times, with implied threats about the station's underground gasoline tanks. One prospective buyer left a note in their doorway: "You are sitting on a ticking time bomb."

"We never really trusted anybody," said Hank Walter, 60. "It was scary, actually."

Last year, they surrendered. Walnut Capital Partners, a development company with offices across the street, offered $ 1.3 million. The profit on their original $ 120,000 investment was too much to ignore.

Clothier Banana Republic has agreed to fill a new three-story building now under construction on the former gas station site.

The Walters are not the only long-time Walnut landlords ringing the real estate register.

A few months ago, Jeff Blattner sold six properties to Walnut Capital for $ 9.3 million. The deal, thought to be the largest real estate deal ever on the street, came 45 years after Walter Blattner, Jeff's father, arrived with a clothing store targeting young, well-to-do customers.

The choices being made by these long-time landowners and the prices being paid for their properties have caught the attention of everyone from the Pittsburgh School Board seeking tax revenues, to tenants worried about rents climbing out of reach and to landlords wondering if the market will ever be this good again.

Sell or stay

For those trying to see just what's ahead for Walnut Street, the answer may lie in the past. The evolution - some say the metamorphosis - of the small commercial thoroughfare has regularly brought new customers, new stores and new fears that this would be the change that would finally destroy the place that has drawn thousands of people over the years.

Perhaps more than anything, the future of Walnut hangs on the decisions of its owners. Many have held property there for several decades, building both memories and equity.

Some are ready to cash out while the market is hot.

Nick Fratangelo has put a $ 2 million price tag on his building at the corner of Walnut and Filbert streets. Home to Prantl's Bakery and the Walnut Street Pub, Fratangelo's property has been in his family since 1946.

Why sell after so many years? "Two million reasons is why," he said.

Most, though, say they would rather stay than go.

"I think I'll hang on and see what happens," said Vince Crisanti, whose family has owned Walnut property since the 1920s. His family still has the buildings used by Gap Kids, China Palace and Doc's Place.

"I see nothing but good things for Shadyside," said Carol Rosenbloom, who's been watching Walnut Street evolve since the 1950s when her father, Willard Shiner, opened the Encore jazz club on the street.

The Shiner family still owns property there, and Rosenbloom said they don't plan to go anywhere. She still has her law firm on the top floor of one of the buildings. "I'm attached to them," she said. "I want them for my children."

At one time, Ralph and Mary Sue Colaizzi owned several stores on Walnut. Kards Unlimited, a cards and gift shop, is the only property the family has left. The attachment now is more emotional than financial. Everyone pitches in at the holidays to help out even members who've moved far away.

"It's more than a livelihood," Ralph Colaizzi said. "It's our lifestyle."

Still, they add caveats that it's hard to say what could happen in the future.

As Crisanti put it: "You never know what forces would cause you to sell."

Going national

In recent years, one of those forces has been the interest of national retailers who seem both willing and able to pay hefty rental rates. In the last year, Sephora, Baker, Pottery Barn and Williams-Sonoma all opened new storefronts. The Gap may be looking at bringing another store to the street.

That kind of interest from deep-pocketed chains may be helping push up prices, which could in turn push up taxes and rental rates.

The balance of space still favors independents. Of the 132 stores on Walnut, 20 are national chains. That's 15 percent of the total. Five years ago, national chains had 10 percent of the street, according to the Shadyside Chamber of Commerce.

But Walnut is no longer a street of experimentation, where fledgling entrepreneurs can try out a funky new concept in a tiny, inexpensive space.

A more likely route may be the one taken by Roberta Weissburg Leathers, which opened on the South Side, then took a tiny space on Walnut eight years ago. Earlier this year, Weissburg moved next door into a slightly larger store front.

She hopes she won't run into trouble when her five-year lease expires. "I hope it doesn't price itself out of the market."

By some measurements, local merchants have the upper hand. Many spaces are too small for large national retailers, who now require lots of window space.

Since property is scattered among a number of different owners and sites, it's difficult to accumulate enough contiguous land to please the nationals. "You will never have the street overrun by national tenants," said Oakland developer Tony Ross, who owns a building occupied by Pier One Imports.

Ross, though, is trying to do a national deal anyway.

He expects Pier One may leave after its lease expires in January, at which point he plans to demolish the Foto Hut building next door that he's renting from Dick Handler, another Walnut Street pioneer. In their place would rise a large, two-story retail building of 17,000 square feet.

Ross would not discuss what tenant he wants to put in the space, except to say that it's a national chain. Several people familiar with the deal said Ross is negotiating with The Gap, and that Gap could use a new concept to fill the space.

In the shadows

There was a time when no one noticed Walnut Street.

For people who lived in Shadyside shortly after the turn of the century, Walnut was a place where you could get a quart of milk, a pound of chipped ham, a loaf of bread and a cup of ice cream with a teaspoon of chocolate drizzled on top.

"The only people who shopped here were the people in Shadyside," Crisanti said. "You lived here, you shopped here."

You could get your hair cut, do your laundry or fill a prescription. But not much else. The street was bleak and full of old, dingy shops, said Crisanti, 68, who grew up in a house at Walnut and Bellefonte streets.

Serious shoppers went to East Liberty or Downtown. Walnut was home to the ***working class*** and the poor, Crisanti said. Many people who lived there worked for wealthier landowners "up on the hill," said Crisanti, pointing toward Fifth Avenue.

Crisanti's father and uncle landed on the street in 1928, buying a small frame house that today is Doc's Place. They ripped the porch from the front and surrounded it with bricks. They rented it out. A year later, they bought the house next door.

Vince's father, Frank Crisanti, was in the wholesale produce business. He'd moved from the Hill District because of his friend, Philip Indovina, an Italian who owned a grocery store and other property on Walnut. Vince Crisanti remembers working in Indovina's grocery store, shelling lima beans for a nickel a quart.

The store where Crisanti worked is now DeStefino's, at 5533 Walnut.

Theresa Indovina Renallo, one of Philip Indovina's children, still gets her hair done at DeStefino's. She tells the staff she's sitting in her old bedroom. Her father bought his house in the 1920s and built the Walnut Fruit Market on the front lawn.

For the next 20 years, Walnut was a quiet slice of city life. Isaly's sold ice cream. The Cutraras, another Italian family that controlled several properties, ran fruit and vegetable markets. There were a tailor, a butcher and several laundries. The Shadyside Variety Store was there, as was Rolliers Hardware and Schiller's Pharmacy. In 1937, a small theater opened.

At night, people put chairs outside their stores and talked. "Everybody knew each other," Crisanti said.

In 1949, Crisanti's father built a post office where Gap Kids is today. It had four windows and a small lantern above the front door.

Walnut Street was getting fancier.

Birth of cool

After World War II, the place really changed. One sign of its transformation came on a cold spring morning in the late 1950s. Steve Snow, who grew up near Walnut Street and brokered real estate deals there, remembers the moment clearly.

His phone rang at 3 a.m. "This is Orson Welles," said the voice on the other end of the line. "I am coming to Pittsburgh." Welles asked Snow, an old prep school classmate in Illinois, to meet him the next night.

"What are you going to do with me?" Welles asked.

Snow said, "I am going to take you to Walnut Street."

At the time, the street was gaining a reputation as a hot night spot. Welles and Snow had their choice of nightclubs and restaurants.

They started with a few drinks at the Fox's Cafe, a bar at the corner of Walnut and Bellefonte streets. Later, they walked to the Hollywood Social Club. To get in, they had to squeeze down a side alley, walk several flights and hit a buzzer on the third floor.

Inside, the after-hours club featured a bar that stretched from one end of the room to the other. A back room was full of people, including comedian Henny Youngman. Welles and Youngman spent a few minutes talking and exchanging one-liners. Welles and Snow stayed at the Hollywood Social Club until 5 a.m. or 6 a.m., with the actor catching an early-morning flight out of town.

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, celebrities, local politicians, athletes, attorneys and executives filled the street at night. Among the repeat visitors was comedian Bob Hope, who buzzed through in the 1960s and 1970s. People spotted him with friend Billy Conn, the Pittsburgh prizefighter. Conn would drive Hope around Pittsburgh and often end the night at the Hollywood Social Club.

Once, Ralph Colaizzi spotted Hope emerging from the alley at 8 a.m. Colaizzi owned the building. He didn't speculate on what kept the star so long.

Down the street, the Encore jazz club was playing host to musicians such as trumpet players Roy Eldridge and Yank Larson, trombone player Harold Betters and pianist Earl Hines. Today, Cozumel Mexicana and Victoria's Secret sit on the spot.

People lined up to get into the Encore, according to Carol Rosenbloom. "This wasn't just weekends. This was every night."

In the late 1960s, Willard Shiner opened the Gaslight, a three-story club-style place just off Walnut on Bellefonte that was controversial because of its nude paintings.

Nightclubs were not the only new arrivals. Fashion hit the street, too.

In the mid-1950s, Walter Blattner had opened Surrey, a women's boutique. Blattner, who already had a store Downtown, saw potential in the location not far from student-rich Oakland but also accessible to some of Pittsburgh's wealthier neighborhoods. He made overseas trips for some of his merchandise.

Just a few years later Ruth Young's dress shop would follow, taking over a space that formerly held a tiny candy store.

The hippie days

Change brought complaints from residents worried about homes being replaced by stores and the street being overwhelmed with traffic. But the new businesses also brought customers ready to spend money to eat well, listen to live jazz and buy the latest styles from New York.

In the early 1960s, Business Week magazine wrote an article that said shop owners might have struck gold in the community, which it described as "the New Curiosity Shop."

The bohemians, the beatniks and the hippies, in progression, made themselves at home. The reception among homeowners and shop owners was mixed. Nick Fratangelo remembers hippies sitting next to Carnegie Mellon University professors at Lou's Shadyside Bar & Grill and carrying on fascinating conversations. "Our bar was a true melting pot."

Sometimes the young people's search for themselves took a little too long. "They'd sit on the sidewalk to all hours of the night," recalled Renallo. The noise and the disruptions kept the police visiting regularly.

And cars that were parked every which way, including on residents' private lots, were definitely a problem.

The city took action in 1966, proposing to tear down several homes behind Walnut to create a new parking lot at Walnut and Ivy. An official at the time described the area as "totally inaccessible from morning to night."

Parking issues would become a regular point of contention as the formerly residential street struggled to cope with its new status.

Renallo believes the noise and turmoil of the 1960s triggered an exodus of long-time residents.

Fading away The street ran low on energy in the late 1970s.

The overwhelming crowds of the hippie years had moved on to Oakland and the South Side, much to the relief of many. It wasn't clear just what the street would become next.

In the 1980s, Walnut began to evolve again. The people leading the change were the same ones who had pushed things along 30 years earlier - the property owners.

In 1982, Blattner would build Bellefonte Place, a mini-mall described as the first completely new development on the street in many years. But not the last. By 1987, three more mini-malls had followed.

And national chains such as Banana Republic, American Eagle Outfitters, the Gap, and Pier One all seemed to discover Walnut Street simultaneously. "They all happened at the same time," said Ralph Colaizzi.

None of the nationals seemed to want to buy property the values of which had soared - but local landlords didn't mind leasing space to them.

There were reports of rising rents and small stores losing their leases and going out of business. The outcry rose against what seemed to be becoming Mall-nut Street. One businessman issued a call to limit parking so tightly that the chains couldn't get enough sales volume to survive.

"People were running around saying Walnut Street's done," said Fratangelo, who closed Lou's bar in the early 1980s and converted the building to handle several small retail tenants.

It never seemed to quite go that far. Some of the national chains did fine. Others didn't last.

In hindsight, the common wisdom seems to be that Walnut Street customers are just picky.

"You have to add flavor to your business areas," said Fratangelo, who is now in the real estate development business. "Those that could give something back flourished."

Talbot's, Ann Taylor, Victoria's Secret and Banana Republic all come up in conversation regularly as the street's citizens look for examples of chain stores that have been accepted by customers with increasingly upscale tastes.

It's not always easy to predict the winners, though. In a 1987 interview, Walter Blattner predicted that the Gap would not be a good fit for Walnut. The mid-priced chain's still there and has since opened Gap Kids.

The next millennium

Perhaps the chains are starting to learn better how to operate outside of malls.

For years one of the complaints about the nationals was their unwillingness to join the Shadyside Chamber of Commerce, which uses part of members' dues to promote the street.

In the past year, Chamber President John Henne said a hard-working volunteer has convinced almost all of them to sign on. "They're getting involved in local commerce," he said.

Perhaps Walnut will be able, once again, to find the right mix between funky and traditional, local and national.

One of the new owners certainly hopes so.

"I think Walnut Street is nicer now than it has ever been," said Todd Reidbord, a principal with Walnut Capital Partners. "Did it lose some of its individuality? I'm sure that's the case. Is that bad? I think that is a fact of life."

**Graphic**

PHOTO 3, PHOTO: (No caption); PHOTO: POST-GAZETTE ARCHIVES: (For two photos) ABOVE, A 1958 GROUNDBREAKING; FOR THE SHADYSIDE VILLAGE, A MINI-SHOPPING CENTER AT THE CORNER OF SOUTH AIKEN; AVENUE AND WALNUT STREET. PICTURED, FROM LEFT, ARE A.F. KIHELL, PRESIDENT OF; THE SHADYSIDE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE; PITTSBURGH CITY COUNCILMAN BENNETT RODGERS;; C. MURRAY JONES, ONE OF THE OWNERS OF SHADYSIDE VILLAGE; AND WALLACE; KIRKPATRICK, ALSO AN OWNER.

**Load-Date:** September 28, 1999

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[***SPRING menu;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B280-009B-P47H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Just her cup of tea: A meal for Mother with treats from the Midwest, based on the traditional British teatime, with all its charm and grace.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B280-009B-P47H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Length:** 2369 words

**Byline:** Lee Svitak Dean; Staff Writer

**Body**

SPRING MENU

(For 6)

Mushroom and Asparagus Frittata with Chives

Blueberry-Banana Mini-Muffins

Neufchatel and Salmon on Toast Points

Cucumbers with Blue Cheese Mousse

Sour Cream Pound Cake with Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce

Earl Grey Tea

Mom and afternoon tea go together as surely as a cup and saucer - even if Mom's a coffee drinker. At least that's so when "tea" refers to the supremely civilized English tradition of an afternoon break, restful as it is pleasurable.

Herein lies the magic: It's elegant. The emphasis on details - lovely little pieces that make up an even lovelier whole - give the occasion a charming sense of grace and dignity, both of which are in short supply these days. The pause in the day is reason enough to celebrate, but the plentiful treats and bracing cup of tea make such an occasion truly delightful.

Though the style may be all English, the tradition is welcomed on the prairie, as many have found: Afternoon teas have popped up around the country and locally, often at hotels or specialty tea shops.

Spring foods, with their lightness, especially fit teatime. So we developed a menu for an afternoon tea that is particularly well-suited to Mother's Day.

Many of the traditional British ingredients are readily available in Minnesota this time of year: watercress, radishes and smoked salmon, among them.

Other teatime staples - cream cheese, jams, cakes and dainty breads, even egg dishes - are familiar in the kitchens of Midwesterners.

For this menu, all the dishes can be made easily - and quickly, for the most part - to keep the afternoon break from being an all-day effort. Furthermore, most of the dishes can be prepared in advance, with only some fast assembling needed before serving.

Time of day varies

According to British custom, tea times vary, and there is an array of foods suited to each time. Breakfast tea, for example, is predictably breakfast-oriented, with toast, waffles or quick breads. Tea breaks (like coffee breaks in America) offer midmorning or midafternoon respites to those at work, with cookies, shortbreads or quick breads served.

Nursery teas served to children come with light sandwiches, jam and biscuits and a very mild tea. High tea, served around the dinner hour, is a more substantial meal, with origins among the English ***working class***. Their big meal of the day took place near noon, and high tea provided sustenance until the next big meal.

Afternoon tea, also called low tea, is a bit more of an all-purpose tea, with sweets and some savory items served in late afternoon. Duchess Anna of Bedford is said to have begun the tradition in about 1840.

The duchess needed something to tide her over until the late dinner hour. When she began serving tea and snacks to her friends in the afternoon, the public enthusiastically took up the ritual.

Minnesota teatime

Though this menu is intended for an afternoon tea, it also would work well for a morning brunch-style tea for your mother, and perhaps for her friends or other family members.

The only warm dish, besides the tea, is a frittata, the Italian version of an omelet. Its ingredients are mixed within, as they are with scrambled eggs, rather than folded inside, as with a traditional omelet.

Asparagus and chives give this dish its spring flavor. Though it should be prepared right before serving, the frittata takes only a few minutes to combine, particularly if the asparagus is blanched and the onions and mushrooms are sauteed the day before.

This menu includes a variation on the traditional Minnesota favorite, the blueberry muffin, which since 1988 has been the state muffin. Here it is crossed with another Midwestern favorite, banana bread, and adapted to teatime by miniaturization.

A typical tea includes small sandwiches, usually with a spread that is based on cream cheese or mayonnaise. For this menu, Neufchatel (pronounced NOO-shuh-tell) cheese is used; it's a lower-fat version of cream cheese and is now occasionally marketed as "light cream cheese".

Neufchatel is named after the town in the Normandy region of France, where it originated. In this menu it is used as a base for a smoked salmon spread that's delicious any time of day.

Cucumber sandwiches also are typical of a British tea. For this menu, cucumber slices take the place of the "sandwich" itself; the slices are topped with a spread of blue cheese thinned with cream.

Cakes of many varieties appear at teatime. For this menu, one of the earliest of cakes - the pound cake - is served and topped with a variation of a familiar Midwestern sauce - strawberry-rhubarb. Those fruits of early spring replace the traditional British jam or marmalade at a tea.

These five dishes should be served all at once, presented on lovely plates from which the diners can choose. If you have fancy linens, fine china or silverware, this is the occasion to use them.

Earl Grey tea

Earl Grey tea completes the meal. This blend of teas, which originated in the 18th century, was named after the second Earl Grey, who learned of it from an envoy returning from a tour in the East.

The tea's distinctive fragrance comes from oil of bergamot, which comes from the peel of a small orange. The slightly orange flavor pairs nicely with the Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce, which contains orange juice and zest. The tea is particularly good with a slice of lemon.

To make a good pot of tea:

Use fresh cold water and bring to a boil in a kettle. Just before the water boils, pour some of it into the teapot to warm the pot, then discard it and add the tea leaves, about 1 teaspoon per serving or to taste.

When the water in the kettle boils, pour it immediately into the teapot, and let the tea steep for 3 to 5 minutes. Additional hot water can be added, if needed, to dilute the strength of the tea.

Mushroom and Asparagus Frittata with Chives x

Frittatas are adaptable, so use only those vegetables that you prefer. To speed up the assembly process, blanch the asparagus and saute the onions and mushrooms the day before, then refrigerate.

8 stalks asparagus

1/2 c. chopped mushrooms (crimini are nice)

1/4 c. chopped onion

2 tsp. butter

6 eggs

1/3 c. milk

2 tsp. minced fresh chives

1/4 c. shredded mozzarella or Monterey Jack cheese

To prepare asparagus, blanch by dropping asparagus into boiling water for a few moments, then plunge into cold water to stop the cooking process (this keeps the color and texture in the asparagus). Drain, cut into pieces and set aside.

Saute mushrooms and onions in butter and set aside to cool. Combine eggs, milk and chives and whisk together. Add mushroom mixture asparagus to eggs and stir to combine.

Pour into buttered 9- or 10-inch pie pan. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake at 425 degrees for about 15 to 20 minutes, or until eggs are set. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Each serving contains approximately 1 medium-fat meat exch., 1/2 fat exch.; 105 calories, 3 gm. carbohydrate, 7 gm. protein, 7 gm. fat, 90 mg. sodium, 170 mg. cholesterol and 80 mg. calcium.

Blueberry-Banana Mini-Muffins x

If you like your muffins big, double this recipe and use full-size muffin tins. But the smaller, mini-version makes an attractive, bite-size snack for tea - also for bag lunches. This is adapted from "Scones, Muffins, Tea Cakes," edited by Heidi Haughy Cusick.

1/4 c. ( 1/2 stick) butter

1/2 c. sugar

1 egg

1/2 c. mashed bananas (1 ripe banana)

1/4 c. milk

1 c. all-purpose flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon

1 c. fresh, frozen or dried blueberries

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease mini-muffin tins and set aside.

In a medium bowl with an electric mixer, cream the butter and sugar. Add the egg. Mix in the bananas and milk.

In another mixing bowl, combine the flour, baking powder and cinnamon. Add the butter mixture to the dry ingredients and mix only until the batter is moist. Do not over mix.

Carefully stir in the whole blueberries. If you are using frozen blueberries, add them to your recipe while they are still frozen or they will turn your batter purple. Dried blueberries do not need to be reconstituted before adding them.

Spoon the batter into the muffins cups, filling the cups to the top. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes, or until muffins are golden brown.

Let cool for 5 minutes in the tins, then transfer to a cooling rack. (Can be made ahead and stored in airtight container, or frozen.) Makes about 24 mini-muffins.

Each mini-muffin contains approximately 1/2 bread/ starch exch., 1/2 fat exch.; 61 calories, 9 gm. carbohydrate, 1 gm. protein, 2 gm. fat, 41 mg. sodium, 16 mg. cholesterol and 9 mg. calcium.

Toast Points with Smoked Salmon Neufchatel x

Softened cream cheese can be substituted for the Neufchatel, but it may also need a little added cream to make it more spreadable. To make this teatime snack most attractive, use two or more colors of bread and types of garnishes. Depending on your guests, you may want to double the recipe.

4 oz. smoked salmon, cut up (and additional salmon for garnish)

4 oz. Neufchatel cheese (light cream cheese)

2 to 3 tsp. horseradish, if desired

1 tbsp. chopped green onion

1 tsp. lemon juice

Dash salt

Toasted bread

Thin slices of radish, diced salmon or sprig of watercress for garnish

Remove any skin from the salmon and discard. With an electric mixer or by hand, mix together the salmon, Neufchatel cheese, horseradish, green onion, lemon juice and salt. Set aside (can be made ahead and refrigerated overnight).

To serve, carefully slice crusts off the bread and cut each slice into 2 or 4 triangles. Spread the salmon mixture over one side of the toast (the British prefer to spread it all the way to the edges).

Top each toast point with one of a variety of garnishes, such as slices of radish, diced smoked salmon or sprig of watercress. Makes cup of spread (about 2 tbsp. for each of 6 slics of bread).

Each 1/6-recipe serving with 1 slice toast contains approximately 1 bread/ starch exch., 1 medium-fat meat exch.; 145 calories, 14 gm. carbohydrate, 8 gm. protein, 6 gm. fat, 400 mg. sodium, 20 mg. cholesterol and 38 mg. calcium.

Cucumbers with Blue Cheese Mousse x

c. crumbled blue cheese (about 6 oz. - or .4 lb.), reserve some for garnish

2 to 3 tbsp. or more cream or milk (amount will depend on brand of blue cheese; Saga Blue is a little softer than others)

1 large cucumber (about 12 in.)

In a bowl, add blue cheese and enough cream to make a smooth, spreadable paste that can go through a pastry bag (do not make it too watery or it will not mound up properly). Mix thoroughly by hand or with an electric mixer. (This can be prepared a day in advance and refrigerated.)

If cucumber is waxed, scrub it well with a vegetable brush. For decoration, the peel can be removed in long strips at even intervals along the length of the cucumber. Do this by scraping the cucumber with either the tines of a fork or a zester, the small grater-type tool that removes zest from citrus fruit. You may want to cut the cucumber in half crosswise to work with it more easily.

Cut cucumber into 1/4 -inch slices. Scoop out seeds from each slice with a spoon or melon baller if desired (it's a nice touch, but not necessary to remove the seeds), being careful not to go all the way through.

Put cheese mixture in a pastry bag. If you do not have a pastry bag, use a small plastic bag such as a sandwich bag and snip off a corner to make a hole about 1/8 inch across. (Add the cheese mixture to the bag and press it out through the corner hole.)

Right before serving, pipe a small mound of the cheese mixture (about 1 teaspoon) onto each cucumber slice. Add crumbles of blue cheese on top of the mousse for garnish. Makes about 36 slices.

Variation: If your spring vegetable preferences run more toward sugar peas (with the edible pea pods), pipe the mousse into those instead of cucumbers. First blanch the pea pods, then open them on one side.

Sour Cream Pound Cake

with Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce x

Pound cake is one of the oldest styles of cake.

1 c. (2 sticks) butter or margarine, room temperature

2 1/4 c. sugar

1 tsp. vanilla

6 eggs

3 c. flour

1/2 tsp. baking soda

1 c. sour cream

Powdered sugar

Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce (recipe follows)

With electric mixer on medium speed, beat butter in large bowl until softened. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and fluffy. Blend in vanilla. Add eggs, 1 at a time, mixing well after each addition.

In separate bowl, mix flour and baking soda together. Add flour mixture to butter-sugar mixture alternately with sour cream, mixing well after each addition.

Pour batter into a greased and floured 12-cup fluted tube pan or 10-inch tube pan. Bake in preheated 325-degree oven for 1 hour and 10 minutes to 1 hour 15 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool 10 minutes in pan on wire rack, then remove from pan. (If difficult to remove, warm pan slightly in oven and try again.) Cool cake completely on wire rack (can be made in advance). Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.

Serve with Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce. Makes 16 servings.

Each serving, including 2 tbsp. sauce, contains approximately 2 fruit exch., 1 1/2 bread/ starch exch., 3 1/2 fat exch.; 380 calories, 54 gm. carbohydrate, 5 gm. protein, 17 gm. fat, 175 mg. sodium, 125 mg. cholesterol and 74 mg. calcium.

Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce x

This recipe calls for zest, which is the colored part of the skin on citrus fruit (not the white pith, which is bitter). Its aromatic oils add flavor. To remove zest from fruit, carefully use a grater (so only the colored part is removed), or a vegetable peeler or a zester, a small kitchen tool with tiny cutting holes that scrapes off the peel in threadlike pieces.

1/4 c. sugar

2 c. sliced fresh strawberries (about 1 pint)

2 c. diced rhubarb (2 large stalks)

Juice and zest from 1 orange (about 1/4 c. orange juice and 1 tbsp. orange zest)

Add the sugar to the sliced strawberries and toss; set aside.

In a small pan combine the rhubarb and orange juice and, over low heat, bring to a simmer. Cook the rhubarb until it is barely soft, about 5 minutes. Set aside to cool slightly.

Add the cooled rhubarb to the strawberries and toss with the orange zest. (Can be made a day ahead.) Serve over cake or ice cream. Makes about 2 cups.

x Recipe has been tested.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** May 2, 1996

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[***People in color;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B6B0-009B-P4CG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***On Holi, the Hindu celebration of spring, many of the distinctions that divide India so painfully are painted over for a day. The holiday is loved for its color and spectacle and loathed for its drunken, and sometimes dangerous, excess.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B6B0-009B-P4CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Chris Welsch; Staff Writer

**Body**

A silver boy stood in the middle of the road.

It was 8:30 a.m. on the first day of spring in India, and just as night had become day, the seasons had changed. The sun burned with heat that had weight independent of the light, which was itself full and dense.

This boy seemed to defy gravity, or perhaps to inspire it; a smaller, purple-tinged boy was dancing on the dusty road in a circular orbit around him.

The silver boy stood there reflecting the light, his metallic torso covered by a torn yellow polka-dot shirt. His expression, as I made photographs of him, was a sly, wise smile. It communicated two things. He knew he was beautiful, and he knew what the day held for me.

Across the road, from a rooftop, a man watching the three of us yelled down, "Hey there! Which of you is the white man? I really want to know!"

It was an ironic question. My skin was still white, and so was the kurta pajama - cotton drawstring pants and a long billowing shirt - I'd bought to wear that day.

As the day of Holi proceeds, questions of identity become harder and harder to answer. To greet spring, and to mark events in the Hindu religious canon, Hindus across India splash each other with dye and paint in every imaginable shade.

Falling on the first full-moon day in March, Holi often is described as a great equalizer - a day when Indians forget caste, class and age - and come together to play for a day. In some places and in some ways, that's true. But it's also a national release of tension, which each year results in drunken violence, sexual harassment and death.

For the past four days, I'd been staying on the outskirts of Patna in a housing development at my aunt and uncle's duplex. He was there on a Fulbright scholarship collecting folk music.

It was election time in Bihar, India's poorest and most corrupt state. Patna, a city of 1 million, is the capital. Political factions hired gangs of armed thugs to steal ballot boxes and harass voters. The federal government sent 52,000 troops into Bihar to ensure that the elections could proceed safely. Roads were closed; private vehicles confiscated. I had lots of travel plans, but our neighbors advised me not to leave.

Before I left for India, my friends gave me a variety of good luck charms and made frighteningly sincere requests that I stay out of trouble. I never shared their dark premonitions, although they scared my wife. As I sat in my uncle's house, I felt stranded on an island of middle-class serenity while the Indian world was bucking and heaving all around me.

Fire

The night before, my aunt, my 5-year-old niece, my 9-year-old nephew and I took a walk through the neighborhood looking for Holi fires.

We saw one from a half-mile away; the flames rose 30 feet from a pyre in a vacant lot. Silhouettes danced around it. By the time we got there, the fire was fading. As soon as we walked into the ring of light, the circle of people broke from the fire and formed around us.

An older man stepped forward. My aunt explained who we were and where we lived in the neighborhood. People responded with nods and whispers of recognition.

"Do you know what this is about?" he asked. We mumbled yes and no.

"This is for Holi. This is Holika fire."

In broken English, he told this story: Prahlada, the son of a demon king, was very devoted to the god Ram. His father was jealous of that attention - he considered himself a god and wanted his son to worship him. He forbade Prahlada to worship Ram. But Prahlada was devout. He would not relent. The king asked his sister Holika to destroy his son. She was immune to fire. A pyre was built, and she carried the boy into the flames. Ram could not let this happen to a follower so devoted. When the ashes died down, Prahlada emerged, but Holika was dead. Her charm against fire had failed. The holiday celebrates Prahlada's emergence from the flames, the victory of purity over evil, of light over darkness.

To old Patna

I decided that I could not in good conscience spend Holi where I was - essentially a middle-class suburb. I planned to go to Patna's inner city, the old part of downtown. There, about 8 miles from my uncle's duplex, I would photograph ***working-class*** people celebrating Holi in the maze of shops and stalls near the Ganges River. I didn't ask the neighbors about the wisdom of that idea because I knew they'd say it wasn't wise. The election troubles loomed, and Holi revelers often get drunk and stoned on bhang, a drink made with hashish.

On the morning of Holi, I saw the silver boy just outside the gates of the housing compound. A difficult hour ensued as I tried to get downtown. Under good conditions, it would take 45 minutes and three rickshaw rides. It wasn't that simple on Holi.

For two hours, I walked, I cajoled, I bribed, I got smeared with color. Still I wasn't downtown.

One auto-rickshaw (a three-wheeled scooter used as a taxi), took me on a Quixotic search for a translator. The driver pulled over several other vehicles, trying to find someone to explain to me why he wouldn't take me where I wanted to go.

Finally he stopped an auto-rickshaw packed with six people. After the driver made his query, a stocky, mustachioed man emerged from the back and looked at my crumpled map.

He contorted his face, grimaced and held his hands to the sky, willing the words to mind.

"Bad," he said. "Very bad." More contortion. Pointing at the rickshaw and making throwing motions: "Danger."

But my curiosity still outweighed my fear. The auto-rickshaw driver dropped me off at the railway station, where I approached a group of men with bicycle rickshaws.

I produced a map of Patna. Two drivers came forward. The first was tall and thin, with an oily red rag scarf. The second, shorter and bald, wore cutoff shorts and a tattered shirt. I agreed to the first man's terms: 50 rupees ($ 1.75), or about 10 times the normal fare.

As I climbed on to the back, the bald man strode forward, screaming at the tall driver who had already straddled the bike. A pushing match ensued. The bald man lifted the front tire of the rickshaw and wouldn't move. Another driver charged out of the crowd and knocked the bald man to the pavement and stood over him cursing. We left.

I sat on a narrow bench on the back of the rickshaw, forced to hunch over because of the faded red canvas sunshade. Ribbons of weather-beaten tinsel sloughed off it like dead skin.

Painted

The driver, wearing a dirty homespun shirt and a cotton wrap around his legs, weighed no more than 140 pounds. I weigh 190. The rusty iron three-wheeler he rode had one gear. With the chromed bench seat and folding shade over the top, it probably weighed 100 pounds empty. Still, I was not an unusually heavy load - he might carry an entire family on his rig.

Every tendon and muscle in his legs was drawn sharply, as if they were illustrations in an anatomy textbook. There was nothing to spare about him.

We rattled down an empty street. Iron blinds covered the storefronts. As we passed alleys and streets, the driver nervously turned his head up and down them. As he turned, I could see sweat dripping off his chin.

He stopped the rickshaw three times in the first half-mile and made me show him on the map where I wanted to go. He signaled me to cover my camera and had me wrap the strap around my wrist securely. He wanted me to stay as far under the shade as I could, although that wasn't far at all.

Fifteen minutes into the ride, a color-smeared group of yelling, drunken boys and men, carrying squirt guns and buckets of dye, surged out of an alley in front of us. Seeing us, they lurched about-face and came running up the street. They surrounded the rickshaw, grabbed it and began shaking it and smearing us with color. "Hello! Hello! Where you from? Yes, America! America!"

As soon as I pulled out the camera and started shooting, they stopped smearing us and began shoving and pushing each other to get in front of the camera. They were very drunk and very happy.

The driver stood up on his pedals and yelled at them to stay back; his force surprised them. They made way.

My kurta pajama was about half white now, in places dripping with magenta, blue and red, in others, smeared with black hand prints.

The part of my nose I could see was metallic blue. My hair and face felt sticky. It was something between paint and dye. It smelled like the ink in a permanent marker. My hands, from being grabbed and shaken, were entirely painted.

Driven back

The driver proceeded wild-eyed down the road, sporadically twisting his head to look behind us. He rose up out of the seat, standing on each pedal to drive it down and us forward.

Another group came, yelling and waving. The performance repeated itself. The camera worked to ward them off temporarily - first as I was taking pictures, second as the driver warned them not to damage it. While this was going on, someone grabbed my shirt and ripped the side. Half a bucket of blue paint splashed through the open part of the sunshade behind me.

The driver got hysterical, driving the revelers back with a flood of Hindi invective that made spittle spring from his lips.

We had not gone a block when we were stopped by another throng, which surrounded the rickshaw and rocked it back and forth while smearing us with paint. My camera worked as a shield for only about 30 seconds, while the group, led by a stoned man gyrating his hips in a sari, yanked us about.

The grabbing, yelling and painting was out of control. I was scared, and so was the driver, who had lost his fury. He had no invective left and leaned tiredly on his handlebars while being groped, slapped and smeared. We were stuck in the middle of the road until the group tired of us and we were both as colorful as they were.

We made it up the street to a T-intersection. Looking toward downtown, we saw a group of five bearded, turbaned Sikh men - who did not appear to be celebrating Holi - walking purposefully downtown with what looked like ax handles. Sikhs and Hindus do not have a happy history in India.

At this point, my fear outweighed my curiosity.

I got out the map. It was soggy and blue and green, only somewhat legible. I pointed out my uncle's community - Ashiana Nagar. We headed back.

Turning point

I knew that I would be painted. But I thought that I'd be able to be an observer as well. That somehow my foreignness would be forgotten for once. The idea that I would observe something without becoming part of it was revealed as a conceit. India strips that kind of facile thought away.

I was no longer an easily identified white man, and that made it possible for us to get back onto Bailey Road, where one by one, we picked up an escort of teenage boys on bikes. There were about 20 at one point.

Green boys, blue boys, black and silver boys rode in broad formation around us on the empty four-lane road, cheering us as if we were warriors in a victory parade.

It took the driver 1 1/2 hours to take me to the turnoff to my uncle's house. I gave him all the money I had on me, about 300 rupees.

As I walked the last mile home, I got smeared several more times, but being in a familiar place, I had lost my fear. I enjoyed my relative anonymity. From a distance, I was just another colorful character.

Home

I walked through the gate of the housing development to be greeted by a crowd of colorful people - 30 strong - many of whom I knew. They surrounded me, laughing, and drenched me once again. Then they drew me into their ranks.

There were men and women, old and young, doctors and lawyers and the people of lower caste who keep their houses for them, all looking like creatures in a dream. We marched down the street to my uncle's house, smearing anyone who wasn't already 100 percent smeared.

My nephew was in the driveway, layered in dozens of shades. My uncle was on the porch, tinged green. A group of women in tattered saris arrived to paint my aunt. They surrounded her in the street, and in minutes, she looked like them.

In the heat of the afternoon, everyone returned home to clean up. I felt dizzy from the heat and stifled from the noxious body paint, known as gulal. We took turns taking bucket baths. The color faded but didn't disappear.

We spent the afternoon wandering from house to house in clean clothes, sharing snacks and tea - the last and most congenial part of the Holi holiday.

Our hosts were amused at how colorful we still were after our baths. They'd prepared for Holi by coating themselves in vegetable oil before they left home. No one told us that, and I was blue and green for a week and a half.

Long distance

At 6 a.m. the next morning, one of the neighbors woke me by calling through the front window. "There's a phone call for you! It's your wife. She'll call back in 5 minutes."

My uncle didn't have a phone, and the neighbors shared theirs with us. I dressed and walked up the street. Hetukar Jha and his son Vivek sat on the couches in the living room, looking very irritated.

The phone rang. My wife, Beth, was panicked. "What happened? Are you all right?"

I said I didn't know what she was talking about. She explained that two of my friends, editors at the Star Tribune, had called her with the news that 31 people had been killed in Patna during a festival.

As it turned out, that piece of news was a distortion of another distortion. Later in the day, the Patna newspaper reported that 31 people had been killed, and 50 injured, throughout Bihar state, which is home to more than 86 million people. The local paper said seven people had been killed in Patna district, but there were no other details.

My first reaction was disappointment: I missed the story. News happened and I wasn't there.

But as I stood there explaining how I came to be green and blue, I realized that the story had found me.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Map

**Load-Date:** March 19, 1996

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[***RIDGE REFLECTS ON HIS VIETNAM DUTY RETURNING TO ASIA, GOVERNOR RECALLS HOW WAR SHAPED HIM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TWW0-01K4-953G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Byline:** Ken Dilanian, INQUIRER HARRISBURG BUREAU

**Body**

They chased the Vietnamese guerrillas for what seemed like hours, their hearts racing in the heat.

It was just another day of probing and pursuit near the South China Sea in 1970. Six Americans on patrol spotted three Viet Cong. The GIs gave chase. The VC disappeared into the dense brush.

Sgt. Tom Ridge and his squad stopped in a clearing to take a break.

Ridge's back was to the open area as he chatted and joked with his radio man. Suddenly, the radio man's eyes widened, and his mouth fell open.

"Di! Di!" he yelled, screaming in Vietnamese for Ridge to scramble. By the time Ridge turned around, three guerrillas had sprinted past him and into the jungle. They had come within a few yards of the back of his head, without firing a shot.

"They went flying by," the Pennsylvania governor recalled, sitting in his Capitol office recently with a smile on his face. "We just got caught for that moment. . . . If they had just wanted to spray us, who knows?"

There were other days when people did shoot at Ridge and he shot back. But he may have faced no closer brush with death in combat.

Yesterday, Ridge arrived back in Vietnam for just the second time since he won a Bronze Star in battle there 30 years ago. He returned to the scene of the war of his youth as a middle-aged politician on a trade and cultural mission, as the governor of a key electoral state, and as the man who could end up as the Republican vice presidential nominee next year.

If Tom Ridge does become a national candidate, his transforming experience in Vietnam will become more than just an old war story. It will help define his national profile at a time when the United States is fighting low-level conflicts in Yugoslavia and Iraq.

Ridge's service in Vietnam sets him apart from most of his generation. Of the nearly 27 million American men who came of eligible age while the United States fought in Vietnam, just three million served there. Only about 10 percent of that group prowled the jungles and rice paddies as infantry foot soldiers, or "ground pounders" as they called themselves.

Ridge was a ground pounder.

He was sent to Vietnam trained to kill. And while he never had to zip a buddy into a body bag, as he puts it, he saw enough carnage, among both soldiers and civilians, to mark him forever.

Ridge is the first to say he was not really a war hero. He spent much of his time hunting for, and rarely finding, Viet Cong guerrillas while living in a coastal peasant village and advising Vietnamese soldiers as part of what the Army called pacification.

He wasn't wounded. His Bronze Star with the "V Device" for valor was awarded in connection with a fairly routine firefight, if there is such a thing.

"My experience in Vietnam, I will tell you, is not as heroic as others - as most, I presume," he said.

Ridge rarely talks about his seven months in Vietnam. Even after his two successful gubernatorial campaigns, Pennsylvanians know far more about how their president avoided the Vietnam War than how their governor fought in it.

Shortly before he left for an Asian trade mission that is in Vietnam through Sunday, Ridge for the first time spoke publicly and in detail about his experiences.

This is Tom Ridge's Vietnam War story.

\* It was the first piece of mail he received that summer in Erie, home from his first year at Dickinson School of Law in 1968.

Dear Mr. Ridge: You're drafted.

For a decade, Ridge had been climbing up and away from his ***working-class*** roots. He was the standard-bearer in a tightly knit family whose ambitions outshone its social status.

He had aced his way through Erie's Cathedral Prep. Won an academic scholarship to Harvard. Conquered the tough first year of a legal education.

Now, at 23, Ridge was called by an Army that was sending home hundreds of Americans each week in green rubber body bags.

His father took it hardest.

Thomas R. Ridge had wanted to be a lawyer, but World War II and a baby intruded. Working as a meat salesman by day and a shoe store clerk by night, he invested everything in his children.

"My dad basically lived his life so that his three children could achieve their aspirations and goals," said Ridge, whose father's death of a heart attack in 1986 remains the biggest emotional blow of his life. "Two jobs, working like a dog, his son's in law school - and then suddenly it looked like somebody short-circuited that career plan."

The elder Ridge, a lifelong Democrat, hated the war even before his son was drafted, according to the governor's mother, Laura Ridge.

His son, who wore his hair short, says he never smoked marijuana, and seems to have been unaffected by the counterculture movement of the late 1960s, recalls feeling differently. Ridge said he had misgivings about the military's habit of gauging its progress in Vietnam based on enemy body counts. But he said he believed in the domino theory of communist expansion and "certainly supported us being there."

That was an uncommon attitude among college students then, especially at Harvard.

In the 1,200-person Harvard Class of 1967, Ridge was one of a handful who served in Southeast Asia. Nearly 700 Harvard men were killed in World War II. But of the 12,595 who graduated from 1964 to 1973, just 12 died in Vietnam, including two members of the Class of '67, according to research by former Navy Secretary James Webb.

But although Ridge broke from many of his classmates by supporting the war, he said he viewed it in distant and academic terms - and certainly was not rushing to enlist.

Nor was he happy to be drafted. But once the notice came, he said, he did not view himself as having a choice, even though his distraught father told him he would not object if he fled to Canada.

Ridge also rejected the suggestion of his maternal grandfather, who wanted to secure him a spot in the National Guard - a much-coveted avenue for fulfilling a military obligation with little chance of ever seeing Vietnam.

"I said, 'Look, I'm drafted,' " Ridge recalled. "I'll go where they send me."

\* Despite his ambivalent views, Ridge quickly embraced his lot in the Army.

Named outstanding soldier of his unit after boot camp in Fort Dix, he was assigned to the infantry and ordered to advanced training at Fort Polk, La.

That meant Vietnam.

Ridge was the only college graduate in his 160-man company at Fort Polk, and he was offered admission to Officer Candidate School. The catch: becoming an officer required a three-year commitment instead of two.

No, thanks, Ridge said: "I wasn't prepared to give them another year."

Instead, he headed off to Fort Benning, Ga., to be trained as a noncommissioned Officer - an instant NCO, or "shake-and-bake," as they were called.

The former high school debater who had never before fired a gun became an expert with the M-14 and M-16 rifles. He learned how to set up an ambush and detonate claymore mines. He learned how to read map coordinates and direct artillery.

At a party on home leave before he shipped out, he met Michele Moore, who would become his wife.

Ridge also took some special time with his father, a man he idolized. They sat together for hours on several nights, drinking beer at their favorite watering hole, Chuck & Ginny's Place, chatting about anything but the dangers of war.

When the leave ended, Tom and Laura Ridge drove their son to meet his plane in Cleveland.

At the gate, his father tried to josh. "Tom, I can't find your ticket," he said. "What are they going to do, send you to Vietnam?"

Parting was agony.

"That was one of the hardest days of my life," Ridge's mother said. "We cried all the way home."

\* November 1969. Bravo Company, First Battalion, 20th Infantry, 11th Light Infantry Brigade, Americal Division.

"What the hell are you doing here?" the company commander asked Ridge when he learned of his Harvard background.

Ridge was nervous when he learned he was being sent to I Corps, in the northernmost provinces of South Vietnam. That area, occupied mostly by Marines, had been the scene of some of the war's heaviest fighting.

In March 1967, Marine Lt. Ron Castille, who later would join the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, lost a leg in a disastrous engagement at Duc Pho. In the same operation, another Marine lieutenant, future Pennsylvania Attorney General Ernie Preate, saw dozens of his men wounded and killed.

A hotbed of guerrilla activity, the area was infested with booby traps. Nineteen months before Ridge arrived, another company in his battalion had killed hundreds of old men, women and children in the infamous My Lai massacre.

But by 1969, I Corps had cooled down. Planning for troop withdrawals, President Richard M. Nixon had begun turning the war over to the Vietnamese. Ridge's company was changing tactics: Instead of sweeping through villages, it would occupy them. The leaders called it pacification.

Several B Company vets interviewed said they viewed pacification as an absurdity. The villages would remain guerrilla-free only as long as U.S. soldiers stayed there - and not a moment longer, they felt. Ridge said he did not spend much time contemplating his country's war aims or the overall sense of his mission. Some things he was told to do made sense, he said, and some seemed stupid. He wasn't paid to ask questions.

A few days after his arrival at Duc Pho, he found himself slogging through the mosquito-infested heat, toting an M-16 and grenades.

Suddenly, a sniper opened fire. It was Ridge's first moment under fire.

He scrambled for cover. His mind raced. He doesn't remember shooting back.

Somebody did, and the sniper disappeared before anyone was hit. The patrol resumed. But Ridge, like most vets, would never forget the feeling.

He was 24, and somebody was trying to kill him.

"It heightens all your senses," he said. "You'd see the specks of dust flying, and they're pretty close, you're saying, 'Thank God he's a bad shot.' You hear that crack, boom, AK-47, you hit the ground.

"I mean, holy s-!"

\* His combat baptism complete, Ridge got a special assignment: He would lead a squad of just three or four other Americans and live in a compound with a company of Vietnamese soldiers. The job meant Ridge had to be a sort of diplomat warrior.

Many American troops, including Ridge, shared a low opinion of their South Vietnamese allies. The Regional Forces soldiers with whom he lived and worked routinely blew ambushes by shooting off their weapons. Once, they abandoned his squad under fire. Sometimes, they refused to go into the field at all.

One day, an argument with his Vietnamese counterparts got ugly.

The squad had been chasing guerrillas through an area filled with civilians.

"We were out, and we took some fire, figured out where they were, they left, we saw, we ran. . . . ," Ridge said. "We started chasing them, but there were people, and a lot of buffalo. We were gaining on them pretty good, but they kind of blended in. . . . Instead of just opening up or calling in artillery, we kind of worked our way through it, and we lost them."

The second-ranking Vietnamese officer became enraged. He accused Ridge and his men of cowardice.

"It pissed me off," Ridge recalled.

"He got so irritated, and he was yelling at me . . . and he pulled out his revolver and started waving it around. I thought, well, you know, hey. I threw my clip into my M-16 and said, 'Go ahead.' I said to the interpreter, 'How far does he want to take this?' He calmed down."

Enemy contact was light during much of Ridge's tour. But death was always there.

From January to May of 1970, B Company took 49 casualties, according to Army records. Five men were killed. The worst hazards were booby traps and snipers.

Of course, the better-armed Americans gave far better than they got.

According to the Army's daily journal of B Company's activities, which does not clearly distinguish among squads, the company killed dozens of suspected guerrillas while Ridge was there and arrested dozens more. Often, according to historical accounts, the detainees would be tortured by Vietnamese officials and imprisoned under brutal conditions.

It was a war with no clear line between civilian and combatant. While Ridge was there, Army records show, a 10-year-old boy tossed a grenade that killed a soldier in A Company.

That kind of incident did not inspire discretion among the 18- and 19-year-old grunts. Records show that soldiers in B Company and other units routinely shot people, including women and the elderly, simply because they ran away - only to find they did not have weapons.

Ridge said he tried to be as careful as possible. It is not a part of the Vietnam experience he is comfortable discussing.

He said that his squad did not kill anyone accidentally and that he was aware of no atrocities. He believes they were infrequent.

"My gut tells me that unless there was extraordinary provocation, rare were the occasions when soldiers didn't discriminate," he said.

\* Sometimes, the battle lines were crystal clear, as they were on March 30, 1970.

That day, Ridge's squad came upon at least 10 uniformed North Vietnamese soldiers, sitting on the ground eating lunch.

His radio man, Kurt Walker of Parowan, Utah, opened up on a sentry with his M-16. So did Ridge.

Ridge's voice began to shake slightly as he recalled the incident.

"We saw them. Kurt . . . ah . . . he, ah . . . he fired first, and he was just a little bit ahead of the column. They fired at us, and we fired at them, and . . . you got the rest."

Ridge was referring to his medal citation, which tells it this way: "Reacting immediately, Sgt. Ridge moved forward and began placing accurate bursts of rifle fire on the insurgents, eliminating one and forcing the remainder of the hostile elements to take evasive action."

Later, the squad found one dead soldier in a blue uniform, with an ammo belt and a grenade. The man had been killed by small-arms fire. The Army credited the kill to Ridge.

"I don't know who shot him," Ridge said.

\* Some soldiers hated and feared the Vietnam War enough to injure themselves, hoping to be sent home. Many more prayed for a "million-dollar wound" that would carry them home without taking their life or their health.

Ridge did not hate his tour. But he was not sorry to see it end early.

In mid-May, as Ridge was on his way to seven days of rest and relaxation in Australia, stomach pains he had been ignoring turned out to be a ruptured appendix. A doctor who examined him rushed him into surgery.

It was a ticket home. He spent weeks in Valley Forge Military Hospital. His parents did not see him until he stepped off a plane in Erie.

He kissed the ground.

"He was skin and bones," Laura Ridge said.

His father, who had pounded out a letter for him every single day on a manual typewriter, cried tears of joy.

Young Tom never talked about the war, even with his closest friends.

"Nobody broached the subject," his mother said. "It was just too painful. He was not happy with what he saw over there."

It did not change his ambitions, but it changed the way he looked at the world, both personally and politically, he said.

"He often says he will never send troops into battle half-prepared," said his best friend, Homer Mosco, also a Vietnam combat veteran.

Like many veterans, Ridge believes the Vietnam War illustrated the perils of military gradualism - a sin he believes NATO is repeating at the moment in Kosovo. He laments, for example, that U.S. troops for the most part were barred from pursuing their enemy into Laos, Cambodia and North Vietnam.

Just the same, he is not prepared to say whether or how the war could have been won.

He believes it was worth fighting, even in defeat, because he thinks the American presence changed South Vietnam for the better and will pave the way eventually for capitalism and democracy.

Not prone to public introspection, Ridge is reluctant to discuss how his brush with killing and death affected him emotionally. His wife and siblings also declined to offer their insights.

"I don't dwell on it," he is fond of saying. "I draw on it."

The experience instilled in him a greater confidence, he said, and a theory of leadership that involves trusting those he is leading.

"People talk, here in Harrisburg, about winning and losing. You won or lost workers' comp, you won or lost school choice, you won or lost the stadiums. These are not W's and L's," he said.

"It helps give me a healthier perspective on who I am as a person, as a citizen, and as a governor. When the criticisms come my way, I just think: These are not live rounds. I mean, what I do is important, but it's not life and death."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Sgt. Tom Ridge returned from Vietnam with a Bronze Star, awarded for his actions during a firefight.

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***The toll of war;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DNN-NGG0-0027-X1MD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Civil claims provide glimpse into war's impact on Iraqi citizens***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DNN-NGG0-0027-X1MD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Russell Carollo, Larry Kaplow, Mike Wagner and Ken McCall Dayton Daily News

**Body**

BAGHDAD, Iraq - Tahsin Ali Hussein al-Ruba'i knew that danger waited in the darkened streets, where American soldiers suspicious of every approaching vehicle lurked near poorly marked checkpoints.

The 32-year-old knew the danger because he made his living - earning $3 to $4 a day - driving his orange-and-white 1983 Volkswagen Passat in the streets of Baghdad. But on July 1, 2003, his infant daughter, Tabarek, had the flu, and he decided to risk driving to his in-laws so he could pick her up and take her to a hospital.

As his taxi neared the ***working-class*** Cairo Street neighborhood, American soldiers spread several Humvees across an eight-lane boulevard, preparing to stop oncoming vehicles. Fearing someone would be shot because the makeshift checkpoint had no signs, cones or lights, a man selling kabobs along the road 50 yards away started waving and yelling at unsuspecting motorists.

Al-Ruba'i apparently never got the warning.

Soldiers opened fire with rifles and mounted machine guns, riddling his taxi with bullet holes and killing him, witnesses said.

"They (the soldiers) were the reason for what happened. They didn't point to him and tell him to stop," said the kabob vendor, Taha Mehdi al-Jabouri. "They treat us in a savage way."

The family filed a civil claim asking for $2,500 from the American military, but the claim was denied.

The case is among 4,611 never-beforereleased civil claims from Iraq - hundreds alleging abuse and misconduct by American military personnel - on a computer database obtained by the Dayton Daily News through the federal Freedom of Information Act. The U.S. Army tort claims database is the most comprehensive public record released to date of alleged acts against Iraqi civilians by American forces, which do not otherwise systematically track civilian casualties.

The records provide a previously unseen portrait of the toll the war has had on civilians in Iraq, and the kinds of incidents described in the records have fueled the growing insurgency and hatred toward the American-led coalition.

About 78 percent of the claims are for incidents that occurred after President Bush declared major combat operations over on May 2, 2003.

"When we first got there, the Iraqis were glad to see us. I believe things changed because there was disrespect to the people," said Elizabeth Wisdorf of Colorado Springs, Colo., who served for nearly a year in Iraq as a member of the Colorado National Guard's 220th Military Police Company. "There were a lot of accidents, a lot of deaths."

At least 16 death claims specifically identify 20 children as victims, most from bombings or shootings, and another 193 claims allege 171 sons or daughters were killed without providing an age.

Incidents such as these have turned many Iraqis, such as the family of Samir Shleman Chaman, against the American occupation. Chaman, a house painter, was killed when a tank crushed his car as he was returning from a painting job - one of at least 150 Iraqis allegedly killed or injured in encounters with military vehicles.

"Our point of view toward the Americans has changed. You can feel the fury inside you," said Amir Shleman, Chaman's brother. "If they treated people like human beings, no one would take up weapons against them."

Like other Iraqis, Shleman's grieving family became more outraged at how the military handled their claim for compensation.

Chaman was a husband and father of a 7-year-old boy and a 13-year-old girl. The day after he was killed, the family said, soldiers left $2,000 near the pillow of his widow - money the family was told was for funeral expenses.

When they filed a claim through an Iraqi attorney for compensation for the children, they encountered months of delays and confusion before finally receiving a letter on Sept. 7, 2004. "The evidence does not prove that the death of your husband or damages to your vehicle were due to the negligent or wrongful acts of the United States Armed Forces," the letter reads.

The claim was denied.

"I think it is despicable how we are treating the innocent people or their families after there is a tragedy," said Ivan Medina of Middletown, N.Y., who served as an assistant chaplain for the Army's 10th engineer battalion in Iraq. "We do nothing for them after these terrible things happen. These are innocent people, not soldiers fighting a battle."

Army Lt. Col. Charlotte Herring said the Army, which handles civil claims for all three services in Iraq, has given out $8.2 million since June 2003 and budgeted $10 million in fiscal year 2005 to help the Iraqi people deal with losses suffered because of the war. Considering the dangerous conditions in Iraq, she said, the system is "working famously." She blamed some of the problems on the realities of war and predicted improvements as hostilities subside.

Through the claims system, "the local commander can try to keep good will and come and amend a somewhat tragic situation," said Marine Reserve Capt. Sean Dunn, who worked as a platoon commander and supervised claims payments in Iraq. "You're also trying to keep the neighborhood from going nuts and attacking other people."

Proving whether the claims were valid, he said, often was a difficult and time-consuming job.

"There were blatantly fraudulent claims," he said. "As soon as they realized there was money being paid, they were beating down the door wanting money for all kinds of crazy things with no evidence whatsoever."

Soldiers who served in Iraq said innocent civilians sometimes become victims because soldiers are forced to react to situations without knowing whether they will encounter a roadside bomb, an attacker dressed like a civilian or a motorist who steers into a convoy or absent-mindedly runs through a checkpoint.

Spc. Charles Bradford, 29, who went to elementary school in Dayton while his father was in the Air Force, earned a Purple Heart for a shrapnel wound and survived two roadside bombs and eight rocketpropelled grenade attacks. He is regularly hit with stones when he rides the "gunning" position through the hatch of his Humvee. But he said he has fired his rifle only once since coming to Iraq in March.

"I give these people a chance regardless of the stuff I've been through," he said. "Every day I go out of the (base), I pray I don't have to kill anyone."

Spc. Grant Horn, 23, of Quakertown, Penn., was recently about 50 feet from a car bomb explosion that left him shaken and with cuts on his face. He has not fired at anyone, he said, but he knows that with the city's dangerous streets comes the possibility of wounding a civilian.

"You don't want to do it, but if it happened I would be glad I was alive," he said. "It's better to be safe than sorry."

Retired Air Force Col. Sam Gardiner, a Department of Defense consultant who once headed the strategy department at the National War College, said the fear, hatred and corresponding acts of violence are byproducts of lengthy occupations.

"It feeds on itself because people are angry," said Gardiner, who was assigned to strategy and prisoner of war recovery from Thailand during the Vietnam War. "It frightens soldiers more. They feel less secure. They react more strongly, which creates more anger, which causes people to be more afraid, which (makes soldiers) pull the trigger faster.

"Once you start down this slippery slope, I don't know that anybody knows how to stop it."

'Legitimate targets'

Claims in the Army database seek compensation for at least 437 Iraqi deaths and 468 injuries.

However, the actual number of casualties is unknown. The database recorded only a portion of the total deaths and injuries because not all alleged acts by American personnel resulted in claims. In addition, difficult conditions in parts of Iraq prevented up to 70 percent of the claims committees there from accessing the database, Herring said. She estimated that the Army has received as many as 18,000 claims in the last year alone.

Victims and their families filed claims for homes destroyed in bombings, confiscated property, and injuries and deaths from shootings and bombings, according to the database. In 29 cases, Iraqis claimed the military left so-called "unexploded ordnance" that later detonated, killing 14 and injuring 25 innocent people.

The victims in at least six Iraqi claims were allegedly hit by warning shots that went awry.

In an April 8, 2004, incident in Balad Ruz, a soldier fired a .50-caliber machine gun into the air to disperse a crowd of about 100 civilian demonstrators, according to an Army account of the incident. The soldier ducked to avoid being hit by rocks being thrown by the crowd, and the gun accidentally discharged twice, killing an 11-yearold boy named Mustafa Nadig, the account says.

"The U.S. soldier who shot the 11-year-old boy was seen by (a military officer) with his hands up in the air giving the three-fingered hang loose/surfs up' sign as the soldier was driving away," the Army records say.

"It appears probable that U.S. forces facilitated the death of a civilian boy," the records say, adding that a $2,500 payment to the family was approved by a general.

In two other warning-shot cases, the victims were described as deaf.

Victims in at least two other cases were identified as bus passengers, one whose arm was amputated after a Marine allegedly fired "a warning shot" into the bus. The other, described in Army records as an "innocent passenger," was killed after a soldier from the 194th Military Police Company fired into a bus.

The victim in a sixth claim was identified as a 13-year-old boy hit by a "ricochet bullet fired as a warning shot" that entered his thigh and fractured his femur. Army records say that the boy required a year to recover and that there were "some minor residual issues such as a slightly shorter leg."

In a separate case, Army records show, a soldier from the 220th Military Police Brigade fired at the tires of a driver who was fleeing soldiers in Scania, "accidentally shooting the deceased in the chest, killing him," according to Army records.

The soldier in that case was never prosecuted, an Army spokesman said.

Under Section 2 of Coalition Provisional Authority Order Number 17, which will remain in effect until the "last coalition element leaves Iraq," coalition forces are immune from civil lawsuits and criminal charges. The immunity leaves Iraqis with a single option: filing for compensation under the Foreign Claims Act with the United States Armed Services, the same entity they are accusing of wrongdoing.

Other countries do not grant such immunity to American soldiers.

After Spc. Christopher McCarthy was convicted of killing bar hostess Kim Sung-hi in Korea in 2000, the victim's family not only got a $154,000 payment from the Army, but also received a civil judgment from the South Korean court.

"We just rounded up what we could and sent it (the money) over there," McCarthy's mother, Susan McCarthy, recalled.

More than 1,000 claims involved vehicle accidents - by far the largest category of claims recorded in the database. At least 160 of those involved tanks or Bradley Fighting Vehicles, resulting in at least seven deaths and 16 injuries.

More than 400 claims involved destruction of crops, trees, livestock or water sources - property essential to the survival of Iraqi citizens.

A Daily News analysis of the roughly 4,600 claims in Iraq shows just one in four resulted in some type of payment. Of the 51,018 Army claims filed in other countries during that same period, one in two resulted in a payment.

Lt. Col. Herring, the chief of the U.S. Army's Foreign Torts Branch, said the database is incomplete. In fiscal year 2004 the Army paid 11,000 claims and denied 3,000, she said. Prior to this past June, however, the Army did not track how many claims were denied.

According to the database, the average payment for a death in Iraq was $3,421, less than 1/20th of the average payment for a claim filed anywhere else.

On May 12, 2003, an Iraqi man died when a tire fell from a U.S. Army vehicle in Tikrit, and his widow received $5,000, according to Army records. On April 24, 1999, in Bath County, Ky., a female motorist suffered neck and back injuries after a tire fell from a military vehicle, and she got $50,000, or 10 times what the Iraq widow received for losing her husband under nearly identical circumstances.

The Army paid $5,000 - the same amount given the Iraq widow - to a woman who got a staple stuck in her finger at Fort Buchanan, Puerto Rico.

In addition to the formal claims system in Iraq, Iraqis were sometimes given $2,500 in so-called solatia or sympathy payments without any paperwork at all, said attorney Jack Bournazian, who held seminars to show Iraqi attorneys how to file civil claims.

The payments, military officials said, were frequently given out as a way of defusing animosity toward American forces and improving relations in a community.

Attorneys and representatives of human rights groups said the process used in Iraq to settle civil claims is subjective, left to the whim of individual commanders or claims officers who often make their decisions based on little investigation.

"People were told if you want to settle on the spot, we'll give you a certain amount of money," said Gael Murphy, a board member of Occupation Watch, which collected information on incidents involving Iraqi civilians. "Otherwise, your claim has to go to Washington."

The military does not pay claims for incidents deemed to be caused by "combat operations," which could include checkpoint shootings and other incidents involving innocent civilians.

The military originally told the family of Mazen Nouradin, a husband and father of two young daughters, that he was shot while riding in a car with people firing on coalition forces.

Nouradin, a 36-year-old pharmaceutical salesman and veterinarian who had worked as a translator for U.S. forces, was shot dead June 28, 2003, as he waited for a ride to work in front of his home in a middleclass section of Baghdad, according to the family and records filed by an American attorney.

His father said he came out of the house immediately after hearing gunshots and found his son's body on the sidewalk.

"I saw the American soldiers standing around him," he said. "I got sick and started to throw up."

Witnesses said Nouradin was shot after the occupants in two cars began firing at a convoy of U.S. soldiers, who returned fire.

In later correspondence, the military, which eventually paid the family $2,500, dropped the allegation that Nouradin was in a car with gunmen, saying only that he was "killed during an exchange of gunfire between Iraqi civilians and members of the coalition forces."

The military, however, still refused to pay additional damages, insisting the death was the result of "combat activities" and not subject to compensation.

In response to a man who claimed that his two brothers were killed and his parents injured on March 29, 2003, when coalition forces bombed the Al Tajiya area of Babel city, the military wrote: "Coalition forces dropped ordnance during Operation Iraqi Freedom on legitimate targets. Your family was in an area that was being legitimately targeted and therefore regrettably harmed."

'Cannot put

a price on it'

Like thousands of other civil claims, the description provided for claim number 04I1AT189 gives no indication of the impact to the victims or to the U.S.-led coalition's effort to win the hearts and minds of the Iraqi people.

The only description of the incident leading to Claim 04I1AT189, which asks for $25,000, reads: "U.S. forces confiscated a knife and Iraqi government dump truck," a seemingly routine description of a routine claim - one of hundreds claiming property was seized or damaged.

The incident began with a noon raid on May 18, 2003, at the home of Najedh Abdel Sadeh al-Fatlawi, a 60-year-old retired hospital administrator and father of five sons and two daughters.

"They put the women in the front room," he recalled during an interview at his home, adding that they put plastic handcuffs on him and four of his sons.

The soldiers refused his offer for keys to other rooms and cabinets, he said, and instead broke interior doors and closets.

In one cabinet, he said, they found an antique Arab dagger more than 100 years old with a handle of dark gray "very precious stone." The dagger had belonged to al-Fatlawi's grandfather, who gave it to his father, who eventually gave it to al-Fatlawi, he said.

"When I was a child, it was always in our house," he said. "You cannot put a price on it."

A soldier put the dagger in a plastic bag and carried it away without providing a receipt, al-Fatlawi said. Along with the dagger, he said, soldiers seized two rifles and a licensed pistol, a government truck and about $172 in cash.

After the last of his four sons was released three weeks later, al-Fatawi said, he tried to file a complaint at the convention center in the heavily guarded Green Zone of Baghdad, which houses the headquarters for the American-led coalition. He said he was told to go to an Army base on the southern edge of the city, and later sent somewhere else.

"After one year, they had lost all my files," he said.

Losing files is not uncommon in Iraq. Records from an Aug. 21, 2003, claim involving an automobile accident that killed one man and severely injured six others says that a military officer conducted an investigation but that the officer "lost the investigation."

Iraqi attorney Mohammed al-Saadi said one base lost 60 claims files when offices were moved, and theArmy asked all the families to resubmit the claims.

A July 1, 2004, letter al-Fatlawi has from Chief Warrant Officer Anton Streeter of the Foreign Claims Commission says, "Allow me to express my sympathy for the confiscation of your personal property."

The letter offered $1,000.

"I thought they would change people again and lose my file again, so I took the $1,000," said al-Fatlawi, adding he never saw the dagger again.

Two of his sons - one in high school and the other in college - failed their exams, in part because of the stress suffered from the raid and its aftermath, al-Fatlawi said, adding that he has suffered from hypertension since the raid. His son, who was responsible for watching the government-owned truck, might have to pay for it, he said.

"In the beginning, we thought they were liberators for the Iraqi people, and we were happy," al-Fatlawi said. "We thought there would be justice in Iraq after 35 years of injustice.

"Now there is no justice. Nothing has changed except for the faces."

Checkpoints: Clash of cultures

If there is a place that most exemplifies the problems plaguing the American-led occupation, it is the traffic-control checkpoints. Often little more than a group of Humvees in the middle of a road, checkpoints are used to secure an area or conduct spot searches of cars.

In 114 claims, the incident was described as happening at a checkpoint. The claims allege 39 shootings that left 12 dead and 28 injured.

Human rights groups say checkpoints are safer since early in the war, but problems persist.

Between Nov. 12, 2003, and Jan. 1, 2004, five people were shot at checkpoints in Mosul - three of them during an 11-day period. Another claim in Mosul, occurring during the same period, alleges someone was "shot in the leg while driving by U.S. forces."

Medina, the former assistant Army chaplain in Iraq, said many checkpoints were poorly marked and manned by soldiers who didn't understand the culture or have translators who could help them communicate with Iraqi citizens.

"Our soldiers would put their hands up as a sign to stop at the (checkpoints), but we didn't do our homework on how to deal with the Iraqi people," he said. "To them, putting your hand up was a gesture or greeting, so they would just keep approaching the soldiers in their cars.

"And a lot of soldiers would just open fire, and they killed a lot of innocent people. We just didn't do enough to study the culture of Iraqis."

Medina, whose twin brother was killed in Iraq last November, said soldiers sometimes were ordered to open fire on any vehicle that didn't stop.

"In one case, there was a father, mother and three children," said Medina, whose unit arrived shortly after the shooting. "They were shot many times. The car was full of blood. There was one kid alive. He was alive for a few hours before being pronounced dead in the hospital a few hours later… It was horrible."

Kelly Dougherty and Elizabeth Wisdorf, two members of a Colorado National Guard unit, said soldiers manning checkpoints from their unit were ordered by commanders to take money and other property from Iraqis.

"We would take things from them; we would take money in the beginning, which made no sense to me because we just overthrew their government, and they didn't have banks to put their money in, so they would carry it with them," Wisdorf said. "Our chain of command told us to do that because they felt the Iraqis … they were terrorists."

Wisdorf said units frequently had no translators to help soldiers explain to bewildered and sometimes angry drivers what was happening.

"We had no way of communicating with the Iraqis," Wisdorf said. "Guns pointed was as much communication as we had with these people."

Both former soldiers were medics who had a few months each of lawenforcement training years earlier, and they didn't learn they were going to serve as military police officers in Iraq until just before they left to go overseas.

**Load-Date:** October 30, 2004

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[***Eye on the candidates;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5N20-002B-H120-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***U.S. president***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5N20-002B-H120-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Dane Smith; Staff Writer

**Body**

Voters in Minneapolis and St. Paul may be startled to see the names of Bill Clinton, Jesse Jackson, Bob Dole and Phil Gramm on their ballots Tuesday, along with choices for city council and school board.

It's been a pretty well-kept secret, owing to inattention by most presidential candidates, but a national presidential preference poll will go ahead as planned in the Twin Cities.

Dubbed CityVote, the poll also will be conducted as part of municipal elections in 16 other cities and towns, ranging in size from Tucson, Ariz., (pop. 405,390) to Fayette, Mo. (pop. 2,888).

Voters can pick one among 20 active, exploring or even inactive candidates. The vote will have no official effect on the nomination process, but it may have some influence in the early jockeying for position. Those who do well can be expected to make the most of it.

CityVote is the idea of Larry Agran, a former mayor of Irvine, Calif., and a Democratic candidate for president in 1992. It's been promoted by the National League of Cities, the U.S. Conference of Mayors and various foundations and civic groups.

The motivation behind the project was to give urban areas some clout in the presidential selection process, to counter the power of early-voting rural states such as Iowa and New Hampshire.

"The important point is that people in these cities are having their voices heard early in the process for the first time ever," says Don Reeder, communications director for the project.

But the dream of CityVote as an urban kingmaker hasn't quite materialized. Pressure from the Democratic National Committee, which is not interested in seeing President Clinton embarrassed by a Jesse Jackson or Colin Powell, has persuaded several large cities to drop out of the project. These include Baltimore, Boston, and Newark, N.J.

Moreover, candidate debates, including one in St. Paul, were canceled due because they failed to attract the major candidates. Because the poll is scattered among nine states, candidates found it difficult to plan any kind of concerted effort and saw little benefit from competing.

Nevertheless, a political media hungry for any kind of verdict at this stage in the process is likely to give prominent display to the results Tuesday night and Wednesday.

And as it turns out, CityVote is now more representative of a cross-section of the United States than it would have been with all of those big cities still in.

Many of the remaining cities are small towns in Washington state and Idaho. Every region except the Deep South is represented, and the total minority population of the participating cities is close to the national average of 25 percent.

The departure of the other eastern urban areas also may bring more attention to Minnesota because St. Paul-Minneapolis (with a combined population of 640,618) is now the biggest urban area in the project.

- By Dane Smith

Star Tribune Staff Writer

Lamar Alexander

Party: Republican

Home state: Tennessee

Position: Former governor of Tennessee, former president of the University of Tennessee, former U.S. secretary of education, owner of business advising companies on child care.

Campaign theme: "I'm a little different - I'm not from Washington, D.C." Alexander is running a folksy campaign, driving 8,000 miles across the country, making red plaid shirts his trademark, announcing his candidacy on the Internet. He would give power back to the states, cut the capital gains tax, abolish the Department of Education, reform welfare, end race preference for scholarships and get the federal government out of crime-fighting.

Bill Bradley

Party: may run as an Independent, although he is a longtime Democrat

Home state: New Jersey

Position: U.S. senator, retiring; former professional basketball player

Campaign theme: "Neither party speaks to people where they live their lives." Bradley, a former Rhodes scholar widely admired as one of the Senate's deepest thinkers, caused a stir when he announced he wouldn't run for reelection because politics is broken. He wants to find another way to reinvigorate the democratic process and raise the level of civic discourse, especially across racial lines. He is considering an independent presidential candidacy but has not declared. In the Senate he has supported such programs as job training, gun control, student loans and Head Start.

Harry Browne

Party: Libertarian

Home state: Tennessee

Position: Investment adviser, author of eight books

Campaign theme: "Government is a parasite - a cancer that by nature tries to spread itself deeper into society." Browne is the candidate of the Libertarian Party, which combines liberal support for free social expression with conservative support for free enterprise. He is the author of the best-selling book, "You Can Profit From a Monetary Crisis," and gives investment advice on national radio and television. He would cut the federal government by one-third and replace its programs with voluntary arrangements. He also would replace personal income taxes with a 5 percent national sales tax.

Pat Buchanan

Party: Republican

Home state: New York and Washington, D.C.

Position: Political commentator, former senior adviser to Presidents Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan and George Bush

Campaign theme: "It is time to restore to this country the constitutional republic our forefathers built." Buchanan preaches a fiery blend of social conservatism and economic nationalism. He wants a "New World Order to restore our sovereignty," strongly opposing the NAFTA and GATT international trade agreements, the Mexican peso bail-out and sending U.S. troops abroad under United Nations commanders. He adamantly opposes abortion, wants to crack down on illegal immigrants to the point of building a wall along the southern border and talks about a cultural war for the soul of the nation.

Bill Clinton

Party: Democrat

Home state: Arkansas

Position: President of the United States

Campaign theme: "We're all in this together and we can do better. We can solve our problems without turning our backs on basic American values and our most vulnerable citizens." Clinton is trying to stake out a position in the middle of the political spectrum, saying that the country must balance the budget but doesn't have to hurt the poor and elderly to do it. He says he needs another term to finish the changes he has started already. His campaign is based on four themes: leadership, programs that benefit families, creating economic opportunities and finding common ground all Americans can agree on.

Charles Collins

Party: Republican

Home state: Florida

Position: Land developer, rancher

Campaign theme: "Regain our God-given rights as a nation. Return America to the people. Extol state and personal sovereignty." Collins, a beachfront developer from Panama City Beach, Fla., is running as a social and fiscal conservative. He wants to repeal the NAFTA and GATT international trade agreements, balance the budget and pay off the national debt. He would repeal the income tax and replace it with a 5 percent sales tax, capped at 2 percent for groceries and medicine. A lifelong member of the National Rifle Association, he supports the Second Amendment, would impose tougher sentences on criminals and would take the U.S. out of the United Nations.

Robert Dole

Party: Republican

Home state: Kansas

Position: U.S. senator, Republican majority leader

Campaign theme: "I have the leadership and experience to bring America back to its place in the sun." Dole centers his campaign on his long career as leader of the Senate Republicans, vice-presidential nominee and presidential candidate. The oldest major contender at 71, he says his World War II generation has "one more call to serve." He carries around a copy of the 10th Amendment giving power to the states and promises to rein in government, balance the budget and cut taxes. Known as a moderate, he has appealed to conservatives by attacking Hollywood, opposing national history standards and favoring English as the official language.

Robert Dornan

Party: Republican

Home state: California

Position: U.S. representative

Campaign theme: "If someone is not indignant about the cultural meltdown in this country, it is someone who does not understand what is going on." Dornan is on a crusade to lead the country out of what he says is a moral crisis "poisoning" American society and destroying families. He vehemently opposes abortion and gay rights, has condemned the "debased culture of Hollywood" and calls crime the country's foremost problem. A former Air Force jet pilot and originator of the POW-MIA bracelet, he once was ejected from the U.S. House floor for implying that President Clinton was a traitor.

Arthur Fletcher

Party: Republican

Home state: Washington, D.C.

Position: U.S. Civil Rights Commission member and former chairman

Campaign theme: "My party says the wealthy, the rich, the affluent belong to this party but anybody that doesn't earn $ 35,000 a year is out of the equation. It's time to stop that." Fletcher maintains that the right wing so controls the GOP that the other presidential contenders have turned to "race-baiting and gender-bashing." His campaign is aimed at the ***working class***, minorities and women. It is based on affirmative action, which he has been working for since the Nixon administration. He was appointed by Presidents Gerald Ford, Reagan and Bush.

Malcolm (Steve) Forbes

Party: Republican

Home state: New Jersey

Position: Editor of Forbes business magazine

Campaign theme: "I am running because I believe this nation needs someone in the White House who can unlock the stranglehold that the political class has on American life." Forbes wants to lead an economic renaissance by imposing a flat tax of 17 percent and tying the dollar's value to gold. He would cut the federal budget, eliminate some government departments and drop mortgage rates to 4 1/2 percent. The heir to the Forbes publishing empire, he plans to spend up to $ 25 million of his own money on his campaign.

Phil Gramm

Party: Republican

Home State: Texas

Position: U.S. Senator, former U.S. House member, economics professor at Texas A&M University

Campaign Theme: "It's time for those riding in the wagon [welfare recipients] to get out and help pull the wagon." Decidedly conservative on social issues and libertarian on economic issues. "We've got to stop building prisons like Holiday Inns." Advocates tougher criminal laws, prayer in schools, antiabortion laws, deep cuts in welfare benefits, smaller government except for defense spending, reduced taxes and the elimination of many regulations on business.

John Hagelin

Party: Natural Law

Home State: Iowa

Position: Director of Institute of Science, Technology and Public Policy at the Maharishi University of Management.

Campaign Theme: Emphasizes transcendental meditation (TM), taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, as the most effective technique to bring lives into accord with "natural law." Advocates TM training in the military, prevention-oriented health care programs, renewable energy sources, sustainable agriculture and "improving education through programs to develop the inner creative genius of the student."

Jesse Jackson

Party: On ballot as independent; ran for Democratic nomination in the past.

Home State: Illinois

Position: President of the National Rainbow Coalition, early civil rights activist, presidential candidate in 1988 and 1992.

Campaign Theme: "Wall Street profits are up, but jobs have moved out, urban industries have been abandoned and family wages are down." He says bipartisan attacks on welfare, public school funding and on Medicare and Medicaid are an effort "to make poverty a crime." Says half the public housing built in recent years has been prison and jail cells. Jackson is a champion of left-of-center political factions, including unions, civil rights groups, and environmental activists. He favors public-sector solutions to the nation's problems, including a single-payer health-care system. He opposes NAFTA and GATT free-trade agreements.

Alan Keyes

Party: Republican

Home State: Maryland

Position: Syndicated talk-radio host, former assistant secretary of state under Ronald Reagan, unsuccessful Senate candidate in 1988 and 1992.

Campaign Theme: The breakdown of the "marriage-based, two-parent family" and the decline of traditional morality is the underlying cause of America's most serious problems. Calls the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People "irrelevant" and burdened with an "old, outdated agenda." Says women's rights advocates are purveying "a liberal feminist cant that made women ashamed to be mothers in families." A favorite of abortion rights foes, Keyes has said "abortion is legal in exactly the same way that slavery was legal."

Lyndon LaRouche

Party: Democrat

Home State: Virginia

Position: Contributing editor to Executive Intelligence Review, a weekly news magazine.

Campaign Theme: Preaching an eclectic blend of populism, LaRouche favors traditional social programs and criticizes what he alleges is an international conspiracy of monied interests. Coming off a five-year federal prison sentence for fraud, LaRouche claims to have been a political prisoner and is a harsh critic of the U.S. Justice Department, which successfully prosecuted him, the royal family in England, conservative Republicanism, the International Monetary Fund and international bankers in general. He promotes much higher taxes on the wealthy and maintenance of Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid programs. Warns of an "onrushing worldwide economic depression."

Richard Lugar

Party: Republican

Home State: Indiana

Position: U.S. senator, former Indianapolis mayor

Campaign Theme: An independent sort who parts with the conservatives in both tone and on key issues. Lugar has supported tough environmental laws, gun regulation and aid for Russia, and has been active on agriculture and foreign relations issues. He also opposes abortion rights and wants to replace income and corporate taxes with a national sales tax. Wants to cut $ 15 billion over five years from federal farm subsidies and favors a cap on entitlement spending.

Ross Perot

Party: Independent (attempting to form a new third party, called the Independence Party in some states or the Reform Party.)

Home State: Texas

Position: Businessman, owner of diverse enterprise that includes real estate, business services. As a presidential candidate in 1992, he got a higher percentage of votes than any third-party candidate in decades.

Campaign Theme: Perot is attempting to found a third party that will appeal to "the radical middle" of the electorate. May or may not be a candidate himself. Staunch advocate of balanced budget. Opposes free-trade agreements. Champions political reforms, including term limits, gift bans, and campaign fund-raising restrictions. Supported a tax increase to balance the budget in 1992 but generally is strongly conservative on fiscal issues and mum or moderate on divisive social controversies.

Colin Powell

Party: On ballot as independent, may seek Republican nomination

Home State: Virginia

Position: Writer, speaker, and as former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was the nation's highest-ranked military officer

Campaign Theme: "I think there are a lot of Americans who are looking for something different." His views on many issues remain a mystery, but so far he appears to be a centrist. Has spoken in favor of abortion rights, some affirmative action programs, tax reductions and trimmer entitlement programs. Would support a moment of silence in public schools but not organized prayer. Supporter of the United Nations. Says the Democratic Party is intellectually dead while Republicans are "alive and well."

Arlen Specter

Party: Republican

Home State: Pennsylvania

Position: U.S. senator; former lawyer and Philadelphia district attorney.

Campaign Theme: An emphatic moderate, he criticizes his party's dominant conservative ideology as extremist. Stands for "economic conservatism and social libertarianism" and the principle of "freedom of the mind as well as the marketplace." Supports abortion rights but also a flat tax and balanced federal budgets. Calls for "limited government but not uncaring or do-nothing government." Says "government does have a role to play in fighting crime, in expanding access to health care, in improving education and in promoting economic opportunity."

Lowell Weicker Jr.

Party: On ballot as independent, former Republican

Home State: Connecticut

Position: Chairman of Dressing-Lierman-Weicker, a health-care company in Bethesda, Md. Former governor and U.S. senator from Connecticut.

Campaign Theme: A flinty maverick, Weicker pushed through an income tax to bail his state out of a fiscal crisis in 1991. One of the most liberal Republicans in the U.S. Senate, Weicker became an independent in 1990. He's been a strong supporter of social welfare programs, especially aid for handicapped and disadvantaged children, and has been critical of defense spending. He fought efforts to impose school prayer and supports abortion rights. "If you want to teach your child religious values, do it on your own time."

**Graphic**

Photograph

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[***Coleen Vuono's 'little' feet on most vital run***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MR50-0094-5349-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** David L. Michelmore, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

State Rep. Fred Trello, a politician of the old school, is introducing his party's candidate for county commissioner to a group of Democratic Party regulars at a Saturday afternoon picnic in Robinson.

It's a crowd Coleen Vuono doesn't know too well. But she knows she needs Trello's help to win them over.

Vuono, he says, ''understands our problems.''

She's a ''refreshing face,'' Trello goes on. She's ''a lovely young lady.''

''She took her two beautiful little feet and walked all over this county,'' he says, referring to her successful primary campaign against long-time incumbents Tom Foerster and Pete Flaherty.

Vuono is unfazed by such attempted gallantry.

She doesn't even look at her feet, which are about average size for an average size woman.

''Sometimes you have to think that you're just opening doors for your daughters,'' she says later. What's really important, she says, is for Trello to support her.

Judy Kelly, Mayor Murphy's spokeswoman and an ally of Vuono's in a variety of battles over the last 15 years, agrees.

''You learned at some time that it isn't important that they say you have pretty little feet but that they stand beside you when your dogs are burning tired,'' she says.

For a woman who came out of what looks a lot like nowhere to become a favorite for the county's top job, a job that promises to come laden with all kinds of problems because so much of county government was loyal to the politicians she defeated, Coleen Vuono is remarkably calm and self-possessed.

''When I see that look, and I see it (in the campaign), I know she's really centered,'' says Vuono's husband, Rob, chief executive of the Omega Federal Credit Union based in the North Hills.

It's a look he says he saw more than 20 years ago, when his wife, then seven months pregnant and the shop steward for welfare workers on the South Side, told him she was going to go out on strike. It would cut their income in half, but she'd made up her mind.

''It's a fire in the belly,'' Rob Vuono says.

Former Mt. Lebanon Commissioner June Delano says of Vuono's political abilities: ''She could take people on and not quake in the face of some pretty horrible meetings.''

Entering the race

Until this year, Vuono, 47, had only run for office twice -- both time for the Mt. Lebanon Commission, once winning, once losing.

When she entered the primary, her closest friend in county government and also her boss, Coroner Joshua Perper, had packed up and left town.

She was running against two commissioners, who, together, had been in office together since 1984.

And, if elected with running mate state Sen. Mike Dawida, she would be the first woman ever to serve as a majority commissioner.

All those make long odds, but, typically, none of them were what made it difficult for Vuono to enter the race, a move she'd been pondering for a couple of years, according to her husband.

What made it difficult was a question that many people of her age face: The care of a parent.

Her mother, recently widowed, had become increasingly ill and enfeebled after a decades-long battle with multiple sclerosis. Once it became clear that she could no longer provide the care herself and had to depend on a nursing home, Vuono was free to think about running for office.

When she found that Dawida was also thinking about challenging Foerster and Flaherty and that he wanted her to run with him, she entered the race. The two Democrats found that they agree on so many things, she likes to say, that they finish each other's sentences.

For 20 years, Vuono toiled in the back fields of Democratic politics, often in alliance with independents like Dawida, and often in opposition to party leaders, starting with former Commissioner Cyril Wecht and ending with Foerster and Flaherty.

Just last November, she bucked the party and voted for the Republican gubernatorial candidate, Tom Ridge, and not the Democrat, former Lt. Gov. Mark Singel.

She served as president of the Mt. Lebanon Commission during a protracted and bitter battle over the construction of a new parking garage that left her an ample supply of political friends and political foes.

''She comes close to Hillary Clinton,'' said former Commissioner Ed Daly, a detractor, ''but she's not as smart as Hillary.''

The garage controversy centered around the design, the cost and the size of a new garage on Washington Road. Vuono, along with the other two women on the commission, was on the side of a smaller, but more attractive garage than the one proposed by the parking authority.

Harry Shepard, an authority member then, describes Vuono's ideas as a ''Taj Mahal'' and says she and Republican Carolyn Byham were on an ''Art Deco kick.'' Shepard was a parking garage owner and proponent of the idea that a garage should look like a garage.

County controversies

Even with the rancorous garage controversy, Mt. Lebanon looked a lot more reasonable than the county.

From her post as administrator in the coroner's office, she says, she got a good look at county government at work. She says she was ''appalled.''

Vuono was hired by Perper in 1982 as an administrator. Her husband had served as Perper's campaign treasurer the year before -- a campaign that gave both Vuonos as taste of how wild county politics could get.

Last year, Vuono was paid $ 38,000. She gave up the job to run for commissioner.

''In the evening, when I would go to our (Mt. Lebanon) commissioners meeting, I would have the opportunity to see government that was working pretty effectively … It's professionally run,'' she told a recent meeting of the Pittsburgh Airport Area Chamber of Commerce in Green Tree.

''During the day, however, I'd come back to my county job … and I knew we needed change. I saw the waste, the duplication, the lack of coordination.''

New technologies were not being used, people couldn't provide answers to simple questions, and procedures for even basic tasks were outdated, cumbersome and slow.

''No one was ahead of the game,'' she says.

She says she did much to make the independent coroner's office more efficient, instituting performance reviews, for example, and installing computers.

''As far as I know, we never ran out of body bags or sharp knives,'' says Deputy Coroner Arthur Gilkes.

But Vuono's Republican opponents are providing documents linking her to an improper payment to Perper.

When Perper left the county last year for a job in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Vuono, at his direction, authorized a payment of $ 4,000 in back vacation pay -- something that regular employees are entitled to receive but not elected officials.

Perper eventually had to pay it back.

Vuono says she's blameless in the transaction, saying that Perper came back from a meeting with Controller Frank Lucchino -- the meeting was confirmed by Lucchino, but not by Perper -- saying it was OK for him to receive one year's vacation pay. Lucchino denies that part, saying he had told Perper from the start that he wasn't entitled to the money.

It's not clear whose memory is faulty here, but Vuono thinks the issue is small. ''He was my boss,'' she says of Perper.

Vuono and her husband, who were brought up in ***working-class*** families in the Monongahela Valley, first stepped into party politics in the middle '70s.

A Democratic organizer, working off what the Vuonos say was a very short list of registered Democrats in the Mt. Lebanon's First Ward, approached the couple on the porch of their newly purchased home and asked them to run for the Democratic committee.

They did.

''What impressed me about them then was that they were really a true partnership,'' says Kelly, who met the couple at meetings of a group called the Democratic Discussion Group in the late 70s. ''One of them was always in a support role.''

The discussion group, made up largely of young, East End liberals, wanted to build an independent Democratic Party that was not dependent on patronage jobs for its support, according to Jonathan Robison, a long-time Democratic activist from Oakland.

''We were called insurgents,'' Vuono says. ''We just felt that we had changes that we would like to see made in the party. We wanted to bring the Democratic Party locally into the modern era.''

Dawida and Murphy, who were then young legislators in Harrisburg, were part of the group.

In February 1981, at day-long strategy session -- featuring, oddly, former Sen. George McGovern, the unsuccessful 1972 presidential candidate who had just lost a bid to return to the Senate -- the Vuonos met Perper for the first time and suddenly found themselves deep in county politics.

The Romanian-born, Israeli- and Johns Hopkins-trained forensic pathologist was at the start of a campaign that pitted him against his former boss, Wecht, who was then a commissioner and chairman of the county party.

''He was very different,'' Vuono says of Perper. She remembers seeing Perper standing against the wall, his head bowed, when she and her husband walked up and introduced themselves.

Perper, she says, fit her idea of a worthy candidate. He was skilled at and trained for the job he was seeking.

Also, he was bucking Wecht -- back in politics this year, by the way, as the Democratic nominee for coroner -- and he needed help.

Perper lost Wecht's support when he turned state's evidence and testified against Wecht in his theft-of-services trial. Wecht was eventually acquitted.

Perper won the Democratic primary and the November election, surviving attacks by Wecht that he was a ''liar,'' charges by his opponents that he attacked corpses with a knife, and a bizarre, televised night-time takeover of the coroner's office by Republican-appointed Dr. Sanford Edberg.

In response to Wecht's opposition of Perper and other Democrats, Coleen Vuono tried vainly to get Wecht to step down.

She circulated a petition among Democratic committee members demanding that Wecht back the entire ticket or resign. Only 76 party people signed the petition -- including Dawida and three members of his family. But it was still a bold move that got Vuono her first television and press coverage.

Wecht remembers the petition, but says he had bigger opponents to deal with in 1981 than Coleen Vuono or her husband.

''When you're facing someone with warplanes, you don't worry about the people with rifles,'' Wecht said.

Wecht's better armed foes by then included District Attorney Bob Colville and Foerster, to name just two.

The Vuonos' feud with Wecht boiled over on election night in November 1981, when Rob Vuono and James Baumbach, a Wecht aide, scuffled briefly outside the Democratic headquarters after Vuono charged that Wecht had jeopardized his livelihood by threatening to take county money out of Equibank.

Wecht had to be restrained from jumping into the scuffle. ''Anything you have to say, you can say to my face,'' Wecht was reported to have shouted.

Both Wecht and Baumbach deny making any threats to Equibank.

Early years

Coleen Vuono first ran for Mt. Lebanon commission in 1983 and lost by just 13 votes to Republican Greg Drahuschak. She says she knocked on every door in the ward. She ran again four years later, after discovering a chink in Drahuschak's armour: His home number was unlisted.

That outraged Vuono. She painted Drahuschak as out of touch -- a tried and true campaign theme -- and won the election.

The job of Mt. Lebanon commissioner is no walk in the park. The municipality's professional staff prepares a pile of documents for each meeting and delivers them to the commissioners the Friday before.

Vuono had a reputation for always doing her homework, fellow commissioner Delano said.

Despite the months of controversy, it wasn't the rancor around the parking garage that made Vuono decide not to seek a second term in 1991. It was the failing health of her parents. Her father died in February of last year.

The Vuonos live in a compact, solid home in Mt. Lebanon that they bought in 1977 for $ 45,000. It has aging yellow awnings over the porch and an elderly small dog inside.

The walls have pictures of cousins and nieces and nephews, their two children, Gina, 21, who's at the University of Pittsburgh, and Erin, 20, who's at American University in Washington, D.C.

Her parents met in England in World War II. Her father was a soldier from a immigrant Slovak family in Donora. Her mother, who lived near Liverpool, had been motherless since her early teens and learned her homemaking skills from her mother-in-law in Donora.

When Vuono was growing up, Donora was already in trouble. The smokestack mills that stretched for miles along the Mon River bank were closing down and people were moving out.

Her father worked across the river at Wheeling Pittsburgh's Monessen mill. With layoffs, strikes and cutbacks, he never made much money. ''We were poor,'' she says.

Vuono went through California University of Pennsylvania in three years, commuting with students from Donora for a quarter each way. She was the first member of her family to go through college.

Rob Vuono, whom she'd met at Mon Valley Catholic High School and was going to Pitt while she was at California, lived down the river in Monongahela. He grew up in an extended household that included an older cousin named Carl, who retired four years ago as the U.S. Army chief of staff.

Given what happened to the Mon Valley and its children while she was growing up, it's easy to understand why Vuono says the heart of her campaign is to give Allegheny County enough economic vitality that children won't have to move away in order to find jobs and careers.

Though Vuono remembers fondly the tightly knit community where she grew up, her childhood friend, Carol Cammuso, who went to grade school, high school and college with her, remembers an overwhelming feeling, at even a young age, of wanting to get out.

''We knew there was this beautiful world out there beyond those hills,'' Cammuso says.

Coleen Vuono at a glance

Coleen Vuono

Democrat

Age: 47

Checked in: Feb. 5, 1948, at Monongahela Valley Hospital, New Eagle, Washington County

Current claim to fame: Former administrative assistant, Allegheny County coroner's office

Height: 5-5

Weight: 135

Home turf: 303 Parker Drive, Mt. Lebanon; assessed fair market value, $ 82,400

Annual property tax bill (county/school/municipal): $ 3,019.96

Schooling: Bachelor of arts in psychology, California University of Pennsylvania, 1969; Mon Valley Catholic High School, 1966

Jobs: Coroner's office, 1982-1995; caseworker, Department of Public Welfare, 1973-1979

Political ledger: Came from nowhere in polls to win Democratic nomination in May; member, Mt. Lebanon Board of Commissioners, 1988-1991, did not seek re-election for personal reasons. Former member, Allegheny County Democratic Committee

Married: May 16, 1970, to Robert J. Vuono

Children: Gina, 21; Erin, 20

Military service: None

Favorite food: Pasta (aglio olio)

Food she wouldn't eat on a dare: Mushrooms

Favorite restaurant: Pasquarelli's, Upper St. Clair

Favorite sport: Basketball

Leisure activity: Reading, listening to music

Exercise regimen: Walking, yoga

Last book read: ''Truman,'' David McCullough

Favorite book: ''I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings,'' Maya Angelou

Favorite movie: ''Breaker Morant''

Favorite TV show: CBS Sunday Morning with Charles Osgood

Favorite building in Allegheny County: Green Tree Commons

Biggest eyesore in the county: The new county jail

Hero: Marian Wright Edelman

Favorite inspirational quote: ''The only people who should be in government are those who care more about people than they do about power.'' (Millicent Fenwick)

Smoking or non: Non-smoker

Favorite libation: Red wine

Pets: Casey, a miniature Schnauzer

Wheels: 1985 Buick

Most embarrassing moment in politics: ''When I accidentally introduced my husband, Rob, as my wife. I told the crowd it was because these days I need a 1950s-style wife to take care of everything at home for me.''

**Notes**

This is the last of four profiles of the major parties' candidates for Allegheny County commissioner.

**Correction**

A story on Allegheny County commissioner candidate Coleen Vuono in Saturday's editions misspelled the last name of James Baumbach, who was an aide to former Commissioner Dr. Cyril H. Wecht.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette: Coleen Vuono, accompanied by Mike Dawida, speaks to supporters in Ross earlier this month.

**Load-Date:** October 26, 1995

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[***Lake view;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43GK-8070-00J2-30WN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Most Duluth visitors come to see Lake Superior. And fresh air makes them hungry. Here's a guide for nibbling along the shores of the world's largest freshwater sea.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43GK-8070-00J2-30WN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 12, 2001, Thursday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** TASTE; Pg. 1T

**Length:** 3028 words

**Byline:** Rick Nelson; Staff Writer

**Body**

RSEC:             The Duluth getaway has its many requisite destinations \_ the Great Lakes Aquarium, Glensheen, the William A. Irvin ore boat, the Aerial Lift Bridge, the rose garden at Leif Erikson Park, the stunning views from Skyline Drive. Now add another to the list: eating.

     Minnesota's third-largest city isn't exactly an undiscovered epicurean treasure. But after a recent week of eating my way from Superior, Wis., to Two Harbors by way of Duluth, I found lots of good food, sometimes in the most unexpected places.

      A view that stretches for miles

     Duluth restaurants generally fall into two categories: those with a view and those without. For the former, the champ is the Buena Vista. The name is Spanish for "good view," but it really ought to be called Impresionante (breathtaking) Vista. From the dining room's vantage point \_ a vertiginous 600-plus feet above the shoreline \_ the city and lake stretch below for miles.

   Breakfast is the Buena's best bet \_ giant pancakes, overstuffed omelets, egg-and-hash-brown skillets and so-so "Swedish" crepes, presumably named, for the canned lingonberry sauce served on the side. The decor \_ forgettable shades of standard-issue 1960s motel dining room \_ doesn't match the unparalleled view. Service is super-friendly, though, and prices are reasonable; there's a short kids' menu, too.

     Another panoramic perch comes courtesy of the Radisson Hotel and its Top of the Harbor, one of those kitschy 1960s curiosities \_ a revolving rooftop restaurant. The food is generic hotel fare, so go for cocktails instead.

     The whole city of Duluth inches past as the room starts its turtle-paced 360-degree sojourn. From my starting point I had grab-the-Instamatic views of the Aerial Lift Bridge, the colorful new aquarium and Park Point as it vanished into the haze. After mulling over the wine list (two dozen by-the-glass, moderately priced choices, mostly Californian) and noshing from a bowl of Chex Mix, I looked up to a compelling new sight: the inner harbor, with its grain elevators stacked like so many sentinels.

     Ten minutes later the turntable, creaking like an old freighter in rough seas, brought my chair around to overlook the Duluth Civic Center, the city's fine Beaux Arts government enclave. A short time later fog was starting to hang in the treetops as I got my first sight of the clock tower at Central High School, a beloved purple pile of Richardsonian Romanesque grandeur. As the floor eventually made its way back around to the lake, my eyes followed a giant ore boat as it glided toward the ship canal. Elapsed time: 72 minutes. Cost: $7 with tip. Experience: Perfect.

     Several chain restaurants also offer terrific lake views. Ask for a second-floor table (indoors or out) at Grandma's Saloon & Grill. If you're in the mood for al fresco drinks and Mexican appetizers, head for the Sunset Grill at Chi's Chi's, built on a deck above the Lakewalk, the wonderful esplanade that runs along nearly 4 miles of prime lakeshore. And guess what? One of the best lake views in town belongs to Perkins. Yes, Perkins.

    Disappointment, then elation

     Mention an upcoming visit to Two Harbors, Duluth's northeastern neighbor, and everyone and his brother will counter with a Pavlovian "You have to go to Betty's Pies." So I went to Betty's Pies and I have to ask: What's the big deal?

     Has Betty's become a coaster, something once great that's riding on its reputation, along the lines of, say, Southdale, "Friends" or Barbra Streisand? Or has it slid because founder Betty Lessard hasn't been associated with her namesake since the mid-1980s? Whatever the reason, Betty's isn't the place-making destination I'd heard so much about.

     Now housed in a shiny new building that looms behind the original (and very charming) dumpy old roadhouse \_ Betty's bakes up about two dozen varieties daily, and while the selection is impressive, the end product isn't. The pies I sampled had dry flavorless crusts, fruit fillings that tasted canned and cream fillings that were grainy and toothache-sweet. A disappointment.

     My quest for great pie was vindicated the next day at the stellar New Scenic Cafe. Now this is pie, I thought to myself, reveling in every bite of the flaky, melt-in-your-mouth crust and abundant fruit fillings that tasted as though they'd been picked that morning. I seriously considered buying a whole one for the road, but practicality forced me to pick up a jar of the kitchen's bumbleberry preserves instead. I should have bought two.

     That raspberry-rhubarb pie capped the best meal I had in Duluth; heck, it was one of the most enjoyable lunches I've had in months. The restaurant, a former drive-in on old Hwy. 61, about 15 miles north of Glensheen, should be on the Duluth itinerary for anyone who cares about eating well. Owners Rita B and Scott Graden (Rita is Scott's aunt) bought the place two years ago, and it's obvious that they have a passion for good food.

     Nibbling my way across the menu, the first word that came to mind was fresh. A tomato-dill soup, studded with spring onions, exploded with clear flavors. The aromas of a simple pasta tossed with basil, pine nuts and olive oil wafted up from the table, daring me to take a bite. A cracker-crust pizza was sprinkled with an alluring combination of roasted garlic cloves, cool feta, sun-dried tomatoes, pine nuts and capers. Delicious.

      The restaurant is simplicity itself, three long and narrow knotty-pine dining rooms decorated with paintings (available for sale) by area artists. There's a lovely flower garden out front, and a breeze off the lake wafts in through screened windows. Service is smooth and hospitable. On the day I stopped by, a large party from the University of Minnesota Duluth was celebrating a colleague's farewell with memories, laughs and raves over the food. What a send-off. If I lived in the area, the New Scenic is exactly where I'd throw a going-away party, too.

     In the park

     Eating and Canal Park seem almost synonymous. Located just north of the Aerial Lift Bridge, the once industrial/red-light district has been Disneyfied in the past decade to make room for a pretty lakefront park as well as hotels, shops and a number of familiar chain names \_ Red Lobster, Timber Lodge, Old Chicago, Green Mill and others \_ along with what feels like several hundred permutations on the Jeno Paulucci family's ever-expanding Grandma's dining empire.

     Two members of the Grandma's family stand out from the crowd. There's newcomer Willys Garage, a kind of Grandma's-does-Fuddrucker's. Located next to Bananaz, a giant new kid-magnet arcade, amiable Willys does counter-service burgers, fries, pizzas and malts in a wide-open space littered with 1940s and 1950s service-station memorabilia. It's the kind of place where the juke's "Leader of the Pack" is frequently interrupted by deafening announcements along the lines of "Number 531, your order is up."

     Still, the food at Willys Garage is several notches higher than what's available at Burger King (another Canal Park resident, inexplicably situated on a dazzling piece of lakeside real estate) and not much more expensive. The burgers are thick and juicy, fries are long, thin and crispy and the hand-mixed malts, while nothing special, are certainly an improvement on their BK counterpart. Service is fast and friendly.

     Grandma's stab at white-tablecloth respectability is Bellisio's, named for the central Italian village that is the Paulucci ancestral homeland. It's the rare pricey Duluth room without a view, but the soothing environs \_ dark woods, golden plaster walls, pretty murals, intimate bar and polished service \_ more than make up for the slight. It's the city's most elegant restaurant.

     The Italian fare is good, too, starting with classic bruschetta, a pile of fresh tomatoes, basil and garlic on toasted slices of the rustic house bread. Fresh seafood, skillfully prepared, seems to be a house specialty (get the grilled shrimp, popping with the flavors of lemon, thyme and garlic and served with tasty little polenta-crusted fried green tomatoes). The kitchen has a handle on pasta and risotto, and it does delicious things with something as simple as roast chicken, a plate of abundantly tender meat under crispy, rosemary-crusted skin.

     Bellisio's is definitely for wine lovers. Its encyclopedic wine list is 500-plus labels strong, and more than 100 are poured by the glass. Can't decide? Go the flight route, which boasts 20 or so four-pour options, assembled by vintage, region or some other common denominator.

     The Pauluccis don't have a complete lock on the neighborhood. Inside the DeWitt-Seitz building (a dining-shopping-renovated-warehouse setup similar to the old St. Anthony Main complex in Minneapolis), there's the Lake Avenue Cafe, which a longtime Duluthian described to me as "very Twin Cities." It's easy to see that the place has Uptown-ish aspirations.

     It doesn't always make the grade, but it deserves high marks for the effort. Chef Patrick Cross relies on seasonal ingredients and puts some imagination into his around-the-world menu. Specialties include Thai chili, a robustly seasoned version of the Tex-Mex classic. I also enjoyed the Moroccan shrimp, a plate of plump shrimp paired with delicate cilantro-laced couscous; and the plate-size pizzas, their chewy, golden crusts liberally topped with delicious goodies such as pesto, baked eggplant and goat cheese.

     There are well-made sandwiches and salads, too. Dessert includes a marvelous hot-fudge sundae, the topping a slightly bitter, wonderfully molten chocolate. Like the menu, the spare and sunny dining room was probably very fashion-forward when the restaurant opened more than a decade ago. Now it feels a little dated, even more so when compared to the young and hip staff.

     Also in DeWitt-Seitz is the Northern Shores Smokehouse, a deli-style counter specializing in to-go snacks (pates, smoked Lake Superior trout and whitefish and a wide variety of cheeses) that seem predestined for Park Point picnic baskets, and Hepzibah's Sweet Shoppe, a small candy store with a dizzying stock of by-the-pound chocolates, jelly beans and other sweets.

     Starbucks and Caribou haven't discovered Duluth \_ yet \_ which leaves a little wiggle room for local caffeine entrepreneurs. One of the city's more appealing coffeehouses is At Sara's Table. Like most smart java joints, Sara's does more than lattes and espressos. There are made-to-order egg-and-bagel sandwiches and roasted potatoes in the a.m., followed by savory soups and two-fisted sandwiches (including a hearty meatloaf and a substantial chicken club) at lunch. An added bonus is the shady front porch, an excellent place to cool your heels if you get "bridged," the local slang for getting trapped on Park Point while the Aerial Lift Bridge has go up to make way for a boat passing through the ship canal.

     Lakewalk strollers in Canal Park area can satisfy the munchies with several seasonal stands set near the water and the fearless seagulls. The most interesting is Crabby Bill's. Housed in the Nels-J, a meticulously restored 35-foot wooden herring tug, it specializes in several varieties of inexpensive and delicious smoked Lake Superior fish (get the trout), along with deep-fried smelt and walleye. For something cold, Grandma's runs the Lakewalk Malt & Snack Shack. It's OK, but better treats are to be had about a mile up the Lakewalk at one of the city's genuine gems, the Portland Malt Shoppe.

    One-of-a-kind finds

     A visit to Duluth isn't complete without a pilgrimage to the Portland, which mixes up nearly two dozen varieties of thick, generously sized malts as well as floats, cones, sundaes and an addicting Brown Cow (Coca-Cola and chocolate syrup splashed over vanilla ice cream), all made with Schoep's ice cream (the Kemps \_ only better \_ of Madison, Wis.). The tiny shop \_ no seating, walk-ups only \_ is located next door to the Fitger's complex in a romantic, beautifully restored 1921 Noco filling station.

     Far less touristy \_ but a treasure nonetheless \_ is the Positively 3rd St. Bakery. Locals refer to the funky joint as the "hippie bakery," maybe because it's been a worker-owned collective since 1985, or perhaps because of its organic, whole-grain, preservative-free, mostly sugar-free philosophy. It might be the Bob Dylan-esque name. Or it could be the last ingredient listed on every label: It's love, which is obvious with every bite.

     Nearly a dozen different breads line a wall in the cramped shop, their intoxicating scent pulling people in from the street. But once inside, all bets are off.

     "You'd think people would come in for all of our wonderful breads," sighed Andrea Crouse as she worked the small counter. "But they really come for the cookies."

     And how. Especially the Thunder cookie, a thick, CD-sized diet-buster packed with peanut butter and chocolate chips, a steal at 60 cents. Killer cookies aside, the date bars and apricot bars are to-die-for delicious, as are the sinful brownies and the plump fruit-and-nut-filled muffins.

     Vegetarians don't always have it easy in meat-and-potatoes Duluth. That is until they discover the deli counter at Whole Foods Co-op (no relation to the chain of the same name), which sells a wide variety of affordable, ready-to-eat options, including a dozen sandwiches (made with Positively 3rd St. breads), tempeh and tofu breakfast burritos (jazzed up with chunky salsa), deli salads, hot entrees, even organic shade-grown coffee. No in-store seating, unfortunately, and don't expect to find much meat, fish or poultry. The store is just a few blocks from the city's modest farmer's market (3rd St. and 14th Av. E.), which is open Wednesdays through Saturdays from 7 a.m. to noon.

     The brewing operation at Fitger's Brewhouse wasn't working when I visited Duluth in mid-June (it's back in business again) so I couldn't sample its seven ales and stouts (pints are just $2 during Happy Hour). So I settled for the house-crafted root beer instead, but the luscious, full-bodied, thirst-quenching draft was no second-best alternative. The kitchen's simple bar food \_ quesadillas, nachos, beer-batter dipped onion rings \_ is similarly well-executed.

     You really can't visit Duluth without a pilgrimage to the Pickwick. It's the Murray's of Duluth, the spot for a good charbroiled steak, broiled lake trout, hefty onion rings, smoked whitefish with a snappy horseradish sauce or the house specialty, a bizarre deep-fried cheeseburger so peppery it'll make your forehead sweat. Ask for a table in the Dutch Room, an oak-paneled beauty dating from 1914.

     For a different slice of local color, head to Jim's Hamburgers, the epitome of the word joint. Fancy it's not (if Edward Hopper had painted into the 1970s, he might have captured Jim's Formica-and-fluorescent aura), but if you are at all drawn to greasy spoons, then you will appreciate this side of ***working-class*** Duluth.

     Nothing on the menu tops $4.50, and much of it falls in the $2 to $3 range. Best of all, Jim's grills up a wicked-good burger, a sizzling, mouth-watering prize slathered with mayo, stuffed into a toasted bun and served with a handful of golden crispy fries.

     For another memorable burger, head across town to A & Dubs, an honest-to-goodness drive-in that's grand-slam distance from Wade Stadium, home of the Duluth-Superior Dukes. After you've parked under one of its weathered carports, order the Power House platter. It's a thing of beauty, and a joy to behold: two thick beef patties, cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, pickles and mayo piled onto a toasted sesame bun, paired with crinkle fries and a frosty mug of ice-cold root beer.

     Does it get any better than that? Actually, it does. Motor over the Blatnik Bridge to Superior, Wis., and the one-and-only Anchor Bar. Unlike the curated fake nostalgia of places like Grandma's, the Anchor feels mighty real, with every square inch of wall and ceiling space covered in Lake Superior memorabilia. While Duluth restaurants are smokefree, Superiorites puff away at will, so the place is smoky, the lights are low and ribald language liberally pours forth from customers and staff alike. In other words, don't look for the gift shop.

     But the burgers? Fantastic. The house specialty is the cashew burger, a thick hand-formed third-pound patty topped with cashews, dressed with a slab of Swiss cheese, grilled to perfection and slathered with sweet raw or fried onions. It's a cardiac arrest on a bun, and it's fabulous. Ditto the irresistible skin-on fries ("fresh potatoes just minutes ago" the menu says), which arrive tableside piping hot and glistening with grease. Even better is the price: $3 for the burger, $1 for the fries. I'm definitely going back. Not just to the Anchor, but to Duluth.

If you go (in Duluth, unless noted)

   - A & Dubs, 3131 W. 3rd St., 218-624-0198

   - Anchor Bar, 413 Tower Av., Superior, 715-394-9747

   - At Sara's Table, 723 S. Lake Av., 218-723-8569

   - Bellisio's, 405 S. Lake Av., 218-727-4921

   - Betty's Pies, 1633 Hwy. 61 E., Two Harbors, 218-834-3367

   - Buena Vista Motel and Restaurant, 1144 Mesaba Av., 218-722-9047

   - Chi's Chi's, 600 E. Superior St., 218-727-0979

   - Fitger's Brewhouse Brewery and Grille, 600 E. Superior St., 218-726-1392

   - Grandma's Saloon & Grill, 522 S. Lake Av., 218-727-4192

   - Hepzibah's Sweet Shoppe, 394 S. Lake Av., 218-722-5049

   - Jim's Hamburgers, 502 E. 4th. St., 218-727-9117

   - Lake Avenue Cafe, 394 S. Lake Av., 218-722-2355

   - New Scenic Cafe, 5461 North Shore Scenic Dr. (old Hwy. 61), 218-525-6274

   - Northern Waters Smokehouse, 394 S. Lake St., 218-724-7307

   - Perkins, 2502 London Rd., 218-728-3619

   - Pickwick, 508 E. Superior St., 218-727-8901

   - Portland Malt Shoppe, 706 E. Superior St., no phone

   - Positively 3rd St. Bakery, 1202 E. 3rd St., 218-724-8619

   - Top of the Harbor, 505 W. Superior St. in the Radisson Hotel, 218-727-8981

   - Whole Foods Community Co-op, 1332 E. 4th St., 218-728-0884

   - Willys Garage, 355 S. Lake Av., 218-740-3000

**Graphic**

ILLUSTRATION; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** July 12, 2001

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[***GET USED TO IT: AMERICA'S OK \; THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATION'S LIFE, IN MOST EVERY SECTOR, PRESENTS A NEW CHALLENGE; THE LEFT HAS TO BACK OFF DOOMSDAY SCENARIOS, AND THE RIGHT HAS TO ADMIT THAT PROGRESSIVE REFORMS CAN WORK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:50XJ-5BJ1-DYRS-T3R2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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TWO STAR EDITION

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**Length:** 2834 words

**Byline:** GREGG EASTERBROOK

**Body**

I don't wish to alarm you, but American life is getting better.

Crime has fallen sharply. The economy is booming. Teen pregnancy is declining. The federal budget is in surplus. The air and water are getting cleaner. Health is improving by almost every measure, including the first-ever decline in cancer incidence. Deaths in accidents are decreasing. Standards of living continue to improve. The use of drugs and cigarettes is waning. Levels of education keep rising. Women and minorities are acquiring an ever-larger slice of the national pie. Personal liberty has never been greater, while American culture becomes more and more diverse. Even home runs are at an all-time high!

Yet the steady betterment of American life is practically a taboo subject for intellectual debate. Left-wing thinkers shy from it because it smacks of triumphalism or simply spoils the doomsday script. Right-wing thinkers are terrified of having to admit that recent decades of progress have occurred under a regime of strong central government. Pundits and politicians see only calamity - in 1995, Newt Gingrich called the United States "a civilization in danger of simply falling apart" - while the country around them indecorously gets better. Right now, Washington is busily sinking to an all-time low in the disconnect between governors and governed, obsessively generating an institutional crisis, in part, just to make sure there's some really bad news.

To the extent favorable trends are remarked upon, they are often treated as ephemera of a strong economy - though impressive social transitions, such as pollution reduction, exist outside the business cycle. Notes Orlando Patterson, a Harvard sociologist: "It's astonishing how the Washington and New York elites, the people who benefit most from the improvement of the United States, are so out of sync with it, endlessly talking about how things are getting worse when the country is clearly improving."

As David Whitman points out in his cogent new book "The Opti mism Gap," polls show that personal optimism is at or near record levels - most people rating their own prospects around eight on a scale of 10 - but national optimism has never been lower, most people thinking that the country is in decline. Whitman calls this the "I'm OK, they're not" syndrome. Failure to heed the improvement of the United States feeds cynicism and robs us of valid congratulation: After race riots, Vietnam and stagflation, isn't it good for everyone if America can like what it sees in the mirror again? And inattention to the optimistic deprives public thought of the chance to benefit from the lessons of successful reform.

Of course, there are gloomy trends, worst among them the persistence of poverty. Today, about 13 percent of U.S. households live below the poverty level, which seems ever less tolerable as the nation grows richer. Today's high-tech, knows-no-obstacle economy could transfer enough goods to everyone. Until it does, a sword will hang over American abundance.

And, of course, the international scene presents anxieties. Beyond the specters of war and ethnic hostility, the developing world's ecosystems continue to deteriorate. Global population will rise to around 9 billion before stabilizing in the 21st century. This means the world must eventually feed, educate, employ and care for the health of a human race half again its present size. There's no way the United States will be able to sit out that great challenge and no sign we are preparing for it.

But overall, the American scene is progressively more encouraging. Let's review some facts:

\* Accidents. Despite the sirens-and-carnage images projected by local TV news, accidents have been declining pretty much across the board for more than a decade. In 1985, 40 Americans out of ever 100,000 died accidental deaths; by 1996, the rate was down to 35 of 100,000, a 12 percent decline.

What's behind such developments? Liability pressure, consumer activism and improving technology have made cars notably safer, for one. Never underestimate the ability of industry to make products less dangerous - or excuse corporations from doing so.

While auto manufacturers have improved the safety engineering of products, crusades against drunken driving, plus lower legal tolerance for the same, have had the desired effect. The lesson: Public awareness campaigns really can work.

\* Crime. Homicide is down about 20 percent from the level of the early ' 90s; in 1997, it reached the lowest rate in 30 years. Crime is down in nearly every category, including burglary and robbery. Since 1993, not only has the felony rate dropped, but the total number of violent felonies has fallen 14 percent, even while the population continues to grow.

Many factors are at play here, among them the sheer reduction in perpetrators. Tougher laws and sentences have led to a furious rate of incarceration, with 1.8 million Americans now jailed, more than double the figure of a decade ago. The shift toward "community policing" has helped, though felonies are also falling in cities that have not adopted this system. It's important to note that, while most policing has improved in the past decade, there has been no national initiative on this score, just lots of local experiments.

Conspicuous in recent crime trends is the decline of crack. The nature of this drug product - packaged for volume sales of inexpensive rocks that produce only a brief high, requiring the user to make multiple purchases - made it a street-corner enterprise. Lots of salesmen were needed, so the young and intemperate were recruited. As Alfred Blumstein, a criminologist at Carnegie Mellon University, describes it, crack crews carrying wads of cash themselves became the targets of crime, and since drug dealers who were robbed couldn't exactly dial 911, they armed themselves. The result was thousands of teen-agers toting guns in tense situations.

Within the positive trends an obvious worry is that some new street drug or an economic downturn could cause a new spate of crime. But what's most striking about falling homicide rates is that they represent rapid progress in an area where bad news was widely believed inevitable.

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Through the last generation, the portion of African Americans living in middle-class circumstances has more than doubled. Some kind of watershed was crossed in 1994, when the average income of black families in Queens, long a community treated as symbolic of ***working-class*** to middle-class transition, surpassed the average income of white families there. Georgia, Maryland and other states now contain large, economically independent black middle-class areas where life is suburban, family structures conventional and values entirely middle-American.

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**Notes**

Gregg Easterbrook is a senior editor at The New Republic, in which a longer version of this first appeared.

**Graphic**

DRAWING: By Daniel Marsula/Post-Gazette:

**Load-Date:** September 2, 2010

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[***GET USED TO IT: AMERICA'S OK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPG-4C00-0094-50J0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATION'S LIFE, IN MOST EVERY SECTOR, PRESENTS A NEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPG-4C00-0094-50J0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CHALLENGE, SAYS GREGG EASTERBROOK: THE LEFT HAS TO BACK OFF DOOMSDAY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPG-4C00-0094-50J0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SCENARIOS, AND THE RIGHT HAS TO ADMIT THAT PROGRESSIVE REFORMS CAN WORK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPG-4C00-0094-50J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 31, 1999, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 2851 words

**Body**

I don't wish to alarm you, but American life is getting better.

Crime has fallen sharply. The economy is booming. Teen pregnancy is declining. The federal budget is in surplus. The air and water are getting cleaner. Health is improving by almost every measure, including the first-ever decline in cancer incidence. Deaths in accidents are decreasing. Standards of living continue to improve. The use of drugs and cigarettes is waning. Levels of education keep rising. Women and minorities are acquiring an ever-larger slice of the national pie. Personal liberty has never been greater, while American culture becomes more and more diverse. Even home runs are at an all-time high!

Yet the steady betterment of American life is practically a taboo subject for intellectual debate. Left-wing thinkers shy from it because it smacks of triumphalism or simply spoils the doomsday script. Right-wing thinkers are terrified of having to admit that recent decades of progress have occurred under a regime of strong central government. Pundits and politicians see only calamity - in 1995, Newt Gingrich called the United States "a civilization in danger of simply falling apart" - while the country around them indecorously gets better. Right now, Washington is busily sinking to an all-time low in the disconnect between governors and governed, obsessively generating an institutional crisis, in part, just to make sure there's some really bad news.

To the extent favorable trends are remarked upon, they are often treated as ephemera of a strong economy - though impressive social transitions, such as pollution reduction, exist outside the business cycle. Notes Orlando Patterson, a Harvard sociologist: "It's astonishing how the Washington and New York elites, the people who benefit most from the improvement of the United States, are so out of sync with it, endlessly talking about how things are getting worse when the country is clearly improving."

As David Whitman points out in his cogent new book "The Opti mism Gap," polls show that personal optimism is at or near record levels - most people rating their own prospects around eight on a scale of 10 - but national optimism has never been lower, most people thinking that the country is in decline. Whitman calls this the "I'm OK, they're not" syndrome. Failure to heed the improvement of the United States feeds cynicism and robs us of valid congratulation: After race riots, Vietnam and stagflation, isn't it good for everyone if America can like what it sees in the mirror again? And inattention to the optimistic deprives public thought of the chance to benefit from the lessons of successful reform.

Of course, there are gloomy trends, worst among them the persistence of poverty. Today, about 13 percent of U.S. households live below the poverty level, which seems ever less tolerable as the nation grows richer. Today's high-tech, knows-no-obstacle economy could transfer enough goods to everyone. Until it does, a sword will hang over American abundance.

And, of course, the international scene presents anxieties. Beyond the specters of war and ethnic hostility, the developing world's ecosystems continue to deteriorate. Global population will rise to around 9 billion before stabilizing in the 21st century. This means the world must eventually feed, educate, employ and care for the health of a human race half again its present size. There's no way the United States will be able to sit out that great challenge and no sign we are preparing for it.

But overall, the American scene is progressively more encouraging. Let's review some facts:

\* Accidents. Despite the sirens-and-carnage images projected by local TV news, accidents have been declining pretty much across the board for more than a decade. In 1985, 40 Americans out of ever 100,000 died accidental deaths; by 1996, the rate was down to 35 of 100,000, a 12 percent decline.

What's behind such developments? Liability pressure, consumer activism and improving technology have made cars notably safer, for one. Never underestimate the ability of industry to make products less dangerous - or excuse corporations from doing so.

While auto manufacturers have improved the safety engineering of products, crusades against drunken driving, plus lower legal tolerance for the same, have had the desired effect. The lesson: Public awareness campaigns really can work.

\* Crime. Homicide is down about 20 percent from the level of the early ' 90s; in 1997, it reached the lowest rate in 30 years. Crime is down in nearly every category, including burglary and robbery. Since 1993, not only has the felony rate dropped, but the total number of violent felonies has fallen 14 percent, even while the population continues to grow.

Many factors are at play here, among them the sheer reduction in perpetrators. Tougher laws and sentences have led to a furious rate of incarceration, with 1.8 million Americans now jailed, more than double the figure of a decade ago. The shift toward "community policing" has helped, though felonies are also falling in cities that have not adopted this system. It's important to note that, while most policing has improved in the past decade, there has been no national initiative on this score, just lots of local experiments.

Conspicuous in recent crime trends is the decline of crack. The nature of this drug product - packaged for volume sales of inexpensive rocks that produce only a brief high, requiring the user to make multiple purchases made it a street-corner enterprise. Lots of salesmen were needed, so the young and intemperate were recruited. As Alfred Blumstein, a criminologist at Carnegie Mellon University, describes it, crack crews carrying wads of cash themselves became the targets of crime, and since drug dealers who were robbed couldn't exactly dial 911, they armed themselves. The result was thousands of teen-agers toting guns in tense situations.

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longer version of this first appeared.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, DRAWING: By Daniel Marsula/Post-Gazette:

**Load-Date:** February 2, 1999

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[***LAWYERS, ADS AND MONEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-CS80-0027-X0GJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

August 27, 1995, SUNDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS PAGE,

**Length:** 2514 words

**Byline:** Cheryl L. Reed; DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

In the movie Philadelphia, Tom Hanks plays a senior associate in a wingtip law firm who laughs off Denzel Washington as an ambulance-chasing lawyer because of his cheesy TV commercials.

But when Hanks believes he's been fired for contracting AIDS, Washington is the only attorney who will take the case. Pitted as an unlikely hero, Washington turns out to be a clever trial attorney who wins $ 4 million in damages against the cognac-swirling partners.

While Washington's overall portrayal casts a positive light on personal injury attorneys, the image of his passing his card to strangers, including a Salvation Army Santa Claus, still evokes the old stereotype of sleazy advertising attorneys.

That perception, though, is dimming as barristers overcome their staid ethics and turn instead to their profit margins.

Eighteen years after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that bans on attorney advertising were unconstitutional, attorneys are the No. 1 advertiser nationally in the Yellow Pages. In Dayton, attorney listings made up four pages in the Yellow Pages in 1978. This year, there are 45 pages, including 12 full-page ads and the back cover of the phone book.

But it isn't just yellowed ads. Television advertising among attorneys has increased more than 12,000 percent nationally since the high court's ruling in 1977. The reason? Advertising works, attorneys say.

Take the case of Dyer, Garofalo, Mann & Schultz.

In the four years since the group formed, the downtown Dayton firm has become king of the 30-second sound bite, costing it $ 629,000 a year in television commercials. In 1991, the partners started with a client list of 3,000 and an advertising budget of $ 230,000. Now they have more than 13,000 clients and a marketing budget that will top $ 900,000 this year. That makes them the No. 1 TV advertiser among attorneys in the state.

The homemade ads are paying off - 40 percent of the firm's clients come from television, radio, newspaper, billboards and direct-mail advertising. This year, the firm hopes to top $ 10 million in gross revenues.

Standing on cardboard boxes in a green-backed studio on Tuesday, Mike Dyer, Carmine Garofalo, Doug Mann and Ron Schultz make their latest commercial - a cartoon in which a happy car meets a redneck car. The cars crash beneath a billboard featuring the real-life faces of the partners. In an animated world of drawn and real characters, similar to the movie Who Framed Roger Rabbit? , Mann walks off the billboard and offers his hand to the crunched happy car.

''Can I offer you some help?'' he asks. Then he turns to the camera. ''If you've been injured in an accident, we can help. At Dyer, Garofalo, Mann & Schultz, we have tough, smart attorneys who handle all types of injury claims.''

In another cartoon-commercial, Mann walks off a billboard and snatches up a dog by its neck after the animal bites a kid.

For more than 30 takes, Mann practices grabbing a make-believe dog as his producer Brad Mullennix squats below him giving instruction.

''Act like you're grabbing a beer,'' Mullennix coaches.

''I don't drink beer,'' Mann jokes. ''How about a Scotch?''

These are definitely not stuffed shirts. While Mann stands in front of the camera, his partner Mike Dyer stands off camera hamming a la Alfred Hitchcock in a camera silhouette. He jests of making a commercial showing him and Mann chasing after a cartoon ambulance.

Serious stuff, too

After spending the morning directing and editing commercials, though, Dyer is scheduled to negotiate a settlement of possibly $ 4 million. This is serious stuff, but the two act like college fraternity brothers.

The two-man crew write, direct, edit and star in their own show. The commercials have made such a hit that this month Dyer and Mann formed their own national marketing firm for attorneys, called Blue Dog Enterprises. Recently they spent three days in San Francisco making nationally syndicated commercials that will air across the country featuring the Ken-doll face of Mann and his silent sidekick, Dyer.

While most law firms who advertise have marketing departments or hire ad agencies, Mike and Doug insist on doing it themselves. They contend they can do it better.

Besides, it's cheaper. Law firms can spend anywhere from $ 2,500 to $ 30,000 to make a commercial, but the Dyer group insists they can do it for $ 500.

''We know they're just talking-head commercials,'' Dyer said. ''But wherever we go, everyone wants his autograph,'' he said, pointing to Mann.

The firm's instant name recognition and home-town popularity doesn't come without detractors, though.

''I think they advertise too much,'' said one local attorney who asked that his name not be used. ''It's constant. You can't even turn on the television or drive the freeway without seeing their ads.''

No apologies

But Dyer and Mann aren't apologizing.

''People have come in telling us they had a car accident and looked up and saw our billboards,'' Mann said.

All of this success comes at a time when the Ohio State Bar Association is trying to decide whether the bar should restrict certain kinds of advertising, particularly direct mail. The pending decision is in response to a U.S. Supreme Court ruling in June which upheld a Florida law forbidding lawyers to send letters to victims and survivors within 30 days of an accident or death. The court's ruling allows other states to draft similar bans.

Besides battling restrictions, attorneys face an all-time low image. In a recent National Law Journal survey, 31 percent of the respondents said they believed lawyers were ''less than honest,'' up from 17 percent in 1986.

''The image is as low as it's ever gotten,'' said Albert Bell, Of Counsel for the Ohio State Bar Association. ''Everybody on TV makes fun of lawyers.''

Pop culture has long fed into the loathing of lawyers. David Letterman writes Top Ten lists about them. Jay Leno cracks jokes about them. And rock musician Jackson Browne sings hit songs about making the former Soviet Union a vacation land for ''Lawyers in Love.''

Undignified ads

Many attorneys blame the low image on the increasing number who advertise. They point to ads they consider undignified, such as those depicting a lawyer standing next to a mangled car as emergency lights burn in the background. They despise the guys in flashy suits pandering in the name of the law.

Such examples are easy to find, Bell said. He pointed out a full-page ad of a Detroit firm that shows two partners in 1920s mobster outfits holding submachine guns and a caption that reads: ''Let us take a shot at the insurance companies.''

In an effort to curb growing concerns about undignified attorney advertising, the American Bar Association held hearings on law advertising last year. Their conclusion: Most attorney advertising educates the public, increases competitiveness and lowers rates - aspects that consumer advocacy groups want to continue.

''Lawyers think of themselves as being up-scale people and don't like to be associated with ads that appear to be of the ambulance-chasing variety,'' explained Ritchey Hollenbaugh, a Columbus attorney who is chairman of the American Bar Association's Commission on Advertising.

To combat some of the cheesy advertising, the ABA plans to run a series of programs that try to instill the idea that tacky, low-budget advertising isn't effective but high-brow gets better results.

The biggest voice of dissent tends to come from older attorneys who went through law school when advertising was illegal and unethical.

Opposed to ads

''I'm adamantly opposed to advertising,'' said Arthur Ames, a practicing Dayton attorney for 26 years. Most of his work is defending insurance companies and corporations. He has often fought the Dyer firm.

''You want to put ads in the Yellow Pages? No problem. But TV, billboards? It portrays lawyers as shysters instead of professionals,'' Ames said. ''Since the Nixon administration we've had horrible problems with our image.''

That said, Ames lauds Dyer's group and even recommends them to friends.

Ames begrudgingly concedes that many people don't have access to lawyers. ''Advertising reaches the masses,'' he said. ''I hate to admit it, but yeah, it does.''

Most highbrow firms are reluctant to advertise and instead market themselves by serving on boards, hosting seminars, playing active roles on the Chamber of Commerce or underwriting major art exhibitions, theater and music performances.

Dyer and partners argue that their clients, mostly poor and ***working class*** people, don't have attorneys and are often on the outskirts of the legal system.

Advertising was so important to the partners that when the firm formed in January 1991, they agreed to take salary cuts to pay for the extensive advertising that would build their initial client base.

''Advertising is the cheapest way to get clients,'' Dyer said. ''But we would not be successful if all we did is advertise.''

Local celebrities

The TV commercials that have made them local celebrities are merely a fish hook reeling in people who don't have attorneys. The firm hopes that after their clients have the Dyer, Garofalo, Mann & Schultz experience, they will tell others.

Wearing cut-off shorts and a T-shirt, James Ward, 36, of Piqua, sauntered into Dyer's office. He slumped his shoulders and looked down as he took a seat across from Mann. Suddenly, Ward's tired eyes lit up and he pointed his finger across the metal coffee table.

''I seen you on TV. Hey, you got a tan!''

James and Alice Ward had come to the office Aug. 10 to hear about their settlement. After five surgeries, Mrs. Ward still walks with crutches. A zipper-like scar winds its way up her right leg, tracks left by a surgeon who pieced together the 18 breaks in her leg with pins and plates. Mrs. Ward's injuries were the result of her 1983 Datsun's meeting a semi-truck on a highway near Piqua on April 8, 1994.

After weeks in the hospital, her medical bill was $ 142,000.

''While she was in ICU (intensive care unit), a man from the trucking company offered me $ 50,000 while she still had all the tubes and everything,'' Ward recounted.

Letters from lawyers

The Wards received several letters from attorneys offering to take their case.

''We hired them because of their reputation and we seen them on TV,'' Ward said proudly.

Dyer and Mann refused to discuss how much they had netted their clients, who are on public assistance and can't afford a phone. ''But it is substantially more than $ 50,000,'' Dyer offered.

With more than 40 commercials to their name, it's hard to imagine that nearly a $ 1 million-a-year marketing strategy is run by two guys who claim 90 percent of their time is spent practicing law.

The firm's marketing success follows that of another Ohio law firm that used TV to market a fledgling practice.

Joel Hyatt had just opened the first Hyatt Legal Clinic in October 1977 in Cleveland when he aired the state's first attorney commercial. The ads featured Hyatt standing in front of the camera announcing his new law firm, Hyatt Legal Services.

Within weeks, Hyatt was presenting the commercial to the Ohio Supreme Court and arguing that attorneys should be allowed to advertise in more than just newspapers. As a result, the state became the first in the country to allow attorney advertisements on TV and radio.

Since then, Hyatt has amassed fame and fortune. Senate filings last year listed his net worth at $ 7.5 million. He credits much of the success to advertising.

Hyatt's standards

''I think Hyatt Legal Services set the standards,'' Hyatt said. ''Those people who believe that television advertising is not dignified made exceptions when it came to our ads.''

Ironically, 10 years later Hyatt was slapped with a $ 157,000 judgment for firing an attorney who had AIDS. The case was later used as background for the fictional movie Philadelphia.

Like Hyatt who has faced criticism for his extensive advertising and rapid growth, the Dyer group finds itself facing off-hand comments of ambulance chasing. ''When someone says that,'' explained Dyer. ''I always say, 'Yeah, and sometimes I catch one.' ''

The firm argues that the ads educate the public about their rights. They complain that claim adjusters often contact injured people immediately after an accident and sometimes while in the hospital.

''They're lying in intensive care and the insurance agent can get them to sign for nothing,'' Dyer said. ''If they're going to put regulations on us then they should put them on them as well.''

At their main office across from the Victoria Theatre on Main Street, the partners insist on practicing law their own way. The walls are bathed in shades of pale pink, tropical fish swim in the waiting room and clients sit in offices draped in the color of Florida rooms.

Not like a lawyer

''You go to most law offices and everyone is really grumpy and depressed,'' Dyer said. ''I wanted a loyal, dedicated staff and partners who don't act like we're attorneys.''

Not acting like an attorney is one of the main office edicts.

''If you treat clients like a lawyer - if you bob them - then they are not going to be happy,'' Dyer said.

For the past three years, the firm has ranked top of their game with an AV rating by the Martindale and Hubble attorney rating service.

''We look for personality and someone who is motivated,'' Dyer said of selecting attorneys. ''We don't care if they were the best scholar in the world. Those make for better corporate attorneys.''

From the moment a new client enters the office, they become a walking billboard, fit with a vinyl legal file bearing the name and number of the firm. Then there are the other freebies: hats, shirts, pens, Frisbees, water bottles, sunglasses, coffee cups, air fresheners, key chains, refrigerator magnets and beer cozies - all with the name and number of the firm emblazoned on the side.

It all started with a simple scene. A young attorney dressed in a conservative brown suit, sporting glasses and standing in a law library.

''Hi. I'm attorney Doug Mann,'' he said. ''Prior to representing injured people against insurance companies, I was an insurance adjuster.''

Since then, Mann has stood next to Harley-Davidsons touting motorcycle injury claims. He's appeared in baseball fields, in parks, near highways. The firm's ads have gone from sterile office shoots to graphically animated features. They've dealt with topics as diverse as nursing homes and even O.J. Simpson.

But no commercial ignited more attention than the one about dog bites. In this ad, Mann informed listeners that they can sue dog owners for their injuries even if a dog never touches them.

Angry dog owners called to complain that the firm was anti-animal.

''I'd go to cocktail parties and people would bark at me,'' Dyer said.

The firm responded to the controversy by running ''Son of Dog Bite'' commercials. They aired portions of their original ad and featured Mann as the loving dog owner of Roxie, his 11-year-old mixed-breed dog.

''People over and over think that I'm an actor,'' said Mann, who has featured his three daughters in his commercials. ''My wife is like Lucy Ricardo. She's always trying to get on a commercial.''

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (7): (#1) The stars: Dyer, Garofalo, Mann and Schultz may be the best-known law firm in Dayton, thanks to their staggering advertising budget. (COLOR), CREDIT: MARVIN FONG/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#2) On screen: (From left) Mike Dyer, Carmine Garofalo, Doug Mann and Ron Schultz in studio to tape another TV commercial. (COLOR) CREDIT: MARVIN FONG/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#3) (Graph) Money spent for lawyer television advertising (COLOR), CREDIT: BILL BECERRA/DAYTON DAILY NEWS, (#4) Freebies: T-shirts, toys, drinking cups, caps and coloring books are among the DGM&S-inscribed souvenirs of a client's visit. (B&W) CREDIT: MARVIN FONG/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#5) (Graph) Dayton area (B&W), CREDIT: BILL BECERRA/DAYTON DAILY NEWS, (#6) (Graph) Ohio markets (B&W), CREDIT: BILL BECERRA/DAYTON DAILY NEWS, (#7) (Graph) Dyer, Garofalo, Mann & Schultz (B&W), CREDIT: BILL BECERRA/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** September 5, 1995

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[***Demand is through the roof;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VKG-50D0-009B-P3C6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***1998 Year in review // 1999 Year in preview***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VKG-50D0-009B-P3C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Existing home sales

How many ways can a Realtor say "boom?"

For the third-consecutive year, Twin Cities-area residential real estate sales set a record, and for the first time, the number of closed residential transactions - completed sales - passed 50,000.

The market, with 50,594 closed sales, ignited with the new year and stayed hot. Sales fluctuated seasonally, but at a level above normal.

The zest affected people's ability to buy and sell - and prices.

In short, buyers of lower-priced houses had to act faster and pay more, which was a good deal for the sellers. Buyers for higher-priced homes were scarcer, however, and those homes once again were at the slow-moving end of the business, in abundant supply amid a market of downsizing empty-nesters and similarly priced newly built houses.

"Anything that would be considered a starter home was extremely, extremely hot," said John Anderson, 1998 president of the Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors. "Anything less than $ 100,000 was unbelievably hot." Anderson, of Twin Oaks Realty in Crystal, said this week that he and other agents often found lower-priced homes sold before they could make appointments to show them to buyers.

He noted that there's no one definition of as starter home. "The starter home in some neighborhoods can go up to $ 160,000-$ 170,000 because young people today are starting out in a lot nicer homes than their parents did - or than they grew up in." But agents frequently use $ 100,000 as a broad benchmark, and there were hordes of first-timers looking in that range, thanks to low interest rates, a healthy economy and strong employment.

So many buyers meant a need to act quickly, offer full price or more, and settle for fewer choices. "Buyers were in more frantic of a search for a house, and maybe more frustrated at times because of the competitiveness," Anderson said. But he said many remained happy because for the first time, they were in a financial position to buy.

One result of all the competition was rising prices.

The median price of closed sales - the point with half above and half below - rose 9.3 percent, from $ 114,400 in December 1997 to $ 125,000 in December 1998. Agents said a good share of the increase came from the lower end of the market, with buyers bidding up prices.

"The first-time home-buyer market continues to be one of multiple offers," said Michael Olsen, 1998 president of the St. Paul Area Association of Realtors. Olsen, an agent with Coldwell Banker Jambor in St. Paul, sells homes foreclosed by secondary-market giant Freddie Mac, so he deals frequently with lower-priced houses. He said Monday that he'd just sold a house on St. Paul's East Side that had five offers.

"The list price was $ 84,900 and we sold it for $ 86,000," he said. Not only that, but "it was a very cold weekend and we had 25 showings."

That sale was indicative of a demographic change - increasing financial success among immigrants. Twenty of the showings were by Asian agents with Asian clients, and four of the five offers were from Asians, Olsen said.

Other agents, and some ownership counseling services, specialize in Spanish-speaking buyers. And Fannie Mae, the secondary-market company that is the nation's leading source of home-purchase funding, has committed $ 1 trillion nationwide to encouraging home ownership among "first generation" buyers - people whose families never have owned a home - and to reaching people in several languages.

Anderson expects that demand for existing houses will continue to outpace supply this year, and noted that the seller's market affects more than entry-level housing: It encourages people to sell and move up earlier than they'd expected.

"People who thought they weren't going to be able to move up for five years now can, because they've got more equity" thanks to rising values, he said.

Olsen credits excitement with stimulating the market even further, saying that people saw friends and relatives buying and moving up, and the feeling was infectious.

But there's only so much "up" to go before existing homes start being equal in price to new construction, and many people, given the option, would just as soon have everything new or built to their desires. In addition, "the transferee market certainly is slower than it used to be," Olsen said.

"There's a lot of new construction in the $ 200,000 range that's really hot, because you can't build much under $ 200,000 any more," Anderson said. In addition, "there is a lot of higher-priced inventory out there. And what percentage of people want a $ 3,000 a month house payment?"

At the end of 1997, Anderson he wondered how much longer the boom could continue, and this week he wondered again. But he and Olsen noted that the economic picture shows no clear signs of deteriorating, and that sales remained strong during the traditional December doldrums.

"It's going to be a huge year," Olsen predicted. "The only problem we're going to have is if we can find enough houses to sell." He did note that part of his good fortune has a dark side: He handles foreclosed properties, and he got six new listings on Monday.

"I think consumer confidence is causing people to overextend," he said, citing the popularity of "125 percent" refinancing, where homeowners can borrow more than the value of their house.

That aside, Anderson, too, expects continued sunshine for the industry.

"I think that the outlook for '99 still will be positive," he said. "I don't see as many sales as this year, but close to it."

Rentals

For renters, 1998 was a replay of the previous couple years, a period of tight vacancy rates and rising rents. Vacancy rates slid slowly down, allowing property managers to raise rents. Last year the average vacancy rate dropped to 1.5 percent, from 1.9 percent in 1997, while the average monthly rent rose to $ 655.85 from $ 611 in 1997, according to Apartment Search Profiles, an apartment-finding service and rental market data gathering company based in Edina.

Mary Rippe, president of the Minnesota Multi-Housing Association, said the tight market is mostly because of a lack of new construction of market-rate apartments, at least the kinds of moderately priced apartments that appeal to ***working-class*** renters.

"But in almost any other part of the country, you would see new construction" to address that market need, Rippe said.

Because they can charge higher rents, developers have put together financing packages for luxury-style apartment buildings and townhouse complexes, like the new addition to the Calhoun Beach Club, a pricey high-rise apartment building overlooking Lake Calhoun.

Patrick Hinch, senior regional manager for Equity Residential, a national real estate investment trust, said the Twin Cities area appears to be the most competitive rental market in the Midwest, particularly because there hasn't been a lot of new construction.

In 1998 Equity bought eight new apartment properties in the Twin Cities area, giving it a total of 15 properties in this market. It now owns and manages 3,904 apartments in the southern and northwestern suburbs, but has no plans to build new units here. Elsewhere in the Midwest, Equity owns and manages properties in Detroit, Kansas City and Chicago.

Hinch said occupancy rates at Equity's Twin Cities properties averaged 97 to 98 percent. "For a renter, it would have been a competitive market. You would have had to do some shopping."

At Valley Creek, a 402-unit complex in Woodbury owned by Equity, vacancies have been close to zero, yet people continue to shop for apartments. "We've been really busy," said property manager, Steven Hartung. "We're filling up and staying full."

The upshot of rising rents, Rippe said, is that the bottom line for some property owners and managers is looking rosier, thereby allowing owners to reinvest more money into their properties for remodeling and renovations. Projects range from resurfacing parking lots to upgrading mechanical systems to installing new carpeting.

In 1998 the Legislature approved a reduction in the property tax rate, in part to help stimulate new apartment construction. For taxes payable in 1999, the tax rate was reduced by less than 5 percent. This was the second annual reduction in the property tax rate, coming after a 6 to 7 percent decrease for taxes payable in in 1998.

Some tax assessors raised the assessed values of properties, taking away any relief the owners may have realized from the reduced property tax rate, Rippe said. "The net benefit is that the owner is paying the same amount of money in taxes," she said.

Rippe expects 1999 to mirror the rental market last year. She doesn't anticipate any legislative or policy changes that will dramatically affect the market, but she does predict that if there isn't more construction of market-rate buildings, rent prices and occupancy rates will continue to rise.

Concessions, which are inducements given by property managers to renters to encourage them to rent an apartment, are virtually non-existent. In times of higher vacancy rates, concessions such as microwave ovens, a month's free rent or a TV set are common.

New construction

Last year was a big year for the home construction business. Sales boomed and the building code was slated for change.

"The Minnesota economy is as hot as the Minnesota Vikings," said Gary Laurent, 1999 president of the Builders Association of the Twin Cities and president of Laurent Builders in Shakopee.

In 1998 the number of permits issued to build new houses was 23 percent higher than it was the previous year and the highest in five years, according to the Builders Association's Keystone Report, a survey of 132 metro-area municipalities. Those communities issued a total of 11,593 permits to build 16,410 housing units in 1998, according to the report.

One of the growth sectors in the new homes business was townhouses, which account for the large number of units being built. Many aging baby boomers are retiring from the large homes in which they raised their families and are building and buying expensive new maintenance-free townhouses loaded with features such as whirlpool bathtubs, fireplaces, built-in cabinetry and first-floor bedroom suites.

With recent temperatures being so frigid, it may be difficult to remember that most of the 1998 winter months were mild and quite conducive for building houses.

And it showed. The number of permits issued in December 1998 was 47 percent higher than the same period in 1997.

"There's no doubt the strong economy combined with low interest rates, new jobs and low unemployment are creating the strong demand for new housing," said Bob Swanick, regional vice president for Orrin Thompson Homes in Golden Valley.

New home activity last year was strongest in Woodbury, which reported issuing 935 building permits, followed by Lakeville, which issued 534 permits. The top northern suburb was Maple Grove, which issued 517 permits, followed by Blaine, with 416 permits.

The way homes are built in the coming years will change dramatically as a result of a major event in 1998.

In June, Minnesota Public Service Commissioner Kris Sanda signed a new state energy code, which will require for the first time that most houses built in the state have mechanical ventilation to provide fresh air for the occupants and for the safe operation of furnaces and other appliances.

The code is said to be among the strictest in the nation and will affect nearly all new houses in the state. It is scheduled to take effect in July.

Mortgage rates

Booming home sales mean booming mortgage lending, and 1998's modest interest rates added coal to the fire as people rushed to refinance.

For borrowers and lenders, it was a very good year.

The average interest rate for a 30-year, fixed-rate conventional loan with no points was 6.94 percent, said Roger Harrington, an independent mortgage consultant in White Bear Township.

The high and low rates for such loans among lenders to whom Harrington refers clients ranged from 7.25 percent in April to 6.375 percent in October, he said.

"It was a wonderful year for [mortgage] production; most companies made their goals by the middle of the year," said Nancy Beck, president of the Mortgage Bankers Association of Minnesota (MBA). "It was not so wonderful a year for servicing. The bulk of the business was 'refi' business, and you lose servicing income because higher-rate loans are paying off and you're putting lower-rate loans on the books."

For consumers, the rush meant some delays in response from loan originators, but nothing like the 1993 refi crush, when getting a loan officer on the phone was an achievement.

"As a whole, we survived it better because of automation," Beck said.

The year was very good both for refinancers and for first-time home buyers taking advantage of a strong economy, low rates and an abundance of programs to ease entry into ownership, said Ed Shanks, president of TCF Mortgage.

In addition, the size of loans available from the most-popular sources of funding was increased. Freddie Mac and its federally chartered sibling Fannie Mae, the nation's largest source of home-mortgage funds, raised the limit on loans they would buy from lenders to $ 240,000. The old limit was $ 227,150. Conforming loans are available at one quarter to one half percent lower interest than loans in the "jumbo" category.

And the Federal Housing Administration (FHA) increased its maximum loan in the 13-county Twin Cities area, which includes two counties in western Wisconsin, to $ 155,800, a one-third jump from the previous limit of $ 116,850. Limits for FHA-insured loans, which are available with small down payments, were increased lesser amounts in outstate areas.

"The loan of choice was the 30-year, fixed-rate loan because of the interest environment," Shanks said, although 15-year loans remained popular. Harrington said his originators offered 15-year conforming conventional loans ranging from 5.875 percent to 6.875 percent.

Shanks said even refinancers preferred 30-year loans - often for reasons unconnected to housing.

"A large percentage of refinancers were doing 'cash-out' deals," tapping increased equity from appreciation, Shanks said. "When people do that, they tend to go with the longer-amortizing mortgage deals. Clearly, they were using them for debt consolidations, [paying off] credit cards, car loans, paying off home equity, outstanding lines of credit.

"First-time home buyers, especially, really took advantage of the low interest rates," he said. "Low rates combined with the increasing number of first-time home-buyer programs really made that market sizzle."

It should stay strong, too, he said, although perhaps not as frenzied.

"People I've been talking to . . . think that the market will flatten out," Beck said. "Our production will not be as great as it was in 1998" as refinancing diminishes and interest rates "tick up a little bit. I just believe that we're probably going to see a more-sane 1999, but I think volume still will be very good."

Although it may seem than everyone who ever thought of refinancing must have done so, Shanks said there are still some home owners with 12 percent mortgages. Some of those may be among the subprime borrowers who Beck said will be looking to refinance.

"I'm bullish on 1999," Shanks said. "I think '99 is going to be a very strong year for mortgages. I think all of the factors are out there that will keep the rate environment favorable; consumer confidence, I think, will remain relatively strong. I think there won't be a lot of change from 1998.

"One factor that we need to keep an eye on will be housing stock," he said. "The inventory, relative to the number of buyers, has shrunk." This is a particular problem for first-time home buyers, and "that's the one potential damper on 1999 . . . . But from a consumer and economic perspective, it should be a very good year," he said.

A good year for housing

The Twin Cities housing market in 1998 was one of the best in recent years. Thanks to the lowest interest rates in five years, a robust economy and a mild winter to begin the year, home builders and buyers kept busy throughout the year.

For homeowners: With the average rate on a 30-year conventional mortgage dipping below 7 percent, customers went shopping. The number of residential permits increased 23.3 percent in 1998, and stood 9 percent higher than any year in the past five. The number of sales closed totaled more than 50,000 for the first time ever.

For renters: Even though average rents have increased 21.3 percent in the past five years, demand for rental housing reduced vacancy rates to a low 1.1 percent in the third quarter of 1998 before climbing slightly in the fourth quarter.

Average rents

Vacancy rates

Mortgage rate

Residential permits

Sales closed

(See microfilm for charts.)

Mortgage rates decline

High and low mortgage rates for the past nine years show an overall drop, from a high of 10.13 percent in April 1990 to a low of 6.71 percent in October 1998.

'90: 10.13%

'98: 6.71%

(See microfilm for chart.)

**Graphic**

Chart; Chart; Chart; Chart; Cartoon; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** January 18, 1999

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[***Mystery Maestro;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-N7S0-0094-54V9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mariss Jansons guards his privacy but it's no secret he's poised to move the PSO into the future***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-N7S0-0094-54V9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** Robert Croan, Post-Gazette Music Critic

**Body**

You get a hint of the mystery Mariss Jansons will bring to town when he picks up the phone in his St. Petersburg, Russia, home. His English is accented, but fluent; his tone friendly, but muted.

Jansons, the next music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony, is relaxing at home this month between engagements in his busy schedule. But he's taken time to field a few questions about his past, his present and his Pittsburgh future. And also to tweak our curiosity.

''Don't tell everything about me right now,'' he says, ''just a little at a time. Otherwise they'll forget by the time I come over.''

Well, that's not likely, is it? Jansons is a rising star who's following in the footsteps of an established star, Lorin Maazel. As Maazel's heir, Jansons brings to Pittsburgh an impressive score of credentials, but he also brings a few question marks: Can he maintain the PSO's standing as a world-class orchestra? Can he build an audience beyond a present patronage that is both aging and traditional in taste? Can he generate enough interest in the symphony to squeeze more dollars out of a shrinking corporate base?

To be sure, Jansons won't be forgotten anytime soon. He's already stepped into the cultural spotlight of a city facing the loss of two commanders in chief -- Maazel and Pittsburgh Opera's Tito Capobianco.

And that spotlight isn't likely to be turned off for quite a while.

It may sound trite, but Mariss Jansons was born to be a conductor.

The only child of two performers from Riga, an 800-year-old Latvian city on the Daugava River, Jansons was embraced early on by the magic of music.

His father, Arvid Jansons, was a conductor; his mother, Iraida, a mezzo-soprano with the Riga Opera. She retired as a singer when the family moved from Latvia to what was then Leningrad.

Young Jansons, 13 at the time of the move, had already decided by then that, as careers go, the baton would point the way.

''It was in my subconscious, I guess,'' the conductor explains. ''From when I was 2 years old, I spent most of my time in the opera house. There was no baby sitter, so I went to rehearsals and performances with my parents.''

Oddly, ballet was his first love (''it was easier than opera for a child to appreciate''), but soon music took its hold. And not because it was expected.

''There was no pressure from my parents for me to be a musician,'' he says . ''When I was 6 years old, my father started to teach me the violin, my first instrument. Later, it came very naturally to me that I wanted to be a conductor.''

Simple as that.

When his father was appointed conductor of the Leningrad Philharmonic, the younger Jansons enrolled in the city's state-run conservatory. His first diploma was in choir conducting. Just out of his teens, he earned a second diploma as an opera and symphony conductor.

Jansons points out the excellent opportunities afforded for a student conductor in Leningrad: ''I had the opportunity to conduct a professional opera orchestra and choir from the opera house. Those kinds of opportunities are not usually available to conducting students in the West.''

That doesn't mean his early years were without disappointment -- including the kind we've come to associate with a totalitarian regime.

In what was then the Soviet Union, the cultural elite had certain privileges unavailable to the ***working class***. Nonetheless, travel abroad was restricted, and when granted, generally limited to 90 days. When superstar conductor Herbert Von Karajan gave master classes in Leningrad in 1968, he asked the young Jansons to study with him. The Soviet bureaucracy, however, refused the request.

''Of course I was disappointed,'' Jansons says. But this dark cloud had a silver lining. ''The cultural ministry in Moscow heard my name and sent me as an exchange student to the Vienna Music Academy.''

So Karajan issued a new invitation, asking Jansons, then in his mid-20s, to study with him for a time in Salzburg. This time, with Vienna as his base, Jansons was free to accept.

Still, the Soviet bureaucracy wasn't finished doling out disappointment. In 1971, when Jansons won a competition in Berlin and Karajan invited him to be his assistant there for a year, the government put its foot down. Even as the Soviets were proposing someone else for the post, Karajan went public with his anger. There were no reprisals for Jansons or his family, but the position was filled by someone else.

As late as 1988, he felt the sting of Soviet interference. When the venerable Evgeny Mravinsky, director of the Leningrad Philharmonic, died, Jansons was passed over for the position in favor of conductor Yuri Temirkanov. Although details are cloudy, Jansons is convinced he lost out at least partly for political reasons.

Having endured such indignities over the years, why didn't he just defect?

In a word, loyalty -- to family, to friends, even to the government that denied him artistic opportunities.

''Despite the difficulties I had all those times,'' Jansons says, ''I felt a close relationship to St. Petersburg. It's a wonderful city with very high traditions. It gave me a fantastic education. I just could not cut my ties with this city.

''And I had very close friends here. It's difficult to cut those relationships.''

As for the Soviet bureaucracy, Jansons had praise -- if faint -- for its devotion to the arts.

''(The government) supported us through control, doing things within its limits,'' he says, explaining that the state-run education system enrolled its most talented students in the best Russian schools, free of charge. The true cost, he acknowledges, was a restricted lifestyle.

Even today, Jansons sees certain liabilities in the democratic reforms that swept the Soviet Union out of existence.

''Nowadays, with the economic collapse, there's less support from the state,'' he notes, comparing the situation to the West, where artists have long had personal freedom but often with no government financial support.

The bottom line, says the 52-year-old conductor, is that ''hardship'' is a relative term. And on that front, Jansons fared better than, say, Mstislav Rostropovich or Alexander Solzhenitsyn.should we id? I don't think it's necc., PBKnor do I, BK

''At least I was allowed to conduct,'' he points out. ''And there was a positive side to my disappointments. I know struggle. I've grown from those experiences.''

If Jansons was tempered by fire, you wouldn't know it from casual conversation. He's reluctant to give much away, to detail the travails or triumphs that forged his character.

But clearly, there's more to the man headed to Pittsburgh than a resume. Not that you'd sense it locally. Even in symphony circles, you'll not find a soul who knows -- really knows -- Jansons on a personal level. When his appointment was announced, the PSO couldn't even document his marital status.

For the record, Jansons' wife of 10 years, Irina, is a physician. He has one daughter from a previous marriage -- Ilona, 28 -- and a 3-year-old granddaughter. Ilona, a pianist, studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatory.

As a globetrotting conductor, Jansons maintains residences in several cities but still calls St. Petersburg his home. And despite past restrictions, his home life is sweet enough -- materially and otherwise -- to keep that city at the head of a list that also features residences in Oslo, London and, soon perhaps, Pittsburgh.

When not working or spending time at home with his family, Jansons' leisure interests turn to theater and film.

''Dramatic theater, that's my great hobby,'' he says, adding, ''I'm also a big video collector.'' He boasts an extensive collection of videos: taped classical music performances, operas, films about musicians -- and lots of American movies. He singles out ''Schindler's List,'' ''The Piano,'' ''Sophie's Choice,'' ''A Clockwork Orange'' and ''One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest'' as his favorites.

Jansons also enjoys American films from the '30s and '40s, which he says have ''a special atmosphere, even if they're a bit naive, and wonderful music.''

His favorite actor? Laurence Olivier.

''He was born to be an actor. It's obvious the way it's obvious that Jasha Heifetz was born to be a violinist. It belongs to his nature.''

Then Jansons checks off a list of other interests:

-- Sports: ''I played basketball when I was young. We had a team (in Leningrad), but it wasn't as good as your American basketball teams.''

-- Painting: ''Remember, St. Petersburg has the Hermitage.''

-- Dining: ''Italian food is my favorite, although I like all good foods -- Chinese, too. I eat mostly fish and vegetables these days, not so much meat for the last 12 years. I don't smoke, I don't drink much, except on special occasions. My weak point is that I'm crazy for sweets.''

And then, silence.

At least until the conversation moves back to music -- back to more comfortable territory.

So, other than an enigma, what has the Pittsburgh Symphony bought for the $ 600,000 or so a year it's estimated Jansons will earn as music director?

Musically, the answer is easy to come by. His tastes are eclectic, and symphony patrons should come to expect the unexpected.

''I try as much as possible to have a wide repertory,'' says Jansons, whose tastes also are reflected in his extensive recordings. ''I don't know anyone who is equally strong in all styles, but it is necessary to know all repertories and styles. If you are young, you should try them all.

''The big part of my education was the Romantic school -- Riga is a German-influenced city -- but my love for individual composers changes. In one period I get crazy about Strauss, then Mahler. Right now I'm crazy about Bruckner.''

As for 20th-century composers, Jansons singles out Shostakovich as ''special'' and says he regularly conducts contemporary repertory, although it isn't the largest part of his work.

Apart from making music, the PSO also appears to have found someone good at making decisions.

When Jansons became music director of the Oslo Symphony in 1979 (a post he still holds), he earned a reputation as an ''orchestra builder.'' And that title begat another: ''hot property.''

Jansons earned his reputation as someone who battles for bigger budgets and higher players' wages. He even showed a feisty side last year by not renewing his contract with the London Philharmonic, saying at the time, ''It will not be possible … to develop further without increased financial support.'' London's Daily Telegraph called it ''the first time a conductor has turned down a London podium specifically for reasons of money.''

The situation in Pittsburgh appears to suit him. Beginning in February 1997, Jansons will spend three weeks with the PSO as music director designate, becoming regular music director in September 1997. His contract runs three years.do we know how much he'll make or have we reported this before??

His professional history supports high expectations. In Oslo, Jansons' relationship with management and players has been exemplary. Per Kise Larson, the Oslo Symphony's orchestra director, an administrator in charge of long-range planning, offers an aside that paints Jansons -- private though he may be --as anything but aloof.

''(He) cares a lot for other people. He's a wonderful person -- warm, intelligent, also analytic, but he uses his heart in decision-making. He cares for the musicians. He's close to them -- sends them birthday greetings, for example -- and makes parties for them out of his own pocket. He's very demanding of professionalism, not only of the people around him but also of himself.''

Glenn Dichterow, principal violinist of the New York Philharmonic who played under Jansons' direction earlier this year, issues a similar report. ''He was very lovely with the orchestra and seemed very nice.'' He had praise -- and the tiniest bit of criticism -- for Jansons' approach to Strauss' ''Ein Heldenleben,'' calling it ''more gentlemanly and less rugged'' than he would have liked, but pointed out that he made an excellent case for his interpretation during rehearsals. ''He knew exactly what he wanted and was very well prepared.''

Eugene Sirotkin, who sat in on a conducting class Jansons taught in St. Petersburg in the late '80s, calls the maestro ''a very charismatic person with a bright personality. I have two friends who are pianists, and I always heard from them that wherever Mariss went, people liked him and orchestras were happy to work with him.''

Sirotkin also believes Jansons will participate in PSO community outreach programs to engender a greater appreciation of classical music. ''I have a feeling he will be sensitive to the needs of the community just because of his personality.''

And that's music to the PSO's ears. Given the current economic climate, audience building is this town is every bit as important as orchestra building.

''When I come to a city for the first time,'' Jansons says, ''I meet new people, make friends and through them meet more people. That's the way to get to know the society, the community. I don't mean I can converse with everybody in the audience, but when I come there regularly I can get closer to more people.

''I've come to feel that Oslo is my second home. (A music director) must know the mentality of his city, should be interested and not isolate himself. But you can't spend all your energies on every single person, either.''

Jansons won't stand at the Pittsburgh podium for another 20 months, but his image is already at center stage.

He's determined to win friends and influence people, and to that extent, he's off to a good start. Diplomacy, after all, is the essence of direction. Witness this gentle, modest reminder: ''Remember that Lorin Maazel is still your music director for another year.'' And this answer when asked why he accepted the PSO post: ''There's such a good relationship in Pittsburgh between management, the board and the orchestra. They struck me as very nice people. Of course, the main thing was that I like this orchestra so much, that Maazel made it one of the leading orchestras in America.''

And he promises to dedicate himself to Pittsburgh once he's here.

''I will keep two orchestras -- Pittsburgh and Oslo -- but will reduce my work with the St. Petersburg Symphony and not renew my principal guest contract in London when it runs out next year. It's not good to do too much.''

In the face of struggle and disappointments, Jansons has always prevailed. And in conversation, he exhibits an appealingly positive attitude toward life.

''I like people,'' he says. ''I like to socialize, to spend time with my friends.''

He enumerates some of those closest to him: a conductor in Russia, a pair of doctors in Norway, a retired family in England. And then he expresses -- again -- the need to be alone at times: ''I need time for thinking, for developing my own fantasies.''

In Pittsburgh, that thinking deals with how he must maintain the symphony's international reputation established under Maazel but threatened by change.

And accomplishing that, Jansons says confidently, is no fantasy.

**Notes**

Post-Gazette staff writer Mike Pellegrini contributed to this report.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, DRAWING, PHOTO: Mariss Jansons takes a break after conducting a practice session of the St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra in Russia.; DRAWING: Illustration of Mariss Jansons by Ted Crow (Drawing, Page G-1)

**Load-Date:** May 23, 1995

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[***Even the insured can buckle under health care costs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H0S-B4J0-010F-K2JB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 3659 words

**Byline:** Julie Appleby

**Body**

Medical progress has helped Americans live longer, but the exploding cost of those breakthroughs has polarized the nation: More than one in four Americans are faltering under the burden of health costs, while almost half - those lucky enough to be healthy or wealthy - are untouched.

The rest are a mix of those who say they worry about whether they will be able to pay routine medical bills in the future and those who have already started cutting corners - skipping treatments or not taking prescriptions - because of the costs.

Other findings from a nationwide survey of adults by USA TODAY, the Kaiser Family Foundation and Harvard School of Public Health show that medical inflation is creating financial problems even for those who most assume should be able to handle the costs - those with health insurance.

Sixty-two percent of those struggling to pay medical bills have health insurance, underscoring how increasing premiums, deductibles and gaps in coverage are affecting families.

The survey, a wide-ranging look at the impact of medical costs on the nation's families, found that 28% of adults were unable to pay for some form of medical care in the past year. That's nearly double the 15% who reported such a problem in 1976.

Medical costs are a growing burden for middle-income families with children, as well as for the ***working class***, people with chronic illnesses, the disabled and the uninsured. Many who cannot pay skimp on health care, go without prescription drugs or simply ignore their bills, the survey showed.

"The cost of health care is going up much faster than people's wages," says Drew Altman of the Kaiser Family Foundation, a non-partisan research group not affiliated with the Kaiser medical group. "Families are paying about (on average) $1,000 more now just for health care premiums than they were five years ago."

Surprisingly, costs are less of a problem for the elderly, most of whom are covered by Medicare, even though it has seen a 71% increase in monthly premiums since 2000. The survey found that the elderly were far less likely than those under 65 to have skipped treatments or drugs or to have reported that they did not have enough money for medical care.

Overall, the hardest hit by medical costs are the uninsured.

Next are adults under age 65 with insurance who have household incomes of less than $75,000, an analysis of the survey data found. Those in that vast swath of Middle America were far more likely than those richer or older to report not having enough money to pay for medical costs in the past year (33%), to have paid $1,000 or more in out-of-pocket costs for care (31%) or to have skipped medical treatment or a prescription because of the cost (34%).

Wealthier households and those who report few health problems - two groups that represent nearly half of Americans - had little or no difficulty with medical costs.

"Whenever you say there's a health care crisis, most Americans say, 'Gee, it must be my neighbor, not me,'" says Uwe Reinhardt, an economics professor at Princeton. "That's because most Americans are not very sick. But when they really do need several different drugs, it can very quickly be very expensive."

Conducted this spring, the telephone survey of 1,531 adults comes after four years of back-to-back double-digit increases in health insurance premiums.

Premiums for policies offered by employers have risen more than 57% since 2000, with the average family policy costing $9,950 last year, according to a separate employer survey by the Kaiser Family Foundation. Workers pay an average of $2,661 toward that cost. Other findings of the USA TODAY/Kaiser/Harvard poll include:

-More than one in five Americans currently have an overdue medical bill.

-Nearly two out of 10 say health care costs are their biggest monthly expense after rent or mortgage payments.

-Almost three out of 10 estimate they paid $1,000 or more out-of-pocket for health care in the past year on top of premiums.

'Put it in perspective'

For some, medical expenses are not a disaster. Paying the bills may mean only putting off buying new cars or redecorating the house. The survey found that 39% of people are very satisfied with what they pay for their health insurance.

Carola Schmidt, of Sheridan, Wyo., has health insurance through her husband's job. She says it has about a $1,000 annual deductible and covers 90% of the cost of in-network care.

"We do have insurance, and it covers the majority of costs," says Schmidt. "I hear a lot of complaining, but then people complain about the price of gas and the price of this or that. You have to put it in perspective. If you don't have insurance, that's a huge problem. I can't complain."

But for others, medical costs cut deeply into the family budget. They make do by going without recommended treatment, or they pile up credit card debt. Fifteen percent of those polled say they've been contacted by a collection agency over medical bills, and 12% report using up all or most of their savings because of medical bills.

Crystal Cox, 49, whose 58-year-old husband, Gary, died in October after five months in the hospital, has health insurance. But like many insurance plans, it covers only 80% of hospital bills. So Cox, who earned $12,000 last year at her job cleaning an elementary school, says she owes the hospital $20,000 for the treatment her husband received for strokes and complications of diabetes. The North Bangor, N.Y., resident shops at lowest-cost grocery stores and keeps her thermostat set low in the winter, looking to save wherever she can.

Because of her debt, she avoids going to the doctor herself, putting her among the 29% of those surveyed who reported that they, or someone in their household, had skipped medical treatment, cut pills in half or failed to fill a prescription in the past year because of cost. "I just don't want to add more bills to what I'm already carrying," Cox says.

As co-payments, premiums and deductibles rise, those facing financial difficulties are increasingly moderate-income families, such as Jeffrey Herchenroder's, who have health insurance.

The 45-year-old high school teacher lives just outside Albany, N.Y., with his wife, Cindy, and two of his three children on an annual income of about $65,000. His oldest child just graduated from college. His job provides insurance, for which Herchenroder pays about $3,000 annually toward the premium; his employer pays the rest. He has rheumatoid arthritis, and his 11-year-old son has asthma and diabetes. They recently paid $1,000 for their share of the cost of an insulin pump. Everyone in the family takes at least one prescription drug. Each month, he estimates, the family spends $280 on drugs alone.

"We dip into credit cards, and it starts to become a big cloud," he says. "We have good insurance but still some amount of (financial) trouble. Medical costs affect our lifestyle. We don't vacation. We don't eat out. I buy cars with blown engines and put new engines in them so we have something to drive. I've never owned a car newer than 6 years old."

Budgets strained

The most popular type of insurance plan today carries annual deductibles that last year averaged $287 for an individual plan and required patients to pay 20% of hospital or lab bills. As co-payments and deductibles grow, doctors and hospitals report that more patients are skipping out on their share. In response, some doctors, clinics and hospitals are demanding patients pay their co-payments upfront.

Michelle Barkenquast, 37, is a six-year breast-cancer survivor who lives in Homestead, Fla. She has health insurance through her job as a floral buyer for supermarkets. She pays 20% of costs for medical tests or 30% if the clinic or doctor is not in her insurers' network. She recently turned down one of three tests - a CAT scan - her doctor wanted her to have.

"The place where I was going to have the test called a few days ahead of time and said I would be expected to pay at time of service. It was going to be nearly $3,000. I ended up having two of the tests run, so when I went in, it was about $750," Barkenquast says.

Such co-payments can strain family budgets.

Kimberly Anderson, 31, of San Antonio, has insurance through her husband's job. In the past year, she's had two surgeries, and both her children had surgery for ear tubes. The family income is about $72,000, but their mortgage eats up $1,500 of that a month and payments on two new cars an additional $1,200. She says she and her husband, Jeff, owe about $1,500 to more than a dozen doctors and labs for the costs the insurance plan did not cover. Paying off those bills has fallen behind other priorities.

"You get bills from the anesthesiologist, the surgeon, the consulting surgeon, not to mention the bills for labs, X-rays and MRIs," she says. "They're all in collections right now. We're a middle-income family. Our money goes to the bills and getting food on the table and getting stuff we need to have. Medical bills come last."

She says the bills did not interfere with getting a mortgage on a new house because the Federal Housing Administration (FHA) didn't count medical debt in its calculations.

Anthony Stout, 31, is a journeyman mechanic for heating and air conditioning systems, in Blackwell, Okla. His company provides health insurance for him, but not for his wife and six children. His children qualify for a state Medicaid health program, but his $15-an-hour job pays too much for his wife, Stacy, to qualify. She recently had a baby, a cost that was covered by the state program, and is just starting back to work, but she has no insurance.

Stout this past year had a lump removed from his shoulder and lost a week's pay while out recovering. Luckily, it wasn't cancer. He owes $2,000 for his share of the surgery; his insurance paid $8,000. "For me, $2,000 is a great percentage (of my income). My rent here may be cheaper than other parts of the country, but the medical costs are the same," says Stout, who says he hasn't yet paid the bill.

As a single working mom, Marvella Davis, 37, pays $100 a month for over-the-counter medications for her twin 12-year-old girls, Jasmine and Jamela, who have rheumatoid arthritis. Davis, whose $8-an-hour receptionist job in Dunwoody, Ga., doesn't come with insurance, has no coverage. The girls are covered by Medicaid, but it doesn't pay for ibuprofen, a common painkiller used to treat the painful joint condition. Because of the medical expenses, she sometimes has to borrow money from her mother to buy food.

"Their joints get so stiff that they can't move," she says. "I can't not give it to them. But the grocery bill is hard to keep up with."

Going without care

In general, the survey found the elderly less affected by medical costs than working-age adults. People over age 65, even those with chronic conditions, are among those who report the fewest problems paying for medical care, illustrating the success of Medicare as it hits its 40th birthday. Eighteen percent of those 65 or over reported skipping a medical treatment or drug because of the cost, compared with 32% of those under 65, the survey showed.

Although the $250 she pays for Medicare and a supplemental policy is her biggest monthly payment, Glenda Cato, 68, says the money comes right out of her pension check and she isn't suffering. That may be because she managed money well all her life, Cato says. Her house is paid off, and she has no credit card or car payment debt.

"That's a lot of money because my income isn't that much, but I know people who are paying twice that," says Cato, of Sonora, Calif.

She considers herself lucky because she knows plenty of people who have no insurance. Her son, for example, has coverage, but his employer does not provide a family policy. So his wife and kids are uninsured.

"They just pay as things come along," Cato says. "My grandson fell off his bike and had a big cut on his arm. That was $1,500. I think it's a big problem in America that isn't being addressed. People are doing without. They just don't go for health care because they can't afford it."

The number of uninsured has grown in recent years, fueled mainly by workers losing insurance as they lost jobs in a slow economy. Census Bureau figures released Tuesday show 45.8 million uninsured in 2004, up from 45 million in 2003. But the number with insurance grew as well, so the percentage of people without insurance remained the same, at 15.7% of the population.

The USA TODAY/Kaiser/Harvard survey found 18% of adult respondents uninsured. Of the survey respondents who were uninsured, 6% said they didn't think they needed coverage. But 70% said cost kept them from getting coverage.

Scott Bell, 28, chief installer for a furniture company, lives in Graham, Texas. His job doesn't come with health insurance, so he pays his own medical costs. Bell, who has asthma, takes two prescriptions a month. Recently, he went to the emergency room with breathing problems.

"Between the bills from the hospital and the doctor, it came to $1,800, for just a couple of hours," says Bell. "I just send what I can each month - usually around $30 - and they've never said anything."

Bell says he pays $285 a month for his asthma medication, Advair. Sometimes he travels five hours to Mexico to buy it. "When I can go to Mexico, it only costs $40. Medical costs are probably my third-biggest expense, behind rent and my vehicle. Sometimes I have to go without, but most of the time, I can manage somehow or another. I do a lot of extra side jobs, every weekend."

Kathleen Follett, 54, of Woodburn, Ore., works full time as a sales associate at Wal-Mart in the crafts and fabric department. She earns less than $20,000 a year. While Wal-Mart offers health insurance, she says it costs too much. Of the choices she had, the insurance plan she wanted would have cost about $38 a paycheck, or $76 a month.

Instead, Follett says, "I don't go to the doctor for anything."

Fixing the problem

Solutions to rising costs are elusive - and often temporary. Managed care held down increases during the mid-1990s, but backlash against the restrictions led the strictest types of plans to fall into disfavor and costs rose again.

Most health cost experts, such as Paul Ginsburg, an economist at the Center for Studying Health System Change, a non-partisan think tank in Washington, D.C., say there is no single answer to controlling rising costs. "I don't see any silver bullet out there that is going to alter the trajectory of our health system, which is one of spending more and more to care for fewer and fewer people," Ginsburg said at a press briefing in Washington, D.C., last week. One idea currently in vogue includes paying bonuses to doctors and hospitals that show they are improving quality or outcomes. The goal: making health care more efficient, safer and cheaper.

Another idea is to pass along more costs to consumers on the theory that they will become more judicious users of health care and will shop around for the best prices. One way to do that is through insurance plans with high deductibles.

Such plans come with at least a $1,000 annual deductible for individuals and $2,000 for families, meaning patients must themselves pay for care until reaching those limits. Some of the policies are coupled with new tax-free medical savings accounts. While high-deductible plans may lower monthly premiums, they could come as a shock for some patients: The average annual deductible last year for the most popular type of managed care plan was $287 for an individual, according to the Kaiser employer survey.

Supporters say such plans will counter the mistaken belief fostered during the HMO era, when few plans had deductibles and it generally cost $10 to see a doctor or get a prescription, that health care was cheap.

"It's the first kind of reform targeted at consumers," says Robert Helms, a resident scholar in health policy at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank in Washington, D.C. Managed care, he says, attempted to control costs by cutting payments to doctors and hospitals. "This really attempts to get individual consumers involved in decisions."

Critics, such as Consumers Union, say this approach would hurt those with chronic conditions, who would have to pay even more for health care. Health savings accounts and high-deductible policies are still too new for any definitive studies showing whether they result in long-term savings or what financial effect they may have on people with chronic illnesses.

But at best, such solutions will only help slow health care inflation, say several economists such as Ginsburg and Reinhardt. New medical treatments, rising prices and growing demand from aging baby boomers are expected to continue to fuel rapid inflation for years.

"The underlying health care costs are not going to go down," says Glenn Melnick, a researcher at Rand, a Santa Monica, Calif.-based think tank. "They will continue to grow annually in the 8%-to-10% range for as far as we can see. Managed care is over."

As costs rise, so will the number of those struggling to pay. "If you were to repeat this survey every two years, you will find more and more moving into those categories where it's difficult to pay those bills," Melnick says. "Just because you don't have a problem today, doesn't mean you can't be in one of these other groups next year."

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Contributing: Stephanie Armour, Kathy Fackelmann

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29% have skipped treatment due to cost

21% have an overdue medical bill

18% say only their housing costs more

62% of those troubled by medical costs are insured

About this report:

This is the first in a new series of surveys to be conducted jointly by USA TODAY, The Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation and the Harvard School of Public Health.

The three organizations worked together to develop the survey questionnaire and analyze results.

USA TODAY retains editorial control over the content published by the paper. USA TODAY and the Kaiser Family Foundation - a non-profit organization that conducts research on health care and other public policy issues - paid for the surveys and related expenses.

The project team included Jim Norman, polling editor of USA TODAY; Mollyann Brodie, Ph.D., vice president and director of public opinion and media research, and Erin Weltzien, research associate, from Kaiser; and Robert J. Blendon, Sc.D., professor at the Harvard School of Public Health and John F. Kennedy School of Government, and John Benson, M.A., managing director of the Harvard Opinion Research Program.

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Today: Survey: Even the insured can't always pay bills, 1A; A son's cancer devastates a family, 1B

Thursday: The maladies that make the bills pile up. In Life.

Friday: Remedies for the health care crisis? In News. Managing your health care costs. In Money.

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Hospital care accounts for biggest piece of medical costs pie: A third

U.S. consumers, insurers and the government spend more on medical services than any other nation, about $6,423 per person this year, according to government statistics.

Medical inflation is fueled by rising prices for medical services, wage growth, increased demand for care and increased payments to doctors, according to research by the Center for Studying Health System Change, a non-partisan Washington, D.C., think tank.

After a relative lull in the mid-1990s, when managed care was holding down medical inflation, costs grew rapidly. During the most recent peak, from 2000 to 2001, the amount spent on health care grew 11.3%, the center says.

It slowed to an annual growth rate of 8.2% last year, still three times the rate of overall inflation.

About one-third of the spending goes for hospital care. Because hospitals have raised prices in recent years and are providing more care, hospital services contribute the largest share of the growth of health spending. In 2004, hospital spending grew 11.3% for outpatient care and 6.2% for inpatient care, the center found.

The public often blames drug costs for medical inflation. But spending on drugs is a smaller piece of the pie: about 10.5%. Because of price increases, new drugs and more demand, spending on drugs grew at an annual rate of 18.1% in 1999. Drug spending slowed to a 7.2% increase last year, largely resulting from a slower growth in drug prices, according to the center.

Most insurers have raised premiums sharply in recent years, both because of medical inflation and demands by shareholders for profits. Average premiums have risen 57% since 2000, a survey of employers by the Kaiser Family Foundation.

New treatments, devices and drugs have saved lives and brought hope to many, but they also contribute to inflation.

"It was probably worth it on average to acquire all this wonderful new technology, but … it means an increasing fraction of us can't afford to come to our health care table of plenty," says Len Nichols of the New America Foundation, a think tank in Washington, D.C.

Quality has also improved. "Would you be willing to go back and pay 1976 prices for 1976 medicine?" asks Robert Helms, a resident scholar in health policy at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank in Washington, D.C. "Not many people would be willing to do that. There have been enormous strides in treatment of cancer, improvements in cardiovascular disease and lots of innovations in drugs."

Karen Ignagni of America's Health Insurance Plans, the lobbying group for insurers, says the industry knows some people are struggling with rising health costs. But she says insurers are having success in slowing medical inflation, through methods such as encouraging patients to take generic drugs, starting patients on lower-cost drugs before moving them to higher-cost treatments and enrolling patients with chronic illnesses in disease-management programs.

"I don't want to suggest that people aren't feeling a crunch here," Ignagni says. "But I'm pleased to report that some of the new cost-saving strategies are starting to work."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, Color; PHOTO, B/W, Al Golub for USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, B/W, Robert W. Ahrens, USA TODAY (BAR GRAPH); PHOTO, B/W, Erin Reid Coker for USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, B/W, Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY (PIE CHART); GRAPHIC, B/W, Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY (LINE GRAPH); PHOTO, B/W, Guillermo Calzada for USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY (survey); GRAPHIC, B/W, Frank Pompa (LINE); PHOTO, B/W, Michael A. Schwarz, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Craig A. Hacker for USA TODAY

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[***Smooth operator;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6GX0-002B-H0JH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***For Ogden, Dana Warg's been right on Target***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6GX0-002B-H0JH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 10, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 2547 words

**Byline:** Jay Weiner; Staff Writer

**Body**

Dana Warg was in mid-pitch.

In a dark green, wool herringbone sports jacket, gabardine pants and black suede shoes, Warg, executive director of Target Center, was stylishly working the room.

The room, a group of people sitting in the bowels of St. Paul City Hall, wasn't impressed.

The chamber wasn't filled with rock promoters, major league sports commissioners or folks who, like Warg, have moved their family a dozen places in the past 27 years.

This was last October. The Target Center buyout was in one of its critical moments. Warg, the most significant unknown player in that mega-deal, was taking a break from Minneapolis facilities politics to dabble across the river.

His goal then, and now: control the Twin Cities entertainment market.

The St. Paul Civic Center Authority was seeking a new manager for its building. Warg, who is the regional point man for the international conglomerate Ogden Corp., was attempting to place the Civic Center in his back pocket.

Warg was trying to sell Ogden's global connections to these provincial St. Paulites. He spoke of how Ogden's domination of the market could "maximize efficiencies of economies." He spoke of what he could "bring to the table" for the Civic Center. He spoke about "the price of milk," Warg's pet expression for the market rate.

But members of the authority board spoke of being a "civic" center. They wondered if Ogden, and Warg, would be as open to the needs of a Hmong cultural festival as a Kenny Rogers or Beastie Boys concert. The fear was that the Civic Center would be second banana in Warg's bunch, getting crumbs while Target Center got dough.

'No second banana'

Warg assured them that wouldn't be his or Ogden's intention. He assured them that he and Ogden could relate to St. Paul's needs.

His assurances came amid his hurry. His flight to Edmonton, Alberta, to nail down another deal for Ogden was waiting. As Ogden Entertainment Services' liaison to the NHL and NBA, he was bringing Northlands Coliseum, home of the NHL Oilers, into the Ogden portfolio.

In the end, the Civic Center board, confirming its independence, rejected Warg and Ogden and chose the manager of an Oslo, Norway, arena to manage its facilities. But, in the middle of it all, the board witnessed R. Dana Warg, 47, at his best.

Quick on his feet. Fluent in the language of the facilities biz, of which he has been a player for a quarter of a century. An Ogden Corp. patriot.

"Dana is a very good operator," said David Rosenwasser, former Civic Center director, former Ringling Bros. marketing executive, who now heads the corporation that brings events to Green Bay, Wis.

'Operator' a compliment

"Operator," in facilities parlance, is not an insult. It means the person who oversees the bookings, concessions and finances of a building, making deals. But "operator" in a more ***working-class*** vernacular is someone on the make, fast, a bit loose, ready to do business on the back of an envelope. That, too, describes Warg.

As for his political skills, well, that's another story. According to some members of the Metropolitan Sports Facilities Commission and of the Minneapolis City Council, Warg's patience for the political process is limited. He is, first and foremost interested in seeing the building and Ogden profit.

Also, there was some frustration from public officials during the Target Center buyout process over Warg's apparent indecisiveness. While no one will speak on the record - after all Warg is now managing a city-owned piece of property - one City Council member likened Warg's technique to dealing with "a car salesman."

At key moments of decision, Warg would say he'd have to check with Ogden headquarters in New York, the Council member said, as a car salesman might check with his manager.

Warg said what might have been viewed as indecision by city officials was sometimes a ploy.

"I wouldn't negotiate here the same way I would in Mexico or Anchorage or Los Angeles," he said. "With Minnesota Nice, to say, 'No,' at that time or another would have been very negative."

He had long-distance support from Ogden CEO Richard Ablon and Executive Vice President John McAniff to keep Target Center in Ogden's fold. But the corporation wasn't being charitable: It had nearly $ 10 million invested in Target Center, with potential millions in sales over the next 10 years, under its deal with Marv Wolfenson and Harvey Ratner. Warg was protecting the company's jewels.

Pushing for hockey

And, as for his political insight, he is a member of Gov. Arne Carlson's task force to bring NHL hockey back to the Twin Cities. He lunched and met with Carlson during the women's Final Four. He recently met with Metropolitan Sports Facilities Commission Chairman Henry Savelkoul to discuss the future of NHL hockey and the future of the Metrodome.

He has a thriving entertainment complex to protect. Target Center was the seventh most active arena in the North America in 1994 when it came to concerts. It had events on 192 days, not bad for a facility with just one prime sports tenant. Ogden makes its money on nonsports events and concession sales. It's a head-count, labor-sensitive, cost-control business.

Ogden has designs on building an outdoor music amphitheater in the Twin Cities to capture summertime entertainment. Ogden also would love a shot at managing the Dome and gaining its concessions contract, held until Jan. 31, 1997, by Volume Services, a division of Flagstar Corp., of Spartanburg, S.C.

Taking such longer views is becoming a bigger part of Warg's responsibilities. But he is, mostly, the master of the three-minute deal that can add up to $ 1.5 million in instant business.

He did it last year when Target Center booked the Eagles, and guaranteed the band that much dough for two nights' work. He got on the horn to Terry Bassett, coordinator of the Eagles tour, whom Warg has known since 1979 when Bassett put together tours for the Commodores and Beach Boys and Warg was booking shows into the UNI Dome in Cedar Falls, Iowa. As they did 25 years earlier, they chatted.

Expenses, novelty and merchandise shares, suites income, interest on the cash. Deal done.

"We're not still subscribing to the method of putting our deals on napkins," Warg said. "But, more or less, you have to pick up the phone and put it together."

Alone in Target deal

For all this rapid deal-making, Warg and Ogden were the lone stationary factors in the Target Center buyout.

They stayed because they had a huge investment in Target Center and, long-term, there's money to be made. Warg estimates profits at "a couple hundred thousand, at most," in the early years of the new publicly-owned setup, with rising returns in the latter part of Ogden's 30-year arrangement.

No, Warg insists, Ogden didn't stay in exchange for any other promises from the NBA for future business. "But we might have gotten some credit points," he said.

Out went Wolfenson and Ratner. In came Bill Sexton. Out went Sexton, not able to pull the trigger on the Wolves deal. In came Glen Taylor. Here was the Sports Facilities Commission about to buy the arena. Here came the Minneapolis Community Development Agency.

Always there sat Warg, holding down the substantial position of Ogden.

When Wolfenson and Ratner built Target Center, they sought a management company to run the arena and a concessionaire to sell the food and invest in that food equipment.

Ogden paid for all of the concessions equipment, an investment of about $ 3 million. Plus, when Wolfenson and Ratner were stung by Midwest Federal's demise, Ogden, according to documents exchanged during the buyout, infused the building with another $ 6 million to aid Wolfenson's and Ratner's debt service and cash flow.

So, Ogden had at least $ 9 million tied up in Target Center. It was never going to walk away from that investment, or future earnings, as city, state, commission and private interests tried to strike a deal.

As the Target Center saga twisted and turned, Ogden's major competitor, Aramark, began to sniff around the edges. Philadelphia-based Aramark has a concessions division and a management arm - Spectacor Management Group, or SMG.

Ogden had wisely included a 15-year no-buyout clause on its concessions deal with Wolfenson and Ratner in 1989. Anyone who wanted Target Center's concessions business would face a fight. Worse for the public deal, Wolfenson and Ratner would have to pay if Ogden was taken out of the equation. That would destroy any public acquisition.

Last month, in the final days before the arena deal was sealed, Minneapolis officials still sought a concessions buyout clause.

Ogden, Warg prevail

Warg was no rock 'n' roll arena dandy when push came to shove. He wrote to Minneapolis city finance officer John Moir: If such a buyout provision was pushed by the city, "I have been advised by New York that Ogden's deal is off the table." .

He added, "I know you can understand what that would entail," Warg wrote, a not-so-veiled lawsuit threat.

Ogden and Warg prevailed.

Savelkoul, chairman of the Metropolitan Sports Facilities Commission, which once was in line to buy Target Center, noted: "In this deal, if we didn't have Ogden, we'd have to have someone like them. Public bodies aren't good at making certain kinds of decisions. I think you need the entrepreneurial spirit for that."

Entrepreneurial is an adjective Warg uses to describe himself. And no wonder.

Last spring, as Warg was crunching numbers to see how a public buyout of Target Center would work in Minnesota, he was making secret visits to New Orleans and Nashville to advise Wolfenson and Ratner on the prospects for their team there.

He also was vying with another management company, LMI, which is backed by Blockbuster king Wayne Huizinga, for control of the new arena in Nashville.

Meanwhile, Warg was hopping up to Edmonton, becoming palsy with Oilers owner Peter Pocklington, just in case Pocklington wanted to move his NHL franchise to Target Center, in the event the Wolves moved to New Orleans. (Pocklington wound up offering Warg a job that Warg turned down.)

Warg reasoned, if Wolfenson and Ratner moved their NBA team, Target Center, which Wolfenson and Ratner also owned, would need a prime tenant.

"I was doing what was in the best interests of Target Center," Warg said. "You have to make sure the Target Center still works if [the Wolves] left. That's how I was able to manage it without what I saw as a conflict of interest. I'm representing Ogden now, 100 percent. It's better this way."

An eye on the Jets

Now he's looking for an NHL team. The owner of the Winnipeg Jets will decide on May 1 whether to keep his team or place it on wheels to the highest bidder.

In their agreement with the city of Minneapolis as part of the Target Center buyout, Taylor and Ogden get first rights to bring an existing franchise or an NHL expansion franchise to the downtown arena. Ogden doesn't own stakes in any NHL or NBA teams, but Minnesota could be a first if the Winnipeg franchise is available. "We're the catalyst," said Warg of Ogden.

Thursday, Warg returned from New York after a meeting with NHL Commissioner Gary Bettman. Warg got good vibes, but no assurances. Right off the airplane, Warg began work on a proposal to lure the Jets to the Twin Cities. In his tiny corner office, he was planning another stylish pitch.

Profile

R. Dana Warg

Position: vice president, Ogden Entertainment Services and executive director, Target Center

Age: 47

Education: graduated from Iowa State in 1972

Experience:

- started as parks and recreation director in Iowa

- helped organize construction of University of Northern Iowa UNI Dome

- managed UNI Dome and Huntington, W.Va., Civic Center before joining Spectacor Inc., management company in 1984

- joined Ogden Entertainment Services in 1987

- became vice president for operations for North America

- came to Target Center in 1991, now part of Gov. Arne Carlson's task force to bring NHL back to Twin Cities

Family: wife, Becky, daughters Heidi, 23, Heather, 17, son Andrew, 26

Ogden Corp.

Headquarters: New York, N.Y.

Business: Provider of support services to energy and environmental agencies, airports and airlines, sports and entertainment facilities, industrial plants, office buildings and government agencies.

Ogden Services Corp. is the principal operating division of Ogden Corp. It manages and provides novelties, marketing and food and beverage services to more than 100 venues across the country.

Performance: Ogden Corp. said fourth-quarter profit fell 7.9% as the companywas hurt by professional-sports strikes as well as the devaluation of the Mexican peso.

The New York-based supplier of concession-stand food, waste disposal and other services posted net income of $ 16.1 million, or 37 cents a share, compared with $ 17.5 million, or 40 cents a share, a year earlier. Revenue rose 6.2% to $ 556.4 million from $ 523.8 million.

For all of 1994, Ogden earned $ 66.3 million, or $ 1.52 a share, up 17% from $ 56.8 million, or $ 1.31 a share. The 1994 profit included a charge of $ 1.5 million, or three cents a share, and the 1993 profit included a charge of $ 5.3 million, or 12 cents a share, due to accounting changes. Revenue rose 3.5% to $ 2.11 billion from $ 2.04 billion.

In New York Stock Exchange composite trading Friday, Ogden fell 25 cents to $ 20.50.

Ogden's major American and Canadian sports venues

College athletics venues (numbers correspond to map locations)

1) FargoDome, Fargo, N.D.

2) Folsum Stadium, Boulder, Colo.

3) Hilton Coliseum, Ames, Iowa

4) Kinnick Stadium, Iowa City, Iowa

5) Mullins Center, Amherst, Mass.

6) Nippert Stadium, Cincinnati, Ohio

7) Owen Stadium, Norman, Oklahoma

8) Rosemount Horizon, Rosemont, Ill.

9) Roberts Stadium, Evanston, Ind.

10) Recreation and Convocation Center, Philadelphia, Pa.

11) Sullivan Arena, Anchorage, Alaska (not shown)

Arenas and stadiums (numbers correspond to map locations)

1 & 2) Anaheim Stadium, Anaheim, Calif. (California Angels, Los Angeles Rams)

Arrowhead Pond of Anaheim, Anaheim, Calif. (Anaheim Mighty Ducks)

3) General Motors Place, Vancouver, B.C. (Vancouver Canucks)

4) Great Western Forum, Los Angeles (Los Angeles Kings and Lakers)

5) The Hartford Civic Center, Hartford, Conn. (Hartford Whalers)

6) Northlands Coliseum, Alberta, Canada (Edmonton Oilers)

7) Ottawa Palladium, Ottawa, Ontario (Ottawa Senators)

8) Rich Stadium, Buffalo, N.Y. (Buffalo Bills)

9) Seattle Kingdome (Seattle Mariners and Seahawks)

10) Veterans Stadium, Philadelphia (Philadelphia Eagles and Phillies).

11) Wrigley Field, Chicago (Chicago Cubs)

TARGET CENTER

Ogden Corp., with annual sales of more than $ 2 billion, and an assessed market value $ 932 million, sealed a 30-year lease as part of the public buyout of Target Center.

Ogden, which manages a host of other arenas, stadiums and public facilites around the world and sells food and beverages, too, will manage the Target Center for the city of Minneapolis and Timberwolves owner Glen Taylor. As part of its deal, Ogden will help Taylor pay the $ 2.8 million in annual "rent" to the city. Ogden has guaranteed that rent will be paid.

Ogden will retain operating revenues on non-Wolves events. Ogden will assume some maintenance and repairs responsibilities. It will manage the lucrative concessions business for all Target Center events.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Map; Chart

**Load-Date:** April 12, 1995

**End of Document**



[***SEXUAL HEALING ADDICTIONS TO ALCOHOL AND DRUGS ARE FAMILIAR. BUT SEX CAN BE ADDICTIVE, TOO. NOW SEX ADDICTS HAVE 80 RECOVERY MEETINGS A WEEK IN THE PHILADELPHIA AREA TO CHOOSE FROM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C0H0-01K4-94PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: FAMILY LIFE; Pg. H01

**Length:** 2461 words

**Byline:** Murray Dubin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Other women would slow her down so Mary Jo Porreca went to the bars by herself. When her son was a little boy, she left him alone so she could go drink and look for men.

Porreca was not a prostitute. She just had to be with a man.

Matt Porreca, now 20, remembers the men who came to the house when he was little. They went into the bedroom with his mom. They hit her sometimes. He slept with a bat so he could protect her.

Alcoholism and drugs are the kinds of addictions our culture has become familiar with. Sex, on the other hand, the addiction that so altered the lives of the Porrecas, is just beginning to come out of the closet. Morning TV talk shows, books and lectures have brought the private suffering before the public eye. Today, recovering sex addicts such as Porreca have 80 recovery meetings a week in the Philadelphia area to choose from. Twelve years ago, there were three.

"I think as more people recognize that they have a problem, they find ways to solve it," says Martha Turner, a psychiatrist and expert on sexual addiction. She likened it to the early days of Alcoholics Anonymous. "It's also word of mouth. People in recovery recognize others."

Called by other names - nymphomania, Don Juanism - a sexual addict "uses sexual behavior . . . as a drug to get away from the pain . . . because they are not able to deal with daily reality," says Turner.

In the same way that an alcoholic must take a drink and the compulsive gambler must make a bet, the sexual addict must "act out" sexually, Turner says. "It takes on a life of its own. They can't stop, despite the consequences."

But the acting out does not necessarily mean intercourse, says Turner, the medical director of the Sexual Trauma and Recovery (STAR) program in Bryn

Mawr.

The behavior can be using call-in sex lines or exhibitionism, voyeurism or pornography. Some violent sex offenders - rapists, child molesters - are sex addicts and some sex addicts are violent, but the populations are not necessarily the same. Whatever the behavior, the impact is powerful.

Sex addicts are killing people, says Turner. "AIDS is very much on my mind, because they are too much in an altered state of awareness to think about protected sex. It makes me sick thinking about it."

And they are destroying their families. "They're not available to their

families emotionally. Phone sex, computer sex, hours are spent on this behavior and nothing's left for their families," says Turner. "The sexual addict leads a double life. He or she cheats, lies, and it impacts on everyone. Children are ignored and neglect is a form of abuse.

"Families are like mobiles. Move one part and everyone else moves."

\*

The ex-Marine is a high-ranking union official today, a father and a recovering sexual addict.

He grew up near 69th Street in the '50s and early '60s, second youngest of six children, but very much alone. His mother was a "violent alcoholic," and he realizes now that his father was mentally ill. "But ***working-class*** Irish men don't get diagnosed."

His father was more than distant. "Comatose is more like it."

His family life was awful, but not atypical of an addict's family. Most sexual addicts suffer either physical, sexual or emotional abuse as children, and had parents who had addictions, writes Patrick Carnes, clinical director of the Program for Sexual Dependency and Sexual Trauma in Torrance, Calif., and a pioneering author and researcher in the field, who estimates that as many as 6 percent to 10 percent of all adults are sexually addicted.

All the ex-Marine's brothers and sisters fled the house by age 17, but he was in trouble before then.

"I was drinking and fighting by the time I was 13. In the meetings, we call it 'negative attention.' When I was a freshman in high school, we'd go out drinking first and then we'd go to a dance. I had a girlfriend, and after the dance, we'd have sex in alleys and parking lots. Not intercourse, more mutual masturbation. Her father drank, too.

"If a man showed a feeling in my family, he'd be attacked by a woman and called a sissy. . . . So I hid my emotions in this street-macho persona. None of this was conscious behavior. I'm not blaming my family. I'm just explaining."

By 17, he was getting arrested routinely for being drunk and disorderly and was given a choice by a judge: reform school or the military. He joined the Marines in 1964 and landed as an infantryman in Vietnam, where he fought, drank and began taking hard drugs.

He got out in 1968, met a woman at a Washington anti-war protest and married in 1970. He began driving a truck, organized a union local and became a shop steward. Later came a house, a child, a better job and more influence in another union.

"But I was still drinking. . . . There were years of this. I tried to control it. No more drugs, no more whiskey, no more shot and a beer."

Like most sex addicts, he had more than one addiction. In 1979, after his son found him blacked out on the floor, he joined AA and has been sober ever since.

"It took me five years in AA to identify my emotions. Then . . . I thought about putting a gun to my head."

His AA sponsor sent him to a therapist. That's how he met addiction specialist Martha Turner.

"I was never faithful to my wife. Why? I was master of the universe, an egomaniac with an inferiority complex. My sexual behavior was about power. I had an affair, had my daughter and her mother said I couldn't see her. I got another woman pregnant for a second time."

He was also put in group therapy. It took more than a year, but "acting out" finally became too painful. He was sexually abstinent for two years.

That's ended. He's been dating four years now. "I still have to work at identifying my real feelings. I've been hyper-analytical. Now my life is working and I have to say to myself, 'Give it a rest.' "

His wife divorced him in 1987 and took their two boys. Now he sees his daughter, who is 10, one day a week and one weekend a month. They are fine, he says, but the relationship with his sons, ages 20 and 14, is a victim of his addiction.

"I was unconscious of anyone but myself. You're extremely self-centered . . . My behavior made my kids angry. My older son refused to have contact with me when he got older.

"I bought a house three blocks from them. Thought we would be a '90's Norman Rockwell-Brady Bunch family. I moved in, they disappeared."

Are his boys, the sons of an addict, addicts themselves? The ex-Marine shakes his head and sadly shrugs. "I don't know."

\*

He was a failure as a flasher. "Ninety percent of the time, no one ever saw me. It was sad."

He is 61, small, heavy, a former West Oak Lane resident and Central High School grad, not particularly noticeable. Barbara, his second wife of 15 years, knows about his addiction and continuing recovery.

"If he's late getting home, I get nervous," she says. "I'm not concerned about him picking up a woman. I'm scared he'll get caught being an exhibitionist."

His father liked spanking him. It was humiliating and ritualistic, with his father always saying the slap of his hand on his son's bottom "sounded like a drum or a timpani." His mother, 15 years younger than her husband, kept quiet.

The result: "I've exhibited myself constantly with the attendant fantasy of a punishment scenario."

Spanking is what he sought. In fact, his first arrest was for soliciting two girls to spank him. Twice before, he had done it without being caught.

After the arrest, his company helped get the charge reduced to disorderly conduct. He went to see a psychiatrist. "But in 1959, psychiatrists didn't understand. Neither did I. I thought I was the only one who did these things."

Thirty-six years later, Turner says many still do not understand, including the American Psychiatric Association. The APA does not include sex addiction in its extensive list of mental disorders, an omission she likens to the medical world's early blindness to alcoholism.

Fred Berlin, founder of the Johns Hopkins Sexual Disorder Clinic, says that semantics, the question of whether it should be called a drive, compulsion or addiction, is not as important as realizing that "it is becomingly increasingly clear that people do need help."

"The conscience and intellect tell them one thing and they do something else. For some people, it is not as simple as just saying no."

The failed flasher married a woman eight years older, a woman emotionally and sexually distant. "I selected her so I could act out sexually on the side." They divorced in 1975 after 14 years. No children.

He never had much sexual intercourse, but he was becoming a more sophisticated exhibitionist.

"I was becoming more experienced. I'd leave the curtain open in a store dressing room. I needed to be sexual all the time. . ."

He married Barbara in 1979. Four years later, she came home one day to find a policeman asking him why he was fondling himself in a high school swimming pool. She was shocked, "and, yes, I was a little repelled."

They both went to their pastor and he saw another psychiatrist. It was 1983. The behavior stopped for a while, but then he discovered movies about spanking in adult bookstores. In 1987, he read a Carnes book and finally was able to put a name on his behavior. He went to a meeting of Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous (SLAA) in Baltimore on Aug. 1. He remembers the date.

"It was the first time I realized that I was not alone."

He's been going to meetings ever since and says it has saved his life. And he has counseled others. "It's a cause for me now."

He's recovering, and occasionally has a lapse. "It's not sexual, it's about power, it's about medicating feelings instead of dealing with them, about masturbating myself into oblivion."

The SLAA had a convention here a few years ago and his wife did not want to attend. "She was scared," says her husband, "because she thought it would be all these creeps, but everyone was just like me."

\*

Turner has been treating the addicted since 1977, but she did not meet her first sex addict until 1984.

"I had worked with her for a year on alcohol addiction. It took her that long to tell me about the sex because of the shame. For a woman, it's a double shame. Women are supposed to be the guardians of our morality."

She adds that 80 percent of the sex addicts who come to STAR are men, about the same gender percentage as in the early days of AA.

That first sex addict was 33-year-old Mary Jo Porreca, a drunk, an anorexic, a woman who escaped reality best on her back. Eleven years later, Porreca is upright, a program coordinator for STAR and Turner's friend and colleague.

But part of that recovery was too late for her son.

"From my perspective, the most damage I did was that I emotionally abandoned him. He lacked the kind of parental nurturing he needed, the safety and consistency, the guidance he needed."

It can be embarrassing for a teenager to know that your mother slept around. Matt Porreca, now a third-year student at West Chester State University, loves his mother and is proud of what she has accomplished. He knows how far she has come on her journey. But he also remembers his anger and the nights when "I cried myself to sleep."

She grew up in Bucks County. "My dad was a sex addict, my mother an alcoholic and, voila! I'm a sex-addict alcoholic. It was a chaotic house. We lived as islands. I grew up an emotional orphan."

She tells her tale without self-pity, and with more humor than it deserves. Her early childhood was the stuff of bad movies and daytime talk shows - incest, voyeurism, enema torture, compulsive masturbation.

"But I was getting A's in school and was the apple of my pastor's eye. By the time I was a teenager, I was a pulsating shame core that glommed on to . . . whoever gave me a wink, a kind word, sex."

By 17, she had a job in Center City and a Rittenhouse Square apartment. "People at work didn't know what I was doing after 5 o'clock. That's when my double life began."

One-night stands. Dancing at a club "during my exhibitionist phase." Working in the Milgram, a Center-City theater, to pick up sailors. "At that point, I had to be with a man sexually. . . . "

She found angry men. The father of her son was later arrested and is in prison for life. She married - briefly - another violent man. "I identified with The Elephant Man, the freak in the sideshow. I wanted to be in a snuff movie. I was reaching the bottom of my fantasies."

She knew that she had a drinking problem. That's all she knew.

She joined AA a day after she tried to kill herself. After a year of meetings, she realized she needed more help and found Turner.

"I've done a lot of hard work. I've gone through therapy, a vigorous 12- step program and a real spiritual awakening. I've attended daily meetings. I've had support."

Twelve years sober from drinking, 10 years sober from sexual addiction. The latter was harder.

The relapse rate is high and recovery is slow, says Turner. "It is a very powerful disease. It's about our own sexuality. With alcohol and drugs, you can abstain for life. For the sex addict, you need healthy sexuality in a committed relationship."

Porreca has worked with Carnes and taken courses. Since 1988, she has been

helping others. "I have been-there eyes. I can recognize the woundedness."

She sees it sometimes in her son, who lives with her part time.

Matt Porreca does not know if he has an addictive personality, but he's stopped drinking too much. "Why take a chance?" There have been times when he wasn't sure whether or not to have sex. He doesn't know whether that's typical angst or the fallout from having a recovering sex addict for a mother.

And he worries that she's afraid to have a serious relationship with a man. She says that is not the case, that she'll know when it's right, but he's concerned. It's his mom. Too much sex, not enough sex, it's hard for him to sort out.

ARE YOU A SEX ADDICT?

\* Sex Addicts Anonymous, a 12-step recovery program, offers a list of 20 questions to determine whether you are sexually addicted. Here are some of those questions:

\* Do you use sex to hide from other issues in your life?

\* Are you preoccupied with your sexual fantasies?

\* Have you repeatedly tried to stop what you believed was wrong in your sexual behavior?

\* Is your sexual behavior often inconsistent with your values?

\* Has your desire for sex driven you to associate with people or to spend time in places you would not normally choose?

\* Do you frequently feel remorse, guilt or shame after a sexual encounter?

\* Has your family, friendships or job suffered because of your sexual activities?

\* Does your sexual behavior or your fantasies ever make you feel hopeless, anxious, depressed or suicidal?

FOR MORE INFORMATION

\* For more information, call the Sexual Trauma and Recovery Program (STAR) at 610-525-2027 or Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous at 215-731-9760.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. Mary Jo Porreca gets a hug from son Matt. "The most damage I did was that

I emotionally abandoned him," she says. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, BONNIE

WELLER)

2. Mary Jo and Matt Porreca chat. She has been sexually sober for 10 years.

3. Psychiatrist Martha Turner: "The sexual addict leads a double life."

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Politics play second fiddle to personality***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NMT0-0094-50NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 2005 words

**Byline:** Bill Steigerwald, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

It's a week before last fall's midterm congressional elections, and KDKA morning talk-man Mike Pintek is hot, agitated and in full conservative rail.

Pintek is a liberal's worst nightmare -- anti-government, anti-establishment, anti-bureaucrat, anti-Democrat, anti-Clinton, anti-tax, anti-incumbent, anti-centralized auto emissions, anti-you-name-it.

He is doing a perfect imitation of one of those right-wing talk-show hosts that President Clinton has bitterly accused of poisoning the national body politic with a ''constant, unremitting drumbeat of negativism and cynicism.''

Meanwhile, over at WTAE -- KDKA's major competitor for the area's talk-show listeners and a counterbalance to KD's all-day right-wing lineup -- something odd is going on.

Lynn Cullen -- the clearest, most obvious liberal political voice in local radio -- is suddenly and uncharacteristically calm, disengaged and deliberately unpolitical.

In fact, as Pintek gleefully uzies everyone to his left with his 50,000-watt assault weapon, Cullen is refusing to take any calls on politics. She says she's sick of election blather and the partisan name-calling.

Instead, she is leading a radio-thon of reminiscences about how aromas and noises can bring back specific memories. The sounds of trucks and trains. The smell of a nun's perfume… .

Was this an evil Limbaughian plot to eradicate all liberal opinion on the newest, most powerful and (some say) most dangerous political force in America -- the country's 1,000-plus talk-radio stations? Had WTAE's management suddenly decided to surrender the local talk-show battlefield of political ideas -- such as it is -- to the right-wing Republican-leaning con-heads at KDKA?

Sorry, conspiracy fans, but Cullen's last-minute retreat had nothing to do with politics. It had everything to do with the bottom bottom-line of radio -- entertainment.

It's basic radio-station economics: More entertainment value equals more listeners equals higher ratings equals higher ad revenues equals happier station owners.

Just ask Bruce Gilbert, the man in charge of programming at WTAE.

''Being entertaining is our No. 1 concern,'' he says. ''The most important thing for us is to have entertaining talk-show hosts -- whatever side of the political fence they fall on. … My job is to get ratings.''

Turning up the entertainment value: That's what WTAE's daytime talk lineup of Cullen, Doug Hoerth and Ann Devlin have been doing since last fall. There's been a discernable drift away from New York Times seriousness toward a more lighthearted approach. Let's call it Talk Lite -- more fun more often.

Cullen, Hoerth and Devlin don't want to discuss on the record how they feel about this change. But Gilbert says it's no big deal. There's been no major shift in direction or philosophy, he says, and he hasn't dictated to his talk-hosts what they can or cannot talk about.

''We've evolved a little bit,'' is how Gilbert describes his station's new drift. He says it's designed to protect ''our main goal -- to be entertaining.''

Gilbert, whose general talk-show philosophy is ''to inform entertainingly and entertain informatively,'' says the perception that WTAE is the liberal voice in town is not true.

Gilbert took over WTAE's programming in June but says he has no personal political agenda and no anti-political agenda. For instance, WTAE has been running Jim Hightower's syndicated talk show on Saturdays. Some people are touting the populist ex-Texas politician as the new national voice of liberalism and an antidote to Limbaugh, but Gilbert really doesn't care what his politics are.

''He's on our station because he's entertaining. He's a fun guy to listen to. I certainly don't agree with all he says.''

Gilbert says dropping politics in November was a decision he and Cullen arrived at mutually, and it was only temporary.

''We felt we had beat the political horse to death. We're trying to be entertaining. We had a sense that the audience was sick of the ugly political

campaign and political talk from talk-show hosts. We went for a lighter angle -- at that time.''

Since then, WTAE has not skirted any big issues, says Gilbert, who since 1991 has been in charge of programming WTAE's FM sister WVTY (Variety 96). ''We'll talk politics when it's time to talk politics. But the bottom line is that any radio station's No. 1 job is to entertain people.''

Diane Cridland, who signed on as KDKA program director last spring, is on Gilbert's wavelength when it comes to running a talk-radio station.

She knows Pintek and Fred Honsberger are conservatives, but KDKA's all-right daytime lineup did not happen by design, she says, and it reflects no one's political agenda.

''The individual politics of the host are not as important as being personable, likable, compelling, stimulating and provocative,'' she says. ''It's not a matter of conservative or liberal, it's a matter of being entertaining.''

She knows exactly what she wants in a talk-show host. She wants him to be passionate and honest and heartfelt -- ''that's what makes talk radio so exciting.'' She wants someone who's opinionated, compelling, intelligent and -- needless to say -- entertaining.

And remember, she says, talk radio hosts are not neutral moderators. ''They are told to feel free to express their attitudes and opinions. As long as they are real and genuine, that's fine. All that makes for entertaining radio.''

Cridland is a displaced Hoosier who came here after five years at talk-power KABC in Los Angeles. She has a high opinion of America's most democratic medium.

Talk radio is a mirror of the way people think and of what's going on in the world, she says. It taps into what people are feeling and thinking and worrying about.

Cridland has made some changes since arriving. She's cut back considerably on the number of interviews with authors of books ''nobody cares about'' and urged her on-air talent to talk about the issues of the day and things they are passionate about.

She also put house blue-collar liberal Mike Romigh in the 8-to-midnight slot and hired ''Black Horizons'' host Chris Moore of WQEX-TV as part of her goal to add more and different voices to KDKA. She doesn't believe the politically charged national stereotype that talk radio audiences are all ''angry white males.''

Her target audience at KDKA is men and women between 25 and 54 years old, she says, though most listeners are 30 and older. ''The male-female gap is not that large,'' she says, and the number of female listeners is growing. So are minority callers.

At WTAE, Bruce Gilbert's profile of his station's typical listener sounds a little closer to the national stereotype.

There's ''lots of ambiguity,'' Gilbert says, referring to the limits of the science of radio marketing research. But he says his talk audience is ''mostly male, 25 to 64 … mostly 35-plus … upscale, high-income … definitely very aware and politically and socially conscious people.''

Doug Hoerth is a bright, well-read veteran of the local talk-show wars. Like Ann Devlin, he's an excellent interviewer, whether he's questioning Perry Como or William J. Bennett.

But since Limbaugh came to town three years ago, WTAE's No. 1 ratings-grabber has become increasingly less serious. He's now more likely to be holding pop-cultural trivia quizzes and talking about his sex life than discussing political issues or interviewing authors.

Hoerth, who's been at WTAE for nearly eight years, is the first to admit he's changed his spots. ''I'm off politics and issues and am doing sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll,'' he says, declining to discuss how he feels about it.

A 14-year member of the American Civil Liberties Union, Hoerth says he believes in the essential libertarian philosophy as an ideal, but realizes it's not practical in the real world. Therefore, he says, ''I'm an ideological schizophrenic.''

Hoerth is for capital punishment and for freedom of choice on abortion. He believes prostitution, gambling and at the very least marijuana should be legalized and that the government should be out of the mail business, public broadcasting, transportation ''and a multitude of things government has no business being in.''

Despite holding these radical beliefs, however, Hoerth says he has never been asked about his politics before being given a talk-show job. At WTAE, he says, ''they hired me because they thought I was entertaining, because I could get an audience and hold a audience. Politics was secondary.''

Lynn Cullen, Pittsburgh's reluctant liberal poster child, says the entertainment drift at WTAE doesn't bother her. She thinks she can be entertaining and still be political -- in between discussions of urinating on the South Side and what famous person's bed you've slept in.

''Entertainment is what my marching orders are and frankly I've been having a ball,'' she says. Newt Gingrich and his revolution have given her something fresh and easy to attack, she says, adding that she feels a responsibility to express her liberal political views -- ''if I can do it in an entertaining way.

''Rush Limbaugh is able to use politics as his shtick,'' she says. ''He's an entertainer most of all. Anyone who's successful is an entertainer, no doubt about it. I listen to him. I respect his success, if not him. He's good! He doesn't have much of a social conscience.''

Cullen hates labels and says ''liberal'' and ''conservative'' don't mean anything anymore. She describes herself as ''an entertainer with progressive to liberal tendencies.

''I am a child of the '60s. For me to be put in the position of defending any power structure is an uncomfortable position. When Clinton won the White House, I got a headache.''

KDKA's Fred Honsberger doesn't like labels, either. He willingly identifies himself as ''a registered Republican,'' but as proof that he is no GOP party-liner, he says he's against the death penalty and against school vouchers. The host of KDKA's ''After Rush Hour'' from 3 to 4 p.m. adds that he's no knee-jerk Dittohead, either.

Honsberger says that despite the rise of Limbaugh, G. Gordon Liddy and other conservatives, it's a myth that conservatives have taken over talk radio in America.

As proof, he quotes a 1993 survey of 112 major- and small-market talk hosts by the Times-Mirror Center for the People and the Press that found that more hosts leaned toward the Democratic party than the GOP and that they were evenly split between liberal and conservative philosophies.

As far as Honsberger is concerned, Pittsburgh's talk-show listeners are not being deprived of the liberal point of view. ''What's Lynn Cullen? She's as liberal as they get.''

Also, he says, Hoerth is really a liberal in libertarian's clothing. And Phil Musick, says the Hons, may think of himself as ''a thinker,'' but he too is a liberal.

Nor does Honsberger buy the conventional wisdom that his own station is crawling with conservatives.

''(Early morning host John) Cigna is no conservative,'' he says. Cigna doesn't like to be called a liberal, but Honsberger says ''he loves unions and likes government solutions to things.''

Echoing the rest of his radio peers, Honsberger says success on talk radio all comes down to whether you're an entertainer: ''You have to be entertaining to listeners, and they want to have to listen.'' Limbaugh is fun to listen to, Honsberger says. ''That's why he's on there.''

Who's winning Pittsburgh's war of words?

KDKA, but then-it packs 50,000 watts compared to WTAE's 5,000

Average Number of listeners

Share........… 9 a.m.-noon..........12 and older

11.5..............Mike Pintek................55,000

4.6..........… Lynn Cullen................22,100

..................Noon-3 p.m...................…

12.6..............Rush Limbaugh..............62,700

4.8..........… Doug Hoerth................24,000

..................3-6 p.m.....................…

10.9..............Fred Honsberger............47,900

4.1..........… Ann Devlin............… 18,100

..................8-midnight...................…

14.6..............Mike Romigh................25,000

3.8..........… Phil Musick............… 6,500

**Notes**

Adrian McCoy contributed to this story.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (9), CHART, PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: KDKA's Mike Pintek emits a steady stream of conservative/libertarian politics, but he says his only agenda is to have fun.; PHOTO: Lynn Cullen, WTAE, 9 a.m. to noon:; Calls herself ''an entertainer with progressive to liberal tendencies.'' ''I am no liberal ideologue. Many of the liberal programs have failed, no doubt.'' ''More than I am a liberal, I am an empathetic person. The weaker in our society must be helped. Leaving it to the private sector isn't good enough.''; PHOTO: Phil Musick, WTAE, 8 to 11 p.m:; Calls himself ''a spokesman for the liberals with a small 'l' '' who says he basically agrees with The New York Times/Washington Post's editorial positions. ''I try to look at what's wrong with the country and seek solutions.'' ''I can't do a shtick. I don't have those talents. Doug (Hoerth) can be an entertainer. If I'm left being solely a song-and-dance man, I'm screwed. I don't have that kind of ability.''; PHOTO: Mike Romigh, KDKA, 8 p.m. to midnight:; He's a Democrat who describes himself as ''a ***working-class***, blue-collar-type talk-show host, a defender of the underdog.'' ''The single-most thing I'm referred to as liberal for is that I support Clinton, which isn't popular.'' ''There are people who flat-out hate the fact there is a liberal on the air, people who can't believe I am on KD.''; PHOTO: Doug Hoerth, WTAE, 12:15 p.m to 3 p.m.:; WTAE, says he believes ''in the essential libertarian philosophy as an ideal,'' but says it's not practical in the real world. ''Right now, on a national basis, program managers would love to find a liberal Rush counterpart -- not for political reasons, for entertainment reasons. This is all about selling soap. This is a commercial medium.''; PHOTO: Ann Devlin, WTAE, 3 to 6 p.m.:; Calls herself ''a conservative Democrat or a moderate Republican'' -- ''an independent'' who ''splits her ticket in every election.'' ''I tick everyone off because I'm not in anyone's camp. I've had Mossie Murphy screaming in my ear on election night, saying I want cafeteria politics.'' ''The car phone has changed talk radio forever. It's brought in people who are hipper, younger, more people who are upscale -- meaning better educated. That broadening of the talk show audience has made it far more interesting and made it livelier.''; PHOTO: Mike Pintek, KDKA, 9 to 11:30 a.m.:; Says he can't label his politics and refuses to be put in anyone's ideological box: ''I am a guy who voted for Rick Santorum, and I'm a guy who believes in the legalization of drugs under certain controls.'' ''If I'm nuts, I'm nuts. I don't care.'' ''The bottom line is, in my business, success is a matter of ratings, and ratings are a matter of people listening to you and enjoying your personality. That's how you achieve success. I'm honest with myself and my listeners. If you have an agenda, you'll be a failure.'' ''My agenda is this: I come to work to have fun. And you know what? I get paid for it.''; PHOTO: Fred Honsberger, KDKA, 3 to 5 p.m.:; Says he's a registered but ''not dyed-in-the wool'' Republican who regularly splits his tickets. ''First and foremost, you have to do a good radio show if people are going to listen. It's not, 'What political stand am I going to take?' and then do a show. You've got to have a good radio show first.'' ''We take a lot of flak on Rush. We don't agree with everything he says. Some of the liveliest days are when Dittoheads call in and complain.''; PHOTO: Rush Limbaugh, KDKA, noon to 3 p.m.; Syndicated to more than 600 stations: ''I'm not a hater, not one of the those angry radio guys. I'm an entertainer with a conservative agenda who wouldn't have 20 million listeners if I spewed venom.'' -- Time Magazine; CHART: Post-Gazette: (Who's winning Pittsburgh's war of words?)

**Load-Date:** February 8, 1995

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[***Two ideologies, personalities Getting to know the men whowould be governor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:474Y-29K0-007M-404M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

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**Section:** NEWS;

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**Byline:** Eric Krol Daily Herald Political Writer

**Body**

Editor's note: This is the ninth and final part of a Sunday series about the two major candidates for governor and their plans.

Rod Blagojevich is relating.

To Glen Bauman, a farmer who's brought his donkey named Jack to greet the candidate and his family at the Marion airport at the state's southern tip in Vienna. His daughter Amy wants to pose for a picture, and Blagojevich wants to avoid getting kicked by the beast.

Also to Natalie Farmer, a Vienna High School junior who's the only one of a group of giggling girls plucky enough to ask him for an invite to the inaugural ball. He promises to put her on the list, if he's fortunate enough to win.

And to Joe Demaretti, a downstate car dealer who is surprised to meet him while munching on thin crust at Mackie's in Harrisburg. Demaretti likes how Blagojevich's ads stress his upbringing.

Blagojevich offers them more of a personal connection than any specifics on what he'd do as governor, but they all leave their encounter in varying degrees of awe.

So it goes for the Democrat, who on this day travels southern Illinois hawking his brand of optimism about the future at the same time he's trying to sell voters on the pessimistic notion that the Republicans they've been sending to the governor's mansion for the last 26 years have squandered opportunity after opportunity.

"It's about changing not just the culture of corruption in Springfield but about changing the priorities," Blagojevich tells a half-filled high school gym in Vienna on a recent Saturday. "And bringing a sense of energy and optimism to helping people."

The Republican

The introduction sums it up.

"It's been a tough campaign, but I think they're getting closer," says Morgan County GOP Chairman Bill Zachary, turning the microphone over to his party's nominee for governor, Jim Ryan, at a fund-raiser at the Jacksonville Country Club.

Ryan opens by asking the assembled party faithful to keep believing, to keep working hard despite early polls that showed him down by 20 percentage points.

"Here's the good news: On Nov. 5, I'm going to be your next governor," Ryan tells the crowd of 75 or so last Monday. "We have two weeks to go, which, believe me, is a lifetime. Now is when you have to go up in the polls. We are now in a single-digit race."

Ryan's sober speech about the need to get the state's fiscal house in order and being the best agent of change to restore trust in government is the theme he's been striking for weeks. But he also is constantly reminding supporters the race isn't over until the last ballot's been counted.

"I used to be a boxer. You learn in boxing that when you get knocked down, if you're a fighter, you get back up," Ryan told about 50 Republicans at a Quincy fund-raiser just hours earlier. "I've been down in my personal life and I've been down in my public life, but I do get back up. I am absolutely convinced in my bones because we are fighting, we're going to win."

Smooth and serious

The two candidates for Illinois governor couldn't have more different personalities.

Blagojevich, 45, is part of the new public face of the Democratic Party of Illinois: a young flesh-presser who is eager to please. The previous generation of party leaders couldn't dislodge the Republicans, letting them win seven consecutive governor contests. Now the fathers - in Blagojevich's case, father-in-law - stay in the background, pushing the buttons as their progeny step forward to try to seal the deal with voters.

Ryan, 56, is the latest in a long line of Republican office holders who've paid their public service dues and now get to take their shot at the brass ring of Illinois politics. He's naturally reserved, more comfortable talking about his record than he is working a room for money or votes.

Apply the last presidential race to this governor's tussle, and Jim Ryan is Al Gore, the candidate with a longer resume but who also is harder to embrace. Blagojevich is George W. Bush, well- scrubbed and charismatic, but with a shorter resume.

Rod, not Rodney

If Yugoslavian immigrant and former German POW Rade Blagojevich had gotten his way, you'd know his youngest son as Milorad. But his American-born wife, Millie, won out, so Rod it was. And it's Rod, not Rodney or Roderick.

Blagojevich grew up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on Chicago's Northwest Side, dreaming of playing center field for the Cubs. He scored a 19 the second time he took the ACT. That couldn't get him into Northwestern University, so Blagojevich followed his older brother, Robert, to the University of Tampa, where he got his grades up enough to get into Northwestern for his last two years. He picked up a law degree at the California surfer's paradise, Pepperdine University.

Along the way, Blagojevich worked hard to help his parents pay for school, even spending the summers of 1975-76 scrubbing pots and pans on the Alaskan pipeline for $10.71 an hour.

"Everybody was hungry and everybody wanted to eat, and there was only one guy in that damn camp with 350, 400 people who washed the pots and pans for all four meals, and it was me," Blagojevich recalled.

He's a presidential trivia buff who can even name the city that President William McKinley was assassinated in 101 years ago (it's Buffalo). And Blagojevich gets laughs - sometimes his campaign speeches are half stand-up routine - while relating an anecdote about a trip to stake out former President Richard Nixon's New York City brownstone in July 1980. Blagojevich and a friend waited hours for Nixon to emerge, at which point they had a conversation in which Blagojevich started quoting Nixon's own memoirs back to him.

"At that point, I bet he was thinking, 'How many Secret Service guys are here?'" he deadpanned.

Blagojevich also loves Elvis Presley, and like a typical politician, he sidesteps the obvious question: fat Elvis or skinny Elvis?

"All Elvis," he said.

Blagojevich's rise in the political world was unusually rapid. He went from fledgling traffic court prosecutor to city payroller to state representative to congressman to Democratic governor nominee in just 14 years. His career caught fire only after he met and eventually wed Patti Mell, the daughter of powerful Chicago 33rd Ward Alderman Dick Mell.

Jim Ryan has made Mell and his Chicago machine ties an issue in the race, suggesting Blagojevich will be a puppet with wheeler- dealer Mell the puppeteer.

Blagojevich said Mell's only campaign role is to turn out city voters. "He has no role in the implementation of our ideas for policy, nor does he have any interest in it, frankly," Blagojevich said.

Overcoming tragedy

The oldest of three children, Jim Ryan grew up in Villa Park, the son of an Irish home builder, Edward, and Italian mother, Elissa. Dad took young Jim to the inner city most afternoons to hit the punching bag, and in that Catholic youth gym he transformed himself into a Golden Gloves champion.

After a more-than-brief flirtation with the priesthood, Ryan went to what is now known as Benedictine University in Lisle and then on to Chicago-Kent College of Law before achieving his own rapid rise in the ranks of the DuPage County state's attorney's office.

His career in politics got off to an inauspicious beginning: He lost the 1976 Republican primary for DuPage County state's attorney.

The experience, however, did give him an anecdote for the campaign trail, one of the few attempts at humor he makes that doesn't involve a jibe at his opponent. Ryan and his wife, Marie, were driving when the family noticed one of his campaign billboards.

"One of my kids turned to my wife and said, 'Mom, does that mean Dad's important?' " Ryan recalled. "Marie said, 'No, that means Dad paid for the billboard.' "

Ryan got back in the game, winning his second attempt to become DuPage's top prosecutor and rolling to two more terms after that. Mirroring that was his bid to be attorney general: He lost the first time, but won the next two.

"He's the same Jim Ryan I knew then as I know now," said Jil Tracy, an assistant attorney general in the Quincy office who has known Ryan for more than 10 years.

For all of his time in the public eye, what many people remember most about Jim Ryan are his series of personal tragedies.

He's battled cancer three times, the most recent a small recurrence about a year ago of a less serious form of lymphoma he twice conquered previously. His own doctor put the median life expectancy for someone with this form of cancer at eight to 10 years.

But to Ryan, the worst catastrophe was the 1997 death of his 12- year-old daughter, Anne Marie, the baby of six children. She woke up one day with a headache and died suddenly of a brain tumor the next.

As if that weren't enough, later that year, wife Marie's heart stopped beating on the way to the hospital following a Sunday afternoon walk. She recovered after receiving a pacemaker. He still calls her several times a day to make sure she's OK.

Despite all that, Ryan decided to run for governor, telling the Daily Herald last summer he "wanted his life to count."

Friends say Ryan is much more relaxed and approachable when he's out of the public eye. Tops on his social agenda is spending more time with his grandchildren.

A movie buff, he's even found time to sneak in a couple of movies on the campaign trail, seeing the British Empire war drama "The Four Feathers" and crime caper "Knockaround Guys" in recent weeks.

"I'm not too fussy. I like going to the movies, getting a box of popcorn and relaxing."

A Chicago politician

Blagojevich has amassed a liberal voting record in Springfield and Washington, D.C. He voted against a ban on late-term abortions, was an early supporter of closing the gun show loophole to make it harder for people to buy guns, and opposed a recent free- trade measure.

The Republicans have blasted what they say is an extremely modest record of accomplishment. Jim Ryan relishes pointing out that Blagojevich has passed one bill while in Congress, and it was legislation to rename a post office. Illinois GOP Chairman Gary MacDougal has called Blagojevich "an articulate incompetent," a reference to the candidate's slick appearance and glib tongue.

Blagojevich bristles at the notion his public service record is thin, pointing to his success in getting federal money for after- school programs in Chicago and to replace outdated books in the city's school libraries.

Blagojevich also traveled to Yugoslavia on a free-lance mission with the Rev. Jesse Jackson and successfully negotiated the release of three U.S. soldiers held captive by Slobodan Milosevic. Upon his return, Blagojevich helped stop the Navy's plan to ship napalm through the Chicago area on its way to an Indiana disposal site, a feat he said is even more important in the post -Sept. 11 world.

As he runs for governor, Blagojevich has laid out his vision, promising to expand prescription drug coverage for seniors, hire more teachers, build or improve roads and create 250,000 new jobs.

At a time when the state faces a potential $2.5 billion budget shortfall next year, it would seem impossible for Blagojevich to keep many of these promises.

"I intend to keep all the promises I've made," he responds. "They're not just made willy-nilly, you know, off the top of my head. ...A lot of projects I'm interested in expanding, like Route 53 (in Lake County). That is something we ought to really address, yet is the money going to be there to do it?"

Ryan's biggest attack so far has been at Blagojevich's ties to the Coalition for Better Government, a political group that includes men convicted of ghost payrolling, vote fraud and stealing $4 million in coins from the tollway. Blagojevich returned $4,700 in campaign contributions from the group last month.

When he first was elected to Congress in November 1996, Blagojevich publicly thanked the coalition's Dominic Longo for helping him win. Today, Longo wouldn't be a part of his administration, Blagojevich said. "Evidently, since that time, Longo's work performance in his public job has come into question," he said.

It has. The city's inspector general caught Longo visiting a tanning parlor and buying clothes on city time. But Longo's work performance also came into question before that, when he asked for a transfer from an O'Hare vehicle management job amidst an investigation into whether he sold truck driver's jobs.

Conservative politician

Ryan is a conservative law-and-order Republican who has used the attorney general's office as a vehicle to toughen state laws against criminals.

He often touts the 50 anti-crime laws he's pushed through in two terms. The most well-known law is the state's truth-in-sentencing act, which requires violent criminals to serve 85 percent of their sentences instead of the previous 50 percent.

On the consumer protection front, Ryan joined a national lawsuit against the tobacco companies that is expected to net Illinois $9.1 billion over the next 25 years. He also led a crusade to protect children from violent video games that resulted in two major retailers dropping M-rated games from their shelves.

Asked to lay out his vision, Ryan responds that he wants to improve health care by signing up more poor children to the state insurance plan, expand prescription drug coverage for seniors under the state's existing plan and, most importantly, get the state budget under control. Like President Bush, Ryan lists education as his top priority, pushing plans to improve reading and stabilize school funding by planning more than one year at a time. He admits he's not making as many promises as Blagojevich, but says that's because voters need to prepare for some lean times in state government.

"He tells people what they want to hear. I tell them what they need to hear," Ryan said.

Blagojevich has hammered home the contention that Jim Ryan "failed to lift a finger" to investigate the licenses-for-bribes scandal under fellow Republican George Ryan's secretary of state tenure.

Ryan said that's the campaign's "big lie," citing several former U.S. attorneys who agree with Ryan's assertion he was correct not to step on the federal probe by launching his own investigation.

Blagojevich has countered that there was a three-year period when Jim Ryan took office in 1995 until the federal probe in 1998 when Ryan could have tried to uncover the corruption. Ryan dismisses the suggestion outright.

"You don't do that. You don't conduct an investigation to see if somebody might be committing a crime. Would you like me to investigate you just to see if you're doing anything wrong?" Ryan said. "If somebody brings evidence to you, or if you read about something in the paper that might trigger a quiet inquiry, yeah, that may be enough to trigger a probe. But you just don't go investigating people."

Late in the week, Blagojevich opened up another front in his offensive, airing a TV ad that rips Ryan for his handling of the Rolando Cruz case. As DuPage County state's attorney, Ryan twice sent Cruz to death row for the 1983 abduction and murder of 10- year-old Jeanine Nicarico of Naperville. Cruz was freed during his third trial when new DNA tests showed he could not have been the person who raped the little girl and a key sheriff's lieutenant changed his testimony on the so-called vision statement Cruz gave to police implicating himself. Meanwhile, another man, convicted murderer Brian Dugan, confessed in a hypothetical fashion that he alone committed the murder, but Ryan and his successors refuse to charge Dugan because they want to seek the death penalty.

Ryan won't say whether he thinks Cruz deserves the pardon he's now seeking from Gov. Ryan. And he offers the same response he's used for years, saying the evidence in the case changed after he left office and that he would never dishonor his oath by trying a man he thought did not commit the crime.

Second base of support

While Blagojevich's recent downstate swing was filled with enthusiastic, union ready-made crowds - they call him Hot Rod in southern Illinois - it wasn't a total love fest. Jim Ryan stung Blagojevich downstate back in June with TV ads that pointed out Blagojevich sponsored legislation while a state lawmaker to raise the cost of a firearm owner identification card from $5 to $500.

Blagojevich forgets to mention the issue in the Vienna stump speech, and the band stops playing so he can grab the microphone and drive that point home.

"I will never raise the FOID card, not 10 cents, not 5 cents, not a penny, not a dime, not a nickel, not a penny," Blagojevich told the crowd.

Cultivating downstate support proved key for Blagojevich in the March primary. Democratic U.S. Sen. Dick Durbin of Springfield, who knows how important it is to get that second base of support, said it should help Blagojevich cut into an area of the state Republicans long have relied on in winning governor's races.

"He (Blagojevich) did things that were counterintuitive. A traditional playbook says that the Chicago candidates for governor focus their attention on Chicago, but not much downstate," Durbin said.

Dialing for dollars

Jim Ryan says he needs only five hours of sleep a night, and given his campaign schedule last Monday, that's probably a good thing. A day that began before sunup with a radio interview is ending on the couch watching Monday Night Football next to former vice presidential candidate Jack Kemp, who is headlining a $2,500- a-couple fund-raiser in the well-appointed 60th-floor Gold Coast apartment of former Quaker Oats CEO Bill Smithburg.

The day's third and final fund-raiser comes after Ryan spends his car ride from Quincy to Jacksonville dialing for dollars with the White House and Republican Governors Association. It's not that Ryan hasn't raised enough campaign cash - he's collected more than $10 million - it's that, at $18 million, Blagojevich has raised so much more. Ryan has had to spend the lot to fend off GOP primary attacks.

U.S. Sen. Peter Fitzgerald, not known for dispensing political praise lightly, has donated $15,000 plus put on a fund-raiser for Ryan. He said there's no doubt who is the best candidate to clean up state government.

"Jim Ryan in my mind has 24-karat integrity," Fitzgerald said. "And I think at the end of the day, that's the most important qualification for a chief executive or for any other governmental position."

As the days count down to a handful, Ryan warns he's got some gas left in the tank.

"Never think that I don't have the passion or the energy or the will to win," he said. "If people have done that, they've underestimated me."

**Notes**

Series: (Part 9)

**Graphic**

Republican Jim Ryan, with wife Marie, says he wants to restore trust in state government. Mark Black/Daily Herald Democrat Rod Blagojevich wants to bring energy and optimism to the governor's office. Marcelle Bright/Daily Herald

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TWO STAR EDITION

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**Byline:** Tim Reeves, Post-Gazette Harrisburg Correspondent

**Body**

Tom Ridge is slouched in a chair in a $200 corner suite on the 19th floor of the Pittsburgh Vista Hotel. It's 1 a.m., the end of an 18-hour day on the trail. His shoes are off, and he's sipping an Iron City from the minibar, punctuating his sentences with the crunch of cashews.

Suddenly, the cashews are still, and Ridge no longer is slouching. It's time to talk about The Gap -- not the clothing store but the one that could keep him from becoming governor.

''There's a gap between who I am and what I would like Pennsylvanians to know about me,'' Ridge says. ''I feel that, and I'm willing to say it.''

''Look at all the experiences I've had in my life,'' Ridge says, picking up steam. ''I have a pretty good understanding about people, a feel for people … The guy that goes to work and slugs it out every day. I've been there. I've seen him. I've dug ditches with him, poured concrete with him. Served him a couple drinks. … I've had personal tragedy in my life. I mean, I had a dad who lost his job after 28 years. Gave him two weeks' notice and said goodbye. Damn. It hurt. It damn near killed my father. It was undignified. It was wrong … (I've had) this whole range of experiences. I have been affected, I think, in a significant way by every one of them.''

''I can't project that,'' he says quietly.

The political future of Thomas Joseph Ridge may well hinge on those words.

Ridge, 49, the Erie congressman and Republican nominee for governor, has been in the forefront of the Pennsylvania GOP for five years. And it's no wonder why. The guy looks like a governor. He's telegenic, squeaky clean, and has a gold card of a resume tucked into his suitcoat pocket.

***Working-class*** roots. Harvard scholarship. Vietnam. Lots of medals. Elected to Congress in a Democratic district, and re-elected five times, never with less than 65 percent of the vote. Married with two rambunctious kids.

Tom Ridge is a political consultant's dream.

But that's on paper. Another part of winning elections is tougher to transcribe. It's empathy. Something that makes ordinary voters connect with a candidate.

And Ridge so far hasn't been tapping in.

Explanations abound. It's deficiencies in tactics. Message. Media strategy.

But The Gap may just boil down to a simpler question, one that has more to do with Ridge himself.

Is he the congressman in the luxury suite on the 19th floor of the Vista Hotel, insulated from the toil on the streets below?

Or is he a regular guy who's worked hard and realized the American Dream, a guy who would reach past a Molson in the hotel minibar, to get to the Iron City?

A serious youth

Tom Ridge was born Aug. 26, 1945, as the Pacific Fleet was steaming into Sagami Bay to implement the surrender of Japan in World War II. On board one of those ships was his father, Lt. Thomas R. Ridge, a 23-year-old Munhall kid, just a week into his first Pacific tour.

The Ridges lived in Munhall until 1948, when they moved to Erie to take the only job Lt. Ridge could find -- as a traveling salesman, selling canned foods and soaps for Armour Meat Co.

''He was one of the last ones to be discharged, and the jobs had all been taken,'' said Laura Ridge, Tom's mother.

The Ridges lived in veterans' housing in Erie for six years, until they saved enough to buy a modest three-bedroom home on Colony Drive.

Discipline was strict in the Ridge household, but his parents' devotion to their three children was manifest, and young Tom Ridge thrived in their atmosphere of rules and rewards, encouragement and consequences.

The Ridges' other children are Vikki, 44, who is employed by Princeton University, and David, 34, a defense lawyer in Erie.

All of the children attended Catholic schools. To help pay tuition, Thomas R. Ridge worked weekends as a shoe salesman and as a butcher.

Ridge excelled from the start. At St. Andrews elementary school, his classmates named him their ''King and Knight of Christ.''

Before school, Ridge delivered newspapers and periodically served as an altar boy at the 6 a.m. Mass. Summers, he caddied at the Downing Golf Club and worked in the pro shop.

''He was a grown-up man in high school,'' said Ted Grassi, the golf pro at Downing. ''Very mature.''

Ridge graduated from Erie Cathedral Prep, an all-boys school, in 1963.

The class of '63 was a homogenous bunch. Every student in Ridge's yearbook appears to be white, save for Eligio Vega, ''a friendly and likable exchange student, transferred from South America.''

Most are Roman Catholic. Each of the 258 seniors posed for his photo in a white jacket and black bow tie. All 516 earlobes are fully exposed.

Ridge was elected student council president, then became president of the Interscholastic Student Council of Erie, a coalition of student council presidents from the city's public and private schools.

One of Ridge's first accomplishments was to negotiate an agreement with the Erie Coach Co. to get expanded hours for student bus tickets.

''The door has been unlocked; the first step has been taken,'' a somber Ridge told the Erie Daily Times after the agreement was reached. ''Only time will tell if the step has been taken in the right direction.''

Though he's now 6-foot-3-inches and 205 pounds, Ridge did not play varsity sports. Instead, he led the school's debate team, and starred in the senior play, ''Arsenic and Old Lace.''

Ridge won an academic scholarship to Harvard.

It was a long way from Erie. Ridge's new classmates were graduates of New England prep schools and children of prominent families. But Ridge assimilated. His classmates remember him as mature and well-rounded, serious about studies, but social. Social, but not wild.

Several classmates recalled nighttime Monopoly games, usually with John Bunker and Lou Dobbs, the loser having to buy the midnight snack.

''We were wild,'' laughs Dobbs, who took the lessons of Monopoly to heart. He's now host of CNN's ''Moneyline.''

Marijuana was available at Harvard in the early 1960s, but Ridge said it held no appeal for him. He says he never has experimented with illegal drugs.

''I don't think it was the second week that I was there before I ran into it,'' Ridge said. ''Guys had been smoking pretty heavy, and they were being funny and silly. There was nothing threatening about it, but it just didn't appeal to me. They probably saw me when I had too many beers and said, 'That doesn't appeal to me.' ''

During summers, Ridge returned to Erie and got a union card, working construction jobs out of a local union hall. ''I worked my ass off,'' Ridge said. ''Certain beliefs I have are grounded in that experience.''

After graduating cum laude from Harvard in 1967, majoring in government, Ridge went to the Dickinson School of Law in Carlisle. After one year, he was drafted.

Ridge's parents were crushed. They had high hopes for young Tom. Ridge remembers his grandfather hinting that he could arrange a tour in the National Guard or Reserves.

Ridge said he never considered either.

''Nothing heroic, believe me. I mean, it was just, you got drafted. A lot of people are getting drafted. A lot of people got drafted over the history of the country. So you're one of millions. So you're goin'.''

In Vietnam

But Ridge did hope to avoid Vietnam. With a year of law school under his belt and decent German language skills, he thought he would get a stint in Europe as a military law clerk. But the Army thought otherwise.

Ridge was named the outstanding soldier of his boot-camp unit at Fort Dix, N.J., and he was ordered to Infantry School at Fort Polk, La.

''I knew where I was going after that,'' Ridge said.

Ridge was the only college graduate in his 160-man company at Fort Polk. He was promoted to sergeant and soon got his orders to Vietnam. He first had 18 days' leave, and Ridge and his father spent much of it holed up in a local bar, talking into the nights.

Asked what counsel his father offered, Ridge paused.

''I'll be there in a minute,'' he whispered, his eyes welling with tears. Finally, he whispered, ''I got it.'' He talked slowly and quietly.

''He had most of his life invested in me,'' Ridge said. ''His career plans were interrupted and changed permanently with my birth. He would have been probably one of the greatest trial attorneys in the country. But he recognized the reality of being a father and making the sacrifice so … so he sold shoes and he butchered meat.

''He couldn't live quite the way he wanted to intellectually, but he could sure see to it that his children could. How many people are content to do that?''

Ridge took a deep breath. ''So he was fearful of the worst possible things that could happen to me. He never really said it. He never said, 'Tom, I'm scared for you.' But it was more agonizing for my father than it was for me.''

Ridge led a squad of five Americans in Vietnam. He also was an adviser to a company of Vietnamese soldiers. They patrolled mainly at night. It was not pitched battle. Ridge's squad was in the rice paddies, searching for snipers.

Sometimes, they found them:

Q: Did you kill anyone in Vietnam?

A: ''Yes. And that's all I'll tell you.''

Ridge's father wrote him a letter every day, including a play-by-play account of Super Bowl IV. When Ridge wrote his parents back, he wrote as if he were on vacation. ''We never knew what he went through,'' said Laura Ridge. ''His letters sounded like he was off with his friends.''

Vietnam exacerbated a childhood hearing problem, and Ridge left the war with only 20 percent hearing in his left ear. He now wears a hearing aid.

The wound that took Ridge out of Vietnam had nothing to do with combat. Seven months into his tour, Ridge's appendix ruptured. The Army sent him home, with the Bronze Star with V Device for Valor, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, the Army Commendation Medal and the Combat Infantry Badge.

Back at home

Ridge returned to Dickinson in 1970, tending bar, waiting tables and doing a little more partying than had been his habit. Ridge graduated in 1972. He won the class moot-court award, but it was the only time in his academic career he did not graduate with honors.

''It took a while to get adjusted (after Vietnam),'' Ridge said. ''If I had to do it over, I would have taken a year off.''

Ridge's adjustment difficulties went beyond academics. It was during law school that he and Michele Moore, who is now his wife, broke off their longtime relationship.

They were close to getting married, ''already had the matchbooks,'' said Barb Chaffee, a longtime friend. Suddenly, the relationship ended. Both say it was mutual, that it just wasn't the right time. And little else.

''It's something he didn't discuss,'' said Chaffee.

''It was a very traumatic time,'' said Michele, who ended up marrying a doctor and moving to Pittsburgh.

After graduation, Ridge returned to Erie and hung a shingle.

Ridge's practice of civil law, criminal defense, and real-estate work boomed, and his social life was brisk.

He golfed. He dated. He drove a Datsun 280ZX. ''He was not fond of the 55 mph speed limit,'' recalls golfing partner Dennis Williams. And he was a regular at the Holiday Inn on 18th Street, the after-work bar of choice for Erie's young professionals in the 1970s.

Michele Ridge's first marriage ended in divorce, and she returned to Erie in the mid-'70s. She ran into Tom Ridge outside the county courthouse and their relationship quickly rekindled. They were married in 1979.

Ridge was already planning to someday run for Congress. In 1980, he ran George Bush's presidential campaign in Erie and took a part-time job as an assistant district attorney, knowing both experiences might come in handy later.

They did.

Into politics

In 1982, incumbent congressman Marc Lincoln Marks did not seek re-election, and Ridge decided to give it a shot, despite the Democratic Party having a 25,000 voter-registration advantage in the 21st District.

Ridge defeated state Sen. Anthony ''Buzz'' Andrezeski by 729 votes, out of 160,000 cast.

Of such margins careers are launched. Ridge won re-election in 1984 with 65 percent of the vote. In 1986, he won with 81 percent. In 1988, he had no opponent. In 1990, he won with 79 percent. And in 1992, he won with 68 percent, despite having bounced two checks at the House bank.

After his election, Ridge sold the Datsun 280ZX, after driving a domestic rental car during the campaign.

Ridge had a gap closed in his teeth, giving him a picture-perfect TV smile. And he shifted to a five-suit wardrobe. ''Dark blue, dark blue, dark blue, dark blue with a light stripe, and dark blue,'' Ridge says with a laugh. ''I have some pretty stylish clothes. But when I'm out in public, I'm not out there to be casual or stylish. I'm out representing 500,000 people.''

Over the years, Ridge crafted a moderate Republican voting record. He broke ranks with Presidents Reagan and Bush by supporting an increase in the minimum wage and opposing the B-2 bomber, the MX missile and aid to the Nicaraguan Contras. But Ridge voted with the GOP on family leave (against) and a capital-gains tax cut (for).

Ridge's main committee assignment was the House Banking Committee, and in 1992 he won passage of a ''greenlining'' bill, designed to make credit more accessible to entrepreneurs in impoverished areas. He worked on the bill with U.S. Rep. Floyd Flake, a black Democrat from Queens, N.Y.

''The fact that he could join with a liberal, African-American Democrat speaks volumes about him,'' said Flake, ''not only as a person but as a legislator. He can overlook the things that might separate us.''

''He doesn't focus on conflict,'' said Michele Ridge. ''He seeks consensus. Maybe that's why Tom doesn't come across as passionate. He seeks something everybody can agree to in part.''

Michele Ridge is a success in her own right. Director of the Erie County Library System, her budget, at $ 3.4 million, is six times the size of Ridge's congressional office.

''It's a hard lifestyle,'' said Michele Ridge, 47. We've had essentially a commuter marriage for 12 years.''

But she admits no regrets.

''He's an extraordinary person. He shouldn't be held back by ordinary things,'' she says.

The Ridges have two children, Tommy, 7, and Lesley, 8.

They have two Ford Tauruses, and Ridge now drives in the slow lane. When they go out, which isn't often, it's usually to Lou's Ringside, a neighborhood tavern.

They live in Westwood Estates, a newly built subdivision of $ 200,000 homes. Their lot is 1.5 acres, with an expansive lawn that they hire someone to cut, and a garden that Ridge tends to himself.

''He really loves to move dirt,'' says Michele. ''He does a lot of thinking. Recharging his batteries.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Robin Rombach/Post-Gazette: Tom Ridge/''There's a gap between who I am and what I would like Pennsylvanians to know about me''; Robin Rombach/Post-Gazette: Tom Ridge speaks at a breakfast rally at the Westin William Penn, Downtown.

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[***MOVIE LISTINGS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X2F-P351-2R4Y-Y290-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

It all started about 25 years ago with a guy directing his second feature, some movie about a giant killer shark.

"Jaws" established Steven Spielberg as a force to be reckoned with, and it also set the pattern for summer movies ever after: eagerly anticipated events, heavy on action and special effects, a good scare and, too often, a bad screenplay (most of today's megabudget studio productions have forsaken characterizations as good as those in "Jaws," which probably contained more dialogue than mayhem).

This year, some movie about a huge lizard running amok through Manhattan is expected to clean up at the box office. We'll also get movies about asteroids threatening to crash into Earth ("Armageddon" and the already released "Deep Impact"), toy soldiers running amok in suburbia ("Small Soldiers"), big-screen versions of TV shows old ("The Avengers") and new ("The X-Files"), this year's animated Disney release ("Mulan") and the inevitable sequel offering ("Lethal Weapon 4").

But there may even be some brain food among all the cotton candy, including Jim Carrey's most serious role to date ("The Truman Show") and the new film by that Spielberg fellow, a World War II drama called "Saving Private Ryan."

The following list summarizes the major studio releases as well as the independent offerings, not all of which may arrive here. As always, release dates listed for all movies are subject to change.

OUT THERE

"The X-Files": FBI Agents Mulder and Scully bring their act to the big screen as they investigate the mysterious bombing of a Dallas office building and the secrets buried inside. Written and produced by TV series producer Chris Carter, directed by Rob Bowman and starring David Duchovny, Gillian Anderson, Martin Landau, Blythe Danner and Armin Mueller-Stahl. (June 19)

"Armageddon": Bruce Willis stars as the head of a NASA team sent to destroy an asteroid heading for Earth that is big enough to destroy the planet. Directed by Michael Bay ("The Rock") and also featuring Billy Bob Thornton, Liv Tyler, Ben Affleck and Steve Buscemi. (July 1)

"Virus": The crew of a tugboat finds refuge during a typhoon aboard a secret Soviet research vessel, the crew of which has been destroyed by an alien life form. Based on the Dark Horse comics series and starring Jamie Lee Curtis, William Baldwin and Donald Sutherland. (Aug. 14)

"Blade": A modern-day vampire story about an immortal warrior hunting the blood-sucking creatures as they try to take over the world. Wesley Snipes takes the title role, with Stephen Dorff as the vampire overlord and a supporting cast including Kris Kristofferson and Traci Lords. (August)

"I Married a Strange Person": An animated feature by Bill Plympton about a man who starts experiencing strange, supernatural powers on his wedding night, much to the consternation of his bride. Before long, malign forces pursue the man, hoping to acquire his powers. (Date TBA)

"The Ugly": A psychologist's study of a serial killer unleashes delusional demons in this horror story starring Paolo Rotondo and Rebecca Hobbs. (Date TBA)

Back to the future

"Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas": Hunter S. Thompson's legendary pop-culture novel comes to the big screen with Johnny Depp as Raoul Duke, Benecio Del Toro as Dr. Gonzo and Terry Gilliam ("12 Monkeys") directing Thompson's self-described "savage journey to the heart of the American dream." (May 22)

"The Mask of Zorro": Antonio Banderas stars as the masked swordsman fighting for Mexico's independence. (July 17)

"Gone with the Wind": Re-release of the epic 1939 romance set against the backdrop of the Civil War, with Clark Gable as Rhett Butler and Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara. The restored print features digitally reproduced sound, the original overture and an intermission. (June 26)

"54": The story of the legendary 1970s New York nightclub Studio 54 and its flamboyant proprietor, Steve Rubell, portrayed by Mike Myers. Also starring in the movie, written and directed by Mark Christopher, are Neve Campbell, Salma Hayek, Sela Ward, Ryan Phillippe, Sherry Stringfield and Lauren Hutton. (Aug. 7)

"The Avengers": Break out the bumbershoot and the black leather tights. John Steed and Mrs. Peel, the coolest spies on 1960s TV, return in the persons of Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman, with Sean Connery as the villain. (Aug. 14)

Family fare

"Mulan": This year's Disney animated feature tells the story of a young Chinese woman who disguises herself as a man to join the army and defend her country from invading forces. Featuring the voices of former Pittsburgher Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B.D. Wong and Harvey Fierstein. (June 19)

"Madeline": The beloved schoolgirl from Ludwig Bemelman's series of books comes to the big screen in a live-action adaptation starring Hatty Jones, Frances McDormand and Nigel Hawthorne. (July 10)

"Small Soldiers": Toy soldiers get out of control in suburbia in this special-effects-laden action movie starring Phil Hartman, Denis Leary and Kirsten Dunst and directed by Joe Dante. (July 10)

"The Parent Trap": From the makers of "Baby Boom" comes this remake of the Hayley Mills classic about twin sisters conspiring to reunite their divorced mother and father. Lindsay Lohan takes the dual lead role opposite Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson and Lisa Ann Walter. (July 29)

"Air Bud: Golden Receiver": The basketball-playing pooch returns or, actually, disappears when he is kidnapped by two men who want him to be the star attraction of their new Moscow circus. Who says the Cold War is over? Starring Kevin Zegers, Cynthia Stevenson, Gregory Harrison and Nora Dunn. (August)

In suspense

"A Perfect Murder": Michael Douglas plays a millionaire industrialist trying to kill his rich, unfaithful wife (Gwyneth Paltrow) in director Andrew Davis' ("The Fugitive") film "inspired by" Alfred Hitchcock's "Dial M for Murder." (June 5)

"Snake Eyes": Nicolas Cage stars not as Superman but as an Atlantic City cop who uncovers an intricate conspiracy (what other kind are there?) when the Secretary of Defense is assassinated at a boxing match. Gary Sinise, John Heard and Stan Shaw also star in Brian DePalma's next film. (Aug, 7)

"Knock Off": Jean-Claude Van Damme is back, this time as an undercover CIA agent who gets wind of a Russian Mafia conspiracy to sell a deadly new technology to terrorists as the British hand Hong Kong back to the Chinese. With Rob Schneider, Lela Rochon and Paul Sorvino. (Aug. 21)

"The Negotiator": Samuel L. Jackson plays a police officer unjustly accused of murder who takes a superior and his staff hostage while police negotiator Kevin Spacey tries to mediate the standoff. With David Morse, Ron Rifkin and John Spencer. (August)

"Return to Paradise": Two men must decide whether to return to Malaysia and face jail time on a drug charge or to remain in the United States and let an imprisoned friend be executed for the crime. Pittsburgher David Conrad stars with Vince Vaughn, Joaquin Phoenix, Anne Heche and Jada Pinkett-Smith. (August)

Serious business

"The Truman Show": Jim Carrey stars in Peter Weir's film about a man whose life is the subject of a round-the-clock documentary soap opera and he's the only person who doesn't know. This meditation on media, celebrity, religion and identity also stars Laura Linney and Ed Harris. (June 5)

"Beyond Silence": An Oscar nominee for best foreign language film, this German movie tells the story of the daughter of deaf parents whose new-found passion for the clarinet threatens to put a rift between them. (June)

"Saving Private Ryan": Steven Spielberg's latest film tells the story of a squad of American soldiers who go behind enemy lines on D-Day to find one missing paratrooper and wonder what makes him so important. Tom Hanks and Matt Damon star. (July 24)

"Smoke Signals": When the estranged father of a Native American boy dies in Phoenix, the young man travels there with an orphaned friend to collect the ashes. Winner of the Audience Award and the Filmmakers Trophy at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (July)

"Talk of Angels": A young Irish girl arrives in Spain on the eve of the country's civil war and alters the lives of those around her in this feature debut by British theater director Nick Hamm, starring Polly Walker, Vincent Perez, Franco Nero and Frances McDormand. (July)

"The Butcher Boy": The new film from Neil Jordan ("The Crying Game") centers on an Irish boy growing up in the 1960s. As his drunken father and mentally disturbed mother drift apart, he retreats into a fantasy world, where frustration ultimately gives way to violence. (Date TBA)

"Artemesia": The true story of the first female painter to break into the restrictive art world of 17th-century Italy, unleashing her repressed sexual inhibitions as well as her passion for painting. Italian actress Valentina Cervi ("Portrait of a Lady") stars. (Date TBA)

"Buffalo '66": Vincent Gallo wrote, directed and stars in this movie about a man recently been released from jail who kidnaps a woman and forces her to pretend to be his wife in order to deceive his parents, who think he has been away working on an important government job. Christina Ricci, Ben Gazzara and Anjelica Huston also star. (Date TBA)

"Gadjo Dilo": That's Gypsy for "crazy outsider," as in lead character Stephane (Romain Duris), a young Parisian who joins a Gypsy village in search of the singer much beloved by his late father. (Date TBA)

"The Empty Mirror": What would have happened if Adolf Hitler had survived his defeat in World War II and been left to contemplate his actions? That's the premise of this feature written and directed by Barry J. Hershey and starring Norman Rodway as Hitler, Joel Grey as Goebbels, Camilla Soeberg as Eva Braun and Peter Michael Goetz as Sigmund Freud. (Date TBA)

A little romance

"Hope Floats": Sandra Bullock plays a woman whose perfect life falls apart, so she and her daughter head home to Texas and try to start over with her family, a new man and each other. Directed by Forest Whitaker and featuring Harry Connick Jr. and Gena Rowlands. (May 29)

"Six Days, Seven Nights": Gruff cargo pilot Harrison Ford and acerbic New Yorker Anne Heche are stranded on a jungle island in this romantic adventure comedy directed by Ivan Reitman. (June 12)

"Hav Plenty": A hit at this year's Sundance Film Festival, this movie was written, produced and directed by Christopher Scott Cherot, who also stars as a man who wants nothing except a woman who has everything. He meets her on a New Year's Eve weekend. (June 12)

"Dance with Me": A Cuban immigrant with a passion for Latin dance hooks up with an instructor determined to enter a world-championship competition. Directed by Randa Haines and starring Vanessa L. Williams, Chayanne and Kris Kristofferson. (July 31)

"Polish Wedding": When teen-age daughter Claire Danes gets pregnant, she throws her ***working-class*** Polish-American family into turmoil in this comedy written and directed by Theresa Connelly and starring Lena Olin and Gabriel Byrne. (July)

"My Life So Far": A 10-year-old boy learns about life and love from his uncle's seductive French fiancee in this movie by director Hugh Hudson ("Chariots of Fire"), starring Colin Firth, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Irene Jacob, Malcolm McDowell and Rosemary Harris. (July)

"Ever After: A Cinderella Story": Drew Barrymore, of all people, plays the title character in this retelling of the classic fairy tale, featuring Anjelica Huston as the wicked stepmother. (August)

"Next Stop, Wonderland": Another Sundance Film Festival hit, this one centering on a woman (Hope Davis of "Daytrippers") whose overbearing mother tries to help her find a man by placing a personal ad for her in the newspaper. A series of nightmare dates ensue until she meets a man (Alan Gelfant) with problems and dreams of his own. (August)

"Mr. Jealousy": Eric Stoltz takes the title role of a man who is suspicious that all of his girlfriends are cheating on him and winds up nearly bollixing up his own relationship and that of his best friends in this screwball comedy from the makers of "Kicking and Screaming." With Annabella Sciorra and Marianne Jean-Baptiste. (Date TBA)

"Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss": A photographer sets out to create a set of stills mimicking great movie kisses, using an all-male cast in drag. And then he meets the man of his dreams and hopes to experience his own great screen kiss. With Brad Rowe, Sean P. Hayes and Paul Bartel. (Date TBA)

Cops and cons

"Shooting Fish": Comedy about two con men whose plan to scam greedy rich men hit a snag after they hire an unwitting female accomplice who catches on to their game and plays one of her own. Starring Dan Futterman, Stuart Townsend and Kate Beckinsale. (May)

"Out of Sight": Yet another cinematic adaptation of an Elmore Leonard novel, this crime caper is directed by Steven Soderbergh and stars George Clooney as an escaped bank robber and Jennifer Lopez as the federal marshal who isn't sure she wants to bag him or bed him. With Ving Rhames, Albert Brooks, Don Cheadle and Dennis Farina. (June 26)

"Lethal Weapon 4": One more time for gonzo cops Riggs (Mel Gibson) and Murtaugh (Danny Glover). With Rene Russo, Joe Pesci and Chris Rock, and directed once again by Richard Donner. (July 10)

"I Went Down": Irish gangster story about two mismatched cons who kidnap their boss's nemesis. Brendan Gleeson and Peter McDonald star. (July)

"Rush Hour": Jackie Chan teams up with bouncy comic Chris Tucker in this action flick about a Hong Kong detective and a rogue L.A. cop trying to solve a kidnapping. (Aug. 28)

Laughing matters

"I Got the Hook-Up": Hip-hop performer Master P. wrote and stars in this comedy about two guys selling bootleg cell phones. Their scheme backfires when the phones break down, putting them on the wrong side of the law, angry customers and gang members. (May 27)

"Almost Heroes": The late Chris Farley stars opposite Matthew Perry of "Friends" in this tale of two men leading a crew of misfits and miscreants in a race to beat Lewis and Clark across the uncharted American West. Christopher Guest ("Waiting for Guffman") directed. (May 29)

"Dirty Work": Having just been unceremoniously bumped from "Saturday Night Live," Norm Macdonald should feel right at home in director Bob Saget's movie about two guys who can't hold a job or maintain a relationship. Co-starring Artie Lange and featuring Chevy Chase and Don Rickles. (June 5)

"Doctor Dolittle": Eddie Murphy talks to the animals in this update of the 1967 movie, featuring contemporary special effects and Norm Macdonald, Albert Brooks, Garry Shandling, Julie Kavner, Chris Rock, Jean Stapleton, Dennis Franz and Paul Reubens as the voices of Dolittle's four-legged friends. (June 26)

"Cousin Bette": A dark revenge comedy based on the novel by Honore de Balzac about sex, scandal, money, revolution and passion among French aristocrats in the 1840s. Jessica Lange, Elisabeth Shue, Bob Hoskins and Hugh Laurie star in the feature debut of two-time Tony Award winning director Des McAnuff. (June)

"There's Something About Mary": A man hires a private investigator to find his long-lost love, only to have the detective fall for her. Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon and Ben Stiller star in this movie directed by the makers of "Dumb and Dumber." (July 15)

"Jane Austen's Mafia!": It has nothing to do with Jane Austen and everything to do with a "Godfather" spoof directed by Jim Abrahams ("Airplane!") and starring the late Lloyd Bridges, Jay Mohr, Olympia Dukakis and Christina Applegate. (July 24)

"Dead Man on Campus": Two party-guy college freshmen, desperate to bring their grades up without really trying, find out the school gives you straight A's if your roommate dies. So they search for a likely candidate. Tom Everett Scott and Mark-Paul Gosselar (TV's "Saved by the Bell") star in this Paramount-MTV collaboration. (July 24)

"Be the Man": Clutzy stuntman Super Dave Osborne makes his big-screen debut, in which he decides to open a school for would-be fall guys. (July 31)

"BASEketball": "South Park" creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone star in this David Zucker comedy about three slackers who invent a new sport. With Robert Vaughn, Yasmine Bleeth, Jenny McCarthy. (July 31)

"Slums of Beverly Hills": The Abramovitz family, always searching for a better lifestyle, moves to the wrong side of the 90210 zip code in this personal memoir by writer-director Tamara Jenkins, starring Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Natasha Lyonne and Kevin Corrigan. (August)

"Wrongfully Accused": Leslie Nielsen stars in a spoof of "The Fugitive" that also features Richard Crenna, Kelly LeBrock and Michael York. (Date TBA)

School daze

"Can't Hardly Wait": At the high-school graduation party, an aspiring writer makes a move on the class beauty after she's dumped by her superjock boyfriend in this romantic comedy starring Jennifer Love Hewitt. (June 12)

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**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG SUMMER TIMES

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Frank Masi: Steve Buscemi, Will Patton, Bruce Willis, Michael Duncan, Ben Affleck and Owen Wilson face the end of the world in "Armageddon."

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[***MOVIE LISTINGS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TGB-SP80-0094-507T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 15, 1998, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 2903 words

**Body**

It all started about 25 years ago with a guy directing his second feature, some movie about a giant killer shark.

"Jaws" established Steven Spielberg as a force to be reckoned with, and it also set the pattern for summer movies ever after: eagerly anticipated events, heavy on action and special effects, a good scare and, too often, a bad screenplay (most of today's megabudget studio productions have forsaken characterizations as good as those in "Jaws," which probably contained more dialogue than mayhem).

This year, some movie about a huge lizard running amok through Manhattan is expected to clean up at the box office. We'll also get movies about asteroids threatening to crash into Earth ("Armageddon" and the already released "Deep Impact"), toy soldiers running amok in suburbia ("Small Soldiers"), big-screen versions of TV shows old ("The Avengers") and new ("The X-Files"), this year's animated Disney release ("Mulan") and the inevitable sequel offering ("Lethal Weapon 4").

But there may even be some brain food among all the cotton candy, including Jim Carrey's most serious role to date ("The Truman Show") and the new film by that Spielberg fellow, a World War II drama called "Saving Private Ryan."

The following list summarizes the major studio releases as well as the independent offerings, not all of which may arrive here. As always, release dates listed for all movies are subject to change.

OUT THERE

"The X-Files": FBI Agents Mulder and Scully bring their act to the big screen as they investigate the mysterious bombing of a Dallas office building and the secrets buried inside. Written and produced by TV series producer Chris Carter, directed by Rob Bowman and starring David Duchovny, Gillian Anderson, Martin Landau, Blythe Danner and Armin Mueller-Stahl. (June 19)

"Armageddon": Bruce Willis stars as the head of a NASA team sent to destroy an asteroid heading for Earth that is big enough to destroy the planet. Directed by Michael Bay ("The Rock") and also featuring Billy Bob Thornton, Liv Tyler, Ben Affleck and Steve Buscemi. (July 1)

"Virus": The crew of a tugboat finds refuge during a typhoon aboard a secret Soviet research vessel, the crew of which has been destroyed by an alien life form. Based on the Dark Horse comics series and starring Jamie Lee Curtis, William Baldwin and Donald Sutherland. (Aug. 14)

"Blade": A modern-day vampire story about an immortal warrior hunting the blood-sucking creatures as they try to take over the world. Wesley Snipes takes the title role, with Stephen Dorff as the vampire overlord and a supporting cast including Kris Kristofferson and Traci Lords. (August)

"I Married a Strange Person": An animated feature by Bill Plympton about a man who starts experiencing strange, supernatural powers on his wedding night, much to the consternation of his bride. Before long, malign forces pursue the man, hoping to acquire his powers. (Date TBA)

"The Ugly": A psychologist's study of a serial killer unleashes delusional demons in this horror story starring Paolo Rotondo and Rebecca Hobbs. (Date TBA)

Back to the future

"Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas": Hunter S. Thompson's legendary pop-culture novel comes to the big screen with Johnny Depp as Raoul Duke, Benecio Del Toro as Dr. Gonzo and Terry Gilliam ("12 Monkeys") directing Thompson's self-described "savage journey to the heart of the American dream." (May 22)

"The Mask of Zorro": Antonio Banderas stars as the masked swordsman fighting for Mexico's independence. (July 17)

"Gone with the Wind": Re-release of the epic 1939 romance set against the backdrop of the Civil War, with Clark Gable as Rhett Butler and Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara. The restored print features digitally reproduced sound, the original overture and an intermission. (June 26)

"54": The story of the legendary 1970s New York nightclub Studio 54 and its flamboyant proprietor, Steve Rubell, portrayed by Mike Myers. Also starring in the movie, written and directed by Mark Christopher, are Neve Campbell, Salma Hayek, Sela Ward, Ryan Phillippe, Sherry Stringfield and Lauren Hutton. (Aug. 7)

"The Avengers": Break out the bumbershoot and the black leather tights. John Steed and Mrs. Peel, the coolest spies on 1960s TV, return in the persons of Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman, with Sean Connery as the villain. (Aug. 14)

Family fare

"Mulan": This year's Disney animated feature tells the story of a young Chinese woman who disguises herself as a man to join the army and defend her country from invading forces. Featuring the voices of former Pittsburgher Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B.D. Wong and Harvey Fierstein. (June 19)

"Madeline": The beloved schoolgirl from Ludwig Bemelman's series of books comes to the big screen in a live-action adaptation starring Hatty Jones, Frances McDormand and Nigel Hawthorne. (July 10)

"Small Soldiers": Toy soldiers get out of control in suburbia in this special-effects-laden action movie starring Phil Hartman, Denis Leary and Kirsten Dunst and directed by Joe Dante. (July 10)

"The Parent Trap": From the makers of "Baby Boom" comes this remake of the Hayley Mills classic about twin sisters conspiring to reunite their divorced mother and father. Lindsay Lohan takes the dual lead role opposite Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson and Lisa Ann Walter. (July 29)

"Air Bud: Golden Receiver": The basketball-playing pooch returns or, actually, disappears when he is kidnapped by two men who want him to be the star attraction of their new Moscow circus. Who says the Cold War is over? Starring Kevin Zegers, Cynthia Stevenson, Gregory Harrison and Nora Dunn. (August)

In suspense

"A Perfect Murder": Michael Douglas plays a millionaire industrialist trying to kill his rich, unfaithful wife (Gwyneth Paltrow) in director Andrew Davis' ("The Fugitive") film "inspired by" Alfred Hitchcock's "Dial M for Murder." (June 5)

"Snake Eyes": Nicolas Cage stars not as Superman but as an Atlantic City cop who uncovers an intricate conspiracy (what other kind are there?) when the Secretary of Defense is assassinated at a boxing match. Gary Sinise, John Heard and Stan Shaw also star in Brian DePalma's next film. (Aug, 7)

"Knock Off": Jean-Claude Van Damme is back, this time as an undercover CIA agent who gets wind of a Russian Mafia conspiracy to sell a deadly new technology to terrorists as the British hand Hong Kong back to the Chinese. With Rob Schneider, Lela Rochon and Paul Sorvino. (Aug. 21)

"The Negotiator": Samuel L. Jackson plays a police officer unjustly accused of murder who takes a superior and his staff hostage while police negotiator Kevin Spacey tries to mediate the standoff. With David Morse, Ron Rifkin and John Spencer. (August)

"Return to Paradise": Two men must decide whether to return to Malaysia and face jail time on a drug charge or to remain in the United States and let an imprisoned friend be executed for the crime. Pittsburgher David Conrad stars with Vince Vaughn, Joaquin Phoenix, Anne Heche and Jada Pinkett-Smith. (August)

Serious business

"The Truman Show": Jim Carrey stars in Peter Weir's film about a man whose life is the subject of a round-the-clock documentary soap opera and he's the only person who doesn't know. This meditation on media, celebrity, religion and identity also stars Laura Linney and Ed Harris. (June 5)

"Beyond Silence": An Oscar nominee for best foreign language film, this German movie tells the story of the daughter of deaf parents whose new-found passion for the clarinet threatens to put a rift between them. (June)

"Saving Private Ryan": Steven Spielberg's latest film tells the story of a squad of American soldiers who go behind enemy lines on D-Day to find one missing paratrooper and wonder what makes him so important. Tom Hanks and Matt Damon star. (July 24)

"Smoke Signals": When the estranged father of a Native American boy dies in Phoenix, the young man travels there with an orphaned friend to collect the ashes. Winner of the Audience Award and the Filmmakers Trophy at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (July)

"Talk of Angels": A young Irish girl arrives in Spain on the eve of the country's civil war and alters the lives of those around her in this feature debut by British theater director Nick Hamm, starring Polly Walker, Vincent Perez, Franco Nero and Frances McDormand. (July)

"The Butcher Boy": The new film from Neil Jordan ("The Crying Game") centers on an Irish boy growing up in the 1960s. As his drunken father and mentally disturbed mother drift apart, he retreats into a fantasy world, where frustration ultimately gives way to violence. (Date TBA)

"Artemesia": The true story of the first female painter to break into the restrictive art world of 17th-century Italy, unleashing her repressed sexual inhibitions as well as her passion for painting. Italian actress Valentina Cervi ("Portrait of a Lady") stars. (Date TBA)

"Buffalo '66": Vincent Gallo wrote, directed and stars in this movie about a man recently been released from jail who kidnaps a woman and forces her to pretend to be his wife in order to deceive his parents, who think he has been away working on an important government job. Christina Ricci, Ben Gazzara and Anjelica Huston also star. (Date TBA)

"Gadjo Dilo": That's Gypsy for "crazy outsider," as in lead character Stephane (Romain Duris), a young Parisian who joins a Gypsy village in search of the singer much beloved by his late father. (Date TBA)

"The Empty Mirror": What would have happened if Adolf Hitler had survived his defeat in World War II and been left to contemplate his actions? That's the premise of this feature written and directed by Barry J. Hershey and starring Norman Rodway as Hitler, Joel Grey as Goebbels, Camilla Soeberg as Eva Braun and Peter Michael Goetz as Sigmund Freud. (Date TBA)

A little romance

"Hope Floats": Sandra Bullock plays a woman whose perfect life falls apart, so she and her daughter head home to Texas and try to start over with her family, a new man and each other. Directed by Forest Whitaker and featuring Harry Connick Jr. and Gena Rowlands. (May 29)

"Six Days, Seven Nights": Gruff cargo pilot Harrison Ford and acerbic New Yorker Anne Heche are stranded on a jungle island in this romantic adventure comedy directed by Ivan Reitman. (June 12)

"Hav Plenty": A hit at this year's Sundance Film Festival, this movie was written, produced and directed by Christopher Scott Cherot, who also stars as a man who wants nothing except a woman who has everything. He meets her on a New Year's Eve weekend. (June 12)

"Dance with Me": A Cuban immigrant with a passion for Latin dance hooks up with an instructor determined to enter a world-championship competition. Directed by Randa Haines and starring Vanessa L. Williams, Chayanne and Kris Kristofferson. (July 31)

"Polish Wedding": When teen-age daughter Claire Danes gets pregnant, she throws her ***working-class*** Polish-American family into turmoil in this comedy written and directed by Theresa Connelly and starring Lena Olin and Gabriel Byrne. (July)

"My Life So Far": A 10-year-old boy learns about life and love from his uncle's seductive French fiancee in this movie by director Hugh Hudson ("Chariots of Fire"), starring Colin Firth, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Irene Jacob, Malcolm McDowell and Rosemary Harris. (July)

"Ever After: A Cinderella Story": Drew Barrymore, of all people, plays the title character in this retelling of the classic fairy tale, featuring Anjelica Huston as the wicked stepmother. (August)

"Next Stop, Wonderland": Another Sundance Film Festival hit, this one centering on a woman (Hope Davis of "Daytrippers") whose overbearing mother tries to help her find a man by placing a personal ad for her in the newspaper. A series of nightmare dates ensue until she meets a man (Alan Gelfant) with problems and dreams of his own. (August)

"Mr. Jealousy": Eric Stoltz takes the title role of a man who is suspicious that all of his girlfriends are cheating on him and winds up nearly bollixing up his own relationship and that of his best friends in this screwball comedy from the makers of "Kicking and Screaming." With Annabella Sciorra and Marianne Jean-Baptiste. (Date TBA)

"Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss": A photographer sets out to create a set of stills mimicking great movie kisses, using an all-male cast in drag. And then he meets the man of his dreams and hopes to experience his own great screen kiss. With Brad Rowe, Sean P. Hayes and Paul Bartel. (Date TBA)

Cops and cons

"Shooting Fish": Comedy about two con men whose plan to scam greedy rich men hit a snag after they hire an unwitting female accomplice who catches on to their game and plays one of her own. Starring Dan Futterman, Stuart Townsend and Kate Beckinsale. (May)

"Out of Sight": Yet another cinematic adaptation of an Elmore Leonard novel, this crime caper is directed by Steven Soderbergh and stars George Clooney as an escaped bank robber and Jennifer Lopez as the federal marshal who isn't sure she wants to bag him or bed him. With Ving Rhames, Albert Brooks, Don Cheadle and Dennis Farina. (June 26)

"Lethal Weapon 4": One more time for gonzo cops Riggs (Mel Gibson) and Murtaugh (Danny Glover). With Rene Russo, Joe Pesci and Chris Rock, and directed once again by Richard Donner. (July 10)

"I Went Down": Irish gangster story about two mismatched cons who kidnap their boss's nemesis. Brendan Gleeson and Peter McDonald star. (July)

"Rush Hour": Jackie Chan teams up with bouncy comic Chris Tucker in this action flick about a Hong Kong detective and a rogue L.A. cop trying to solve a kidnapping. (Aug. 28)

Laughing matters

"I Got the Hook-Up": Hip-hop performer Master P. wrote and stars in this comedy about two guys selling bootleg cell phones. Their scheme backfires when the phones break down, putting them on the wrong side of the law, angry customers and gang members. (May 27)

"Almost Heroes": The late Chris Farley stars opposite Matthew Perry of "Friends" in this tale of two men leading a crew of misfits and miscreants in a race to beat Lewis and Clark across the uncharted American West. Christopher Guest ("Waiting for Guffman") directed. (May 29)

"Dirty Work": Having just been unceremoniously bumped from "Saturday Night Live," Norm Macdonald should feel right at home in director Bob Saget's movie about two guys who can't hold a job or maintain a relationship. Co-starring Artie Lange and featuring Chevy Chase and Don Rickles. (June 5)

"Doctor Dolittle": Eddie Murphy talks to the animals in this update of the 1967 movie, featuring contemporary special effects and Norm Macdonald, Albert Brooks, Garry Shandling, Julie Kavner, Chris Rock, Jean Stapleton, Dennis Franz and Paul Reubens as the voices of Dolittle's four-legged friends. (June 26)

"Cousin Bette": A dark revenge comedy based on the novel by Honore de Balzac about sex, scandal, money, revolution and passion among French aristocrats in the 1840s. Jessica Lange, Elisabeth Shue, Bob Hoskins and Hugh Laurie star in the feature debut of two-time Tony Award winning director Des McAnuff. (June)

"There's Something About Mary": A man hires a private investigator to find his long-lost love, only to have the detective fall for her. Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon and Ben Stiller star in this movie directed by the makers of "Dumb and Dumber." (July 15)

"Jane Austen's Mafia!": It has nothing to do with Jane Austen and everything to do with a "Godfather" spoof directed by Jim Abrahams ("Airplane!") and starring the late Lloyd Bridges, Jay Mohr, Olympia Dukakis and Christina Applegate. (July 24)

"Dead Man on Campus": Two party-guy college freshmen, desperate to bring their grades up without really trying, find out the school gives you straight A's if your roommate dies. So they search for a likely candidate. Tom Everett Scott and Mark-Paul Gosselar (TV's "Saved by the Bell") star in this Paramount-MTV collaboration. (July 24)

"Be the Man": Clutzy stuntman Super Dave Osborne makes his big-screen debut, in which he decides to open a school for would-be fall guys. (July 31)

"BASEketball": "South Park" creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone star in this David Zucker comedy about three slackers who invent a new sport. With Robert Vaughn, Yasmine Bleeth, Jenny McCarthy. (July 31)

"Slums of Beverly Hills": The Abramovitz family, always searching for a better lifestyle, moves to the wrong side of the 90210 zip code in this personal memoir by writer-director Tamara Jenkins, starring Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Natasha Lyonne and Kevin Corrigan. (August)

"Wrongfully Accused": Leslie Nielsen stars in a spoof of "The Fugitive" that also features Richard Crenna, Kelly LeBrock and Michael York. (Date TBA)

School daze

"Can't Hardly Wait": At the high-school graduation party, an aspiring writer makes a move on the class beauty after she's dumped by her superjock boyfriend in this romantic comedy starring Jennifer Love Hewitt. (June 12)

"Disturbing Behavior": The new kid in town finds out how all the local teen-agers are transformed from rebellious punks to wholesome overachievers in this "Stepford Teens" thriller written by Scott Rosenberg ("Con Air") and directed by David Nutter ("The X-Files"). The cast includes Jon Shestack, Armyan Benstein and Bruce Greenwood. (Aug. 21)

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WEEKEND MAG SUMMER TIMES

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Frank Masi: Steve Buscemi, Will Patton, Bruce Willis, Michael; Duncan, Ben Affleck and Owen Wilson face the end of the world in "Armageddon."

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**End of Document**



[***MAN OF STEEL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41NH-WXB0-0094-519N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***MCCLENDON HAS THE FOCUS TO BE A GOOD FIT FOR PITTSBURGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41NH-WXB0-0094-519N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Section:** SPORTS,

**Length:** 2759 words

**Byline:** ROBERT DVORCHAK, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** PEORIA, Ariz.

**Body**

On his final day of managing in the Arizona Fall League, Lloyd McClendon made a point by opening his hand and then clenching it into a fist.

"We had too much finger-pointing last season, players looking around the clubhouse and saying it's your fault over there or your fault over here. A fist is supposed to be together. Point fingers and the fist starts to break off. Everything breaks apart," McClendon said.

One of the fundamental duties for the 35th man to manage the Pirates, a franchise that has endured eight consecutive losing seasons and regressed by losing 93 games in the fourth year of a five-year rebuilding plan, is to wipe the slate clean.

Yes, he was part of the old regime. But he's already stripping away the disappointment, defeatism and complacency to get everybody -- even the fans -set for a fresh start.

"It got to the point where we have to tell our fans we're sorry. Forgive us. We'll get it back. And it'll never happen again," McClendon said. "We have to get back to old-school baseball. Re-establish the pride. I will say this: The city of Pittsburgh will never be embarrassed by the way we go about our business."

At 41, younger than some major-league players, McClendon has arrived at this confluence of challenge and opportunity convinced of one thing: Hard work overcomes the longest of odds. What else would you expect from one of 13 kids from a ***working-class*** family in Gary, Ind., who made it to the major leagues and then earned a seat at an exclusive table as the first black man to lead a Pittsburgh professional sports franchise.

"He's always believed that if you work hard, your dream can come true," said his wife, Ingrid, also a native of Gary, and the person who sees the warm, gentle side of a feisty, fiery competitor, a steel fist inside a velvet glove. "He has the ability to motivate people. People are so taken with him. I think of him as like the Pied Piper."

Come to think of it, Hamelin was a problem-plagued small market too.

His father's son

He has been influenced by familiar names -- Pete Rose, Don Zimmer, Jim Leyland. But the biggest impression was made by a man who toiled in an auto parts plant, the former Budd Co., where sheet steel from Gary mills was pressed into doors, fenders and panels.

That man was his father, Grant, a former boxer in the Army, who with his wife, Hattie, raised a flock of nine boys and four girls upon a foundation of love, discipline and sweat.

"People wanted to work on his line," McClendon said over a recent lunch. "He'd tell them, 'I come to make money. I got 13 mouths to feed. Let's go.' We didn't always have everything we wanted, but we had everything we needed. If I can be half the man my father was, I will be successful."

McClendon was the 10th born and the youngest boy. "I was the punching bag. I had to be tough to make it through that," he laughed.

His hometown is like Pittsburgh without the hills, rivers and coal mines. Known as Steel City USA, it was founded in 1906 when U.S. Steel Chairman Eldridge Gary, who helped organize the world's first billion-dollar corporation, erected what was then the world's largest steel mill on the dunes and marshes of southern Lake Michigan.

To come out of that crucible to managing the Pirates is like "a fairy tale," said Benny Dorsey, McClendon's coach at Gary Roosevelt High School.

Family stability was challenged by the snares of drugs, gangs, crime and racial friction prevalent in inner cities like Gary.

"He really did endure a lot of things. Managing is no pressure compared to what he went through. He won't ever be intimidated," Dorsey said.

When McClendon played Little League ball on a company field that's not there anymore, he could hear Michael Jackson and The Jackson Five rehearsing their earliest songs. And when he'd look up, he'd see his father on his lunch hour, eating his sandwiches in the bleachers.

His father, now deceased, was with him in 1971 in Williamsport when McClendon hit five home runs in five swings and was intentionally walked in every other at-bat at the Little League World Series. Although Gary, the first all-black team in Little League history, lost the finale to Taiwan, "Legendary Lloyd" was interviewed on TV by Mickey Mantle.

"In Lloyd, his dad still lives," Dorsey said.

Right way or the highway

Baseball in Pittsburgh is at a crossroads. Retro-chic PNC Park offers the promise of the future. The recent past is a reminder of what it will take to return to respectability, let alone restoring bygone glory. McClendon is the man expected to make the difference.

"It's a change in direction," said General Manager Cam Bonifay.

After a nationwide search, Bonifay and Kevin McClatchy each concluded that McClendon was the best successor to Gene Lamont. This is a time to fix the problems not the blame, and McClendon is seen as a remedy to a clubhouse that last season divided into cliques, lacked self-discipline and sank into an underachieving rut of blunders of commission and omission.

"He was seeing things that ought to be done a little differently, but not once did he overstep, undercut or undermine," Bonifay said.

McClendon's strengths were summed up in two words: communication and motivation.

"He has an inner intensity. It's not that rah-rah stuff, or screaming all the time and drawing attention to yourself. He has the ability to communicate what needs to be done at a particular time so everybody understands," Bonifay said. "The team will take on his personality. They'll be fearless and emotional."

McClendon and Lamont are friends -- it was Lamont who promoted him to the major-league staff -- and he refuses to discuss Lamont's leadership. A lieutenant walks a fine line and would fracture a clubhouse even more by speaking out of line.

The tone is his to set now. And so far, McClendon hasn't been saying the right things, he saying the perfect things.

"The only extra work we did the last few years was extra hitting. That's got to change," said McClendon. Extra drills next year will include fielding, baserunning and conditioning.

Players have already gotten the message. Nine of them were summoned to Pittsburgh last week to hear the terms of McClendon's "core covenant."

Although the particulars remain a team matter, the pact involves shared goals of collective respect, commitment, love, caring, dedication and the avoiding of anything that's detrimental to the team and the organization.

"Winning is a by-product of committing to be the best player you can be, every day, one day at a time," McClendon said. "We have to keep our nose to the grindstone, scratch, claw, bite, cheat, do what you have to do. We cannot for one instant, one day, take anything for granted."

Letters spelling out the off-season conditioning regimen have been mailed, including messages from Bonifay and McClendon of what's expected from those who will inaugurate the new ballpark.

"When we go to spring training, everybody will understand. I'll go over it from A to Z. I'm not going to take anything for granted," McClendon said. "If I don't teach them how things are going to be done, I don't have a right to get mad at them if they aren't done right. I'm no genius. Moving the runner over, executing a sacrifice, taking the extra base, turning double plays, those are things that win ballgames.

"You either buy into the program or you're out. Hit the door. This is not a country club or a sandlot team. This is a major-league team and we represent a major-league city. Anybody who comes north with us next year will not have been given a job. They will have earned it."

There's also the matter of respect for the game, which seems out of fashion in today's day and age. To McClendon, that means showing deference to the guys who paved the way, performing simple tasks like running out a ground ball and appreciating the uniform the way his first big-league manager, Rose, taught him in Cincinnati.

"Pete Rose would say when you button up your jersey to stick your chest out, square your shoulders, raise your head," said McClendon, sounding like equal parts mentor, drill instructor and stump preacher chasing sin. "Wearing a major-league uniform is a privilege, not a right."

To emphasize his point, he stood tall in Pirates black and gold.

"This uniform looks as good as any in major-league baseball. It used to intimidate people. We have to get that back," McClendon said. "When we go out on that field, people have to respect what we stand for or they're going to stomp us. I want to get back to being called Buccos. That's an attitude, a cockiness. It's in the walk and the talk. Even if we lose, I want people to be able to say, 'Our Buccos battled their backsides off.' "

The leader

By the time he was in ninth grade, McClendon was the starting catcher on his high school's varsity team. In retrospect, the freshman showed managerial traits by calling team meetings to air things out.

"He never talked loud. He led by example. I had no problems that couldn't be solved because of his peer leadership," said Coach Dorsey. "It's a rarity to see a man that young so determined to make it to the big time. There's always some luck involved, but nothing beats that good hard work."

Baseball was a way up for McClendon, an all-state player who earned a full scholarship at Indiana's Valparaiso University. Coached by the late Emory Bauer, he has since been honored as one of the school's distinguished alumni.

In college, McClendon's influence was felt on and off the field. Just ask his old roommate, John Shelton, who got kicked off the team one fall for failing to show up for a junior varsity game because he thought he should have been on the varsity.

McClendon gave him two options:sit and mope or work his way back into the coach's good graces. So before the 6:30 a.m. practices, Shelton and McClendon were up at 5:15 for extra road work. Those were the days of the "Rocky" movies, which meant the two roommates were drinking raw eggs and swallowing cod liver oil.

By spring, Shelton was reinstated and became a starter.

"I'll go through a wall for the guy. He stuck his neck out for me. I owe him," Shelton said. "His biggest asset is his tenacity. As far as baseball is concerned, he's the toughest guy I know. Nobody ever came close. He would have made a great rugby player. He's a scrapper. He doesn't like losing at anything. He will fight you over a game of checkers or backgammon."

The way Shelton sees it, McClendon has to get his players to buy into his program. And he has to win.

"But I'll tell you one thing. Don't bet against him. Don't ever count that guy out, then he's really going to surprise you," said Shelton, who is a sales representative living in Frankenmuth, Mich.

And one more thing. Skin color may still be an issue for some, but not for McClendon.

"He's never going to let race be an issue for him," Shelton said. "Whatever some people might say, it won't faze him. If it does, you'll never see it."

Poor, hungry and driven

He was told he didn't have the arm to play left field, or the quickness to play third base, or the height to play first base, or the polish to catch, but McClendon played all of those positions in his eight-year major-league career.

"I don't believe in letting somebody else define success for you or put limitations on you," McClendon said.

He was on playoff teams with the Cubs in 1989 and Pirates in 1991-92, compiling a postseason average of .625. In the 1992 National League Championship Series against the Braves, he had seven straight hits followed by a sacrifice fly and another hit.

"There's something about Lloyd. There's a reason he played on winning clubs," said Gary Varsho, a former teammate who now manages Philadelphia's Class AA club in Reading.

He thinks of McClendon as a Ph.D., which Boston Celtics Coach Rick Pitino described as poor, hungry and driven is his book Lead To Succeed.

"That symbolizes Mac. He's very driven. Whatever he sets his mind to, he's going to accomplish," Varsho said. "He's sort of a throwback. He's a student of the game. He gets players to play the game correctly, pounding that ethic that you only get better through hours of hard work."

Varsho understands the realities of what McClendon is taking on, but he believes the combination of a new ballpark and the new manager will be attractive to some free agents.

"It's going to be a little bit of an uphill climb. You need talent," Varsho said. "But I see this as a tremendous fit. Give it some time."

Community affairs

In 1991, police in Gary and the mostly white suburb of Merrillville searched for ways to defuse long-standing racial tensions. McClendon volunteered to hold a baseball clinic, bringing together kids of different ethnic groups to break down stereotypes.

The clinic has become an annual fixture, staged during baseball's All-Star break and the concept expanded to create McClendon's Athletes Against Crime, a not-for-profit foundation run out of his home in Merrillville.

To give inner city kids an alternative to gangs and drugs, the MAAC Foundation offers incentives for 50 students who show improvement in school to attend a Pirates-Cubs game at Wrigley Field each summer.

Thanksgiving turkeys and Christmas hams are distributed to needy families, with McClendon delivering the holiday baskets himself.

"It's like a cleansing of the soul for me," McClendon said.

During the earliest days of the clinic, Grant McClendon died. He was 79. A grieving McClendon could have canceled the event, but he kept his commitment to the kids.

"He wouldn't have wanted it any other way," McClendon said.

The following year, his 63-year-old mother died. Again, he found time from his family duties to see that the clinic went on.

The MAAC Foundation is funded through private donations and corporate contributions from U.S. Steel and Nipsco.

"The people of Pittsburgh are getting a quality person who has not forgotten his roots," said Lake County, Ind., Councilman Will Smith Jr., a MAAC board member. "You come through what he has and you're prepared to deal with fire and being under the gun. He has the ability to stay focused, to stay on track, in the midst of trials and tribulations. He has a dogged determination."

Or as Ed Charbonneau, manager of government affairs for U.S. Steel in Indiana, says: "The good Lord didn't make enough people like Lloyd McClendon."

Play with passion

It's been a whirlwind since the Oct. 23 managerial announcement.

Joe Torre and Don Zimmer, piloting the Yankees to their fourth title in the past five years, called during the World Series to offer congratulations. Dusty Baker also reached him by phone. And an enthusiastic ovation at a Penguins game brought a tear to McClendon's eye.

After watching the grass installation at PNC Park, McClendon wrapped up his duties as manager in the Arizona Fall League -- his Peoria Javelinas were in first place when he left -- to attend last week's general managers meeting in Florida.

He has his coaching staff in place, all with links to the Pirates -- Bill Virdon, Tommy Sandt, Trent Jewitt, Dave Clark, Spin Williams and Bruce Tanner.

"I hope people understand the Pittsburgh Pirates are as well-staffed as possible to do battle," McClendon said. "The coaches are an extension of me. They have to be people I can trust."

Spring training may be three months away, but he's already managing.

"Somebody told me once that you're going to win 70 games and lose 70 games, and the real difference is what you do in the other 22. We played as bad as we could possibly play last year and won 69 games," McClendon said.

For big chunks of the season, starting pitchers Jason Schmidt and Francisco Cordova were on the disabled list. Having them healthy will help, but there's still the issue of a staff ERA of 4.94 and a franchise record of 711 walks, shattering the old mark of 633 set the previous season.

"You're defenseless when you walk that many," McClendon said. "We have to attack the strike zone, shore up our defense up the middle."

No need to remind him that even with the new ballpark and a payroll of $ 50 million, the Pirates will spend less than half as much as the Yankees.

"I don't even want to hear that. I don't care if they have a $ 200 million payroll. We're not playing payrolls. We used to play this game for nothing. Where's the passion? Where's the desire?" McClendon said.

"I have a three-year contract, but that doesn't mean I plan on managing three years. I'd like to be here for 15 years," he added. "I know my butt is on the line. People ask me about the pressure. There's no pressure. I see this as a win-win situation. Let's get down to nut-cracking time. I'm excited."

**Graphic**

PHOTO 2, PHOTO: Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: Lloyd McClendon is the Pirates' 35th; manager.; PHOTO: Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: Lloyd McClendon takes over as manager of a; franchise that hasn't had a winning season since 1992 -- when he was a Pirates; player.

**Load-Date:** November 15, 2000

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[***ALL TALK AND LOTS OF ACTION JERRY STARR DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE WASN'T SEEING ON WQED AND DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P7Y0-0094-53HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** SALLY KALSON

**Body**

When you're in a movie theater and the picture goes fuzzy on the screen, and everyone waits for someone else to yell ''FOCUS!'' to the projectionist, the one who finally does it will probably be Jerry Starr.

''I'm always surprised that other people don't call out,'' Starr says. ''Do they think it will fix itself?''

To Starr's way of thinking, problems simply don't fix themselves. People have to do it -- people who know where to start, who are willing to work hard and don't mind persevering to the point of becoming a pain in the butt.

People, in other words, like him.

Starr's idea of what needs fixing may not always find a lot of support in his own community. He is, after all, a Democratic Socialist of America living in Mt. Lebanon, an accident of fate whose irony does not escape him.

''I've always been the one who will speak up,'' Starr says, ''and I've never minded if people see that as annoying or irritating. Maybe I have a higher need for stimulation or a shorter attention span, but I like keeping things stirred up.''

Starr, 53, is a professor of sociology at West Virginia University and editor of two books about radical social and political movements. He also has a history of stirring things up, but only in the most socially acceptable ways.

When he feels his point of view is being neglected on the editorial pages, he writes an op-ed piece.

When he discovers a critical chapter in U.S. history being ignored in the schools, as was the case with the Vietnam War, he designs, edits, publishes and markets a complete curriculum on the subject. (''Lessons of the Vietnam War'' has won praise across the political spectrum and is currently in use in 2,000 high schools and 100 colleges across the country.)

Whenever he gets a chance, Starr organizes a massive conference on social justice or human development issues, complete with 132 speakers and a book- length program. Ask him what he was doing at any point in his life, he's likely to hand you a conference program as an answer.

And most recently, when Starr didn't like the way WQED was dealing with its multiple crises of money and confidence, he formed the QED Accountability Project to press for reform.

It is in this last role that Starr annoyed -- even exasperated -- the greatest number of people. And yet, many of the reforms he sought have come to pass.

How much Starr had to do with the changes is a subject of debate. His supporters believe he was a key player, whose persistence kept the station on the right track. But his critics say reforms were under way before Starr's appearance and would have proceeded without him.

Starr doesn't buy the second opinion, but he doesn't want to argue about it, either.

''If I'd felt reform would happen without me, I wouldn't have bothered,'' he says. ''But an effective organizer is less interested in credit than results. We got results -- or some, anyway. We're not finished yet.''

It's not that Starr goes out looking for causes. It's just that when one presents itself, he's not one to turn away -- sometimes to his own detriment. For example, in 1992 Starr's family lost $ 47,315 in the collapse of Atlantic Financial, the biggest S&L in Pennsylvania. And to this day, he'll do a 15- minute dissertation on the S&L debacle at the drop of a hat.

Starr spent most of 1992 investigating everything and everyone involved and pushing his elected representatives to launch a criminal investigation. He wrote a lengthy article on the subject, submitted to an interview with Money Magazine and even solicited other depositors for possible legal action.

It all came to nothing. But one day, his son overheard a neighbor say that if he'd been stupid enough to lose that much money, he sure wouldn't want anyone to know about it.

''I thought about that a lot,'' Starr said. ''My choice was to make my own embarrassment public in hopes that others would join with me and have a positive effect.''

It doesn't always turn out that way, of course, and the public side of his life detracts from the family time that he says is his highest priority. But sometimes, well, he just can't help himself.

The son of a big-band musician father and a teacher mother who divorced when he was 10, Starr grew up in Mumford, Mich., a suburb of Detroit. His first memorable clash with authority came as sports editor at his high school newspaper when he criticized the basketball coach in a column. In response, the coach suggested to his players that they might want to beat him up. No one did, but he did get his game passes revoked for a while.

''I was a 1950s-style troublemaker,'' Starr recalls, grinning.

After high school, Starr attended Monteith College, an experimental school funded by the Ford and Goddard foundations as part of Wayne State University. Modeled after the Human Development School at the University of Chicago, Monteith was billed as ''an elite education for the Detroit ***working class***.'' Starr started with the first graduating class, 1964, but finished a year late because he was working his way through. (Monteith closed in the mid-1970s due to ''budgetary exegencies.'')

During its heyday, Monteith was the radical center of the university, with the highest rate of dropouts and the highest rate of students going on to graduate school. Starr was part of the beat group that wrote poetry stories and plays, dressed in black and hung out at coffee houses. (He continues his playwrighting to this day and recently began acting lessons with Russ McCaig. His one-act ''The Ghosts of Vietnam'' will be performed Sept. 10 at the Community of Reconciliation in Oakland as a fund-raiser for hospitals in Vietnam.)

Active in the emerging ban-the-bomb, civil rights and human potential movements, Starr had expected to go into journalism or law. Instead, he became a sociologist almost without realizing it. He and a friend conducted a content analysis of the leading TV programs of the day and published their findings in a 150-page manuscript that eventually got Starr into graduate school at Brandeis University.

The paper, Starr said, ''found that TV programming was promoting massification and consumerism as opposed to a realistic understanding of conflict and conflict resolution.''

That finding would plant the seeds for ''Lessons of the Vietnam War,'' which primarily teaches critical thinking about conflict and its resolution. The study also gave birth to Starr's strong feelings about public television's proper role in society.

Already married to his wife, Judy, (they are the parents of two sons, ages 21 and 25) and establishing a career, Starr was political in a responsible, buttoned-down kind of way.

''We were pretty conventional,'' he recalled. ''I really believed that political change required communicating across divisions, and that it was a long-term process. I never got caught in the romantic vision that allowed people to justify so many excesses.''

After completing his Ph.D. -- he spent six months with Peace Corps workers in the Philippines studying how they were changed by working abroad -- Starr got his first teaching appointment in 1969 at the University of Pennsylvania. Seven years later he moved to WVU, where he's remained for 18 years.

''If you believe in active citizenship,'' Starr says, ''you have to do more than vote and contribute money to candidates. You have to devote a lot of time and energy to educating people on the issues so they can make informed decisions. To me, that's what being a teacher is about. It's much broader than kids in the classroom.''

At WVU, Starr created an applied research master's program in sociology and anthropology to train students to be agents of social change; most of the graduates go into health care and criminal justice. He formed the short-lived Coalition of Appalachian Labor (COAL), which concentrated on economic development in the region. And in 1984, he and Tim McKeown co-founded Pittsburgh Educators for Social Responsibility, which worked with the Pittsburgh Pubic Schools to implement two-week teaching units on the nuclear arms race (high schools), nuclear energy (middle schools) and Soviet life (elementary).

With all this going on, why did Starr want to get involved at WQED? ''Ever since that college paper, I've been a supporter of public broadcasting as an alternative to the timidity of the networks,'' he said.

''I always sent in my donation to WQED, but found myself watching it less and less. The kinds of programs I wanted to see just weren't there. They existed, but WQED wasn't showing them.''

So Starr got together with some like-minded others, including labor expert Russ Gibbons, peace activist Molly Rush, writer/social worker Fred Gustafson and Citizen Action staff worker Brian Rieck.

''We agreed QED had become wasteful and insular, with little or no relationship to the broader Pittsburgh community,'' Starr said. ''It was clear that the board of directors had abdicated its responsibilities to management, and that's how they ended up in such dire straits. We decided to make those concerns heard.''

When the QED Accountability Project came on the scene in the spring of 1993, WQED had already hit bottom and was struggling to swim back against a tide of red ink. A quarter of the staff had been laid off, and the station was still smarting from criticism over executive salaries and perks.

In addition, the whole Public Broadcasting System was under attack from the political right, which claimed the programming had too liberal a bias.

Starr and company took the opposite view. Far from being too liberal, they insisted, WQED was too conservative. It had declined to air ''The Panama Deception'' and ''Deadly Deception,'' two films critical of U.S. government and corporate policies that other PBS affiliates had aired (Starr arranged to show them himself at an Accountability Project fund-raiser called ''Banned By PBS''). In addition, WQED carried no labor show. Its PBS-supplied public affairs shows featured the viewpoints of John McLaughlin, William F. Buckley and Wall Street with little counterbalance. And, the project felt, QED's board of directors did not represent a broad enough cross section of the community.

Starr called a press conference delineating what kinds of changes the project wanted to see at the station, and Starr sought and received permission to speak at a QED board meeting. It was the first time anyone could remember an outsider being permitted to do so. It was also the first time the media had someone to call for a critical, on-the-record assessment of WQED's practices. And call they did.

The project wanted QED to have a smaller, democratically elected board of directors whose members would be more accountable to the ''public'' in public broadcasting. It wanted a fully diverse advisory committee with real influence on programming and community service. And it wanted a programming spectrum that extended left as well as right.

Hugh Nevin, a Downtown lawyer, was the board member in charge of a new corporate governance committee, formed in the spring of '93, whose task was to rewrite QED's bylaws. He decided to meet with Starr, he says, ''to assess him.''

''I didn't agree with a lot of Jerry's ideas,'' Nevin says, ''but I came away thinking he was intelligent, deeply committed to WQED and willing to devote a lot of time to the project.''

So Nevin invited him to join the bylaws committee. Starr, he said, turned out to be a hard worker who listened to other people and was reasonably open- minded. But he found his relentlessly liberal point of view to be wearing.

''Jerry Starr,'' Nevin said, ''has a leftist 1960s slant on just about everything. He's a lost child of the '60s, which is something he might take as a compliment. But we're living in 1994, and I don't think he's quite up to it.''

(Starr's response: ''I think I've done pretty well for a lost child.'')

Starr's earnestness could be disarming, Nevin said, but not to everyone.

''Some people thought he was too earnest and persistent,'' Nevin said. ''He kept pushing, and it made some people angry.''

Don Korb, QED's acting president and CEO, said he gives Starr credit for having the courage of his convictions -- ''Some people never stand up for their beliefs'' -- but wishes he were more understanding of the station's vulnerable position.

''He didn't understand that we were flat on our backs and couldn't afford to buy the programs he wanted to see,'' Korb said. ''His view was that if we could afford the PBS menu, then we could afford these other programs. I explained that the PBS menu comes with your dues; it's not discretionary. I think he finally understood that, but he didn't like it.

''He didn't make things easier around here,'' Korb conceded. ''As time went by and improvements were being made, he continued to comment as if there'd been no change.

''That's irritating. But considering all the other problems we had around here, Jerry Starr was a minor one.''

Problem or no problem, Starr did see many of his ideas implemented. The new board of directors is less than half the size of the old, and attendance at meetings is required. It's supposed to meet six times a year instead of four (Starr had pushed for nine), and the quorum is much larger.

Although he gave up on a democratically elected board, Starr did see some friendly faces nominated and elected for the first time: Gary Hubbard, director of communications for United Steelworkers of America; Gail Ransom, a minister of East Liberty Presbyterian Church; state Rep. Alan Kukovich, a Democrat whom Starr sees as a counterbalance to Elsie Hillman, the Republican National Committeewoman and chairwoman of the board.

Furthermore, the station announced over the summer that it would carry six episodes of the labor-perspective show ''We Do The Work.'' (It has yet to decide on the full 26 episodes for the 1994-95 season.)

But Starr and the Accountability Project are not finished, and they're not going away.

''We have a number of issues pending,'' he said.

''First of all, the money argument is a canard. When QED wants to do something like hire an executive search firm, it raises the money.

''Second, we want to see 'Defending Our Lives' on the air,'' referring to the Oscar-winning film about domestic abuse that PBS had declined to carry, but stations may buy independently.

Third, the project is bringing in media critic Norman Solomon to speak in October.

And most important, he said, they've forwarded the names of six candidates for the advisory committee, which they want to be a strong, diverse and influential group.

''We have a positive vision,'' Starr said. ''If the station would reach out to the groups that have been excluded in the past, then viewership, membership and contributions would all increase.''

Starr said he's hoping for the best when newly named president, George L. Miles Jr., begins his tenure next month, but doesn't yet know much about him.

''The goal of any organizer is to organize himself out of business,'' Starr said. ''I'd love it if that happened. But in the meantime, we'll be watching and speaking out.''

Or, if you prefer, yelling ''FOCUS!''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Thomas Ondrey/The Gazette: Opponents may not agree with Jerry Starr's ideas or methods, but no one will argue about his commitment.

**Load-Date:** October 14, 1994

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[***HE'S GOT A PROSECUTION COMPLEX***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-DXP0-0027-X315-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Bill Schenck eyed the prisoner with the expert gaze of a man who can size up someone from the quirk of an eyebrow, the twitch of a neck muscle.

"I can tell by the way that you're acting that you're thinking about running," the prosecutor told the inmate he was escorting from Pennsylvania to meet justice in Greene County.

"Now I hope you won't do that," he added, in his folksy manner. "Because I wouldn't want to shoot you."

The man didn't run.

In private, Schenck's other companion, investigator Mark Adkins, pointed out the one flaw in his plan: "It's going to be a little tough to shoot him because you don't have a gun."

The incident was vintage Schenck: part bluff, part guts, part shrewd instinct. Not to mention dogged determination to get the job done, no matter how unconventional the means. It's a potent mix that has helped him survive 13 years as prosecutor in a county with more than its share of sensational crimes.

Maybe some curious alchemy of fate and character has linked many of the area's most bizarre and complex cases with one of its most unorthodox public figures, the man otherwise known as "Wild Bill."

Why Wild Bill?

"Because he's crazy," his wife, Teri, deadpans.

Schenck winces a little at the nickname, much as his hero, Robert F. Kennedy, used to wince at "ruthless." But he is disarmingly candid about the flaws - and virtues - that earned it.

"Most people know I'm hyper and manic and somewhat of a character," Schenck says. "It's not that I'm wild in my conduct. I'm wild in my personality. I'm so enthusiastic about anything for which I have a passion and a cause for which I believe."

Maybe only a hyper and manic personality could have withstood the barrage of improbable horrors that have plagued Greene County.

It wasn't what he expected when in 1981 he took over as prosecutor of a rural county of 129,769 people scattered throughout small, strait-laced farm towns. "Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine the opportunities and challenges I've faced," Schenck marvels. "We don't have any explanation for it. Maybe it's the gargoyles (flanking the courthouse entrance) or the courthouse clock."

Yet the cases kept coming, one after another: the triple homicide in a Beavercreek farmhouse; the drowning of 2-year-old Cassandra Slaven by two boys, ages 6 and 10; the railroad-spike murder of an 18-year-old Caesarcreek Twp. woman; the slaying of 21-year-old Sherry Byrne, despite her lipstick-scrawled pleas for help dangled from the trunk of a car; and, most recently, the Carroll case.

Just when Schenck thought it was time for a break, another strange case would pop up, until he and his staff came to expect them the way wheat farmers expect locusts.

From time to time, politicos have tried to lure him into a judgeship or a state Senate race, to follow the political star for which his glad-handing, gregarious personality seem ideally suited.

Schenck never took the bait.

"He knows he makes a difference," explains his close friend and former law partner, Lt. Gov. Mike DeWine. Schenck was chief trial counsel in Greene County while DeWine was prosecutor. "There are tough cases that ended up in convictions that would not have been pursued by most prosecutors," says DeWine about Schenck.

Is that a function of simple zeal or excessive zeal? That has been the subject of a prolonged battle between Schenck and Columbus attorneys Dennis Pusateri and Barry Wilford. They've charged Schenck with prosecutorial misconduct in his prosecution of their client, David Lee Myers. Myers was charged in the murder of Amanda Jo Maher, who in 1988 was found along railroad tracks near downtown Xenia with a railroad spike driven through her head.

Myers waited in jail for 2 1/2 years as his trial for aggravated murder was postponed again and again. In February 1991, the murder charges were dropped because of inconclusive genetic tests on a key piece of evidence, a pubic hair found on the body. Myers was free for two weeks, only to be jailed two weeks later on unrelated forgery charges. He pleaded guilty, and was about to be released from prison when served with the second aggravated murder indictment.

The defense attorneys are angry because they say Schenck didn't notify them of the second indictment. Schenck has removed himself from the trial, which is set for July. "Schenck is one of those guys who's too small to kick and too wet to step on," Wilford says. "In other words, we don't trust him."

But some other opposing attorneys grudgingly admire the panache with which Schenck pushes the envelope.

Louis Hoffman, a Dayton attorney who represented Christian Wells in his highly publicized trial for the murder of 14-year-old Cathy Sano of Kettering, says Schenck tests the limits of the law - without crossing over ethical boundaries.

"After the Wells trial, even Bill had to chuckle at how close he had gotten to the line of rules of evidence," Hoffman says. "His charm and wide-eyed innocence allow him to do things others might not be able to carry off."

Not that there aren't plenty of people who will openly criticize him - notably his staff, his wife, his lifelong friends. They recite his faults as if from a well-worn catechism: he runs late; he's disorganized; he opens his mouth when he shouldn't.

Schenck's staff tattles on him fearlessly, almost with a touch of pride. "It's a challenge every day because of his disorganization," sighs assistant office manager Deneese Hilderbrandt, who has worked for Schenck for 18 years.

Her first assignment was to clean out his office. "It took about a week - you can't imagine what it looked like," she recalls.

Now Hilderbrandt makes Schenck clean his own room. But she still types everything at the last minute, once even transcribing a legal brief Schenck dictated from Hawaii.

She puts up with it because any other boss would seem boring now. And after all the aggravation, she loves to see him "go in and smoke 'em in the courtroom."

Even his frequent courtroom adversary, Dayton attorney John Rion, calls Schenck "one of the most gifted trial lawyers I've seen." Rion recently faced off against Schenck in the Carroll case, winning an acquittal for his client, James Carroll. The loss hit Schenck hard, his staff says, although he says he has put the defeat behind him.

"Oh, he hates it," Adkins says. "He's very competitive; he likes to win. But at the same time it's not a sport to him. He's driven by a desire to put people away who have committed crimes and hurt people. Those people you see again and again - he wants to put them in prison where they belong."

It's easy for defense attorneys to underestimate Schenck - the first time - says first assistant Montgomery County prosecutor Dennis Langer, who has worked with Schenck on several cases. "He can appear so disorganized, yet when he gets into the courtroom, it all almost mysteriously comes together."

Schenck rarely works from notes and maintains almost constant eye contact - not to mention an uncanny rapport - with jurors.

"He's the best at giving a closing argument I've ever heard," says DeWine. Using sports analogies, folk wisdom and a dash of theatrics, "he takes the facts and puts them into perspective for jurors," DeWine says.

His rapport with victims enables him to prepare a stronger case, DeWine adds. The duo won 12 of the 13 rape cases they tried together in Greene County. "His compassion for victims is not abstract. He gets to know the victims and know them well, and that makes you feel different about a case," DeWine says.

Schenck, who established the county's Victim-Witness division in 1982, recently served as president of the National Organization for Victim Assistance.

Though now a staunch Republican, he grew up in a family of "true Southern Democrats" in Winchester, Va., where his father was a dentist and talented musician who jammed with neighbor Patsy Cline.

Even in grade school, "he was very charming, very suave, and dated the prettiest girl in Winchester," recalls childhood friend John Eddy, a Winchester accountant. "In high school he was the best-looking guy in our class and the most popular. Everyone was very envious."

They still are - especially at the high school reunions Schenck has never attended. "We're there, but the girls all ask about him. I tell them he's terrible, he's old, he's haggard, you don't want to see him," says Eddy. He's not, of course, but instead blessed with the boyish earnestness and shock of Kennedy-esque hair that make him seem 10 years younger than his 48 years.

His youthfulness isn't the function of a carefree, uneventful life. Even in high school, he was Wild Bill, the kid who straddled middle-class respectability and impulsiveness; the conscientious student who sweet-talked his way out of scrapes.

One night, the 15-year-old Schenck threw an egg through the window of a converted barn where actors were rehearsing a play. The egg landed smack on Schenck's father, who was not amused.

The local paper played up the incident as "an egg from an unknown assailant." Schenck's father came home with the tale, lamenting the state of modern youth.

Alongside such high jinks came early sorrow and responsibility.

The boys all drove too fast along those Virginia mountain roads. In 1962, Schenck was a passenger in a car that went over an embankment. The driver died beside him.

The tragedy gave him an early sense of the perils of life - and, perhaps, a sense of urgency to be a grown-up. He married at 18, and his oldest daughters, Elizabeth and Ashley, were born while he was an undergraduate at the University of Richmond, studying journalism and political science.

To support his family, Schenck played the role of Deputy Dog for a children's TV program at WTVR in Richmond. He studied during three-hour breaks between shows.

That was enough of a pressure-cooker, but Ohio State College of Law, which he entered in the fall of 1967, was even worse. Schenck drove a taxi at night and his wife waited tables. Then he started blacking out and hyperventilating, and dropped out after only two quarters. Ultimately, neurologists ruled out any permanent disorder. To this day, Schenck can't explain his illness, other than "stress and anxiety."

He landed a job loading boxes at a truck terminal and "started feeling better and better."

He took a pay cut to become a paid member of RFK's staff during the 1968 presidential primaries - an experience that gave birth to his political ambitions, then almost killed them.

He sat in on strategy meetings with Kennedy and his staff, watching with fascination as his idol admitted and learned from his mistakes. Devastated by the candidate's assassination, Schenck vowed he would stay out of politics forever.

But he went back to law school, and RFK remained a guiding light. Even today, Kennedy's image shares office space with Reagan, E.T., and a Leroy Neiman print of Jack Nicklaus. And, of course, Ohio State paraphernalia; Schenck has missed only five Buckeye home football games in 25 years.

It's the same office where he came to work, fresh out of law school, as an assistant prosecutor in 1970. That's when he and DeWine, also an assistant prosecutor, became "fast and furious friends."

The two are still so close that Schenck was one of three friends who came to the hospital when DeWine's daughter Becky was killed in a car accident last year. "That's the type of friend he is," DeWine says. "He's always been there."

Schenck left the prosecutor's office to work briefly in the Montgomery County public defender's office, and then in private practice for three years with the Dayton trial firm of Bieser, Greer and Landis.

By 1977 he was back in the Greene County prosecutor's office, this time working for DeWine. In 1980, DeWine won a seat in the Ohio Senate, and Schenck was elected prosecutor. Although he has weathered his share of controversy, he has yet to be challenged in a race for the prosecutor's office.

His personal life has been rockier. Twice divorced, he acquired a reputation as something of a playboy in the early '80s. His staff loves to tell the story of the April Fool's joke they played on the boss one year when he was dating two women at the same time. Schenck was chatting in his office with one woman when the second was announced.

Schenck excused himself and escaped by way of a secret stairwell, ducking under the "April Fools" note rigged across the exit with a string.

"He was so scared he didn't even stop to read it," Hilderbrandt says with a laugh.

"But he's not that Bill Schenck any more; he has mellowed and matured and has a family," attorney Hoffman says.

Schenck and Teri and their 3-year-old daughter Savannah live in the modest gray frame house in a ***working-class*** Xenia neighborhood. He bought the house for $ 24,000 in 1973. It's tastefully decorated with antiques, prints - "all Teri's work," he says proudly.

The pair met when Teri worked as an advocate for Victim-Witness. On their first date, Schenck drove her to a covered bridge - a touch that might have been more romantic had he packed more than a box of Saltines and two Dum-Dum suckers in the picnic basket.

Still, before long they were enmeshed in a serious attraction of opposites: he needed her quiet strength and discipline; she needed his volubility and spontaneity. It was three years after his second divorce, and Schenck was hungry for stability "and someone I could truly talk to." They were married July 21, 1984.

Teri, now deputy director of Victim-Witness, rarely discusses work with her husband. Their focus is vivacious, outgoing Savannah - "She has her father's personality," Teri notes. They maintain a close relationship with Schenck's three daughters, Elizabeth, 28, Ashley, 26, and Sarah, 14.

Teri tries not to be bothered by public criticism of her husband. "But it does bother me, because I know what he puts into a case."

He tries to keep the heat off, to keep his impetuosity from getting him into trouble. "In a controversial situation, a little bit of talking is like a little bit of knowledge," he says, with a ruefulness born of experience.

He remembers, though, the advice doled out by his former Latin professor in college.

"Bill," he said, "your personality is bound to get you in some difficulty. But any time you fail to be yourself and what you are, it will catch up with you.

"Just try and use a little discretion."

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (3): (#1) Greene County Prosecutor Bill Schenck ponders a problem in court, where he seems to thrive on the pressure (COLOR), , WALLY NELSON/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#2) Bill Schenck (COLOR) (#3) Bill Schenck, known for being somewhat disorganized, pauses in his cluttered office (B&W), , WALLY NELSON/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1994

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[***DOZEN MOUNT COMMISSIONER CAMPAIGNS; FAMILIAR THEMES OF TAXES AND JOBS RAISED AS CRITICAL ISSUES ON THE COUNTY'S HORIZON; DEMOCRATIC INCUMBENT BOWS OUT AFTER 15 YEARS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NJG-BYR0-TX33-C21J-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Karen Kane, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

In the crowded race for Butler County commissioner, the familiar themes of low taxes and more jobs are being sounded as the critical issues on the county's horizon. It is one of the most contested races in county history with the field of candidates numbering an even dozen.

Luring at least several political newcomers to the battle is the fact that longtime Democratic incumbent Glenn Anderson has decided to take a bow after 15 years in office. The two Republican incumbents, James Kennedy and Scott Lowe, are seeking another four-year stint on the panel of three.

The platform for the incumbents is one of continued success for a county with an ever-growing tax base and an increasing pool of job opportunities. Most of the challengers contend that change is needed.

Here are sketches of the seven Democratic and five Republican candidates:

DEMOCRATS

Jack Beiler

Jack Beiler, 73, of Penn, is a Democratic newcomer who believes good fiscal management will translate to level tax rates and that will continue to lure employers to the county. He said his expertise as a banker suits him to the job.

Mr. Beiler holds a bachelor's degree in liberal arts and has served as an officer in the Navy as well as in the Ready Reserves, retiring from the military in 1968 as a lieutenant commander.

He worked many years for Mellon Bank, beginning in 1957 as a management trainee. When he retired in 1998, he was senior vice president for credit policy, working in Pittsburgh.

He and his wife, Amy, have worked together on a variety of community projects. In fact, the two received the Stewardship Award from the Endowment for Butler County in 2003 for work in preserving the assets of nonprofits in the community.

Mr. Beiler was also active in the Save Our Hospital campaign, concerned that a rebuild of the hospital could have bankrupted the facility or made it ripe for takeover by a facility that's not a community hospital.

From 1998 to 2004, he worked with Executive Service Corp. as a consultant to nonprofits.

He was co-chair of the campaign to renovate the Butler Library, he is a trustee of the YWCA, sits on the board of the Blind Association of Butler County, is past chairman of the United Way of Butler County and had served on the county park commission in the 1970s. He's on the boards of the chamber of commerce and the Community Development Corp.

"I've been in managerial positions most of my life and I'm familiar with finance and I care about the community. I think I'm what the county needs," he said.

He said he would spend his own money to call on potential corporate employers and he'll keep taxes flat. "There's no need to increase taxes in the county, even if we're growing. Revenues are increasing and they'll continue to increase. With good fiscal management, we can keep our taxes flat," he said.

He and Amy have a grown son.

Jim Eckstein

Democrat Jim Eckstein, 50, who lives in the village of Meridian in Butler Township, said he didn't believe the "average ***working-class*** person" is being represented well in county government. He's campaigning on a platform of controlled spending, encouraging more competition among those bidding on county work and more responsiveness from the commissioners.

Mr. Eckstein was a leader of the Save Our Hospital movement, which was aimed at dissuading Butler Memorial Hospital from rebuilding outside of Butler. He said he felt commissioners weren't responsive enough to the issue.

He also is a member of the county Democrats for Change, also known as D-Pac, and believed that the commissioners didn't take seriously the group's opposition to new voting machines, even if federal dollars were sacrificed for not buying the machines. The group is concerned that the machines don't provide a paper trail and they were among several groups that filed unsuccessful legal action to stop or limit the purchase of the machines.

Mr. Eckstein has an associate's degree in drafting from Electronics Institute in Pittsburgh and owns James Eckstein Construction Co. in Butler Township.

He said he devoted himself to the Save Our Hospital campaign for 22 months because he is committed to the concept of community health care. "My mother died committing suicide at 56. That was in 1988. Before that, we used the beds at the hospital for mental illness," he said, noting that he feared those beds and others for drug and alcohol treatment would have been eliminated.

"Community hospitals are important. They need to be full-service," he said.

He has never sought or held political office and had been a Republican until 2003, when he changed parties because, he said, "I don't like Bush."

He wants to keep taxes low while providing efficient services to attract business. He also favors increasing programs for drug and alcohol treatment. "You can't just throw everyone in prison for drugs," he said.

He and his wife, Stacy, have three children.

Larry Kriess

Larry Kriess, 71, of Summit, was one of 15 children born and raised on a 250-acre dairy farm in the Connoquenessing area. He knows what it is to make do and live within one's means.

"I want to get the most out of our finances and streamline our government and keep taxes in control," he said.

He is the supervisor of grounds and buildings for the Butler National Guard in Connoquenessing and has owned a beer distributorship and worked in mobile home sales. He's sold insurance, worked for Armco Steel and was employed for a year as assistant district manager for the Butler office of the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation. He took the job with the National Guard 14 years ago.

He has dabbled in politics over the years, holding a four-year term as justice of the peace when he was in his early 20s and working as a Connoquenessing Township auditor for four years in the early 1990s. He served five years on the Connoquenessing Township planning commission. He never held higher office, although it wasn't for lack of trying. He ran for state legislator in the 1970s twice, once against the father of incumbent commissioner candidate Jim Kennedy.

He is a state Democratic committeeman and past Democratic County chairman and served as local coordinators for the campaigns of President Bill Clinton and Gov. Ed Rendell.

"My whole life, I wanted to serve the public. I have 42 years of management experience and 16 years of business experience and I think that combination makes me right for the job of county commissioner," Mr. Kriess said.

He said good business sense should have led county government to build the new prison sooner so that it wouldn't be costing as much. But, he said, the key consideration for the future is keeping government as small as possible and being careful about expenses.

Mr. Kriess is on the executive board of the Butler County Labor Council.

He and his late wife, Patsy, raised five children. He married his current wife, Patricia, in 1998. She has four children.

James Lokhaiser

Democrat James Lokhaiser, 71, of Franklin, has seen all sides and corners of the county during a many-faceted career and life. He said his up-at-5-a.m. routine shows that he has the energy it takes to run a county.

"I don't have a bone to pick with these county commissioners. Yes, I think the county can downsize a little bit, but I think things are going pretty well," he said.

He spent many years in the media, starting in radio at WBUT in Butler in 1959, then adding television to his resume in 1975 when he was hired by Armstrong Cable to put a local show on the air. He did a talk show, sports and local news, enjoying a two-year run.

He then worked as an assistant superintendant in Butler at the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation for four years and then accepted a post as project coordinator for the Downtown Butler Renaissance Commission in the early 1980s. In that grant-funded position, he coordinated the start of public transit in Butler via the Butler County Transit Authority. After three years, he returned to Butler radio for a few years and then returned to transit, running the Armstrong County Public Transit system from 1989 to 1991. Most recently, he worked for Mike Kelly Chevrolet in Butler Township in marketing, advertising and sales.

He began in politics at the age of 21, running for city controller. He has run unsuccessfully for city council and state legislator.

He thinks his luck will turn this time.

Among his top priorities are funding programs for senior citizens and children.

A Butler County Farm Show veteran, he's been associated with the organization for 15 years and is proud to be a part of showcasing an industry that trades millions of dollars annually. He has been active in American Legion Baseball almost his entire life, first as a player then as a commissioner. He was inducted into the Pennsylvania American Legion Baseball Hall of Fame in 1982 for his devotion to the group. He is a founder of the Butler Area Sports Hall of Fame, which hosts an annual induction banquet. A permanent display site is being sought.

Mr. Lokhaiser continues to host a local radio sports talk show Saturday mornings and participates in fund-raising for the United Way and YMCA.

"I'm a very active individual. I'm up every day at 5 a.m. I have a lot of energy. I know everybody in this county, and there's no one on the face of the earth who has lived a more exciting or involved life. Giving back to the community is my only interest here," he said.

He said he would try to "keep lines of communication open" within the county. He said he would try to keep costs to a minimum so that taxes remain low, which would encourage employers to locate in Butler County.

Mr. Lokhaiser and his former wife raised three children. He currently is married to Beverly.

Linda Volaric

Linda Volaric, 49, a Democrat from Fairview, knows what it's like to lose a job, having lost her position at Indspec Chemical Co. in Petrolia in 2003 because of downsizing.

"I know the struggles for [medical] insurance. I know what it is to need income," she said, noting that her first priority as a county commissioner would be to encourage job growth.

A graduate of the Bradford Business School in Pittsburgh in the executive secretarial program, she had worked in offices for most of her professional life until her layoff. Now she handles the administrative part of the family business, Volaric Construction Co.

"I feel I've really developed my knowledge of finance, and I feel I have a lot to offer to help people," she said.

She is a deacon in the Petrolia Presbyterian Church, helps coordinate bereavement dinners and is involved with the summer Bible School program.

She previously served on Petrolia council.

Ms. Volaric said her community and church work combined with her business perspective has tuned her into the needs of county constituents. "I think the county can do more to find funding for our smaller municipalities, for the elderly, the fire departments," she said. But, she said, the most important concern should be recruiting employers who can provide living-wage jobs with benefits. "Businesses don't come looking for you normally. I think we can promote Butler County better," she said.

She said she would work to keep taxes low and is in favor of holding community-based forums so she can hear the views of the local citizenry.

She is married to Glenn and has a 10-year-old son.

Davy Wildman

Democrat Davy Wildman, 46, of Evans City, knows firsthand what it is to deal with government as an advocate for his 11-year-old son, who has a severe form of autism. He and his wife, Mary, a Seneca Valley School District teacher, serve on the Pennsylvania Autism Task Force and are founders of the Autism Society of Butler County, of which Mr. Wildman is president. The group numbers about 50 families.

An employee of Land Clearing Inc., which is owned by his father-in-law, Ed Smith, Mr. Wildman has never held or sought political office until now.

"I guess you could say that I want to be the voice of the everyday person. I'm young and energetic and I want to help," he said.

He's a volunteer for the southwest office of the Butler County YMCA, having coached youth sports. He spearheaded a collaboration among the YMCA, his autism group and Slippery Rock University that is called Circle of Friends. Focusing on pairing students with handicapped children and their siblings, the group has been meeting for four years and is funded by the United Way.

"I know what it is to handle the frustration of having to go after stuff. I'm interested in serving the youth and elderly and the disabled," he said.

Living in Evans City, which isn't seeing the growth of its neighbors to the south, he said he was keenly aware that "these older towns and townships with old waterlines and old roads need help, and I'll do what I can to make sure the money is spent appropriately and wisely and gets to them, too."

He said he wanted to keep taxes low and continue to bring jobs in but that he hoped to spread around some of the growth evidenced in the southern tier of the county.

He said he would make it a point to hold public meetings in off-site locations in an effort to involve a bigger portion of the county's constituents.

He and Mary have two children.

Dave Wilson

Dave Wilson, 54, a Democrat from Buffalo Township, has been an educator, a self-employed auto repair businessman and a construction worker. He's a union leader at his school and served from 1998 to 2004 as a Buffalo supervisor. He said he believed he'd done a lot and looked at issues from a variety of angles and would work to discern consensus before making decisions as a county commissioner.

A teacher of vocational education at Northern Westmoreland Career and Technology Center in New Kensington, where he teaches auto technology, he said he was ready to bring his influence to the county level.

"My youngest [child] graduated high school and I'm ready now," he said. If elected, he would give up his teaching job, he said.

Mr. Wilson said he believed the county commissioners are disconnected from the public. "On the voting machine issue, they wouldn't listen to what people had to say," he said, referring to the controversy over the county's purchase of voting machines last year. A group had pressed the county either not to buy the machines or to buy only a minimum number because they do not provide a paper trail.

He said he worried that the board wouldn't follow through on holding contractors to their pledges to finish the new jail by the original deadline of Oct. 13. "I'll make sure they're fined," he said of A.G. Cullen Construction of Pittsburgh.

He said he understood all aspects of government, having negotiated contracts, written grants and dealt with an array of state agencies as a township supervisor.

"I know from being a supervisor that it means nothing to say what I'll do as a commissioner until I'm in office and see what I'm up against. I can promise one thing though, I'll work to build consensus and I'll listen to other people's views," he said.

He and his wife, Toni, have three grown children.

REPUBLICANS

Jim Kennedy

Incumbent Jim Kennedy, 63, of Middlesex, is a lifelong dairy farmer, raised by lifelong dairy farmers, the late H. Francis and Martha Kennedy. Like his father, a longtime state legislator for Butler County, he entered politics at about the midpoint of his life.

"I guess you'd say it was a weak moment when someone asked me to run for school board and I agreed," Mr. Kennedy said with a wry laugh. He served as a director of his alma mater, South Butler County School District, from 1979 to 1994, when he gave up the seat to run for commissioner. He took office in 1996.

He said he decided to become a commissioner because he had a lot to offer the county and that he believed he had followed through on his promises.

Known for his fiscal conservativeness, Mr. Kennedy is often the lone holdout when it comes to spending. "I don't mind people knowing that I'm going to have to be convinced that someone is going to be paid with grant money or that they're going to bring in new dollars for the county before I agree to hire them," he said.

He pointed to development of the county's roads among his accomplishments, noting that he is a past president and a member of the Southwest Planning Commission, which funnels federal dollars to the region for road improvements. He said he pushed hard for the connection between the turnpike and Interstate 79 in Cranberry, the safer junction of Routes 38/68/422 in Summit, and improvements to the Main Street Bridge in Butler.

He described agriculture as "his life" and noted that he ushered farm preservation to Butler County during his tenure. Now more than 3,000 acres of rural land is forever preserved in agriculture security areas. He helped institute the annual practice of an October farm tour, which attracts thousands of tourists to the county. He is chairman of the agriculture committee for County Commissioners Association of Pennsylvania and is on the advisory committee for agriculture for the National Association of County Commissioners. He also is chairman of the Center for Dairy Excellence in Harrisburg.

He said he was determined to see the new jail built and opened and would hold the prime contractor to the terms of his contract if the prison opens later than Oct. 13, as it's expected to do."

He said he supported improvement to the county's recreation offerings and had voted in favor of expanding Alameda Park and handing out grants for municipal parks. But he remains uncertain about the proposition to build an ice rink/convention center on the county park property. "There's no doubt we need to do something for the youth, but I want it to be proven to me that this idea has the financial ability to succeed," he said.

Mr. Kennedy said he'd "never say never" to higher taxes but he promised, "I'll have to be shown it's absolutely necessary before I'll vote in favor."

His goal for the next four years is to continue infrastructure development and farmland preservation and open the new prison, all while keeping taxes at current levels, if possible.

He and his wife, Rita, have five grown children.

Scott Lowe

Incumbent Scott Lowe, 54, of Butler, said his background in communications was what had helped him succeed at developing the partnerships that make Butler County a prospering county that has what it takes to attract a major employer such as Westinghouse.

With a bachelor's in communications from State University of New York at Oswego, he worked many years in radio and cable television from Beaver Falls to Williamsport, Lycoming County, to Rhode Island to Florida and got involved in politics after accepting a job in the 1990s as a legislative aide for former state Sen. Tim Shaffer, of Butler.

Mr. Lowe's name and face became popular after he launched a video production company and produced a local TV show in Butler called "On Location with Scott Lowe" in the 1990s. He stepped into county government as a temporary chief clerk in 1996 and then served as a special projects manager. He was appointed county commissioner in July 2002 to fill the unexpired term of Joan Chew, who resigned because of health problems.

Mr. Lowe said he believed the biggest issue facing the county is the management of its growth and that he thought that would be best accomplished through partnerships with municipalities and private industry, boards and agencies.

"As a county government, we've got to work closely with the [Community Development Corp.] and the [county Industrial Development Authority] to attract employers. I think I do that well," he said, noting he sits on both boards.

He serves on the board of Butler County Community College and believes that the educational institution is a potential draw for employers looking for a skilled work force.

"I can't do anything all by myself. But I can develop the partnerships that we need to do what should be done for our county." he said.

He said he believed in communication with municipalities and pointed to his support of Cranberry in working to facilitate the pending move by Westinghouse there. He participates in periodic meetings with representatives of Butler and Butler Township "just to stay on top of what's going on."

He said the new prison is long overdue, but that he still believed it should have been built in a horizontal fashion on county-owned property in Butler Township. "I haven't been an obstructionist, though. My ideas weren't accepted [by the other commissioners] and I could have stood in the way at every turn, but I didn't. That's not useful," he said.

He strongly favors the construction of an ice rink/convention center at Alameda Park but intends to limit the county contribution to the land. "We're spending millions on a new jail for the bad guys. We've got to do something good for the youth," he said, noting that efforts were under way to secure grant funding for the project.

He said he would do all he could to keep taxes low in Butler County, but "we're a growing county. When the family grows, they need to buy more food. That's where we are. We're going to have to spend money to take care of all the needs and services that are required and requested by our citizens," he said.

He and his wife, Sandra, have a 14-year-old son.

Mark Manuppelli

Mark Manuppelli, 37, of Adams, is a Republican who said he would use his bachelor's degrees in political science and economics from the University of Pittsburgh to serve the county.

He has never held political office but said he ran for school board in Penn Hills when he was 22 but was unsuccessful.

An accountant, he worked as a controller for a municipal infrastructure contractor, an electrical contractor and the Allegheny County Housing Authority. He also owns Noah's Properties, which buys multiunit businesses and leases them as a landlord. He is halfway through his master's studies at the Reformed Presbyterian Theological Seminary in the East End.

He acknowledges he has a full plate but said it was the nature of his work ethic. "I've had two jobs since I was 14 years old," he said.

His platform is about "efficiency in government, protection for taxpayers and transparency of public policy."

"I want to run the government like a business," he said.

He opposes using taxpayer dollars to pay for amenities such as the proposed ice rink/convention center. "I don't want to build things that the private sector can do. That's crowding out private dollars," he said. He promised he would lead the way in his support of an austere budget by refusing any pay raises while in office. "That's my way of starting to cut the cost of government," he said. The county commissioners are entitled by law to an annual salary increase of at least 4 percent.

He said he wanted all county subcontracts to be analyzed for efficiency by a special audit committee and that he wanted to have that information available on the county's Internet page.

"I think people are fed up, and I need to be in power and control to make the impact I know I can make," he said.

Though he is a relative political newcomer, he described himself as close to state Rep. Daryl Metcalfe, R-Cranberry, and is accepting his guidance.

He and his wife, Susan, a teacher in the Ambridge School District, have three children.

Dale Pinkerton

Dale Pinkerton, 67, of Butler, has had a varied career that included being a licensed funeral director and supervising and manning Goodyear wholesale and retail stores, including the store in Butler. He was assistant district manager of Goodyear wholesale.

He sold his Butler store in 2005 and decided, along with his wife, Millie, to devote time to the community. "I wanted to really focus on the community," he said.

He served on the Butler Parking Authority for 15 years, was a co-chairman with his wife of the United Way campaign and has been an officer of the Butler P.M. Rotary Club and a 25-year member of the group, spearheading the annual turkey roundup.

"I think I have the business experience and the community leadership experience to do some good," he said.

His platform is strategic planning. "I feel certain we are lacking a clear vision for the future. We need a strategic plan, a game plan to keep Butler County successful for the next 25 years" he said.

He said he would work hard to build closer connections with all four corners of the county. "If we can get all the little boroughs and townships together, we can be an effective voice in making a bigger impact for our community and for a having a [more effective] voice in state government," he said. Mr. Pinkerton said he hoped to be successful in bringing more state and federal programs to the county.

"I will work at better efficiency in our spending and at watching what we're doing with our money and new programs," he said.

He and Millie have two grown daughters.

Richard Settlemire

Richard Settlemire, 50, is a six-year Republican mayor of Mars, the little borough he refers to fondly as "Mayberry."

"I love this town, and the hardest part of running for county commissioner would be giving up the job of mayor," he said. A salesman who works for Masterwork Paint Co. in Cranberry and Ross, he said he would relinquish that job, too, if elected commissioner.

"I will make the job a full-time thing," he said.

He said he had learned the ropes of fiscal management as he has struggled to deal with limited funds in Mars, recalling strife between the borough and the police department. "We worked it out, though. We kept the police, but they're no longer seven days a week, 24 hours a day," he said.

He said he thought he could bring that sense of compromise and "living within our means" to county government. "They're kicking around the idea of building an ice rink and, if you can afford it, sure. But I don't believe taxpayers should have to pay for something like that," he said.

He said he and his wife, Kathy, bought a new car two years ago. "I would have liked a Cadillac, but we bought a Chevy Cobalt. I have to live within a budget. I think the county should do that, too," he said. "They need to be more conservative about spending money."

He said he believed the county commissioners were unwise when they chose to build the county jail in downtown Butler instead of on land they owned at Sunnyview Nursing Home in Butler Township.

He said he believed the commissioners didn't take seriously or kindly the views of the citizenry. "When I questioned them about the ice rink thing, they got upset. I didn't feel I was treated politely. I wouldn't be like that," he said.

He and Kathy have two grown sons.

**Notes**

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[***STRICTLY BUSINESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F830-0094-233K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
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**Body**

It was May 1992 and the President was in town. Bill Strickland got a ticket and attended the big Republican fund-raiser in the cavernous Student Union ballroom at Duquesne University.

From the distance of four years, it was clear how things had changed. On April 25, 1988, George Herbert Walker Bush had traveled to Bill Strickland's world, the gritty North Side back street where the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild and Bidwell Training Center had worked to transform a generation of grinding poverty into one of skills, pride, energy and power. Power was something Bill Strickland had, and it was something George Bush needed, needed badly in those early days when his presidential possibilities looked as bleak as the prospects for many of Strickland's struggling students.

Bush got his picture taken with Strickland -- got hundreds of them, in fact. With uncharacteristic openness, the Bush campaign staff moved two shifts of photographers and cameramen through the meeting room where Bush was holding talks with Strickland and his board members. By visit's end, Bush was talking obliquely, but enthusiastically, about wanting to do something to help Strickland's cause. For almost 25 years, the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild had taught inner-city youngsters the wonders of ceramics, photography and music, and the Bidwell Training Center had provided thousands of adults vocational training.

Strickland, who had recently become a Republican -- a rarity in Pittsburgh and rarer still for a black man -- was left with a distinct impression that the federal aid that might allow his technical program to expand -- even to thrive -- was within his grasp. In the ensuing four years, Bush named Strickland to the prestigious National Endowment for the Arts. There was talk of putting him on the Republican National Committee. Strickland, with an unshakable conviction that Bush had truly meant to move federal grants in the direction of Bidwell, made plans and spent days preparing grant applications. Days turned into months. Months turned into years.

''George Bush promised money to Bidwell, and we never got a penny, not one penny,'' grouses Strickland aide Jacek Ghoush.

So it was Strickland's turn to visit when Bush turned up in town four years later. Bush stopped by briefly for small talk as he worked the Student Union room after his campaign speech, but Strickland never got to tell him of the thing that was burning in his heart:

Bidwell was on the verge of collapse.

While Strickland's aides sputtered obscenities, Strickland found other avenues to fund his enterprises.

But it hasn't been easy.

''Bill went to all the top guys, and we still had this trouble. That's one of the problems with any minority business. Clearly minority businesses have a very hard time accessing money,'' Ghoush says.

Strickland shrugs.

Somewhere along the road this basketball-player-tall guy from Manchester, in his natty three-piece, Brooks Brothers suits and monogrammed shirts, decided that he was going to change the world, even if it means entering the inner sanctums of those at the highest levels.

In doing that, Strickland took a calculated risk that doesn't phase him. ''Bill has a way of developing relationships with people who can help him out,'' explains longtime friend Jesse Fife. His allegiance is to neither black nor white, man nor woman; it is to his cause: To educate the underclass so these people, too, may have a chance to change the world.

''I'm not unaware of the fact that I'm unusual,'' he says, unapologetically.

It struck him in his early 20s that there are different kinds of friendships. Some friends play games with you as a child, share your dreams as adults and commiserate about taxes as seniors. But for Bill Strickland, the most important bonds are those you can forge with people you admire and who can help carry out your goals. His Rolodex has grown into a who's-who of politicians, artists and business leaders, including Republican National Committeewoman Elsie Hillman, who helped secure him the presidential appointment to the National Endowment for the Arts.

He also lists the late Sen. John Heinz and retired state House Speaker K. LeRoy Irvis, Tom Foerster, chairman of the Allegheny County commissioners, and Andrew Mathieson of the Richard King Mellon Foundation.

''Every one of them is a powerful institution,'' he says of his friends.

Irvis met Strickland on the uneasy streets of the North Side in the 1960s. ''Bill reminded me a great deal of me when I was in my 20s. He's a dreamer and a doer. He's a perfectionist. He knew in the debacle of the '60s that the way to get things straightened out was not to burn things down.''

Strickland exudes a serene self-confidence that his programs will not only continue to exist, but will thrive, even if he has to go around the President of the United States.

While he had hoped for the federal aid, Strickland took other measures to save his endeavors. He created Bidwell Food Services, a minority-owned, for- profit food business whose after-tax profits go to Bidwell and the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild, both located on Metropolitan Street in Manchester.

The company, which trains its employees at Bidwell Training Center, got the contract to run the food service concession at the new Carnegie Science Center and was awarded the bid for the employees' food service at the newly expanded Pittsburgh International Airport.

With the North Side Development Corp., he also set up the Business and Industrial Development Corp., known as BIDCO, which developed a small business incubator -- Riverside Commons Innovation Center -- for women and minority entrepreneurs.

''What I want is for all of this to become an economically independent and racially integrated community,'' Strickland says.

Strickland recognizes that he straddles a fine line between black and white society. He shakes his head, when asked to talk about it. ''He's taken his hits,'' explains Ghoush, BIDCO executive director. ''He made a transition. He didn't see white folks as the devil. He's able to see where the power is and to bring them forward.''

''He's very urbane, and his reputation makes them want him at their parties. They see what he's done with these programs, but he's still the token, and yes, that bothers him. He's aware why he's there. We're all working for social change, and if that's what it takes, then so be it.''

In private moments, Strickland and Ghoush question whether things will be different for their children. Strickland has a 9-year-old daughter by his second wife, from whom he is divorced. Neither is sure.

''I'm not sure he's really Republican, but he is probably the best political person I know,'' says Barbara Luderowski, founder of the Mattress Factory, North Side's museum for installation and performance art. The two have known each other for 22 years, and Strickland now sits on the Mattress Factory's advisory board.

''He has learned the political ropes without subverting his own goals,'' executive artistic director Luderowski says. Luderowski credits Strickland with introducing her to key Republican legislators in Harrisburg. ''There's nothing wrong with him using what he has,'' she says.

''He'll say, 'I'll open the doors. You folks attend to the details,' '' says Ghoush.

Developer Mark Schneider, who worked with Strickland as a community activist, says, ''Bill understands the neighborhood movement, and what he was doing was about middle-class values, ***working-class*** values. He knew (his work) was about self-help and that it is private-sector oriented.''

Those who know him say the success of his ventures comes with his ability to attract experts in their fields to help teach. IBM and PPG Industries Inc. have lent employees for technical programs. He brings in working artists and musicians, giving everyone an opportunity to display their talents.

Strickland contends that the students at both the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild and Bidwell Training Center can learn to replicate the relationships he has forged over the years. ''What made the difference for me was the quality of these people,'' he says. ''These kids need quality people in their lives who make sense to them, too.''

To understand the grooming of William E. Strickland Jr. is to return to the unsettling civil rights and antiwar days of the 1960s, when Strickland was a lanky teen-ager hanging out on the streets of Manchester.

His parents had met in Chicago during World War II, she a housekeeper for a Pittsburgh family that had moved there, and he a cook. Evelyn and Bill Sr. were married in 1941. After the war ended in 1945, the couple moved to Manchester to be near her large, close-knit family, and Bill Sr. entered the contracting business. Bill Jr. was born in August 1947 and his brother, Mark, two years later. Evelyn Strickland stayed home to care for her asthmatic, older son. Those early years were tough economic times for the Stricklands, but no different from the plight of their neighbors.

The boys went to the neighborhood elementary school, where Bill was praised for his intellect and reprimanded for his quick temper and impatience.

''When people are jerks, dumb, it's a terrible waste of time,'' he says of his flare-ups even today.

Nearby, the Rev. Jimmy Joe Robinson of the Bidwell Street United Presbyterian Church ran a recreation center, filling the youngsters' time with arts and crafts and other activities. Most of the boys played sports, but Strickland dabbled in clay. His mother treasures his first ceramic, an imprint of a maple leaf. He entered Oliver High School with no goals in mind, though Strickland's 1963 confirmation at Bethel Lutheran Church prompted him to think briefly about entering the ministry.

While in high school, Strickland participated in voter registration drives in the South, and remembers meeting civil rights activist Julian Bond in Atlanta, Ga. Yet whenever Strickland talks about his influences, he goes back to Oliver, where arts teacher Frank Ross introduced him to the potter's wheel.

''It was a very powerful experience, exhilarating,'' he says. ''I don't know. I got excited about clay. I wasn't taking school seriously until then. The potter's wheel is so technically sophisticated that I guess I figured if I could do that, I could do anything. It clicked. That's what I was looking for.''

Ross, who a few years ago died in an automobile accident, helped Strickland get into the University of Pittsburgh.

Tom Cox, the then-minister of Emmanuel Episcopal Church on West North Avenue, found Strickland in the North Side's storefronts, working between classes in arts and crafts with the neighborhood youngsters. While Strickland insists his vision was shaped by the arts, not by politics, the air was thick with political movements -- and the arts was an integral part of that. ''Bill had a sense of using the arts to enfranchise the street people,'' says Cox, now head of the Neighborhood Progress Council in Cleveland.

So 25 years ago, Strickland created the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild, a small workshop housed in two buildings on Buena Vista Street donated by the Emmanuel church. He introduced neighborhood youngsters and adults to photography, pottery and crafts.

''I wanted to improve the quality of life for everyone,'' he says now. Antiwar activist Vincent Eirene remembers Strickland threatening street thugs to stay away from the guild's equipment. ''And they did,'' says Eirene, surprised even as he recalls Strickland's glares. Starting then, Strickland contended that the only way to teach the arts was with expert craftsmen.

''You have to create an environment that is sophisticated, nurturing and warm,'' Strickland says. ''The objective is to enhance education through the arts. I'm not necessarily interested in talent, but I'm interested in them getting an education.''

The concept may not be so amazing now, but there was no role model for Strickland then. ''You have to understand, that it was all done by the seat of our pants,'' says Cox, who introduced Strickland to white parishioners at Fox Chapel Episcopal Church and St. Michael of the Valley Episcopal Church in Ligonier to plead for funds. ''That helped enfranchise Bill,'' Cox says. ''He was bright and articulate and it came across.'' The two churches gave the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild $ 18,900 for two years. Strickland, who made $ 2,000 a year, was on his way.

By 1972, Strickland had become director of Bidwell Training Center, a non- profit vocational school that was largely financed through federal job- training funds.

(Today, however, the center is expecting national accreditation for technical training, a move that will help it compete for additional funds, Ghoush says. The center guarantees graduates jobs in fields such as computer repair, information sciences and culinary arts.)

In 1986, the guild and center moved into the $ 7.5 million modern building designed by architect Tasso Katselas. Even the understated Strickland is incredulous. ''Tasso built the airport, for God's sake,'' he says. The funding came from corporate and foundation grants matched with federal funds -- thanks to Hillman and Heinz.

Fred Rogers had invited him onto public television's ''Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood,'' where Strickland made his national debut as a potter in 1971. Strickland returned almost 20 years later, this time taking Mr. Rogers on a tour of the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild's new home.

But getting to the end result was not easy. In the early years, Strickland took flying lessons and became a pilot for now-defunct Braniff Airlines. From 1979 to 1980, he worked at the Craftsmen's Guild during the week and flew commercial jets to Mexico on the weekend. Strickland, who keeps a framed picture in his office of himself in the cockpit, is nonchalant about his flying days, though ''The Right Stuff'' is one of his favorite books.

''Everything is about movement, the arts, flowers, clay, flying jets. It's hard to explain,'' he says. The airline at least paid a salary.

''Bill was about education and he knew that the guild and Bidwell were the way to help effect change,'' says Fife, the guild's assistant director.

Despite his severe allergic reactions to fish, Bill Jr. and his father would take weekend fishing jaunts into Michigan and Canada and bring back bags of fish for the annual fish-fry Strickland held at the guild to thank benefactors.

There is a picture in his mother's scrapbook of Bill Jr. standing in front of a Christmas tree with his younger brother -- and he is smiling broadly.

''He didn't smile much,'' Evelyn Strickland recalls, ''but he did that day, 'cause he caught a lot of fish with his father. He'd be covered in rubber boots and gloves, from head to toe, but he loved those times. He knew how much his father loved to fish.''

Bill Sr., who died earlier this year at 84, was Bidwell's pastry chef until he became ill. Mark, a musician, has performed at the guild's 350-seat auditorium.

Even though he needs only one job today, Strickland has found precious little time to return to the potter's wheel, but has transferred his need for creation to the flower bed. Throughout the modern Manchester building are pots of geraniums he grows from a greenhouse he built in the basement of his house nearby. Someday, he says, he may return to ceramics.

''I may have started out wanting to change the whole world,'' he says. ''But maybe I'm helping to change a small part of it, at least.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), Bill Strickland rubs elbows with presidents and corporate bigwigs -- anyone who can help him in his efforts to help his Manchester neighbors., Strickland talks with ceramics students at the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild, on the North Side, where inner-city youngsters are taught the wonders of ceramics, photography and music., Strickland stacks neat piles of paperwork in his North Side office on Metropolitan Street, also home to his arts-and-crafts and job-training centers.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Silver celluloid; HIGHLIGHTS FROM WEEK ONE OF THE 25TH ANNUAL MINNEAPOLIS/ ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NJ2-Y0K0-TX2T-W346-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Ducking into an old single-screen moviehouse on a rainy April day or night to find yourself absorbed in an unfamiliar foreign culture. Rubbing elbows in the audience with the city's previously unnoticed Turkish or Mongolian populations. Checking out the annual "Polish answer to `Mean Streets.'-" Saving tens of thousands of dollars on world travel with an all-access festival pass or a 10-punch card. Realizing that there's much, much more to the movies than Hollywood.

These are typical pleasures of the Minneapolis- St. Paul International Film Festival, now celebrating its 25th incarnation as a required rite of spring. And while a foreign film fest can definitely bring its own set of cliches (help, not another Eastern European coming-of-age quirky family road movie that's an allegory for the post-communist new economy!), more than likely you also will encounter a few of your all-time favorite movies, with scarcely a chance to see most of them again.

For first-timers, there are many ways to jump into the festival. You could pick your favorite foreign country and go with it. Listen to the word-of-mouth and read the daily "fest-o-grams." Choose a quirky title out of the program guide - whatever. We've reviewed as many festival films as we could get our hands on, so feel free to use this guide as a starting point. Beyond that, it's a big cinematic world out there. You're on your own.

SIMON PETER GROEBNER

THURSDAY 04.19

Bamako

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Thu. - Riverview

The festival kicks off with a one-of-a-kind spectacle that playfully flouts cinematic conventions. It manages to combine political debate, glorious Malian pop music, droll social commentary, and a Western gunslinger parody starring Danny Glover. The carnival that emerges is a stimulating and engaging look at the state of Africa today.

An open-air courtroom is set up in the yard of an apartment building where alluring bar singer Aissa Maiga is breaking up with her husband. The hearing is a freewheeling session in which supporters of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund debate with local people who blame the financiers for their woes. Each side has articulate advocates, and the forum has plenty of incidental drama. A wedding party complete with a disruptive vocalist wanders through; comically bored listeners mockingly complain about how long the proceedings are taking; folks take a break to watch Glover on TV in an absurd African shoot-'em-up called "Death in Timbuktu."

The movie-within-a-movie draws a tongue-in-cheek parallel between the shoot-first ethic of cowboy films and the cutthroat practices of global financial institutions. This sounds like a recipe for incoherence, but director, Mauritanian Abderrahmane Sissako weaves his unlikely materials into a vibrant tapestry.

Glover will attend the screening, introduce the film, answer questions afterward and attend the festival's Opening Night party (9:30 p.m.-midnight) across the street at the Riverview Wine Bar.

COLIN COVERT

FRIDAY 04.20

Pervert's Guide to Cinema

Three out of four stars

4:45 p.m. Fri. - Bell

Here's a film guaranteed to make you smarter than all your friends for 48 hours. Or at least feel like you are. Slovenian postmodernist philosopher, psychoanalyst and film fanatic Slavoj Zizek offers a thought-provoking commentary on some of his favorites, finding deep meanings in movies ranging from "Alien" and "The Matrix" to "City Lights" and "Ivan the Terrible, Part II." Being swept up in Zizek's fast-talking intellectual whirlwind frequently made me feel like Dorothy en route to Oz, but wherever he lands, he finds remarkable symbols of anxiety, sexuality and mortality. His discussion of the layout of Mrs. Bates' Victorian mansion in "Psycho" in terms of Freudian psychology's superego, ego and id strikes me as an insight of forehead-slapping brilliance. For nuggets like that, enduring the windier passages of his clip-studded intellectual tour through cinema history is no hardship at all. (Austria, 150 min.)

COLIN COVERT

Vanaja

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Fri. - Oak Street

This exploration of the heartache that accompanies India's caste system puts so many plots in play that it's tough sometimes to remember which is the central story. But the film -made to fulfill a degree requirement at Columbia University but shot in the filmmaker's homeland - makes up for some of its organizational shortcomings with its earnest tone. A teenager who dreams of being a dancer is raped and impregnated by her teacher's son. It's not always clear whether the movie is about rape, teen motherhood or dancing. But it does hit all the right emotional buttons concerning the power of the upper classes. (Also 11 a.m. Sat., Oak Street. India, 111 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

On a Tightrope

Three out of four stars

7:30 p.m. Fri. - Bell

The title refers not only to the tradition of tightrope-walking among the Uighur people, China's largest Muslim minority, but to the tightrope they must walk between Islamic faith and secular communism. Focusing on four tightrope-walking orphans, this documentary is a reminder of all that binds us (the kids play a version of "Red Rover") and all that doesn't (one girl walks across what looks like a prairie-dog dirt field; it's an unmarked cemetery). Here's the surprise: Even while focusing on orphans (one strike) who are ethnic and religious minorities (two strikes) in a far northwest province of communist China (three strikes), director Petr Lom, and the children, find balance and hope. (Also 9:15 p.m. Wed., Bell. Norway/Canada, 74 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

Ten Canoes

Three out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Fri. - Bell

"A good story must have proper telling," says wise Aboriginal Minygululu to his younger brother, as he narrates a tale of jealousy and obsession in the primitive Australian outback. The "story-within-a-story" plot highlights the plights of envious brothers, and the narrative unfolds like a multi-layered fable, illuminating the Aboriginal culture. How fitting it is that "Ten Canoes" is the first film made in Australia's indigenous Ganalbingu dialect, as the movie is a celebration of traditional storytelling. To complete the mood, David Gulpill's patient and humorous English narration makes us feel like we're hearing a campfire tale. If only the theater sold marshmallows ... (Also 12:30 p.m. Sun., Oak Street. Australia, 92 min.)

JOSHUA CARLON

ALSO SHOWING FRIDAY

OAK STREET: "Schnitzel Paradise," 5 p.m. (Netherlands, 82 min.) A talented student finds his match in his employer's niece. "Paprika," 9:30 p.m. (Japan, 90 min.) Japanese anime about psychotherapy, dreams and multiple identities. "Firefly," 11:30 p.m. (U.S., 64 min.) A mystery with three separate threads woven together with a sci-fi twist.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Grave Keeper's Tale," 5 p.m. (India, 98 min.) A lower-caste woman proudly inherits the family's role of caring for a children's graveyard. But things change when she gives birth to a son. "VHS Kahloucha," 7:15 p.m. (Tunisia, 80 min.) A documentary about the so-called Quentin Tarantino of Tunisia. "Falkenberg Farewell," 9 p.m. (Sweden, 91 min.) Non-professional actors improvised much of this film about five high-school friends sharing a final summer before adulthood.

SATURDAY 04.21

Seagull Diner

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

3:15 p.m. Sat. - Bell

Sumptuously shot and deceptively simple, Naoko Ogigami's fish-out-of-water ensemble piece offers the same brand of winsome charm evidenced in her directorial debut (and previous MSPIFF hit), "Yoshino's Barbershop." Satomi Kobayashi anchors the film as Sachie, a Japanese woman struggling to run a diner in Helsinki. Though the intrusive score veers toward schmaltz, complex explorations of alienation, loneliness and loss provide the film its bittersweet soul. The most disappointing moment comes when the closing credits roll - it's the kind of film one desperately wishes to live with (or in) for at least a day or two. (Also 9:30 p.m. April 27, Bell. Japan/Finland, 102 min.)

EMILY CONDON

Reprise

One out of four stars

7 p.m. Sat. - St. Anthony Main

Considering the number of accolades that director Joachim Trier's first feature picked up in Europe - it was Norway's entry in the most recent Academy Awards - this talky treatise on youth's self-importance underwhelms. Two aspiring writers send off their debut manuscripts at the same time. One becomes an instant success, the other is rejected. A promising enough dramatic catalyst, but ideas meant to be presented cleverly through irony, hampered by the now-hackneyed device of quick cuts between past and present, fact and fiction, instead wallow in what they are - the obvious - without ever providing a revelation. Halfway through the film, one of the friends declares, "Things are picking up." If only. (Also 4:30 p.m. Sun. Norway, 106 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

Zorro's Bar Mitzvah

One and 1/2 out of four stars

11 a.m. Sat. - Bell

Focusing on the traditional Jewish rite-of-passage, Ruth Beckermann's documentary visits four bar and bat mitzvah celebrations, ranging from the strictly Orthodox to the absurdly grandiose (complete with fireworks, film productions, convertibles and caliente dancers). The sheer range of interpretations should offer fertile ground for a deep exploration of the modern Jewish experience, but the film languishes due to lack of focus and a structure that feels utterly arbitrary. We see age-old faith, tradition, memory and identity succumb to banality, irony and self-aggrandizement, but "Zorro's Bar Mitzvah" fails to find a point amidst all the (lack of) profundity. (Also 5 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony Main. Austria/Israel, 90 min.)

EMILY CONDON

Boss of It All

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:45 p.m. Sat. - Oak Street

In this clever comedy from the usually melancholic Lars von Trier, spineless CEO Ravn (Peter Gantzler) hires unemployed actor Kristoffer (Jens Albinus) to pretend to be the mythical boss of his dysfunctional tech company. Kristoffer is unleashed into the environment with desperately little direction, and spends much of the film improvising his way through the disorganized cabinet of lies that the hapless Ravn has filed about him. Like a classic Preston Sturges comedy, the film's screwball antics eventually give rise to social relevance and conscience. However, von Trier's intermittent voiceovers remind us of whose film this is, and we wonder: Even if the hero finds his sentimental heart, will the director? See it now before the inevitable Hollywood remake. (Denmark, 99 min.)

JOSHUA CARLON

My Cultural Divide

Three out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Sat. - Bell

This is first-person documentary is part socioeconomic treatise, part challenge to viewers to put up or shut up. Filmmaker Faisal Lutchmedial, a native of Canada who opposes the buying of clothing made in overseas sweatshops, opens the movie by saying he wanted to tell the stories of the people behind the statistics. He goes to Bangladesh, his mother's native land. He finds some of the horror stories he expected - workers who spend up to 20 hours a day hunched over sewing machines - but he also has to come to grips with his own heritage. (Bangladesh, 75 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

ALSO SHOWING SATURDAY

OAK STREET: "Vanaja," 11 a.m. See Friday. "Among Thorns"/"Ashton's Stones" 1:30 p.m. (Sweden, 55 min.) Animated children's film about a boy's adventures in music camp. "Familia," 3 p.m. (Canada, 102 min.) A family drama from Quebec exploring the quest for independence and the chains of heredity. "Chariton's Choir," 5:15 p.m. (Greece, 116 min.) Think "Mr. Holland's Opus" set amid Greece's 1968 political turmoil and subsequent dictatorship. "Waitress," 7:45 p.m. (U.S., 107 min.) This kitchen-sink drama about a woman looking for a change of life, starring Keri Russell, Cheryl Hines and Andy Griffith, premiered at Sundance last winter after the death of director/co-star Adrienne Shelly. "Black Sheep," 11:30 p.m. (New Zealand, 87 min.) A horror/comedy about a genetic experiment that goes awry, creating a breed of bloodthirsty sheep.

BELL: "Filmmakers in Action," 1 p.m. (Spain, 107 min.) Documentary about filmmakers working to preserve and protect their films against alteration. "Art of Aging," 5:30 p.m. (France, 99 min.) The richness of old age is explored in a film that won best documentary at the Montreal Film Festival. "Ole Bull: The Titan," 7:30 p.m. (Norway, 90 min.) Ever wonder about that bronze statue of the fiddler in Loring Park? See this documentary to find out who it is.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Bonkers," 2:30 p.m. (Netherlands, 83 min.) Mother and daughter take care of each other and wind up bringing home an elephant. Ages 9 and up. "The Road," 4:30 p.m. (China, 114 min.) Five decades are spanned in a drama that has Mao's Cultural Revolution as a defining backdrop. "The Book of Revelation," 9:30 p.m. (Australia, 117 min.) A dancer pursues three women who sexually humiliated him, so that he might regain his career.

SUNDAY 04.22

EMPz 4 Life

Three out of four stars

5:30 p.m. Sun. - Bell

Using a cinema verite style (no interviews or narration) this documentary follows a volunteer struggling to keep four at-risk Toronto teens out of trouble. Director Allan King set out to reveal the daily racism the teens face, from schools that have given up on them to the constant badgering by police. Some of the fly-on-the-wall scenes capture this struggle with pop and verve, as when the kids and their mentor are pulled over by the cops for "fitting the description." However, spotty sound makes other scenes feel more like pieces to a puzzle - it's difficult to figure out exactly what is happening. But in the end, the images are powerful enough. (Canada, 113 min.)

TOM HORGEN

Cine Manifest

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony Main

Trapped someplace in this documentary is a fascinating study of collective creation, but one wishes that director Judy Irola had bestowed her material on a less personally invested filmmaker. Irola revisits Cine Manifest, the commie cinema collective of her youth (predictably housed in early `70s San Francisco), through archival footage and interviews with Rob Nilsson, Peter Gessner and others. This joins the growing canon of boomer navel-gazers that romanticize `70s liberation movements while forgiving their subsequent sell-out. The third act raises fascinating dilemmas about relationships, art and failure, but much of the film falls prey to the genre's proclivity for self-obsession and inability to universalize - "Those darn boys never bought toilet paper!" doesn't count as universal truth. (U.S., 85 min.)

EMILY CONDON

The Valet

Four out of four stars

7:45 p.m. Sun. - Oak Street

French writer/director Francis Veber ("La Cage Aux Folles") has been creating delightful farces for nearly 40 years, and his latest is a showpiece of clever comic construction and casting. A likable auto valet (Gad Elmaleh) finds his life changes when he steps in front of paparazzi snapping pictures of a married tycoon strolling with his supermodel mistress ("Cache's" Daniel Auteuil and stunning Alice Taglioni). To hide the affair from his wife, the industrialist pressures the passerby and the model to pretend they are lovers, and from there the story proceeds with clockwork precision through increasingly hilarious complications. The film's Parisian locations are gorgeous and the romantic shenanigans are elegantly crafted. Veber, clearly a fan of the Golden Age comedies of Billy Wilder, Howard Hawks and Preston Sturges, is a worthy successor. (France, 85 min.)

COLIN COVERT

The Great Match

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

2:30 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony Main

This enchanting film goes to the far reaches of the globe to prove the elemental truth that all the world's people care deeply about one thing. Peace and prosperity? No, football! (That's soccer, to you and me.) The 2002 World Cup final between Brazil and Germany has seized the imagination of unlikely pockets of the population, from Mongolian hunters to Amazon warriors. But where to find a TV, or more difficult yet, a place to hook it up? These fans display ingenuity that's hard to imagine in our plasma-HD world. A group of Niger nomads devises a method that involves a bus loaded up like the Clampettmobile on steroids and an antenna fashioned from an umbrella. The Amazonians go on the hunt for a replacement cable after one of the wives uses it to make a headdress, then send one poor sap up a tree with a satellite dish on his head. Amidst the exotic settings, however, are the familiar sights of fans arguing passionately for their favorites, and occasionally coming to blows. See, we're not so different after all. (Spain/Germany, 88 min.)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

ALSO SHOWING SUNDAY

OAK STREET: "True Stories," 11 a.m. (Country, 54 min.) Non-fiction short films for children. "Ten Canoes," 12:30 p.m. See Friday. "Rock `N' Roll Never Dies," 2:30 p.m. (Finland, 131 min.) Full of rock classics and flashbacks, this film is about a guitarist who remains faithful to his ideals. "The Magician," 5:15 p.m. (Turkey, 122 min.) The travails of a struggling magician, played by popular Turkish comedian Cem Yilmaz. "Stealth," 9:30 p.m. (Switzerland, 112 min.) A Swiss radio broadcaster lurches around in search of his identity, ending up on a road trip east.

BELL: "VHS Kahloucha," 4 p.m. See Friday. "The Lion: Henrik Ibsen," 7:45 p.m. (Norway, 60 min.) TV portrait of the playwright. "Filmmakers in Action," 9:15 p.m. See Saturday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Opening," 12:30 p.m. (90 min.) No information available. "Reprise," 4:30 p.m. See Saturday. "Four Minutes," 9 p.m. (Germany, 112 min.) A piano teacher finds the artistic core of a violent young inmate in a women's prison.

MONDAY 04.23

The Bothersome Man

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:30 p.m. Mon. - Oak Street

This agreeably strange Norwegian parable concerns a sad sack (Trond Fausa Aurvaag) who has either 1) found the perfect job in the perfect city, or 2) died and gone to some eerily tasteful underworld. Jens Lien's dark comedy follows its glum hero through his ever-so-nice daily routine, gradually building the sense that something's fishy about a life where everything is tidy and attractively color-coded, including the protagonist's unsettlingly amiable girlfriend. The liquor doesn't make you tipsy, the sky is always blue and a frighteningly efficient cleaning crew sweeps away any evidence of unpleasantness. When the newcomer discovers a cracked basement wall that might lead back to real life, he launches a Quixotic escape attempt. A bizarre social satire that mixes the mild-mannered humor of Jacques Tati with stunningly gory slapstick. (Also 5 p.m. Tue., St. Anthony Main. Norway, 96 min.)

COLIN COVERT

Iran: A Cinematographic Revolution

Three out of four stars

7 p.m. Mon. - Bell

Charting Iran's turbulent political history and its corresponding cinema, from the complicit to the critical, this features numerous great talents - from Dariush Mehrjui to Bahman Ghobadi to the astoundingly insightful Mohsen Makhmalbaf. The elephant in the corner, however, is the filmmakers' failure to secure an interview with Iranian cinema's grand master, Abbas Kiarostami, whose sublime ability to convey truth in the face of censorship is unparalleled. The second, far more frustrating omission is the lack of context for post-Khomeni Iran. After detailing the reign of the Shah, his demise, the Islamic revolution, the Iran/Iraq war and Khomeni's 1989 death, the film inexplicably (or, even more frighteningly, perhaps necessarily) stops providing any detail about Iran's social and political status. The narration insists that today's filmmakers are Iran's "ambassadors" to the outside world. Though Mahmoud Ahmadinejad currently has dibs on ambassadorship, the contention should function for viewers as a call to action. (Also 4:45 p.m. April 27, St. Anthony Main. Iran/France, 98 min.)

EMILY CONDON

ALSO SHOWING MONDAY

OAK STREET: "Falkenberg Farewell," 5 p.m. See Friday. Minnesota Documentaries, 7:15 p.m. (110 min.) Various short works.

BELL: "Milk and Opium," 5 p.m. (India, 83 min.) A 14-year-old boy gets caught up in music,drugs and the city in a film that features Sufi music. "Acme & Co.," 9:15 p.m. (Mexico, 92 min.) Documentary about silent-film pioneers Felix and Edmundo Padilla.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Zorro's Bar Mitzvah," 5 p.m. See Saturday. "City in Heat," 7 p.m. (Argentina, 106 min.) A love triangle, suicide and nostalgia mix with a jazz and tango soundtrack. "Schnitzel Paradise," 9:15 p.m. See Friday.

TUESDAY 04.24

The Chinese Botanist's Daughters

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Tue. - St. Anthony Main

This bi-national film combines sensual French-styled arthouse romance with the achingly gorgeous, slow-paced and meditative framework of Asian drama, plus a subplot of Chinese herbalism. When the orphaned Min (the captivating Mylene Jampanoi) is sent to work for a famed botanist, she soon develops a special, untenable bond with his isolated daughter, An. French director Amid Sijie, a Cultural Revolution survivor, takes jabs at old-style Chinese male authoritarianism, while the young women take refuge in each other. Filmed in a Vietnamese river valley, the movie is bathed in lush greenery, and the part-French, part-Chinese Jamponoi is perfect for the story. (Also 5 p.m. April 26, Oak Street. France/China, 90 min.)

SIMON PETER GROEBNER

Something Like Happiness

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

5 p.m. Tue. - Oak Street

Like leftovers from a Lars von Trier brainstorm session, this is one depressing movie, though its portrait of three friends toiling in a ***working-class*** Czech city was made with care (it swept last year's Lions, the Czech Oscars). Life only gets worse for kind-hearted Monika after her boyfriend moves to America. When her self-destructive best friend can no longer care for her two young children, she and a childhood friend Tonik must provide for the kids, lest they be given to social services. The only glimmer of optimism comes from the faces of the characters, who swallow each wave of disappointment with a big gulp, then move on. You'll probably do the same. (Also 5:15 April 26, St. Anthony Main. Germany/Czech Republic, 102 min.)

TOM HORGEN

August the First

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

7:15 p.m. Tue. - Oak Street

Other than a weak title (it takes too long to explain and doesn't amount to much even then), this drama packs a punch. For his graduation party, all Tunde (Ian Alsup) wants is for his fractured family to be reunited, even if for just an afternoon. So he surprises the rest of the family by inviting his father (Dennis Green), who walked out on them 10 years ago. But not everyone is happy to see him. Writer-director Lanre Olabisi is prone to soap-operatic overkill: Isn't having raised three kids by herself enough of a challenge for Tunde's mother, do we also need to throw in bouts with cancer and alcoholism? But there also are plenty of very touching and heartfelt moments. (Also 3 p.m. April 28, St. Anthony Main. U.S., 81 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

ALSO SHOWING TUESDAY

OAK STREET: "The Book of Revelation," 9:15 p.m. See Saturday.

BELL: "Stone Time Touch," 5:30 p.m. (Canada/Armenia, 72 min.) Documentary about an Armenian who embarks on a journey of discovery. "Stealth," 7:15 p.m. See Sunday. "The Magician," 9:30 p.m. See Sunday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Bothersome Man," 5 p.m. See Monday. "Ghosts of Cite Soleil," 7:15 p.m. (Denmark/U.S., 80 min.) Documentary portrait of two gang leaders and street violence in Port au Prince, Haiti.

RIVERVIEW: "Eagle vs. Shark," 7 p.m. (New Zealand, 93 min.) Think "Napoleon Dynamite" with a kiwi accent. Nerd meets geek and they fall into gentle love.

WEDNESDAY 04.25

Madeinusa

Three out of four stars

5 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony Main

It's 3 p.m. on Good Friday, and the citizens of a tiny, backward town in the Peruvian Andes have embarked with noisy excitement on Holy Time. This does not involve penitence or contemplation but instead unbridled and unremorseful displays of sin (mostly of the lustful variety), in the belief that until 6 a.m. Easter Sunday, God is dead and cannot see human misdeeds. At the center is 14-year-old Madeinusa, chosen the town's Immaculate Virgin for the festivities. Mourning her mother's absence and fighting her father's advances, the delicately lovely girl is alternately knowing and innocent; after seducing Salvador, a worldly young traveler from Lima, Madeinusa becomes convinced that their union is destined because her unusual name is printed on the tag of his shirt. She envisions Salvador as salvation from her oppressive existence, but, like Dorothy, she finds she has had the power all along. Claudia Llosa's beautifully filmed fable gains a mythical quality from its evocative imagery and timeless themes. (Peru, 100 min.)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

Forever

Three out of four stars

7 p.m. Wed. - Riverview

Acclaimed documentarist Hedy Honigmann again sets up her discerning camera, this time in Paris' lovely, storied Pere-Lachaise cemetery. The thoughtful pilgrims who come to honor Proust, Jim Morrison, Chopin and the empty urn that once contained the ashes of Maria Callas accomplish the impossible - an attractive form of celebrity worship. Even more touching are those who visit dead relatives unknown to anyone but themselves, like the cheerful Armenian woman who has faithfully scrubbed her father's gravestone once a week for 10 years as she chats with his memory about current events. Rather than lonely eccentrics, or fame junkies with no lives of their own, they come off as centered souls who will be more prepared for their own deaths than most of us. (Netherlands, 97 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

Me and My Sister

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony Main

The movie begins sharply. A man sits crunching breakfast until his wife asks if he could breathe more quietly. He: "Do me a favor?" She: "I'd rather not." There's not a wasted moment in this delightful and tense French comedy about two sisters who take different paths in life: Louise (Catherine Frot) works as a beautician in their hometown of Le Mans while Martine (Isabelle Huppert) winds up rich, chic and unhappy in Paris. In truth she's a monster. Within an hour of Louise's visit, she asks: "When do you leave?" As an opera starts, she asks "When does it finish?" A great dynamic is set up. As Louise acts the goofy free spirit, Martine sees the emptiness of her own life and she blames Louise for the revelation. Her criticisms sharpen and you wonder: When is it going to break? And how? (France, 93 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

ALSO SHOWING WEDNESDAY

OAK STREET: "Fuga," 5:15 p.m. (Argentina/Chile, 110 min.) At attempt to revive an obscure symphony touches off a dangerous trip into the past. Minnesota Short Films, 7:30 p.m. (105 min.) "What Means Motley," 9:30 p.m. (Ireland/Romania, 92 min.) A comic caper about a con man who tries to smuggle a "choir" of Romanian gypsies into Ireland.

BELL: "The Lion: Henrik Ibsen," 5:30 p.m. See Sunday. "Warchild," 7 p.m. (Germany/Slovenia, 103 min.) An Bosnian woman learns that her missing daughter has been adopted by a German family. "On a Tightrope," 9:15 p.m. See Friday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "37 Uses for a Dead Sheep," 7:15 p.m. (Turkey/Britain, 85 min.) An inventive mosaic portrait of a tribe of nomadic Kirghiz who have become skilled at survival (hence the title).

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

When: Through April 29. Where: Oak Street Cinema, 309 SE. Oak St., Mpls.; Bell Auditorium, 17th & University Avs. SE., Mpls.; St. Anthony Main, 115 SE. Main St., Mpls.; Riverview Theater, 3800 42nd Av. S., Mpls.

Tickets: $9, $8 seniors/students, $7 Minnesota Film Arts members. Festival pass is $160-$200 or $60-$80 for a 10-film pass. Info: Schedule is subject to change, so call 612-331-3134 or check [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org). Read and write user reviews on festival films at [*www.vita.mn/mspiff*](http://www.vita.mn/mspiff).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** April 20, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Silver celluloid; HIGHLIGHTS FROM WEEK ONE OF THE 25TH ANNUAL MINNEAPOLIS/ ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NJP-VTP0-TX2T-W1SB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Ducking into an old single-screen moviehouse on a rainy April day or night to find yourself absorbed in an unfamiliar foreign culture. Rubbing elbows in the audience with the city's previously unnoticed Turkish or Mongolian populations. Checking out the annual "Polish answer to `Mean Streets.'-" Saving tens of thousands of dollars on world travel with an all-access festival pass or a 10-punch card. Realizing that there's much, much more to the movies than Hollywood.

These are typical pleasures of the Minneapolis- St. Paul International Film Festival, now celebrating its 25th incarnation as a required rite of spring. And while a foreign film fest can definitely bring its own set of cliches (help, not another Eastern European coming-of-age quirky family road movie that's an allegory for the post-communist new economy!), more than likely you also will encounter a few of your all-time favorite movies, with scarcely a chance to see most of them again.

For first-timers, there are many ways to jump into the festival. You could pick your favorite foreign country and go with it. Listen to the word-of-mouth and read the daily "fest-o-grams." Choose a quirky title out of the program guide - whatever. We've reviewed as many festival films as we could get our hands on, so feel free to use this guide as a starting point. Beyond that, it's a big cinematic world out there. You're on your own.

SIMON PETER GROEBNER

THURSDAY 04.19

Bamako

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Thu. - Riverview

The festival kicks off with a one-of-a-kind spectacle that playfully flouts cinematic conventions. It manages to combine political debate, glorious Malian pop music, droll social commentary, and a Western gunslinger parody starring Danny Glover. The carnival that emerges is a stimulating and engaging look at the state of Africa today.

An open-air courtroom is set up in the yard of an apartment building where alluring bar singer Aissa Maiga is breaking up with her husband. The hearing is a freewheeling session in which supporters of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund debate with local people who blame the financiers for their woes. Each side has articulate advocates, and the forum has plenty of incidental drama. A wedding party complete with a disruptive vocalist wanders through; comically bored listeners mockingly complain about how long the proceedings are taking; folks take a break to watch Glover on TV in an absurd African shoot-'em-up called "Death in Timbuktu."

The movie-within-a-movie draws a tongue-in-cheek parallel between the shoot-first ethic of cowboy films and the cutthroat practices of global financial institutions. This sounds like a recipe for incoherence, but director, Mauritanian Abderrahmane Sissako weaves his unlikely materials into a vibrant tapestry.

Glover will attend the screening, introduce the film, answer questions afterward and attend the festival's Opening Night party (9:30 p.m.-midnight) across the street at the Riverview Wine Bar.

COLIN COVERT

FRIDAY 04.20

Pervert's Guide to Cinema

Three out of four stars

4:45 p.m. Fri. - Bell

Here's a film guaranteed to make you smarter than all your friends for 48 hours. Or at least feel like you are. Slovenian postmodernist philosopher, psychoanalyst and film fanatic Slavoj Zizek offers a thought-provoking commentary on some of his favorites, finding deep meanings in movies ranging from "Alien" and "The Matrix" to "City Lights" and "Ivan the Terrible, Part II." Being swept up in Zizek's fast-talking intellectual whirlwind frequently made me feel like Dorothy en route to Oz, but wherever he lands, he finds remarkable symbols of anxiety, sexuality and mortality. His discussion of the layout of Mrs. Bates' Victorian mansion in "Psycho" in terms of Freudian psychology's superego, ego and id strikes me as an insight of forehead-slapping brilliance. For nuggets like that, enduring the windier passages of his clip-studded intellectual tour through cinema history is no hardship at all. (Austria, 150 min.)

COLIN COVERT

Vanaja

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Fri. - Oak Street

This exploration of the heartache that accompanies India's caste system puts so many plots in play that it's tough sometimes to remember which is the central story. But the film -made to fulfill a degree requirement at Columbia University but shot in the filmmaker's homeland - makes up for some of its organizational shortcomings with its earnest tone. A teenager who dreams of being a dancer is raped and impregnated by her teacher's son. It's not always clear whether the movie is about rape, teen motherhood or dancing. But it does hit all the right emotional buttons concerning the power of the upper classes. (Also 11 a.m. Sat., Oak Street. India, 111 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

On a Tightrope

Three out of four stars

7:30 p.m. Fri. - Bell

The title refers not only to the tradition of tightrope-walking among the Uighur people, China's largest Muslim minority, but to the tightrope they must walk between Islamic faith and secular communism. Focusing on four tightrope-walking orphans, this documentary is a reminder of all that binds us (the kids play a version of "Red Rover") and all that doesn't (one girl walks across what looks like a prairie-dog dirt field; it's an unmarked cemetery). Here's the surprise: Even while focusing on orphans (one strike) who are ethnic and religious minorities (two strikes) in a far northwest province of communist China (three strikes), director Petr Lom, and the children, find balance and hope. (Also 9:15 p.m. Wed., Bell. Norway/Canada, 74 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

Ten Canoes

Three out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Fri. - Bell

"A good story must have proper telling," says wise Aboriginal Minygululu to his younger brother, as he narrates a tale of jealousy and obsession in the primitive Australian outback. The "story-within-a-story" plot highlights the plights of envious brothers, and the narrative unfolds like a multi-layered fable, illuminating the Aboriginal culture. How fitting it is that "Ten Canoes" is the first film made in Australia's indigenous Ganalbingu dialect, as the movie is a celebration of traditional storytelling. To complete the mood, David Gulpill's patient and humorous English narration makes us feel like we're hearing a campfire tale. If only the theater sold marshmallows ... (Also 12:30 p.m. Sun., Oak Street. Australia, 92 min.)

JOSHUA CARLON

ALSO SHOWING FRIDAY

OAK STREET: "Schnitzel Paradise," 5 p.m. (Netherlands, 82 min.) A talented student finds his match in his employer's niece. "Paprika," 9:30 p.m. (Japan, 90 min.) Japanese anime about psychotherapy, dreams and multiple identities. "Firefly," 11:30 p.m. (U.S., 64 min.) A mystery with three separate threads woven together with a sci-fi twist.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Grave Keeper's Tale," 5 p.m. (India, 98 min.) A lower-caste woman proudly inherits the family's role of caring for a children's graveyard. But things change when she gives birth to a son. "VHS Kahloucha," 7:15 p.m. (Tunisia, 80 min.) A documentary about the so-called Quentin Tarantino of Tunisia. "Falkenberg Farewell," 9 p.m. (Sweden, 91 min.) Non-professional actors improvised much of this film about five high-school friends sharing a final summer before adulthood.

SATURDAY 04.21

Seagull Diner

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

3:15 p.m. Sat. - Bell

Sumptuously shot and deceptively simple, Naoko Ogigami's fish-out-of-water ensemble piece offers the same brand of winsome charm evidenced in her directorial debut (and previous MSPIFF hit), "Yoshino's Barbershop." Satomi Kobayashi anchors the film as Sachie, a Japanese woman struggling to run a diner in Helsinki. Though the intrusive score veers toward schmaltz, complex explorations of alienation, loneliness and loss provide the film its bittersweet soul. The most disappointing moment comes when the closing credits roll - it's the kind of film one desperately wishes to live with (or in) for at least a day or two. (Also 9:30 p.m. April 27, Bell. Japan/Finland, 102 min.)

EMILY CONDON

Reprise

One out of four stars

7 p.m. Sat. - St. Anthony Main

Considering the number of accolades that director Joachim Trier's first feature picked up in Europe - it was Norway's entry in the most recent Academy Awards - this talky treatise on youth's self-importance underwhelms. Two aspiring writers send off their debut manuscripts at the same time. One becomes an instant success, the other is rejected. A promising enough dramatic catalyst, but ideas meant to be presented cleverly through irony, hampered by the now-hackneyed device of quick cuts between past and present, fact and fiction, instead wallow in what they are - the obvious - without ever providing a revelation. Halfway through the film, one of the friends declares, "Things are picking up." If only. (Also 4:30 p.m. Sun. Norway, 106 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

Zorro's Bar Mitzvah

One and 1/2 out of four stars

11 a.m. Sat. - Bell

Focusing on the traditional Jewish rite-of-passage, Ruth Beckermann's documentary visits four bar and bat mitzvah celebrations, ranging from the strictly Orthodox to the absurdly grandiose (complete with fireworks, film productions, convertibles and caliente dancers). The sheer range of interpretations should offer fertile ground for a deep exploration of the modern Jewish experience, but the film languishes due to lack of focus and a structure that feels utterly arbitrary. We see age-old faith, tradition, memory and identity succumb to banality, irony and self-aggrandizement, but "Zorro's Bar Mitzvah" fails to find a point amidst all the (lack of) profundity. (Also 5 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony Main. Austria/Israel, 90 min.)

EMILY CONDON

Boss of It All

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:45 p.m. Sat. - Oak Street

In this clever comedy from the usually melancholic Lars von Trier, spineless CEO Ravn (Peter Gantzler) hires unemployed actor Kristoffer (Jens Albinus) to pretend to be the mythical boss of his dysfunctional tech company. Kristoffer is unleashed into the environment with desperately little direction, and spends much of the film improvising his way through the disorganized cabinet of lies that the hapless Ravn has filed about him. Like a classic Preston Sturges comedy, the film's screwball antics eventually give rise to social relevance and conscience. However, von Trier's intermittent voiceovers remind us of whose film this is, and we wonder: Even if the hero finds his sentimental heart, will the director? See it now before the inevitable Hollywood remake. (Denmark, 99 min.)

JOSHUA CARLON

My Cultural Divide

Three out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Sat. - Bell

This is first-person documentary is part socioeconomic treatise, part challenge to viewers to put up or shut up. Filmmaker Faisal Lutchmedial, a native of Canada who opposes the buying of clothing made in overseas sweatshops, opens the movie by saying he wanted to tell the stories of the people behind the statistics. He goes to Bangladesh, his mother's native land. He finds some of the horror stories he expected - workers who spend up to 20 hours a day hunched over sewing machines - but he also has to come to grips with his own heritage. (Bangladesh, 75 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

ALSO SHOWING SATURDAY

OAK STREET: "Vanaja," 11 a.m. See Friday. "Among Thorns"/"Ashton's Stones" 1:30 p.m. (Sweden, 55 min.) Animated children's film about a boy's adventures in music camp. "Familia," 3 p.m. (Canada, 102 min.) A family drama from Quebec exploring the quest for independence and the chains of heredity. "Chariton's Choir," 5:15 p.m. (Greece, 116 min.) Think "Mr. Holland's Opus" set amid Greece's 1968 political turmoil and subsequent dictatorship. "Waitress," 7:45 p.m. (U.S., 107 min.) This kitchen-sink drama about a woman looking for a change of life, starring Keri Russell, Cheryl Hines and Andy Griffith, premiered at Sundance last winter after the death of director/co-star Adrienne Shelly. "Black Sheep," 11:30 p.m. (New Zealand, 87 min.) A horror/comedy about a genetic experiment that goes awry, creating a breed of bloodthirsty sheep.

BELL: "Filmmakers in Action," 1 p.m. (Spain, 107 min.) Documentary about filmmakers working to preserve and protect their films against alteration. "Art of Aging," 5:30 p.m. (France, 99 min.) The richness of old age is explored in a film that won best documentary at the Montreal Film Festival. "Ole Bull: The Titan," 7:30 p.m. (Norway, 90 min.) Ever wonder about that bronze statue of the fiddler in Loring Park? See this documentary to find out who it is.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Bonkers," 2:30 p.m. (Netherlands, 83 min.) Mother and daughter take care of each other and wind up bringing home an elephant. Ages 9 and up. "The Road," 4:30 p.m. (China, 114 min.) Five decades are spanned in a drama that has Mao's Cultural Revolution as a defining backdrop. "The Book of Revelation," 9:30 p.m. (Australia, 117 min.) A dancer pursues three women who sexually humiliated him, so that he might regain his career.

SUNDAY 04.22

EMPz 4 Life

Three out of four stars

5:30 p.m. Sun. - Bell

Using a cinema verite style (no interviews or narration) this documentary follows a volunteer struggling to keep four at-risk Toronto teens out of trouble. Director Allan King set out to reveal the daily racism the teens face, from schools that have given up on them to the constant badgering by police. Some of the fly-on-the-wall scenes capture this struggle with pop and verve, as when the kids and their mentor are pulled over by the cops for "fitting the description." However, spotty sound makes other scenes feel more like pieces to a puzzle - it's difficult to figure out exactly what is happening. But in the end, the images are powerful enough. (Canada, 113 min.)

TOM HORGEN

Cine Manifest

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony Main

Trapped someplace in this documentary is a fascinating study of collective creation, but one wishes that director Judy Irola had bestowed her material on a less personally invested filmmaker. Irola revisits Cine Manifest, the commie cinema collective of her youth (predictably housed in early `70s San Francisco), through archival footage and interviews with Rob Nilsson, Peter Gessner and others. This joins the growing canon of boomer navel-gazers that romanticize `70s liberation movements while forgiving their subsequent sell-out. The third act raises fascinating dilemmas about relationships, art and failure, but much of the film falls prey to the genre's proclivity for self-obsession and inability to universalize - "Those darn boys never bought toilet paper!" doesn't count as universal truth. (U.S., 85 min.)

EMILY CONDON

The Valet

Four out of four stars

7:45 p.m. Sun. - Oak Street

French writer/director Francis Veber ("La Cage Aux Folles") has been creating delightful farces for nearly 40 years, and his latest is a showpiece of clever comic construction and casting. A likable auto valet (Gad Elmaleh) finds his life changes when he steps in front of paparazzi snapping pictures of a married tycoon strolling with his supermodel mistress ("Cache's" Daniel Auteuil and stunning Alice Taglioni). To hide the affair from his wife, the industrialist pressures the passerby and the model to pretend they are lovers, and from there the story proceeds with clockwork precision through increasingly hilarious complications. The film's Parisian locations are gorgeous and the romantic shenanigans are elegantly crafted. Veber, clearly a fan of the Golden Age comedies of Billy Wilder, Howard Hawks and Preston Sturges, is a worthy successor. (France, 85 min.)

COLIN COVERT

The Great Match

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

2:30 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony Main

This enchanting film goes to the far reaches of the globe to prove the elemental truth that all the world's people care deeply about one thing. Peace and prosperity? No, football! (That's soccer, to you and me.) The 2002 World Cup final between Brazil and Germany has seized the imagination of unlikely pockets of the population, from Mongolian hunters to Amazon warriors. But where to find a TV, or more difficult yet, a place to hook it up? These fans display ingenuity that's hard to imagine in our plasma-HD world. A group of Niger nomads devises a method that involves a bus loaded up like the Clampettmobile on steroids and an antenna fashioned from an umbrella. The Amazonians go on the hunt for a replacement cable after one of the wives uses it to make a headdress, then send one poor sap up a tree with a satellite dish on his head. Amidst the exotic settings, however, are the familiar sights of fans arguing passionately for their favorites, and occasionally coming to blows. See, we're not so different after all. (Spain/Germany, 88 min.)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

ALSO SHOWING SUNDAY

OAK STREET: "True Stories," 11 a.m. (Country, 54 min.) Non-fiction short films for children. "Ten Canoes," 12:30 p.m. See Friday. "Rock `N' Roll Never Dies," 2:30 p.m. (Finland, 131 min.) Full of rock classics and flashbacks, this film is about a guitarist who remains faithful to his ideals. "The Magician," 5:15 p.m. (Turkey, 122 min.) The travails of a struggling magician, played by popular Turkish comedian Cem Yilmaz. "Stealth," 9:30 p.m. (Switzerland, 112 min.) A Swiss radio broadcaster lurches around in search of his identity, ending up on a road trip east.

BELL: "VHS Kahloucha," 4 p.m. See Friday. "The Lion: Henrik Ibsen," 7:45 p.m. (Norway, 60 min.) TV portrait of the playwright. "Filmmakers in Action," 9:15 p.m. See Saturday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Opening," 12:30 p.m. (90 min.) No information available. "Reprise," 4:30 p.m. See Saturday. "Four Minutes," 9 p.m. (Germany, 112 min.) A piano teacher finds the artistic core of a violent young inmate in a women's prison.

MONDAY 04.23

The Bothersome Man

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:30 p.m. Mon. - Oak Street

This agreeably strange Norwegian parable concerns a sad sack (Trond Fausa Aurvaag) who has either 1) found the perfect job in the perfect city, or 2) died and gone to some eerily tasteful underworld. Jens Lien's dark comedy follows its glum hero through his ever-so-nice daily routine, gradually building the sense that something's fishy about a life where everything is tidy and attractively color-coded, including the protagonist's unsettlingly amiable girlfriend. The liquor doesn't make you tipsy, the sky is always blue and a frighteningly efficient cleaning crew sweeps away any evidence of unpleasantness. When the newcomer discovers a cracked basement wall that might lead back to real life, he launches a Quixotic escape attempt. A bizarre social satire that mixes the mild-mannered humor of Jacques Tati with stunningly gory slapstick. (Also 5 p.m. Tue., St. Anthony Main. Norway, 96 min.)

COLIN COVERT

Iran: A Cinematographic Revolution

Three out of four stars

7 p.m. Mon. - Bell

Charting Iran's turbulent political history and its corresponding cinema, from the complicit to the critical, this features numerous great talents - from Dariush Mehrjui to Bahman Ghobadi to the astoundingly insightful Mohsen Makhmalbaf. The elephant in the corner, however, is the filmmakers' failure to secure an interview with Iranian cinema's grand master, Abbas Kiarostami, whose sublime ability to convey truth in the face of censorship is unparalleled. The second, far more frustrating omission is the lack of context for post-Khomeni Iran. After detailing the reign of the Shah, his demise, the Islamic revolution, the Iran/Iraq war and Khomeni's 1989 death, the film inexplicably (or, even more frighteningly, perhaps necessarily) stops providing any detail about Iran's social and political status. The narration insists that today's filmmakers are Iran's "ambassadors" to the outside world. Though Mahmoud Ahmadinejad currently has dibs on ambassadorship, the contention should function for viewers as a call to action. (Also 4:45 p.m. April 27, St. Anthony Main. Iran/France, 98 min.)

EMILY CONDON

ALSO SHOWING MONDAY

OAK STREET: "Falkenberg Farewell," 5 p.m. See Friday. Minnesota Documentaries, 7:15 p.m. (110 min.) Various short works.

BELL: "Milk and Opium," 5 p.m. (India, 83 min.) A 14-year-old boy gets caught up in music,drugs and the city in a film that features Sufi music. "Acme & Co.," 9:15 p.m. (Mexico, 92 min.) Documentary about silent-film pioneers Felix and Edmundo Padilla.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Zorro's Bar Mitzvah," 5 p.m. See Saturday. "City in Heat," 7 p.m. (Argentina, 106 min.) A love triangle, suicide and nostalgia mix with a jazz and tango soundtrack. "Schnitzel Paradise," 9:15 p.m. See Friday.

TUESDAY 04.24

The Chinese Botanist's Daughters

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Tue. - St. Anthony Main

This bi-national film combines sensual French-styled arthouse romance with the achingly gorgeous, slow-paced and meditative framework of Asian drama, plus a subplot of Chinese herbalism. When the orphaned Min (the captivating Mylene Jampanoi) is sent to work for a famed botanist, she soon develops a special, untenable bond with his isolated daughter, An. French director Amid Sijie, a Cultural Revolution survivor, takes jabs at old-style Chinese male authoritarianism, while the young women take refuge in each other. Filmed in a Vietnamese river valley, the movie is bathed in lush greenery, and the part-French, part-Chinese Jamponoi is perfect for the story. (Also 5 p.m. April 26, Oak Street. France/China, 90 min.)

SIMON PETER GROEBNER

Something Like Happiness

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

5 p.m. Tue. - Oak Street

Like leftovers from a Lars von Trier brainstorm session, this is one depressing movie, though its portrait of three friends toiling in a ***working-class*** Czech city was made with care (it swept last year's Lions, the Czech Oscars). Life only gets worse for kind-hearted Monika after her boyfriend moves to America. When her self-destructive best friend can no longer care for her two young children, she and a childhood friend Tonik must provide for the kids, lest they be given to social services. The only glimmer of optimism comes from the faces of the characters, who swallow each wave of disappointment with a big gulp, then move on. You'll probably do the same. (Also 5:15 April 26, St. Anthony Main. Germany/Czech Republic, 102 min.)

TOM HORGEN

August the First

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

7:15 p.m. Tue. - Oak Street

Other than a weak title (it takes too long to explain and doesn't amount to much even then), this drama packs a punch. For his graduation party, all Tunde (Ian Alsup) wants is for his fractured family to be reunited, even if for just an afternoon. So he surprises the rest of the family by inviting his father (Dennis Green), who walked out on them 10 years ago. But not everyone is happy to see him. Writer-director Lanre Olabisi is prone to soap-operatic overkill: Isn't having raised three kids by herself enough of a challenge for Tunde's mother, do we also need to throw in bouts with cancer and alcoholism? But there also are plenty of very touching and heartfelt moments. (Also 3 p.m. April 28, St. Anthony Main. U.S., 81 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

ALSO SHOWING TUESDAY

OAK STREET: "The Book of Revelation," 9:15 p.m. See Saturday.

BELL: "Stone Time Touch," 5:30 p.m. (Canada/Armenia, 72 min.) Documentary about an Armenian who embarks on a journey of discovery. "Stealth," 7:15 p.m. See Sunday. "The Magician," 9:30 p.m. See Sunday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Bothersome Man," 5 p.m. See Monday. "Ghosts of Cite Soleil," 7:15 p.m. (Denmark/U.S., 80 min.) Documentary portrait of two gang leaders and street violence in Port au Prince, Haiti.

RIVERVIEW: "Eagle vs. Shark," 7 p.m. (New Zealand, 93 min.) Think "Napoleon Dynamite" with a kiwi accent. Nerd meets geek and they fall into gentle love.

WEDNESDAY 04.25

Madeinusa

Three out of four stars

5 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony Main

It's 3 p.m. on Good Friday, and the citizens of a tiny, backward town in the Peruvian Andes have embarked with noisy excitement on Holy Time. This does not involve penitence or contemplation but instead unbridled and unremorseful displays of sin (mostly of the lustful variety), in the belief that until 6 a.m. Easter Sunday, God is dead and cannot see human misdeeds. At the center is 14-year-old Madeinusa, chosen the town's Immaculate Virgin for the festivities. Mourning her mother's absence and fighting her father's advances, the delicately lovely girl is alternately knowing and innocent; after seducing Salvador, a worldly young traveler from Lima, Madeinusa becomes convinced that their union is destined because her unusual name is printed on the tag of his shirt. She envisions Salvador as salvation from her oppressive existence, but, like Dorothy, she finds she has had the power all along. Claudia Llosa's beautifully filmed fable gains a mythical quality from its evocative imagery and timeless themes. (Peru, 100 min.)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

Forever

Three out of four stars

7 p.m. Wed. - Riverview

Acclaimed documentarist Hedy Honigmann again sets up her discerning camera, this time in Paris' lovely, storied Pere-Lachaise cemetery. The thoughtful pilgrims who come to honor Proust, Jim Morrison, Chopin and the empty urn that once contained the ashes of Maria Callas accomplish the impossible - an attractive form of celebrity worship. Even more touching are those who visit dead relatives unknown to anyone but themselves, like the cheerful Armenian woman who has faithfully scrubbed her father's gravestone once a week for 10 years as she chats with his memory about current events. Rather than lonely eccentrics, or fame junkies with no lives of their own, they come off as centered souls who will be more prepared for their own deaths than most of us. (Netherlands, 97 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

Me and My Sister

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony Main

The movie begins sharply. A man sits crunching breakfast until his wife asks if he could breathe more quietly. He: "Do me a favor?" She: "I'd rather not." There's not a wasted moment in this delightful and tense French comedy about two sisters who take different paths in life: Louise (Catherine Frot) works as a beautician in their hometown of Le Mans while Martine (Isabelle Huppert) winds up rich, chic and unhappy in Paris. In truth she's a monster. Within an hour of Louise's visit, she asks: "When do you leave?" As an opera starts, she asks "When does it finish?" A great dynamic is set up. As Louise acts the goofy free spirit, Martine sees the emptiness of her own life and she blames Louise for the revelation. Her criticisms sharpen and you wonder: When is it going to break? And how? (France, 93 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

ALSO SHOWING WEDNESDAY

OAK STREET: "Fuga," 5:15 p.m. (Argentina/Chile, 110 min.) At attempt to revive an obscure symphony touches off a dangerous trip into the past. Minnesota Short Films, 7:30 p.m. (105 min.) "What Means Motley," 9:30 p.m. (Ireland/Romania, 92 min.) A comic caper about a con man who tries to smuggle a "choir" of Romanian gypsies into Ireland.

BELL: "The Lion: Henrik Ibsen," 5:30 p.m. See Sunday. "Warchild," 7 p.m. (Germany/Slovenia, 103 min.) An Bosnian woman learns that her missing daughter has been adopted by a German family. "On a Tightrope," 9:15 p.m. See Friday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "37 Uses for a Dead Sheep," 7:15 p.m. (Turkey/Britain, 85 min.) An inventive mosaic portrait of a tribe of nomadic Kirghiz who have become skilled at survival (hence the title).

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

When: Through April 29. Where: Oak Street Cinema, 309 SE. Oak St., Mpls.; Bell Auditorium, 17th & University Avs. SE., Mpls.; St. Anthony Main, 115 SE. Main St., Mpls.; Riverview Theater, 3800 42nd Av. S., Mpls.

Tickets: $9, $8 seniors/students, $7 Minnesota Film Arts members. Festival pass is $160-$200 or $60-$80 for a 10-film pass. Info: Schedule is subject to change, so call 612-331-3134 or check [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org). Read and write user reviews on festival films at [*www.vita.mn/mspiff*](http://www.vita.mn/mspiff).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** April 23, 2007

**End of Document**



[***OUR GUIDE TO THE MPLS.-ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NJ3-KR90-TX2T-W24T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

TODAY

PERVERT'S GUIDE TO CINEMA

Three out of four stars

Here's a film guaranteed to make you smarter than all your friends for 48 hours, or at least feel like you are. Slovenian postmodernist philosopher, psychoanalyst and film fanatic Slavoj Zizek offers a thought-provoking commentary on some of his favorites, finding deep meanings in movies ranging from "Alien" to "City Lights" and "Ivan the Terrible, Part II." Being swept up in Zizek's fast-talking intellectual whirlwind frequently made me feel like Dorothy en route to Oz, but wherever he lands, he finds remarkable symbols of anxiety, sexuality and mortality. His discussion of the layout of Mrs. Bates' Victorian mansion in "Psycho" in terms of Freudian psychology's superego, ego and id strikes me as an insight of forehead-slapping brilliance. For nuggets like that, enduring the windier passages of his clip-studded intellectual tour through cinema history is no hardship at all. (4:45 p.m. Fri., Bell. Austria, 150 min.)

COLIN COVERT

VANAJA

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

This exploration of the heartache that accompanies India's caste system puts so many plots in play that it's sometimes tough to remember which is the central story. But the film -made to fulfill a degree requirement at Columbia University, but shot in the filmmaker's homeland - makes up for some of its shortcomings with its earnest tone. A teenager who dreams of being a dancer is raped and impregnated by her teacher's son. It's not always clear whether the movie is about rape, teen motherhood or dancing. But it does hit all the right emotional buttons concerning the power of the upper classes. (7 p.m. Fri. & 11 a.m. Sat., Oak Street. India, 111 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

ON A TIGHTROPE

Three out of four stars

The title refers not only to the tradition of tightrope-walking among the Uighur people, China's largest Muslim minority, but to the tightrope they walk between Islamic faith and secular communism. Focusing on four tightrope-walking orphans, this documentary is a reminder of all that binds us (the kids play a version of "Red Rover") and all that doesn't (one girl walks across what looks like a prairie-dog dirt field; it's an unmarked cemetery). Here's the surprise: Even while focusing on orphans (one strike) who are ethnic and religious minorities (two strikes) in a far northwest province of Communist China (three strikes), director Petr Lom, and the children, find balance and hope. (7:30 p.m. Fri. & 9:15 p.m. Wed., Bell. Norway/Canada, 74 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

TEN CANOES

Three out of four stars

"A good story must have proper telling," says wise aborigine Minygululu to his younger brother, as he narrates a tale of jealousy and obsession in the Australian outback. The "story-within-a-story" plot highlights the plights of envious brothers, and the narrative unfolds like a multilayered fable, illuminating aboriginal culture. How fitting that "Ten Canoes" is the first film made in Australia's indigenous Ganalbingu dialect, as the movie is a celebration of traditional storytelling. To complete the mood, David Gulpill's patient and humorous English narration makes us feel like we're hearing a campfire tale. If only the theater sold marshmallows ... (9:15 p.m. Fri., Bell, & 12:30 p.m. Sun., Oak Street. Australia, 92 min.)

JOSHUA CARLON

ALSO SHOWING TODAY

OAK STREET: "Schnitzel Paradise," 5 p.m. (Netherlands, 82 min.) A talented student finds his match in his employer's niece. "Paprika," 9:30 p.m. (Japan, 90 min.) Japanese anime about psychotherapy, dreams and multiple identities. "Firefly," 11:30 p.m. (U.S., 64 min.) A mystery with three separate threads woven together with a sci-fi twist.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Grave Keeper's Tale," 5 p.m. (India, 98 min.) A lower-caste woman proudly inherits the family's role of caring for a children's graveyard. But things change when she gives birth to a son. "VHS Kahloucha," 7:15 p.m. (Tunisia, 80 min.) A documentary about the so-called Quentin Tarantino of Tunisia. "Falkenberg Farewell," 9 p.m. (Sweden, 91 min.) Amateur actors improvised much of this film about five high-school friends sharing a final summer before adulthood.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21

BOSS OF IT ALL

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

In this clever comedy from the usually melancholic Lars von Trier, spineless CEO Ravn (Peter Gantzler) hires unemployed actor Kristoffer (Jens Albinus) to pretend to be the mythical boss of his dysfunctional tech company. Kristoffer is unleashed into the environment with desperately little direction, and spends much of the film improvising his way through the disorganized cabinet of lies that the hapless Ravn has filed about him. Like a classic Preston Sturges comedy, the film's screwball antics eventually give rise to social relevance and conscience. However, Von Trier's intermittent voiceovers remind us whose film this is, and we wonder: Even if the hero finds his sentimental heart, will the director? See it now before the inevitable Hollywood remake. (9:45 p.m. Sat., Oak Street. Denmark, 99 min.)

JOSHUA CARLON

SEAGULL DINER

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

Sumptuously shot and deceptively simple, Naoko Ogigami's fish-out-of-water ensemble piece offers the same winsome charm evidenced in her directorial debut (and previous Film Festival hit), "Yoshino's Barbershop." Satomi Kobayashi anchors the film as Sachie, a Japanese woman struggling to run a diner in Helsinki. Though the intrusive score veers toward schmaltz, complex explorations of alienation, loneliness and loss provide the film its bittersweet soul. The most disappointing moment comes when the closing credits roll - it's the kind of film one desperately wishes to live with (or in) for at least a day or two. (3:15 p.m. Sat. & 9:30 p.m. next Friday, Bell. Japan/Finland, 102 min.)

EMILY CONDON

MY CULTURAL DIVIDE

Three out of four stars

This first-person documentary is part socioeconomic treatise, part challenge to viewers to put up or shut up. Filmmaker Faisal Lutchmedial, a native of Canada who opposes the buying of clothing made in overseas sweatshops, opens the movie by saying he wanted to tell the stories of the people behind the statistics. He goes to Bangladesh, his mother's native land. He finds some of the horror stories he expected - workers who spend up to 20 hours a day hunched over sewing machines - but also has to come to grips with his own heritage. (9:15 p.m. Sat., Bell. Bangladesh, 75 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

REPRISE

One out of four stars

Considering the accolades that director Joachim Trier's first feature picked up in Europe - it was Norway's entry in the Academy Awards - this talky treatise on youth's self-importance underwhelms. Two aspiring writers send off their debut manuscripts at the same time. One becomes an instant success, the other is rejected. A promising enough dramatic catalyst, but ideas meant to be presented cleverly through irony, hampered by the now-hackneyed device of quick cuts between past and present and fact and fiction, instead wallow in what they are - the obvious - without ever providing a revelation. Halfway through the film, one of the friends declares, "Things are picking up." If only. (7 p.m. Sat. & 4:30 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony Main. Norway, 106 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

OLE BULL: THE TITAN

Two out of four stars

An impetuous, moody romantic, 19th-century Norwegian violinist Ole Bull was an international superstar, a hero to Norwegian immigrants in the United States and a consummate self-promoter who celebrated his 66th birthday by climbing an Egyptian pyramid to serenade the sun. Director Aslak Aarhus offers a PBS-style biography built on period images of Bull, his long-suffering French wife and their children and his contemporaries (including Liszt and Paganini), spiced with contemporary shots and performances reenacted by a long-haired prodigy. The best moments are the background violin music and the prodigy's persuasive performance with a Havana orchestra, but the film is marred by romantic cliches (crashing waves, waterfalls and stallions galloping in snow) and an impressionistic gloss on history. (7:30 p.m. Sat., Bell. Norway, 90 min.)

MARY ABBE

ZORRO'S BAR MITZVAH

One and 1/2 out of four stars

Focusing on the traditional Jewish rite of passage, Ruth Beckermann's documentary visits four bar and bat mitzvah celebrations, ranging from the strictly Orthodox to the absurdly grandiose (complete with fireworks, film productions, convertibles and caliente dancers). The sheer range of interpretations should offer fertile ground for a deep exploration of the modern Jewish experience, but the film languishes due to lack of focus and a structure that feels utterly arbitrary. We see age-old faith, tradition, memory and identity succumb to banality, irony and self-aggrandizement, but "Zorro's Bar Mitzvah" fails to find a point amid all the (lack of) profundity. (11 a.m. Sat., Bell; 5 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony Main. Austria/Israel, 90 min.)

EMILY CONDON

ALSO SHOWING SATURDAY

OAK STREET: "Vanaja," 11 a.m. See Friday. "Among Thorns" 1:30 p.m. (Sweden, 55 min.) Animated kids' film about a boy's adventures in music camp. "Familia," 3 p.m. (Canada, 102 min.) A family drama from Quebec exploring the quest for independence and the chains of heredity. "Chariton's Choir," 5:15 p.m. (Greece, 116 min.) Think "Mr. Holland's Opus" amid Greece's 1968 political turmoil. "Waitress," 7:45 p.m. (U.S., 107 min.) This comic drama about a woman looking for a change of life, starring Keri Russell, Cheryl Hines and Andy Griffith, premiered at Sundance last winter after the death of director/costar Adrienne Shelly. "Black Sheep," 11:30 p.m. (New Zealand, 87 min.) A horror/comedy about a genetic experiment gone awry, creating a breed of bloodthirsty sheep.

BELL: "Filmmakers in Action," 1 p.m. (Spain, 107 min.) Documentary about filmmakers working to preserve and protect their films against alteration. "Art of Aging," 5:30 p.m. (France, 99 min.) The richness of old age is explored in a film that won best documentary at the Montreal Film Festival.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Bonkers," 2:30 p.m. (Netherlands, 83 min.) Mother and daughter take care of each other and wind up bringing home an elephant. Ages 9 and up. "The Road," 4:30 p.m. (China, 114 min.) Five decades are spanned in a drama that has Mao's Cultural Revolution as a defining backdrop. "The Book of Revelation," 9:30 p.m. (Australia, 117 min.) A dancer pursues three women who sexually humiliated him so that he might regain his career.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

THE VALET

Four out of four stars

French writer/director Francis Veber ("La Cage Aux Folles") has been creating delightful farces for nearly 40 years, and his latest is a showpiece of clever comic construction and casting. A likable auto valet (Gad Elmaleh) finds his life changed when he steps in front of paparazzi snapping pictures of a married tycoon strolling with his supermodel mistress ("Cache's" Daniel Auteuil and stunning Alice Taglioni). To hide the affair from his wife, the industrialist pressures the passerby and the model to pretend they are lovers, and from there the story proceeds with clockwork precision through increasingly hilarious complications. The Parisian locations are gorgeous, and the romantic shenanigans are elegantly crafted. Veber, clearly a fan of the golden-age comedies of Billy Wilder, Howard Hawks and Preston Sturges, is a worthy successor. (7:45 p.m. Sun., Oak Street. France, 85 min.)

COLIN COVERT

EMPZ 4 LIFE

Three out of four stars

Using a cinema verite style (no interviews or narration) this documentary follows a volunteer struggling to keep four at-risk Toronto teens out of trouble. Director Allan King set out to reveal the daily racism the teens face, from schools that have given up on them to constant badgering by police. Some of the fly-on-the-wall scenes capture this struggle with pop and verve, as when the kids and their mentor are pulled over by police for "fitting the description." However, spotty sound makes other scenes feel more like pieces to a puzzle - it's difficult to figure out what is happening. But in the end, the images are powerful enough. (5:30 p.m. Sun., Bell. Canada, 113 min.)

TOM HORGEN

CINE MANIFEST

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

Trapped someplace in this documentary is a fascinating study of collective creation, but one wishes that director Judy Irola had bestowed her material on a less personally invested filmmaker. Irola revisits Cine Manifest, the commie cinema collective of her youth (predictably housed in early `70s San Francisco), through archival footage and interviews with Rob Nilsson, Peter Gessner and others. This joins the growing canon of boomer navel-gazers that romanticize `70s liberation movements while forgiving their subsequent sellout. The third act raises fascinating dilemmas about relationships, art and failure, but much of the film falls prey to the genre's proclivity for self-obsession and inability to universalize - "Those darn boys never bought toilet paper!" doesn't count as universal truth. (7 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony Main. U.S., 85 min.)

EMILY CONDON

THE GREAT MATCH

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

This enchanting film goes to the far reaches of the globe to prove the elemental truth that all the world's people care deeply about one thing. Peace? Freedom? No, football! (That's soccer, to you and me.) The 2002 World Cup final between Brazil and Germany has seized the imagination of unlikely pockets of the population, from Mongolian hunters to Amazon warriors. But where to find a TV, or more difficult yet, a place to hook it up? These fans display ingenuity that's hard to imagine in our plasma-HD world. A group of Niger nomads devises a method that involves a bus loaded up like the Clampettmobile on steroids and an antenna fashioned from an umbrella. The Amazonians go on the hunt for a replacement cable after one of the wives uses it to make a headdress, then send one poor sap up a tree with a satellite dish on his head. Amid the exotic settings, however, are the familiar sights of fans arguing passionately for their favorites and occasionally coming to blows. See, we're not so different after all. (2:30 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony Main. Spain/Germany, 88 min.)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

THE LION: HENRIK IBSEN

Three out of four stars

"They all came after him, whether they admit it or not," says actor Earl Hyman of the many 20th-century playwrights who owe a debt to the man considered the first modern writer for the stage. This well-made film is a fine chronological primer on Ibsen - from his sad childhood in Skein, Norway, to his dotage, in which he retained his radicalism about individual freedom. We touch all the familiar bases along the way - the influence of Ole Bull and Bjornson, the discipline of his wife, Susannah, and his celebrity in fin de siecle Oslo. Very worthwhile for theater enthusiasts and anyone with the scent of herring on their breath. (7:45 p.m. Sun. & 5:30 p.m. Wed., Bell. Norway, 60 min.)

GRAYDON ROYCE

ALSO SHOWING SUNDAY

OAK STREET: "True Stories," 11 a.m. (54 min.) Nonfiction short films for children. "Ten Canoes," 12:30 p.m. See Friday. "Rock `n' Roll Never Dies," 2:30 p.m. (Finland, 131 min.) Full of rock classics and flashbacks, this film is about a guitarist who remains faithful to his ideals. "The Magician," 5:15 p.m. (Turkey, 122 min.) The travails of a struggling magician, played by popular Turkish comedian Cem Yilmaz. "Stealth," 9:30 p.m. (Switzerland, 112 min.) A Swiss radio broadcaster lurches around in search of his identity, ending up on a road trip east.

BELL: "VHS Kahloucha," 4 p.m. See Friday. "Filmmakers in Action," 9:15 p.m. See Saturday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Opening," 12:30 p.m. (90 min.) No information available. "Reprise," 4:30 p.m. See Saturday. "Four Minutes," 9 p.m. (Germany, 112 min.) A piano teacher finds the artistic core of a violent young inmate in a women's prison.

MONDAY, APRIL 23

THE BOTHERSOME MAN

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

This agreeably strange Norwegian parable concerns a sad sack (Trond Fausa Aurvaag) who has either 1) found the perfect job in the perfect city, or 2) died and gone to some eerily tasteful underworld. Jens Lien's dark comedy follows its glum hero through his ever-so-nice daily routine, gradually building the sense that something's fishy about a life where everything is tidy and attractively color-coded, including the protagonist's unsettlingly amiable girlfriend. The liquor doesn't make you tipsy, the sky is always blue and a frighteningly efficient cleaning crew sweeps away any evidence of unpleasantness. When the newcomer discovers a cracked basement wall that might lead back to real life, he launches a Quixotic escape attempt. A bizarre social satire that mixes the mild-mannered humor of Jacques Tati with stunningly gory slapstick. (9:30 p.m. Mon., Oak Street, & 5 p.m. Tue., St. Anthony Main. Norway, 96 min.)

COLIN COVERT

IRAN: A CINEMATOGRAPHIC REVOLUTION

Three out of four stars

Charting Iran's turbulent political history and its corresponding cinema, from the complicit to the critical, this features numerous great talents - from Dariush Mehrjui to Bahman Ghobadi to the astoundingly insightful Mohsen Makhmalbaf. The elephant in the corner, however, is the filmmakers' failure to secure an interview with grand master Abbas Kiarostami, whose sublime ability to convey truth in the face of censorship is unparalleled. The second, far more frustrating omission is the lack of context for post-Khomeini Iran. After detailing the reign of the Shah, his demise, the Islamic revolution, the Iran-Iraq war and Khomeini's 1989 death, the film inexplicably (or, even more frightening, perhaps necessarily) stops providing any detail about Iran's social and political status. The narration insists that today's filmmakers are Iran's "ambassadors" to the outside world. Though Mahmoud Ahmadinejad currently has dibs on ambassadorship, the contention should function for viewers as a call to action. (7 p.m. Mon., Bell, & 4:45 p.m. next Fri., St. Anthony Main. Iran/France, 98 min.)

EMILY CONDON

ALSO SHOWING MONDAY

OAK STREET: "Falkenberg Farewell," 5 p.m. See Friday. Minnesota Documentaries, 7:15 p.m. (110 min.) Various short works.

BELL: "Milk and Opium," 5 p.m. (India, 83 min.) A 14-year-old boy gets caught up in music, drugs and the city in a film that features Sufi music. "Acme & Co.," 9:15 p.m. (Mexico, 92 min.) Documentary about silent-film pioneers Felix and Edmundo Padilla.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Zorro's Bar Mitzvah," 5 p.m. See Saturday. "City in Heat," 7 p.m. (Argentina, 106 min.) A love triangle, suicide and nostalgia mix with a jazz and tango soundtrack. "Schnitzel Paradise," 9:15 p.m. See Friday.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24

THE CHINESE BOTANIST'S DAUGHTERS

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

This binational film combines sensual French-styled arthouse romance with the achingly gorgeous, slow-paced and meditative framework of Asian drama, with a subplot of Chinese herbalism. When the orphaned Min (the captivating Mylene Jampanoi) is sent to work for a famed botanist, she soon develops a special, untenable bond with his isolated daughter, An. French director Amid Sijie, a Cultural Revolution survivor, takes jabs at old-style Chinese male authoritarianism, while the young women take refuge in each other. Filmed in a Vietnamese river valley, the movie is bathed in lush greenery, and the part-French, part-Chinese Jamponoi is perfect for the story. (9:15 p.m. Tue., St. Anthony Main, & 5 p.m. Thu., Oak Street. France, 105 min.)

SIMON PETER GROEBNER

AUGUST THE FIRST

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

Other than a weak title (it takes too long to explain and doesn't amount to much even then), this drama packs a punch. For his graduation party, all Tunde (Ian Alsup) wants is for his fractured family to be reunited, even if for just an afternoon. So he surprises the rest of the family by inviting his father (Dennis Green), who walked out on them 10 years ago. But not everyone is happy to see him. Writer-director Lanre Olabisi is prone to soap-operatic overkill: Isn't having raised three kids by herself enough of a challenge for Tunde's mother? Do we also need to throw in bouts with cancer and alcoholism? But there are plenty of touching and heartfelt moments. (7:15 p.m. Tue., Oak Street, & 3 p.m. April 28, St. Anthony Main. U.S., 81 min.)

JEFF STRICKLER

SOMETHING LIKE HAPPINESS

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

Like leftovers from a Lars von Trier brainstorm session, this is one depressing movie, though its portrait of three friends toiling in a ***working-class*** Czech city was made with care (it swept last year's Lions, the Czech Oscars). Life only gets worse for kind-hearted Monika after her boyfriend moves to America. When her self-destructive best friend can no longer care for her two young children, she and a childhood friend, Tonik, must provide for the kids, lest they be given to social services. The only glimmer of optimism comes from the faces of the characters, who swallow each disappointment with a big gulp, then move on. You'll probably do the same. (5 p.m. Tue., Oak Street, & 5:15 next Thu., St. Anthony Main. Germany/Czech Republic, 102 min.)

TOM HORGEN

ALSO SHOWING TUESDAY

OAK STREET: "The Book of Revelation," 9:15 p.m. See Saturday.

BELL: "Stone Time Touch," 5:30 p.m. (Canada/Armenia, 72 min.) Documentary about an Armenian who embarks on a journey of discovery. "Stealth," 7:15 p.m. See Sunday. "The Magician," 9:30 p.m. See Sunday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Bothersome Man," 5 p.m. See Monday. "Ghosts of Cite Soleil," 7:15 p.m. (Denmark/U.S., 80 min.) Documentary portrait of two gang leaders and street violence in Port au Prince, Haiti.

RIVERVIEW: "Eagle vs. Shark," 7 p.m. (New Zealand, 93 min.) Think "Napoleon Dynamite" with a kiwi accent. Nerd meets geek and they fall into gentle love.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25

FOREVER

Three out of four stars

Acclaimed documentarist Hedy Honigmann again sets up her discerning camera, this time in Paris' lovely, storied Pere-Lachaise cemetery. The thoughtful pilgrims who come to honor Proust, Jim Morrison, Chopin and the empty urn that once contained the ashes of Maria Callas accomplish the impossible - an attractive form of celebrity worship. Even more touching are those who visit dead relatives unknown to anyone but themselves, like the cheerful Armenian woman who has faithfully scrubbed her father's gravestone once a week for 10 years as she chats with his memory about current events. Rather than lonely eccentrics, or fame junkies with no lives of their own, they come off as centered souls who will be more prepared for their own deaths than most of us. (7 p.m. Wed., Riverview. Netherlands, 97 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

MADEINUSA

Three out of four stars

It's 3 p.m. on Good Friday, and the citizens of a tiny, backward town in the Peruvian Andes have embarked with noisy excitement on Holy Time. This does not involve penitence or contemplation, but instead unbridled and unremorseful displays of sin (mostly of the lustful variety) in the belief that until 6 a.m. Easter Sunday, God is dead and cannot see human misdeeds. At the center is 14-year-old Madeinusa, chosen the town's Immaculate Virgin for the festivities. Mourning her mother's absence and fighting her father's advances, the delicately lovely girl is alternately knowing and innocent; after seducing Salvador, a worldly young traveler from Lima, Madeinusa becomes convinced that their union is destined because her unusual name is printed on the tag of his shirt. She envisions Salvador as salvation from her oppressive existence, but, like Dorothy, she finds she has had the power all along. Claudia Llosa's beautifully filmed fable gains a mythical quality from its evocative imagery and timeless themes. (5 p.m. Wed., St. Anthony Main. Peru, 100 min..)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

ME AND MY SISTER

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

The movie begins sharply. A man sits crunching breakfast until his wife asks if he could breathe more quietly. He: "Do me a favor?" She: "I'd rather not." There's not a wasted moment in this delightful and tense French comedy about two sisters who take different paths in life: Louise (Catherine Frot) works as a beautician in their hometown of Le Mans while Martine (Isabelle Huppert) winds up rich, chic and unhappy in Paris. In truth, she's a monster. Within an hour of Louise's visit, she asks: "When do you leave?" As an opera starts, she asks "When does it finish?" A great dynamic is set up. As Louise acts the goofy free spirit, Martine sees the emptiness of her own life and she blames Louise for the revelation. Her criticisms sharpen and you wonder: When is it going to break? And how? (9:15 p.m. Wed., St. Anthony Main. France, 93 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

ALSO SHOWING WEDNESDAY

OAK STREET: "Fuga," 5:15 p.m. (Argentina/Chile, 110 min.) An attempt to revive an obscure symphony touches off a dangerous trip into the past. Minnesota Short Films, 7:30 p.m. (105 min.) "What Means Motley," 9:30 p.m. (Ireland/Romania, 92 min.) A comic caper about a con man who tries to smuggle a "choir" of Romanian gypsies into Ireland.

BELL: "The Lion: Henrik Ibsen," 5:30 p.m. See Sunday. "Warchild," 7 p.m. (Germany/Slovenia, 103 min.) A Bosnian woman learns that her missing daughter has been adopted by a German family. "On a Tightrope," 9:15 p.m. See Friday.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "37 Uses for a Dead Sheep," 7:15 p.m. (Turkey/Britain, 85 min.) An inventive mosaic portrait of a tribe of nomadic Kirghiz who have become skilled at survival (hence the title).

THURSDAY, APRIL 26

RETRIEVAL

Three out of four stars

Clearly first-time Polish filmmaker Slawomir Fabicki has watched his share of gangster morality tales. He crafts a pretty straightforward one here. Wojtek, a struggling 19-year-old wannabe boxer, reluctantly becomes a local gangster's enforcer to provide for his Ukranian girlfriend and her young son. But will his new well-paying life of crime pull him away from his loved ones? He's only going one of two ways in this grimy movie, and we're pretty far from sweet old Hollywood. While Fabicki doesn't break any new ground, the gritty handheld camera work and sudden bursts of violence will get your blood pumping. (7:30 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony Main. Poland, 103 min.)

TOM HORGEN

SWEET MUD

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

This parable on the conflict between individual freedom and collective need has an emotional complexity that is at once poignant and unsentimental. Managing to find a dramatic arc in everyday life, director Dror Shaul creates a story about an emotionally fractured mother and her son growing up in an Israeli kibbutz. On the cusp of his Mitzvah year, the youngster bridles against the confining (yet necessary) regimen of the kibbutz and its corrosive effect on his mother. A terribly accessible and powerful story. (7 p.m. Thu., Riverview, & 11 a.m. April 28, Bell. 103 min.)

GRAYDON ROYCE

ALSO SHOWING THURSDAY

OAK STREET: "Chinese Botanist's Daughters," 5 p.m. See Tuesday. "Role of Her Life," 7:15 p.m. (France/Spain, 102 min.) An imperious star (Agnes Jaoui) hires a mousy journalist who turns from personal assistant to romantic rival. "Ghosts of Cite Soleil," 9:30 p.m. See Tuesday.

BELL: "Summer Palace," 5 p.m. (China/France, 140 min.) Banned by China before its Cannes premiere, this drama centers on two students who fall in love in 1980s Beijing, but are pulled apart by the Tiananmen Square massacre. "Fuga," 9:15 p.m. See Wednesday. "Sugartown: The Bridegrooms," 7:30 p.m. (Greece, 81 min.) Documentary as romantic comedy: A Greek village with a shortage of women sends a delegation to Russia in search of brides.

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Something Like Happiness," 5:15 p.m. See Tuesday. "Godfather of Disco," 9:30 p.m. (U.S., 90 min.) A documentary about dance-music kingpin and gay-liberation pioneer Mel Cheren.

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

When: Through April 29.

Where: Oak Street Cinema, 309 SE. Oak St., Mpls.; Bell Auditorium,

17th & University Avs. SE., Mpls.; St. Anthony Main Cinemas,

115 SE. Main St., Mpls.; and Riverview Theater, 3800 42nd Av. S., Mpls.

Tickets: $9, $8 seniors/students, $7 Minnesota Film Arts members.

Festival pass is $160-$200 or $60-$80 for a 10-film pass.

Info: Schedule is subject to change so call 612-331-3134 or check [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org).

**Graphic**

ILLUSTRATION

**Load-Date:** April 20, 2007

**End of Document**



[***GRAYS FERRY: DECADES OF RACIAL DIVIDE RECENT CRIMES HAVE HEIGHTENED TENSION. RESIDENTS FEEL FORGOTTEN.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B1V0-01K4-92RX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Darrell Dawsey, Rita Giordano, Larry Fish and Monica Rhor, INQUIRER, STAFF WRITERS, Inquirer staff writers Murray Dubin, Craig McCoy and Ralph Cipriano, contributed to this article.

**Body**

You want to know Grays Ferry?

Walk with Adonis Hayes along the 30th Street edge of Lanier Park. You see only an exhausted patch of dirt, rusting backboards, sagging tennis nets.

Hayes, born and raised in Grays Ferry, sees a battlefield.

"This is where a lot of the trouble starts," says Hayes, 25, who was stabbed by whites in the park in 1990. "Blacks can't use this park. They keep the gates locked on the side where we live. If we're out here, the white guys come and try to jump us. Then we get together and we go back at them."

You want to know Grays Ferry?

Listen to Eileen Waters, a white woman, mourn the loss of her 16-year-old son Michael. In 1989, Michael and friends were throwing snowballs at cars when one of the cars returned. A black passenger pulled a pistol and gunned Michael down.

The renewed violence has left her frustrated, angry and sad, she says.

"I grew up my whole life with this," she says. "This is 1997. My God, why can't people get along?"

For decades, Grays Ferry has endured as one of Philadelphia's hotbeds of racial turmoil - a reputation hardened with a recent attack on a black family by whites and the March 14 slaying of white teen Christopher Brinkman by an alleged black robber.

The turmoil in Grays Ferry has become the focus of racial tension in the city. Mayor Rendell, the NAACP, the Archdiocese of Philadelphia - all have been drawn into the drama. Two marches are scheduled to stream through the neighborhood. A host of ad hoc coalitions have been born. Police squad cars dot seemingly every corner.

But to stroll the streets here, to talk to residents, is to learn that Grays Ferry is a neighborhood of contradictions. Where love and loathing exist in tandem. Where neighbors tolerate poverty but not each other. Where groups of have-nots duel over nothing more than a ratty playground.

They will tell you that Grays Ferry is a community that doesn't lend itself easily to being understood by outsiders. Grays Ferry's tale can be told through its landmarks and its people. To know this community, you have to listen to it.

But first you have to find it.

A rough-hewn black and Irish American enclave of squat rowhouses and mom-and-pop shops, the ***working-class*** South Philadelphia neighborhood - sandwiched between the Schuylkill and a 25th Street viaduct - hides behind the Schuylkill Expressway and a stretch of factories, behind winding railways and smoldering refineries. Its isolation is palpable, geographic affirmation of residents' fear that the city largely forgets about them - until the next racial explosion.

"We have cried and cried for help with the problems down here," says Leonard Wearing, executive director of Grays Ferry West, a black community group. "Nobody has heard our cry."

White neighbors say that the political establishment, particularly Rendell, has turned its back on Grays Ferry as well.

Says John Matusavage, a neighborhood resident: "He's the mayor from Pine to Vine."

You want to know Grays Ferry?

Wander past St. Gabriel's Roman Catholic Church, at 29th and Dickinson. For nearly 90 years, its spires and Gothic architecture have dominated not only the Grays Ferry landscape but its very heart.

Built in 1909, the church was founded to accommodate the neighborhood's growing number of Irish Catholics. It became the center of Irish community life, as St. Aloysius was then for Germans and King of Peace was for Italians.

Over the decades, however, the white population began to give way to an increasing influx of African Americans, many of whom moved from North Philadelphia and other parts of the city. In 1970, according to figures from the U.S. Census Bureau, blacks accounted for 27 percent of the neighborhood, whites 73 percent. By 1990, whites made up 62 percent of the community, blacks 36 percent. Meanwhile, the census tracts that immediately surround Grays Ferry are 76 percent black.

"Blacks are moving in," says Tom Bell, 55, a white retired trucker. "The white people are selling to them."

Other observers say their declining numbers make many whites feel insecure, closed in by blacks. This insecurity adds to the tension.

But racial animus between blacks and Irish-Catholic Americans in the neighborhood is storied, although the enmity reaches far beyond the boundaries of Grays Ferry. In 1832 and 1834, there were riots in the areas south of South Street and east of Grays Ferry. In 1842, the violence moved west and broke out in Grays Ferry and in the neighborhood to the north, Schuylkill.

Blacks and Irish lived in the same dilapidated housing in the same alleys and courtyards of South Philadelphia, but had never blended into a community. The violence persisted throughout the 1800s as each group competed for the same menial jobs and as the Irish tried to maintain a tenuous hold on political power.

Between World War I and World War II, the black population of Grays Ferry increased. In 1967, a report by the semi-official Fellowship Commission pinpointed Grays Ferry as one of seven potentially troublesome areas because of high unemployment, poverty and gang activity, among other concerns.

Nowadays, the report seems painfully prescient.

Despite the decline in the numbers of Irish Catholics in Grays Ferry, St. Gabriel's remains the center of Irish community life and a focal point for ethnic pride. On South Hollywood Street, just down the block from St. Gabriel's, vestiges of that pride abound, with the shamrocks and Irish blessings filling neighbors' windows.

The church also has connections to recent tensions. On Feb. 23, Annette Williams, her son, Raheem, and her nephew, Warren, were returning home from the market when they passed the St. Gabriel's banquet hall, which is adjacent to the church, just as a crowd of white men were leaving a party. Some of the men began to slur the Williams family.

Then the crowd went after them with bats and fists. Williams was briefly hospitalized. Her son and nephew were treated and released. Three men have been arrested.

Some whites claim the mob attacked the Williamses in retaliation for an attack on a white man by blacks hours earlier. Authorities, however, have not confirmed that such an attack occurred.

The beating sparked renewed animosity, which escalated even further last week after Brinkman was shot as robbers held up Squire Drugs, where he was a clerk. Two men have been arrested.

Christopher Brinkman's funeral was held at St. Gabriel's.

To some whites in Grays Ferry, Brinkman's killing, like the death of Michael Waters, justifies their hatred for their black neighbors, particularly the 1,682 black families who live in the Tasker Homes. To these whites, blacks equal crime.

"We don't bother them," a 76-year-old white retiree says of blacks in the projects. "They bother us. They want what we got, and they don't want to work for it. They're all on welfare and food stamps. My grandson had three bikes stolen."

Other residents say they have given up on the neighborhood. Ed and Rosemary Malandro decided they will move to New Jersey after their son was mugged by two blacks in masks a week before the Williams beating.

"My house is up for sale," says Rosemary, 54. "I've lived here almost 35 years. These projects have always been there. I said, 'As long as they don't affect me, I don't care. Well, this affected me. Now's the time to get out."

Another concern expressed by whites is that their property values are declining. They point especially to government-subsidized housing under the Section 8 program. But whites and blacks question whether whites are using the Section 8 issue to mask intolerance.

"They blame all this tension on Section 8," says Waters. "It's ridiculous."

Black homeowners say whites have mistreated even those African Americans who don't live in government housing.

"It's been like this for a long while," Calvin Seaborough, a black resident, said of the racial divide. "Change is going to take a long time."

But for all the divisions, Kevin Vaughan, director of the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations, adds, Grays Ferry has not been the sorest spot for the commission in recent years. He says there were only three reported incidents of intergroup conflict in Grays Ferry in 1996, down from eight the previous year. This year, two incidents have been reported, including the Williams beating.

Blacks say that number doesn't reflect their daily reality.

"Something is happening all the time," says Adonis Hayes. "All the time."

You want to know Grays Ferry?

Return to Lanier Park. Listen to its history.

On June 12, 1969, angry crowds of blacks and whites faced off around the playground, in the southwest corner of the neighborhood, in the first recorded instance of large-scale racial problems in Grays Ferry. Tasker Homes had only recently become virtually all black.

Out of the fracas came one of the city's most enduring photographic images: Frank Rizzo, then police commissioner, leaving a testimonial dinner with a night stick tucked into his cummerbund, to go to the neighborhood.

The park remains a racial demilitarized zone. Blacks say the gates closest to the project are always locked. To enter, they must venture over to the 29th Street side, but whites attack them when they do.

Adonis Hayes says he knows this firsthand. Hayes was stabbed in Lanier in 1990 when he tried to prevent a group of whites from beating up a black friend. One man was arrested.

"And I knew the cats who did it!" he shouts. "I saw them around. I know where they live. I used to consider one of them my friend. I've thought about getting them back, but that's just not right."

The day after Hayes was injured, a black man from West Philadelphia was beaten with a bat and stabbed with a pipe in an unprovoked attack by a gang of whites as he played with his 7-year-old son at the park.

Four years after Hayes was stabbed, he and some friends, afraid to enter through the "white side" of Lanier, tried to climb the gate on the Tasker side to play basketball. But Hayes snagged the ring on his right pinkie on the gate. His finger was ripped off and had to be amputated to the wrist.

On several afternoons last week, the gates nearest Tasker were open only once, for a few hours. Recreation Commissioner Michael DiBerardinis said the four gates leading into the playground - one each facing north, south, east and west - are open from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. daily, including the one nearest Tasker.

Outside those hours, recreation employees leave one of the gates open so that squad cars can gain access in case of trouble, DiBerardinis said.

The Tasker gate "is open every day" and has been for several years, the commissioner said. "When it became an issue, we responded. When we realized it was a concern, we changed whatever the practice was. It's been religious."

But blacks insist that the gate remains locked. "I'll tell you why," says activist Charles Reeves. "Racism."

You want to know Grays Ferry?

Stand with Reeves at the corner of Tasker and 31st Streets, a few feet from the home he shares with his family. Crews of young black men mill about him, seven, eight people deep, listening intently to Reeves' secular sermon about black empowerment.

"Man, ain't nobody going to give us anything," says Reeves, the director of Grays Ferry West and a resident of the community since 1973. "We gotta keep fighting. Now they're scared because they know we're not going to take this anymore."

"That's right, Mr. Reeves," some of them answer.

"We gotta march, Mr. Reeves."

A few days earlier, Reeves and Nation of Islam minister Rodney Muhammad had called on 5,000 black men to march through Grays Ferry on April 14 to protest the attack on the Williams family.

Since then, his phone has rung incessantly, with some callers expressing support for the demonstration and others warning that it might incite more racial bloodshed. Even Rendell and City Council President John Street oppose the protest.

Some whites in the community see the prospective marchers as threats to the peace and insist that the demonstrators will not be welcome in Grays Ferry.

Minister Muhammad, the head of Muhammad's Mosque No. 12 in North Philadelphia and a satellite mosque near Grays Ferry, says the march will proceed.

"Tensions seem to be high whether there is a march or not," he says. "And we are not strangers to that community. The Nation of Islam is a part of the community. And wherever a black woman is attacked, we will be there."

You want to know Grays Ferry?

Walk the beat with Philadelphia Police Officer David Harrison. He knows how 30th Street more or less divides this community, so he likes to take Tasker Street, the thoroughfare that links Grays Ferry east to west and takes him into white and black sections.

He says he treats blacks and whites the same. But not everyone regards the police as fair. And what they see depends, of course, on which side of the neighborhood they live.

"When [crime] happens to us, nothing gets said," says Sheila Smith, 28, who is white. "Nothing gets done."

But Nasir Burlay says the cops come down harder on the black youths in Grays Ferry west. "The cops are always making us move," he says. "They don't say nothing to the white boys when they stand on the corner drinking and smoking and messing with people."

Harrison smirks at this comment. He shoos everyone off the corner, he insists, white, black and otherwise.

"We don't want people on the corner because we know kids sell drugs on the corner," he says. "But we know that not every kid is selling drugs , so since we can't tell who's dealing, we tell everyone to get off the corner."

The young men who dot the corners in Grays Ferry west admit that some of them do indeed sell drugs. But here, some residents see drug dealing not as a moral choice but as an economic decision brought on by the lack of solid employment prospects.

"Young guys need something to do," says Tony Brown, 30, who lives in Tasker and works at a market. "If not, they are going to get out here and do whatever they think they need to to survive."

Battles over drug turf and the spoils of the trade have contributed to black-on-black violence in Grays Ferry, where dealers in Tasker often compete with dealers on other blocks around the projects.

Crime in the community has grown. A new study of citywide homicide trends found that Grays Ferry had the 10th highest murder rate of the more than 50 city neighborhoods. Blacks have generally been the victims. Of 16 homicide victims within Grays Ferry from 1992 to 1996, all but one were black.

To many of the children here, Brinkman's death was no different from the tragedies that strike blacks in Grays Ferry. The only distinction, they say, is he was white.

"The media wants to act like it's the same thing, [Brinkman] being killed and that lady being attacked, but it's not," says 19-year-old Yassim Hopemadula. "That white boy got killed by the same s- that we're dying from. Plus, we have to worry about getting jumped by the white boys just because we're black."

Harrison says he sees petty crime on both ends of Tasker Street, some whites smoking dope, some blacks peddling it, both groups getting drunk in public.

"But the black kids," he adds, "are the only ones who really give you mouth when you tell them to move."

He stops at the corner of Tasker and Etting Streets to tell a crowd of high-school-age white kids to disperse. They look at him, then turn slowly. One of them points backward, makes a crack about "5-0," slang for the police, and walks away laughing.

Harrison shrugs and continues to the Shop-N-Save supermarket at the corner of Tasker and 27th. Inside, manager Sam Patel, an Indian immigrant, greets him with a warm smile and a handshake. Patel sees his store as an oasis of interracial harmony in the midst of the hostility.

"We have black employees, white employees, employees from India, from Pakistan," he says. "All kinds of people are our customers. We try to donate whenever any community needs us. If a kid needs a crate to play basketball, we give it to him. If people need boxes, we give them. You could say this is quite a cosmopolitan store."

Harrison agrees.

"There are good people on both sides," says Harrison. "I mean, we all know racism is out there. It exists. But people are basically the same. I treat everyone the same."

Listen to him. He knows Grays Ferry.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

With neighbor Sharon Woods (right), Mary Ellen and Victor Santucci watch the funeral procession for Christopher Brinkman from their 29th Street rowhouse. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, TOM GRALISH)

A police officer keeps watch over the home of Annette Williams and her son, Raheem. A crowd of white men beat them and her nephew as they walked home. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, MICHAEL S. WIRTZ)

The gate to Lanier Park facing the Tasker Homes is locked. The move has sparked complaints of racism. A city official said all four gates are open every day. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, TOM GRALISH)

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**End of Document**



[***HOLLYWOOD'S COLD- WEATHER DIVERSIONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JWT0-0094-54YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** MARYLYNN URICCHIO, POST-GAZETTE FILM CRITIC

**Body**

Winter is here and the time is right for hiding out in a warm movie theater. Despite promises from the studios that production would be cut back, we'll have more films than ever to choose from in the coming bleak months.

Some we've seen before, most notably the ''Star Wars'' trilogy that has been digitally enhanced by George Lucas for a re-release timed to coincide with the interest of a new generation.

Many are smaller, independent films, part of the trend that continues to dominate the movie industry. There will be a ton of comedies, especially dumb comedies. But look for new films starring Tim Allen and Jim Carrey to lead the hit parade. Want some drama in your life? Jack is back, along with Harrison Ford, Clint Eastwood, Brad Pitt and Al Pacino. Then there's Howard Stern and his ''Private Parts. Enough said.

A heavy menu of foreign and specialty films features many selections that may not make it to Pittsburgh this season, but we've listed what's available anyway because sooner or later they'll come. If you have kids, the pickings are slim, with Disney's re-make of ''That Darn Cat'' one to watch.

As always, the dates are subject to change.

Edge of your seat

''Shadow Conspiracy'': Charlie Sheen plays a presidential aide who ends up running for his life, along with his ex-girlfriend (Linda Hamilton) after he uncovers a deadly plot to overthrow the government. (Jan. 31)

''Absolute Power'': Clint Eastwood directs and stars as a Washington thief who witnesses a murder, then finds himself in the middle of a big-time presidential cover-up. Gene Hackman plays the chief executive. (Feb. 14)

''Nightwatch'': Trainspotter Ewan McGregor is a hospital nightwatchman suspected in a rash of serial killings. With Nick Nolte and Patricia Arquette. (February)

''The Devil's Own'': Plagued by scheduling delays, budget overruns and star ego clashes, this Harrison Ford-Brad Pitt thriller better do better than most films about the Irish troubles have of late. (March 14)

''Murder at 1600'': More White House homicide, this time with Wesley Snipes as the D.C. detective who investigates. Diane Lane, Alan Alda, Dennis Miller and Daniel Benzali all act suspicious. (April 11)

''Albino Alligator'': Kevin Spacey makes his directing debut with this taut drama about a hostage situation in the Last Chance Bar. The impressive cast includes Matt Dillon, Faye Dunaway, Gary Sinise, Skeet Ulrich and Joe Mantegna.

Action-packed

''Star Wars Special Edition'': For its 20th anniversary re-release, the first movie is retitled ''Star Wars Special Edition'' and features some new footage, enhanced special effects and a digital THX soundtrack. (Jan. 31)

''Dante's Peak'': The winner of this year's volcano movie release race is the relatively realistic one about a mountain blowing its top in a place, the Pacific Northwest, where such things actually happen (the now-delayed ''Volcano'' goes off at the La Brea Tar Pits). Pierce Brosnan and Linda Hamilton star. (Feb. 7)

''The Empire Strikes Back Special Edition'': The 20th anniversary re-release of this sequel to ''Star Wars.'' (Feb. 21)

''Return of the Jedi Special Edition'': The third and final chapter of the original ''Star Wars'' saga, rereleased with enhanced special effects and new footage. (March 7)

''The Saint'': Another 60-year-old character is hopefully revived as a '90s action franchise. Val Kilmer plays international rogue Simon Templar, who teams with a beautiful scientist (Elisabeth Shue) to face intrigue and action in modern Russia. (March 14)

''Double Team'': Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dennis Rodman team up in this actioner about free-lance counterterrorists. (April 4)

Cops and crooks

''Donnie Brasco'': Based on a true FBI mob infiltration case. Johnny Depp plays the deep-cover agent who is mentored - and seduced - by Al Pacino's veteran gangster. Written by Paul Attanasio, creator of TV's ''Homicide: Life on the Street.'' (Feb. 28)

''Hard Eight'': Bad luck dogs the denizens of this Reno-set film noir. Gwyneth Paltrow and Samuel L. Jackson are two of the losers. (Feb. 28)

''Hoodlum'': Laurence Fishburne stars as Ellsworth ''Bumpy'' Johnson, who ruled the numbers racket in Harlem in the 1930s and became a kingpin of the organized crime scene. With Tim Roth, Vanessa Williams, Andy Garcia and Cicely Tyson. (March 21)

''L.A. Confidential'': Crooked cops, venal tabloid types, all kinds criminal scum and Howard Hughes are entwined in a complicated web of passion and perversity. Kim Basinger, Kevin Spacey and Danny DeVito headline. (April 25)

''Traveller'': Bill Paxton stars in this film noir about traveling con men. (April)

Pure drama

''In Love and War'': Richard Attenborough directs this story about the romance between a Red Cross nurse and a World War I ambulance driver. Sandra Bullock and Chris O'Donnell star. (Jan. 24)

''Prefontaine'': The story of Steve Prefontaine, a charismatic, record-breaking long-distance runner for the University of Oregon in the 1960s who made it to the Olympics, raised the profile of the sport and then died young in an auto crash. From ''Hoop Dreams'' director Steve James. (Jan. 24)

''Marvin's Room'': Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star in the family saga of two very different sisters who come to terms over their father's deathbed. (Jan. 31)

''Shine'': An Australian movie based on the true story of pianist David Helfgott and his recovery from a nervous breakdown. Geoffrey Rush, who plays Helfgott as an adult, is considered a likely Oscar nominee. (Jan. 31)

''Suburbia'': Based on a play by Eric Bogosian, the story of a group of young friends who are forced to re-examine their lives when an old member of their circle, who has become a successful rock star, revisits their town. Directed by Richard Linklater (''Dazed and Confused''). (Feb. 7)

''Blood & Wine'': Jack Nicholson is both the snake and the charmer in this tale of a two-timing wine merchant whose life unravels when his stepson takes a shine to his mistress, even as the old man is dealing with the fallout from a botched jewelry heist. Directed by Bob Rafelson (''Five Easy Pieces''). (Feb. 14)

''Touch'': A substance abuse counselor (Christopher Walken) gets caught up in a media circus after he suddenly discovers his touch has healing powers. (Feb. 14)

''Hamlet'': Kenneth Branagh directs and stars in this four-hour, uncut epic version of Shakespeare's play. The eclectic cast features Robin Williams, Gerard Depardieu, Jack Lemmon, Billy Crystal and Kate Winslet. (Feb. 14)

''Dangerous Ground'': Ice Cube stars as an exiled South African who returns home after 12 years abroad to find his country infected with a radical new set of problems - crime and drugs. (Feb. 14)

''Rosewood'': ''Boyz N the Hood'' director John Singleton recounts the horrible events in the title Florida town, a prosperous African-American community that was destroyed in 1923 by a mob of angry whites. Ving Rhames, Don Cheadle and Jon Voight star. (Feb. 21)

''The Daytrippers'': An extended Long Island family piles into a station wagon and heads for Manhattan, convinced that the husband (Stanley Tucci) of one of the women is having an affair in the big city. (Feb. 28)

''Inventing the Abbotts'': Two ***working-class*** brothers (Billy Crudup and Joaquin Phoenix) lust after three upper-class sisters (Liv Tyler, Jennifer Connelly and Joanna Going). (Feb. 28)

''Smilla's Sense of Snow'': Based on the best-selling novel by Peter Hoeg, this film adaptation stars Julia Ormond as a Greenlander living in Copenhagen who follows a trail of clues to uncover the secret behind the death of a 6-year-old neighbor boy. (Feb. 28)

''Selena'': The much-anticipated movie about the Tejano singer's tragically short life. Jennifer Lopez stars. (March 21)

''Paradise Road'': Bruce Beresford wrote and directs this true-life World War II tale of a choir led by two remarkable British women (Glenn Close and Pauline Collins) who formed it to oppose their repressive Japanese captors. (April 25)

''Inside'': The once-great Arthur Penn (''Bonnie and Clyde,'' ''Little Big Man'') directed this drama about life in a South African prison and its post-apartheid consequences. Eric Stoltz, Louis Gossett Jr. and Nigel Hawthorne star. (TBA)

''Some Mother's Son'': Two very different mothers battle to save the lives of their sons who are involved in the tragic Irish hunger strike of 1981. Helen Mirren stars. (TBA)

''Unhook the Stars'': Nick Cassavetes directs his mother, Gena Rowlands, in this moving story about an older woman who decides on a new direction after a lifetime of giving to others. (TBA)

''johns'': A tragicomedy about two young hustlers (Lukas Haas and David Arquette) working Hollywood's mean streets on the night before Christmas. Everyone has a Christmas wish, and theirs is to earn the $ 300 they need to take the night off in a hotel. (TBA)

Weirdos

''Lost Highway'': After a long absence, David Lynch brings a carload of obsessions back onto the screen with this impenetrable tale of lust, murder and character transferral. Bill Pullman is imprisoned for murdering his wife (Patricia Arquette), but one day they find Balthazar Getty in his cell. It just gets weirder after that. (Feb. 21)

''Private Parts'': The end of civilization commences with this film version of Howard Stern's autobiography, starring the radio shock jock himself as, well, himself. Stern's gang, including the glorious and patient Robin Quivers, also appear. (March 7)

''Mimic'': Science goes awry when a genetic cure for infectious diseases enables something monstrous to disguise itself as human. John Sayles and Steven Soderbergh contributed to the script of this horror film starring Mira Sorvino and Jeremy Northam. (March 14)

''Crash'': Sight unseen, it is already the most controversial movie of the year. Fine Line owner Ted Turner blocked last year's scheduled release of David Cronenberg's adaptation of J.G. Ballard's alarming novel about car crash fetishists. But now that Turner's merged with Warner Bros., the thing is careening our way. James Spader, Holly Hunter and Rosanna Arquette play some of the folks who get off on crunched steel. Almost banned in Britain, and a box-office hit elsewhere in Europe. (March 21)

''Pink Flamingos'': Heaven help us, but it's been 25 years since John Waters first unleashed the sickest midnight movie of them all. The late Divine competes for the title of ''Filthiest Person Alive,'' and if you haven't seen it, that's pretty much all you need to know. (April)

''Sling Blade'': A Southern Gothic tale about a man released from an asylum whose unlikely friendship with a widowed mother thrusts him into a combustible dilemma. Directed by and starring Billy Bob Thornton. (TBA)

Funny business

''Fierce Creatures'': The ''Fish Called Wanda'' gang - John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline and Michael Palin - reunite for this comedy about corporate chicanery at a British zoo. (Jan. 24)

''Mother'': Albert Brooks directed and stars in this comedy about a grown man who moves back home with his widowed mother so he can resolve the conflicts that have crippled his love life. With Debbie Reynolds. (Jan. 24)

''Gridlock'd'': The late Tupac Shakur stars with Tim Roth in a black comedy about a pair of junkies desperate to get clean but stymied by the system at every turn. (Jan. 29)

''Meet Wally Sparks'': Rodney Dangerfield should be in his element as a sleazy talk-show host who crashes a society party. (Jan. 31)

''Waiting for Guffman'': A farcical look at the behind-the-scenes trials of a group of Missouri citizens preparing a patriotic celebration of their town's heritage, in the vein of ''This Is Spinal Tap.'' With Christopher Guest, who also directed. (Jan. 31)

''The Pest'': The sturdy ''Most Dangerous Game'' plot line about hunting human prey will probably get killed for good by this Miami-set slob comedy starring the versatile John Leguizamo. (Feb. 7)

''Vegas Vacation'': Those lovable lunkheads the Griswolds (Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo and yet another new set of kids playing their children) go for broke. (Feb. 14)

''Fools Rush In'': Salma Hayek tries to help Matthew Perry break the ''Friends'' movie curse with this romantic comedy. (Feb. 14)

''The Beautician and the Beast'': Fran Drescher is a New York hairdresser who's mistaken for a brilliant academic by an Eastern European despot (Timothy Dalton). He hires her to bring his regime and family into the 20th century. (Feb. 14)

''Booty Call'': Jamie Foxx and Tommy Davidson get all excited about a pair of hot dates. Their designated companions, one of whom is Vivica Fox, have other plans. (Feb. 21)

''Grosse Pointe Blank'': John Cusack stars as a hit man who decides to mix business with pleasure when he attends his high school reunion for the dual purpose of torching up his old sweetheart and committing one last hit. Dan Aykroyd plays his arch rival. (Feb. 21)

''Jungle 2 Jungle'': The title refers to New York City and the Amazon jungle, and the plot has New York dad Tim Allen traveling to the rain forest to pick up his teen-age son, who was raised by tribesmen. Fish-out-of-water comedy ensues. (March 14)

''Wide Awake'': A 10-year-old searches for God. He runs into Denis Leary, Dana Delany and Rosie O'Donnell instead. (March 14)

''Chasing Amy'': Kevin Smith, who made the amusing ''Clerks'' and the annoying ''Mallrats,'' wrote and directed this comedy about New Jersey comic-book artists in love. (March 14)

''Liar Liar'': Jim Carrey gets back on the horse with his original ''Ace Ventura'' director, Tom Shadyac, holding the reins. Carrey plays a crumb-bum lawyer whose son's birthday wish is for his dad to tell the truth for 24 straight hours. (March 21)

''Commandments'': Aidan Quinn plays a down-on-his-luck urban professional who vows to start breaking all the biblical commandments until he gets some attention from upstairs. The biggest temptations involve his attractive sister-in-law (Courteney Cox) and her philandering louse of a husband (Anthony LaPaglia). (March)

''Picture Perfect'': Jennifer Aniston plays a female advertising executive who uses a random photo to invent a love life for herself, then actually meets the man in the picture and falls head over heels. With Kevin Bacon. (April 4)

''Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery'': Mike Myers plays the sexiest secret agent since Mata Hari. (April 4)

''The Sixth Man'': An NCAA basketball team gets an otherworldly assist when a never-say-die player, recently deceased, shows up to give the team a boost. With Marlon Wayans. (April 4)

''That Old Feeling'': Bette Midler and Dennis Farina are a divorced couple whose daughter's wedding results in unanticipated romantic consequences. Carl Reiner directed. (April 4)

''B.A.P.S.'': Halle Berry stars in a comedy about two ambitious gals from Georgia who move to Beverly Hills, befriend a millionaire (Martin Landau), and end up as dupes in a scheme to bilk his money from him. (April 16)

''Addicted to Love'': Mismatched dumped lovers Meg Ryan and Matthew Broderick plot against their former mates, who have moved in together. Feature-directing debut of actor Griffin Dunne. (April 18)

''Eight Heads in a Duffel Bag'': A black comedy in which hitman Joe Pesci's parcel of proof that he whacked eight guys gets mixed up with the baggage of a bickering, vacationing family. (April 25)

''Love! Valour! Compassion!'': Film version of Terrence McNally's play about a group of gay friends seeing one another through several summer vacations. Jason Alexander heads the cast. (April 25)

''McHale's Navy'': Tom Arnold's movie career remains afloat with this big-screen version of the '60s sitcom. Set in the contemporary Caribbean instead of the World War II Pacific, though why is anybody's guess. (April)

''Citizen Ruth'': A satire about no less important and incendiary topic than abortion. Laura Dern stars. (TBA)

From another land

''Garden of the Finzi-Continis'': Reissue of Vittorio de Sica's Oscar-winning 1971 film about an aristocratic Jewish family in Italy that ignores the threat of Hitler until it is too late. (Jan. 31)

''Paris Was a Woman'': This British documentary reminds us there was more to Paris than its famous male artists. It takes a look at the women who made their success possible. (Feb. 14)

''Le Ceremonie'': Claude Chabrol directed this drama that finds a disturbing undercurrent of danger beneath the surface of a rich French family. With Isabelle Huppert. (Feb. 21)

''The Van'': The tough and tender story of two men and their ill-fated partnership in a fish-and-chips van, this comedy rounds out the Barrytown trilogy from Irish writer Roddy Doyle (''The Commitments,'' ''The Snapper''). Directed by Stephen Frears. With Colm Meaney. (TBA)

The real thing

''When We Were Kings'': A documentary about Muhammad Ali, as he boasts and showboats his way through the famous ''Rumble in the Jungle'' match against George Foreman, held in Zaire in 1974. It won the Special Jury Prize at the 1996 Sundance Film Festival. (Feb. 14)

Family fare

''Zeus & Roxanne'': Not one, but two of man's best friends - the dog and the dolphin - are the stars of this family film in which the animals inspire the humans and lead them on a heartwarming adventure. (Jan. 24)

''That Darn Cat'': Disney remakes its own 1965 slapstick farce, which originally starred Hayley Mills and Dean Jones. The new one stars Christina Ricci as a teen-ager who gets caught up in a kidnapping plot thanks to the wanderings of D.C., her darn cat. (Feb. 14)

''Turbo'': A Power Rangers Adventure: Yes it is. (March 26)

''Cats Don't Dance'': Animated musical about a high-kickin' kitty who encounters prejudice against dancing cats in Hollywood casting circles. Scott Bakula, Natalie Cole, Hal Holbrook and Don Knotts supply some of the voices. (March 26)

WEEKEND MAGAZINE

WINTER ARTS PREVIEW

The Los Angeles Daily News and Post-Gazette Entertainment Critic Ron Weiskind contributed to this report.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: John Bramley: D.C. (the kitty) gets Christina Ricci into; trouble in the remake of ''That Darn Cat.''

**Load-Date:** January 19, 1997

**End of Document**



[***' CAMPAIGN FINANCE REFORM' IS A NICE NAME FOR STOMPING ON FREE SPEECH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XBY-N8Y0-0094-51GJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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SOONER EDITION

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**Byline:** GEORGE F. WILL

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

President Clinton's reluctance to nominate Bradley Smith to serve on the Federal Election Commission illuminates more than Clinton's aversion to anyone who respects the Constitution. His reluctance also reflects the strength of the people trying to eviscerate the First Amendment with the knife of campaign finance reform.

The FEC administers the government's regulatory fidgets regarding political speech. (Eeeeeek! Did someone commit "express advocacy"?) If the Shays-Meehan bill, which the House passed last year and will debate again soon, becomes law, the FEC's speech police will enforce its complete censorship of any private organization's broadcasting of even factual material about a mentioned candidate within 60 days of an election.

There are six FEC commissioners, three from each party. Recent practice has been that when vacancies occur, presidents nominate and the Senate confirms persons cho sen by each party's Senate leadership. Smith, a professor of law at Capital University in Columbus, Ohio, is the Republicans' choice for a Republican vacancy, but President Clinton, heeding groups eager to expand government rationing of political speech, is balking.

Courts frequently and approvingly cite Smith's scholarship concerning why regulating campaigning is constitutionally problematic. He believes that the rationales for regulating political giving and spending - preventing corruption, or the appearance thereof, and promoting political equality usually cannot survive the strict scrutiny that courts give to laws which seem to conflict with the constitutional proscription of laws abridging freedom of speech.

Which is why the anti-First Amendment forces, led by the Brennan Center for Justice at New York University, oppose Smith: He thinks the way the Supreme Court and other courts increasingly do. Indeed, Smith thinks like Justice William Brennan, the saint of liberalism for whom the Brennan Center is named.

In the 1976 Buckley vs. Valeo decision, holding key provisions of the 1974 amendments to the 1971 Federal Election Campaign Act (one amendment created the FEC) un constitutional, the Supreme Court issued a per curiam opinion. The court issues per curiam opinions when for some reason it is not appropriate to list a single author. However, it is generally known that Brennan was the principal author of the opinion for the court in Buckley.

In Buckley the court struck down (among other things) expenditure limits for House and Senate candidates, for presidential candidates who do not accept public funds, for any candidate spending his or her own money, and for independent expenditures by private individuals or groups. The court held there is an indissoluble link between such spending and political speech. In all this the court agreed with another liberal saint, Justice William Douglas, who had said:

"It usually costs money to communicate an idea to a large audience. But no one would seriously contend that a limitation on the expenditure of money to print a newspaper would not deprive the publisher of freedom of the press. Nor can the fact that it costs money to make a speech - whether it be hiring a hall or purchasing time on the air - make the speech any the less an exercise of First Amendment rights."

The law creating the FEC should be displayed in the Smithsonian as a rare survivor among the laws passed in the spasm of post-Watergate moralizing. Richard E. Cohen of National Journal lists their fates:

The War Powers Resolution, with its baroque provisions for Congress to authorize and terminate military operations, is a dead letter, having been disregarded as unworkable and unconstitutional by every president since the resolution was passed over President Nixon's veto in 1973.

The Congressional Budget and Impoundment Control Act of 1974 established the timetable of today's budgeting process, which, Cohen says, Congress "routinely ignores."

The Independent Counsel Act, originally passed in 1978, has been allowed to expire, Congress having come to Kenneth Starr's conclusion that the law was "structurally un sound, constitutionally dubious."

As for the post-Watergate amendments to the FECA, Cohen correctly says that what remains of them has "little practical effect" on parties or candidates.

On this silver anniversary of the FEC, note that there are no federal elections. Presidents are chosen in 51 elections, in the states and the District of Columbia. In all but two states, all electoral votes go to the statewide plurality winner. Maine and Nebraska allocate the two electoral votes for their senators to the statewide plurality winner, but the other electoral votes go to the presidential candidate who wins each congressional district.

See? These are not "federal" elections. Nevertheless, we are stuck with the FEC. However, it can be improved by Smith, who understands how constitutionally dubious is government regulation of political speech.

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American television producers, who seek any excuse to run stories about the British monarchy, should be jealous of their Australian counterparts. This is the one country outside of Britain where the British monarchy is a live political issue.

Australians are voting in November on whether to become a republic. If the referendum is approved, the Queen would no longer be the formal head of state. Australians would join their American cousins, who settled this particular question 223 years ago.

Why all the fuss? The Australian system seems to work just fine. In the corner of the national flag is the British Union Jack. As The Sydney Morning Herald reported this week, many of the country's eminent institutions carry the word "Royal" in their title. What will happen to the Royal Easter Show, the Royal Agricultural Society and the Royal Australian Institute of Architects?

Prime Minister John Howard is one Australian who doesn't think the change is worth it. He describes himself as a "Burkean conservative" after the great Edmund Burke who believed in the stabilizing effect of settled institutions. Howard's argument is simple: Why change something that works?

But Howard's conservative party - confusing Americans, it's known as the Liberal Party - is split. Some of the leading ministers in his government favor the republic. The Australian Labor Party, the main opposition, is firmly republican, though some in the rank and file have doubts.

Labor Party leader Kim Beazley says the strongest force working in favor of a victory for the republic is "the view in the country, including the monarchists, that it is now an inevitability." Politicians who oppose it risk appearing less than "forward looking."

Australia long ago became an independent republic, in fact if not in theory. The Queen exercises no authority. Australia's foreign policy is oriented more toward Asia and the United States than to Britain. Why not match the country's formal institutions to what it really is?

There's certainly nothing musty about this place. Australia is both deeply democratic and technologically hip. How much has the country embraced the high-tech world? Consider that in the current state election campaign in Victoria, Jeff Kennett, the incumbent premier (governor) is building his campaign around a Web site.

His billboards blare out: "[*www.jeff.com.au"*](http://www.jeff.com.au%22) and the site includes a car-racing game. It promises users they'll be able to pull down a campaign screensaver: "Now you can have Jeff with you 24 hours a day, 7 days a week." Imagine an American politician making that offer.

Australia's trade union movement is also jumping on the high-tech bandwagon. It's negotiating a deal to get union members and pensioners cut-rate access to computers and the Internet.

Former Prime Minister Paul Keating forced this referendum. Although he lost in a landslide in 1996 and was seen even by his friends as difficult and distant from his Labor Party's old ***working-class*** base, Keating was also a visionary. He insisted that Australia's future was as a republic in Asia and that it should stop defining itself in terms of a British colonial past.

The idea of the republic had won enough popular support that Howard finessed the issue with the Nov. 6 referendum rather than blocking it outright.

The Is-Australia-Asian? debate proved very divisive and a backlash helped Howard. But even after the Asian economic downturn, few Australians including Howard - doubt that the country's economic future lies in cooperation with Asia. The prime minister tries to put the debate to bed by arguing that Australians shouldn't have to choose "between history and geography," meaning they can honor their Western roots and their Asian future.

The debate over the monarchy embodies but also cuts across this old fight over identity, republicanism being as much a part of Western history as kings and queens. Republican sentiment is strong. But to win, the referendum needs to carry both the national vote and four of the country's six states.

Beazley is campaigning hard for the republic. But he thinks its opponents may profit from two kinds of anti-politician feeling. Some tradi tion-minded Australians, he says, didn't want this vote to happen at all.

Others want a directly elected president - the referendum calls for an appointed president who would replace the Queen as the symbolic head of state. Many in this group will also vote no.

So if the monarchy is saved a bit longer here, it will be because of old-fashioned, democratic populism. Such are the paradoxes of democracy.

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AMERICA NEEDS HIGH-QUALITY DAY CARE, NOT A TAX CUT FOR THE RICH

On Aug. 27, U.S. Rep. Mike Doyle, D-Swissvale, met with parents, child-care providers and child-care advocates at a day-care center in Braddock. He toured the facility, met some of the children and, most importantly, listened to the stories of families' lives and how they struggle to meet their child-care needs.

Rep. Doyle pointed out that the amendment that Sen. Arlen Specter, R-Pa., had helped sponsor earlier in the summer which increased funding to parent subsidies and provider-support programs - had been deleted in the budget committee caucuses. He noted that there was still a lot of talk about a tax cut - 70 percent of which will end up in the pockets of the top 10 percent income bracket. A family making $ 50,000 a year will get a $ 300 tax cut. He wondered whether people realized that - and wouldn't it be smarter to invest that money in our children and, consequently, the future of our communities.

We assured him with a resounding "yes!" that we wanted him to go back to Washington and tell them what he saw in Braddock - high-quality child care, like successful schools, supports healthy families and strong communities.

Parents, what do you think? Do we need more subsidies available to low-income families? Do we need more programs available to child-care providers that will support their staff and program development? If you think we do, now is the time to let your representatives in Congress know - before the money disappears in budget negotiations. High-quality child care is a linchpin for working families. Call, write, fax or e-mail your legislators today.

JANINE LESSER

Executive Assistant

Child Care Partnerships

YWCA of Greater Pittsburgh

Downtown

Toward a fair SAT

Black leaders have, for a long time, argued that a black student is at a disadvantage when that student takes the SAT. According to the Sept. 1 article "New SAT Factors in Race, Background," this is true. I believe it. I also believe that we as a society must remedy this injustice. I further believe that this injustice must not be remedied by discriminating against the equally deserving white student.

The big question is: How do we do this? I don't think I have the whole answer, but I have a place to start.

First, our primary goal must be to get the best students in college, not to increase minority representation. We should use seven of the eight criteria (eliminate the race criteria) developed in the study to ascertain the "strivers" and give them points commensurate with their status. If we do this, we will find that more white students will be helped than black students, but more black students (a higher percentage) relative to their societal population will be helped. This is because there are more poor whites than there are poor blacks and because a larger percentage of the black population is poor.

We must remember, there are only so many college positions to fill. Our country is based on equality of opportunity, not on equality of results. We must strive to ensure that everyone has an equal chance. The only limiting factors should be ability, desire and a willingness to pay the legitimate price to get what you want.

If we permit race to be a factor, we are attempting to guarantee equality of results, not equality of opportunity. If we operate in a system of equality of results based on race, the quality in every field will suffer. The black graduate will be looked upon as substandard. He or she will be looked at as the "affirmative action" doctor, the "affirmation action" engineer, and so on.

This is a disservice to the many competent black students who deserve to be in college, deserve the opportunity to compete and deserve to be treated equally, and also deserve an equal opportunity to fail.

What do we do now? Use the seven criteria (without race) and give points to the strivers. This should be the first step to help the economically disadvantaged. See what happens; then fine-tune the point system to reflect what produces the type of person who helps society the most.

BILL TATE

Bethel Park

Driving me crazy

I am very concerned about the new 11 p.m. curfew for Pennsylvania drivers with junior licenses ("Drive it Home by 11, Cinderella," Aug. 22). First and foremost, I am in complete agreement that action must be taken to prevent the rate of deaths among teen-age drivers from continuing to rise.

I am a 17-year-old college freshman, and I stay fairly up-to-date on current events, but this article was the first that my parents, friends or I have heard regarding this new curfew, and yet it went into effect on Aug. 24.

I would never have expected that simply because I did not take Driver's Education (my parents and I felt it was ineffective and not worth the high expense), a law aimed to curb inexperienced 16-year-olds, or teen-agers who drink and drive, from causing accidents would apply to me. (Under current law, driver's education must be completed before a restricted license for 16- and 17-year-olds can be converted to an unrestricted one.)

I have been driving over a year, I have a clean driving record, and I have never driven with a drop of alcohol in my system. If legislators assume that a 17-year-old is a competent driver simply because he or she took Driver's Ed (which many claim to sleep through), I can assure them, with all due respect, that they are wrong.

I am concerned that Pennsylvania legislators are overlooking and unreasonably punishing a small group of us: experienced drivers who have not yet reached the age of 18. Moreover, because Driver's Ed is neither free nor provided by the state, to retroactively target those who did not take it is discriminatory.

B. McLAUGHLIN

Squirrel Hill

Sustaining species

Don Hopey's report on Wholey's salmon ad ("Ad Push to Save Wild Salmon Hooks Shoppers," Aug. 24) nicely highlights the plight of salmon in the Northwest.

The issue also touches on the need to strengthen and revise the current Endangered Species Act of 1973. The 1999 Endangered Species Recovery Act, H.R. 960, was introduced by Rep. George Miller, D-Calif., in order to help affected landowners and shift the emphasis from minimal species survival to sustainable recovery. U.S. Rep. Bill Coyne, D-Oakland, is among the 84 co-sponsors of H.R. 960. We hope that other lo cal members of Congress will join this important and long overdue initiative.

PETER J. WRAY

Churchill

Editor's note: The writer is chairperson of the Sierra Club, Allegheny Group.

Boy Scouts and bigots

Ed Mori's letter ("A Constitutional Right," Aug. 27) implies that the Boy Scouts of America have a constitutional right to be bigoted and homophobic.

I find it frankly disturbing that Mr. Mori, a Scoutmaster, would compare allowing a homosexual into Boy Scouts to allowing a communist into the New Jersey Supreme Court. Homosexuals are not the enemy of our country. Furthermore, the statement that "atheists and homosexuals are not good role models" is both prejudiced and unfairly judgmental.

What's worse, allowing a homosexual into Scouts or such a self-righteous man to become a Scoutmaster?

JAMES SHIELDS

Imperial

Men spit. What's it to you?

What's wrong with Glenn Charest? I read his letter in your Aug. 27 issue ("Cuspidors, Anyone?"), complaining about guys in Western Pennsylvania spitting everywhere. So what? Although I've lived in Erie for a number of years (we spit up here, too), I was born and raised in the Pittsburgh area. It's just natural for men to spit. I even chew and spit tobacco. Lots of guys do.

I try not to spit in front of women (sorry, ladies, sometimes I forget). But I certainly don't care if I spit in front of another guy. And if the guy acted like he was bothered by my doing it, I'd conclude that he was a dainty wimp. I don't even care if the guy is eating: If I'm next to him at an outdoor public event, I'll still chew and spit. Guys aren't supposed to care about stuff like that.

I hope other men in the Pittsburgh area will write and express their opinions, before we end up with more legal restrictions about what we can and cannot do in public.

JIM HAWKINS

Erie

Safety in North Park

We walkers, joggers, bikers, baby-carriage pushers and roller skaters are scared to death at Pie Traynor Field in North Park. Everyone who drives through there is doing over 25 mph and does not stop at any of the stop signs.

When I stopped a county policeman and asked why he wasn't doing anything, his reply was: "Ma'am, we don't have the manpower to enforce."

So, what's it going to take, Mr. Parks Director? A serious accident?

LUCILLE J. BEDNARIK

Gibsonia

GEORGE F. WILL IS A SYNDICATED COLUMNIST FOR THE WASHINGTON POST. E.J. DIONNE JR. IS A SYNDICATED COLUMNIST FOR THE WASHINGTON POST.

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**End of Document**



[***Editors face challenge of reshaping standbys***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-GN20-00C6-D0B5-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 28, 1996, Monday,

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**Section:** MONEY;

**Length:** 2772 words

**Byline:** David J. Lynch

**Body**

Magazines are in transition, competing hard for ad dollars

and readers' attention. USA TODAY's David J. Lynch visited three

of the nation's better-known periodicals as new editors take the

helm.

MICHAEL KELLY, THE NEW REPUBLIC

Michael Kelly next month trades one of the best jobs in journalism

for what may be one of the toughest: restoring *The New Republic*

to its former prominence.

Kelly, 39, is quitting as *The New Yorker'*s political writer

to succeed Andrew Sullivan, who resigned April 12, as *The New*

*Republic* editor.

He'll take over a magazine that's been hurt by an increasingly

esoteric editorial focus, several incidents of plagiarism, and

reports of internal sniping.

"It lost something powerful in recent years," says media analyst

Thomas Rosenstiel. "There's still an opportunity to recover that

franchise."

Like most opinion magazines, *The New Republic*, which is

privately owned, loses money. Its circulation of 101,000 hasn't

changed significantly in years.

The magazine has a reputation as a place where the editor never

can safely turn his back on colleagues. Sullivan's tenure was

marked by a feud with Leon Wieseltier, the publication's literary

editor. But Kelly says he's not worried. "That's greatly exaggerated,"

he says.

Kelly's goals for *The New Republic*, widely regarded as

having lost its mid-1980s verve, are straightforward: "writing

that approaches the literary" and more reporting from the field,

especially from abroad.

"One of the great holes in writing right now is narrative writing

that is observational and whose claim to the reader's attention

rests in great part in being a beautifully, or wittily, or sensitively,

rendered discussion of what the writer sees and hears," he says.

And he defends the magazine, regarded for decades as a beacon

of liberal thought, against charges that it's slipped its ideological

moorings. A willingness to publish divergent views indicates "intellectual

honesty," he says.

Kelly already has brought in two writers, William Powers of *The*

*Washington Post* and Jacob Heilbrunn, who's written for numerous

magazines. And Kelly plans additional hires.

Over coffee at Washington's Madison Hotel -- where the waitress

recognizes him from a recent television appearance -- Kelly comes

across as an unusual blend of today's deep-thinking, well-paid

journalist and yesterday's gimlet-eyed reporter.

Even as he prepares to take the reins at an elite opinion journal,

he worries that the press has lost touch with its ***working-class***

constituency.

Kelly says he brings a "newsman's sensibility" to his new job.

He's reported for daily newspapers in Cincinnati and Baltimore

as well as *The New York Times.*

During the Gulf War, Kelly freelanced for *The New Republic*

and later published a book about his experiences.

Though he's never been an editor, Kelly has a clear vision of

what the job requires: making writers look good.

"Anything new you try is difficult," he says. "You don't know

if you can do it until you do it."

JAMES FALLOWS, U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT

*U*.*S*. *News & World Report Editor James Fallows*

*says it'll take a year to introduce all the changes he's seeking.*

*To see what's happened so far, USA TODAY sat in on preparation*

*of the Oct. 21 issue. For Fallows, it was a busy week. He hired*

*three new employees and peppered staffers with questions. Unresolved,*

*however, was the most important question of all: How much news*

*does a news* *magazine need?*

Monday

Shortly after 10:30 a*.*m*.*, the first of the week's

editorial meetings begins. Three dozen editors and writers crowd

into a third-floor conference room. The cover story for the *U.S.*

*News* on sale today deals with the dangers of cosmetic surgery.

The principal illustration is a nude, rear-facing female torso.

"Mort called this morning," Fallows says, referring to owner

Mort Zuckerman. "And he has certification from his wife that

the cover is art rather than anything else." As the others laugh,

columnist Gloria Borger jokes: "U.S. Nudes."

This meeting is where Fallows gets his first look at the stories

that are under consideration for the next issue. One editor offers

a piece dubbed "soccer nation," about the sport's surging popularity.

"Are we certain the premise of this story is true?" Fallows

asks.

Unlike most weeks, the cover story already is set. It's a 14-page

photo spread from a coffee table book called *24 Hours In Cyberspace.*

As covers go, it's not the most exciting one imaginable. But since

*U.S. News* derives just 2.5% of its revenue from news stand

sales, a dynamic cover isn't essential.

A few minutes later, after reviewing a mock layout, Fallows returns

to his modest office. A simple wooden desk faces a black leather

couch and twin arm-chairs. Out the window, the modern brick building

across the street is visible.

Checking his electronic mail, Fallows lets out a cheer. Bill Holstein,

a senior writer at *Business Week,* has accepted a job offer.

"It's a real coup for us," Fallows says. Holstein is one of

about a dozen new faces Fallows plans to bring aboard in the coming

months.

Immediately after taking over, Fallows fired several veteran writers

and editors. And some he's hired -- such as a novelist and law

school professor who will work as a contract writer -- have left

*U.S. News* traditionalists unsettled.

At his first staff meeting, Fallows reportedly assured worried

staffers, "I'm not Pol Pot." But a second round of departures,

this time by disaffected columnists, is expected following the

presidential election.

Appearing on a local radio station this afternoon to discuss the

magazine business, Fallows is reminded of the hard work ahead.

With him are Michael Kelly, who soon will take over *The New*

*Republic,* and John Podhoretz, deputy editor of *The Weekly*

*Standard.* Michael Kinsley, editor of *Slate,* the on-line

magazine, participates via telephone. As Fallows describes his

plans to take U.S. News to "the next stage," Kinsley interrupts.

"How many stages do you go through 'til you make it interesting?"

he says.

Tuesday

It's 10:04 a.m. when the daily meeting starts -- without the new

editor. Fallows is tied up at a breakfast appointment. Managing

editor Lee Rainie, the magazine's chief traffic cop, runs through

the tentative lineup.

Space has been found for the soccer story, says Erica Goode, culture

section editor. But the solution doesn't sit well with Rob Covey,

who oversees art and graphics. The soccer story is starting to

look like an orphan.

Meanwhile, it's difficult to find a good political story that

will be fresh five or six days from now. National editor Brian

Duffy already has assigned and killed two stories in the past

24 hours. He's also received a tip involving one of the national

candidate's military records. It could be big news.

At 10:15 a.m., an apologetic Fallows arrives. Settling into his

chair with a quip, he's just in time to hear Avery Komarow, editor

of the "News-You-Can-Use" section, describe a new study on the

link between abortion and breast cancer. "This is a meta analysis,"

Komarow explains.

"A what?" says Rainie.

"It's a rehash."

The most important discussion revolves around the fate of a weekly

feature called "One Week." A favorite of Zuckerman's, it's designed

to highlight the week's "emotional peak." The problem is that

emotional peaks don't necessarily occur at seven-day intervals.

This week, no one has a good candidate.

"I vote for not doing it," Fallows says. "And I'll call Mort

and tell him."

Later, Fallows explains what he's trying to accomplish. In Washington,

he has been caricatured as a professional prude, a sort of journalistic

Cary Nation crusading against reporters' TV appearances and promoting

intellectualized navel-gazing. In reality, the Redlands, Calif.,

native is an amiable amalgam. He's cuff links and Dockers, a beer-drinking

baseball fan who's also a member of the American Heritage Dictionary's

advisory board.

To illustrate his approach, he cites the recent U.S. air strikes

against Iraq. Most publications emphasized how President Clinton

used the attack politically. Fallows says he's more interested

in what the confrontation shows about what's happening in the

Middle East.

In response to staffers who fear his drive for "substance" will

turn *U.S. News* into a dull policy magazine, he says his

goals are far more prosaic: better writing and more interesting

stories. "The franchise of the magazine is basically sound,"

he says. "The challenge is to do a higher grade version."

Even those skeptical of Fallows say the magazine desperately needed

re-invigorating. His predecessors, the husband-and-wife team of

Michael Ruby and Merrill McLoughlin, were credited with stabilizing

a magazine that had had more than its share of editors. But *U.S.*

*News'* circulation of 2.3 million is almost unchanged from

1987. Today, there is an air of experimentation at the magazine's

Washington offices. "This is not the old U.S. News," says Jim

Impoco, the new business editor.

Wednesday

At the morning meeting, Duffy updates everyone on the status of

the national section. A story on sagging morale among CIA spies

is behind schedule. The political story remains unconfirmed. And

there's talk that *Vanity Fair* will make public on Friday

new revelations about the Dick Morris sex scandal. If so, Duffy's

troops will have to scramble to make deadline.

The week is half over and the heart of the magazine is thoroughly

unsettled. That's not unusual. News magazines must identify not

just what's news today, but what readers will be interested in

when the magazine appears next week. So Fallows takes the report

in stride and moves on.

Business editor Impoco has two good stories. *Wired* magazine

is trying for the second time to sell stock to the public. And

an entrepreneur, hoping to capitalize on an episode of *Seinfeld*

that featured a totalitarian soup chef dubbed the "Soup Nazi,"

is opening a chain of restaurants called Soup Nutsy. Fallows loves

both stories.

As the meeting winds down, Fallows interrupts the discussion a

final time. "It's become clear to me in the past 24 hours that

we should assume 'One Week' is part of our life," he says as

knowing smiles spread around the table. "I've had a vision."

Actually, he's heard a voice -- that of owner Zuckerman, who's

made it clear that "One Week" will remain.

Thursday

Even in a calm week, the pace quickens as the magazine hurtles

toward deadline. When a scheduled article in the World section

is slow to materialize, Fallows substitutes one about German troops

on peacekeeping duty in Bosnia. "Remember: No Goose Steps" is

a good choice.

Writing quality is probably the area where Fallows is most involved.

A respected author, he's written books on defense, Japan, trade,

and the press. Unlike other areas where he'll defer to veteran

staffers, Fallows isn't shy about imposing his own style. Already,

he's banned scores of overused phrases from the magazine, entombing

them in a computer file labeled "ENUFF."

Fallows also has warned staffers against an over-reliance upon

anecdotes. "Sharon Stone stared at her sliced cantaloupe," he

says, mockingly. And he's brought in a longtime colleague and

former *The New Yorker* staff writer Link Caplan to elevate

the magazine's prose. Caplan was an unusual choice as deputy national

editor: he's never covered news.

Not surprisingly, the newsweekly's reporters have been distracted

by the ongoing metamorphosis. Fallows has worked to mitigate the

worries, praising individuals' work and keeping a close eye on

his mordant wit. So far, perhaps owing to his brief tenure, the

changes he has introduced are muted. The magazine's cover artwork

is sharper, but differences in the writing and story selection

have been less dramatic. Despite Fallow's enthusiasm for civic

journalism, some of the political coverage -- notably a piece

that offered the presidential candidates fashion advice -- appears

indistinguishable from the journalistic fluff he has criticized.

Meanwhile, the political candidate story continues to simmer.

Duffy, a respected investigative journalist, has taken personal

charge of the piece while overseeing four reporters chasing Dick

Morris angles.

Working until almost 11 p.m., Fallows heads to the copy desk to

settle an obscure issue that's been bugging him for days. Like

many publications, *U.S. News* refers to the country traditionally

known as Burma as "Myanmar," the name adopted by a military

government that took power in 1989.

Most Americans know the country, if at all, by the old name, Fallows

believes. So he decides Burma's in; Myanmar's out. Later, Fallows

jokes, "I'm a big Burma guy."

Friday

Crunch time. An important story has been delivered late and it

needs work. Fallows isn't happy. Sitting at his PC, shoulders

slightly rounded, he hammers the keyboard. The computer screen

fills with glowing green type.

Fallows already is beginning to think about the next issue. He's

got a mock-up of a proposed cover on his desk. A cartoon rendering

of "Best Jobs For The Future" is good, but not great. He asks

the art department to work up some alternatives. The jobs package

continues a trend of covers under Fallows that aren't tied to

the biggest news of the week. It's one of the things traditionalists

at the magazine worry about.

In the continuing "One Week" saga, he's decided to make the

best of the situation by assuming personal responsibility for

the feature.That should ensure it gets the staff attention Zuckerman's

interest demands.

Just before 4:30 p.m., the triumvirate of Rainie, Duffy and Caplan

deliver the verdict on the candidate story. Critical details remain

in dispute. The story must hold.

As staffers float in and out of his office, it's clear that --

even if Fallows only has begun to change *U.S. News* -- the

magazine already has had a profound impact upon him. Before assuming

the editor's job and its six-figure salary, he worked from his

home in northwest Washington, alone save for an assistant. Mid-day

tennis was an almost inviolate part of his schedule.

Now, the working days begin around 8 a.m. and average 12 hours.

Tonight, in an effort to show he's part of the team, Fallows will

stay until just before midnight when the magazine officially closes.

"For 17 years, I've gotten up when I wanted, worked when I wanted.

Now, the essence of my job is being here all day," Fallows says.

"So far, it's a less painful change than I thought."

BONNIE FULLER, COSMOPOLITAN

Not since Jay Leno took over the *Tonight Show* has someone

had as tough an act to follow as Bonnie Fuller.

As of the March 1997 issue, she is the editor of *Cosmopolitan*,

replacing industry legend Helen Gurley Brown.

Fuller, 40, founding editor of the U.S. version of the French

woman's magazine *Marie Claire*, began her career as a fashion

writer for *The Toronto Star*. It was the only journalism

job she could find after quitting law school.

At *Marie Claire,* which is known for its slightly racy editorial

copy, Fuller says she was proud of the magazine's serious articles.

Among them: features on abandoned babies in Bosnia and female

circumcision in Ethiopia. "I'm always looking for news, she says.

A self-described "magazine addict," she feels a personal link

with her audience. "I really like my reader. I enjoy her," she

says. "I'm not trying to change her into something she's not."

Fuller will succeed one of the nation's best-known editors. Over

three decades, Brown pioneered the concept of the independent,

sexually assertive woman, and turned a newsstand wallflower into

a dynamo.

But at 74, she left the magazine's 18-34-year-old demographic

far behind.

The magazine's circulation of 2.6 million is 3.7% below its 1990

level. And through September, ad revenue of $ 113.7 million is

down 1% compared to the same period last year.

Since *Cosmo's* parent company, Hearst, announced the pending

change in January, Fuller has been shadowing Brown in on-the-job

training. In recent weeks, she's readied her debut issue. For

the magazine's staff, which is also finishing work on Brown's

last few issues, it's been hectic.

In an interview in her cramped New York office, Fuller is polite

but cautious. Sipping a Perrier, she tiptoes around talk of her

challenge: to put her stamp on the magazine without slighting

Brown.

"I don't think the idea of the *Cosmo* girl requires any

updating," Fuller says."My challenge is to move forward and

continue the work the magazine has always been famous for."

*Cosmo's* franchise has been breathless reportage with a

titillating edge such as the November issue's "My Husband Is

A Sex Addict." Under Fuller, the editorial formula -- sex, careers,

advice, more sex -- is unlikely to change.

The topics that interest young women as they mature to adulthood

are eternal, she says.

Still, Fuller, who is expecting her third child in March, hints

that features on balancing work and family may get a heavier emphasis.

"The magazine has always evolved," she says carefully. "You're

just going to see a continuation of that evolution."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Matt Mendelsohn, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY (3); PHOTO, B/W, Vicky Kasala; Kelly 'So far, it's a less painful change than I thought,' says Fallows, referring to the switch from working at home to 12-hour days at the office. Next step: Fallows' new job keeps hom on the move. Fallows' (seated), whose busy days include meetings with staff, talks with design director Rob Covey about a cartoon for an upcoming issue. Fuller

**Load-Date:** October 28, 1996

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[***THEY LABOR WITH THE TOOLS THEY LOVE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43XW-WJ90-0094-54J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Body**

Tools can be as important to getting the job done as the people wielding them. And while some of us might not give ours a second thought, there's often a special significance to the implements of work, a history or bond that elevates their importance and meaning.

On this Labor Day, we introduce you to some workaday people in our region, Joes and Janes from various walks of life, and share the stories behind their tools of the trade.

Promptly at 8 a.m., Johnny Powell pulls his blue 1983 Chevy van up to a house in Washington, Pa., that needs a new porch roof. Still nimble at 75, he jumps out and opens the van's back door. Inside are 1,000 pounds of tools arranged so that even when it's pitch dark, Powell can find what he needs.

Dozens of saws. Eleven toolboxes. Eight, maybe nine, drills. Four levels (one magnetic). Three snips (to cut straight, right and left). Two Japanese saws. One German hammer. Countless screws and nails -- in Band-Aid tins and Tylenol bottles, in the homemade cabinet with 30 tiny drawers.

Fifty-two years ago, Powell's tools fit into one box with room to spare. Along with his business, his tool collection expanded. "I'm not braggin' ," he says. "But I think I have enough tools to do any job in the country."

On this day, he keeps a handful of nails and two tools in his white carpenter's overalls. In the loop, a hammer. But here's Johnny Powell's signature tool: a 6-foot wooden ruler, the kind made up of 12 sections that fold accordion-style.

The guys at 84 Lumber can't think of another customer who carries one. Everyone else uses a tape measure, which Powell can do, too, if he wants. He owns three.

Yet he treasures his "rule," particularly the 6-inch brass extender. He likes its preciseness. For bigger jobs, he opens the ruler full length in one smooth motion, as easy and fluid as if he were stretching a rubber band.

A baker's pastry wheel

Henry Prantl uses lots of tools -- a wooden rolling pin, a plastic scraper to remove gobs of shortening from his hands and tarnished metal weights to measure sugar and flour.

A third-generation baker, he still has tools from his father's store, such as a thick metal disk with a raised X pattern for stamping hot cross buns. But most important to him is a delicate gold-colored pastry wheel.

The ridged wheel, little more than an inch in diameter, leaves a serrated edge on the strips of dough that Prantl coils into Danish pastry or shapes around metal tubes to make cream-filled lady locks.

"I'm very particular with it," says Prantl, who is 65. He estimates the pastry wheel is 10 years older.

For other doughs, Prantl uses a wheel that looks like a pizza cutter, perfectly round, smooth and sharp. But puff pastry and Danish doughs are saturated with shortening so cutting them with a sharp edge can make the shortening seep out. The tooth-like motion of his pastry wheel seals it in by separating rather than cutting the dough.

A few years ago Prantl started buying premade Danish dough for his Shadyside bakery because the mixing process is long and demanding. But, "I didn't like what I was getting," he says. "I can't do a half job."

So he went back to rolling out the dough, spreading on vegetable fat, folding and rerolling. When he uses the golden pastry wheel, he sometimes thinks of his father.

"In my own little way, I feel he sees me."

A priest's vestment

Like most Catholic priests, Father Dam Nguyen wears vestments of different colors to celebrate Mass -- purple for Lent and Advent, white for Easter and Christmas, red for Good Friday and Pentecost, green for the liturgical season called "ordinary time."

But his green vestment is distinctive. On the front is an intricate, hand-embroidered phoenix, a paintbrush in its clawed foot, painting a dazzling pink orange and gold-tinged cloud in the sky. His purple robe pictures bamboo shoots above a cloud of incense rising from an elaborate container.

The vestments are handmade gifts from family still in Vietnam.

Father Dam was born in Dongnai in the south, three years after his family fled there from the north in 1954. He left Vietnam in 1981 and lived in refugee camps in Thailand before coming to Pittsburgh in 1984.

He studied at the University of Pittsburgh and Duquesne University. Though he felt the call to the priesthood from an early age, he was uncertain about it after coming here and spent a great deal of time considering the decision. He was ordained in 1993.

Though his background can still create stumbling blocks -- once when Father Dam introduced himself before a Mass, a child in the front row said, "Mom, Father swore!" -- it also can be a bridge. The striking vestments often draw people in.

"Sometimes they become curious about them and ask questions."

A lawyer's cell phone

John Lewis has a favorite tool and there's only one place he doesn't use it.

"I'm not an extremely religious person, but I have a gut feeling that it's really inappropriate to have your cell phone ringing in church."

Lewis, a business lawyer at the Downtown firm of Metz, Schermer and Lewis, owned one of the first cell phones on the market. It was around 1990, and he knew that his slavish devotion to checking his voice mail, all in the name of responding quickly to clients, made him the perfect candidate for a cell phone.

Now his monthly bill usually exceeds $300, but he says that doesn't begin to compare with the tool's value. He places 20 calls a day and receives another 30.

The boundaries for appropriate cell phone use might preclude church chat, but not much else.

During a family vacation this June to North Carolina's Outer Banks, Lewis spent several hours on his cell phone successfully negotiating a deal for a physician practice group to break from a hospital conglomerate. All the while, he sat on a beach chair.

At the firm's last Christmas party, Lewis stood in the middle of the room and took a conference call involving four other people. While continuing the conference, he ended up getting a ride back to the office, walked up to his desk and transferred the call to his office phone without missing a beat.

Friends can recite these stories, but some strangers find his cell phone use startling, especially since he upgraded to a tiny pocket phone with an ear piece.

"It happens just about every day where I'll be walking along, talking, and because it's not apparent that I have a cell phone to my ear, people will think I'm talking to them or that I'm not talking to anybody and that there's something wrong with me."

A grill cook's spatula

The spatula is one with the thick fist of Drew Mikrut as he deftly slides it around the bubbling edges of four blueberry buckwheat pancakes and gives each of them a flip.

As owner of the "Home of the Best Breakfast in Town," DeLuca's Restaurant in the Strip District, and the grill cook of most of the breakfasts, the 41-year-old Mikrut has a spatula for everything. But the short solid stainless one in his left hand, "This is the work horse."

He learned to cook with a spatula just like this when he bought the place in 1988, and when he lost that tool in 1991, bought an identical one for about 10 bucks. That's the same spatula he still reaches for before opening at 6 a.m. If it wasn't there, "I'd flip out."

Even if you don't doubt a burly, bandanna-wearing ex-trucker can love a kitchen utensil, you'd think this spatula is too homely: Its corner tips are worn away, and the cracked wood handle -- black with use -- is so thin it wiggles on its rivets.

But without it, Mikrut couldn't cook. And can he ever cook with it, especially on Saturdays, when he and his crew and their spatulas might crank out a hundred dozen eggs and a thousand pancakes.

"I tell you," he says, regarding his spatula and their decade together, "That's almost a million pancakes."

He jokes about how his spatula is ready for the graveyard, but that's not going to happen, not at a place where the toaster is 68 years old and still working full time.

He grins: "I can always put a new handle on it."

A writer's typewriter

Hilary met Olympia in Poughkeepsie 35 years ago. Olympia had been used but Hilary took her home anyway, leaving his newspaper job and vowing to be a published fiction writer within five years. He pushed Olympia around for a while, and "The Common Pasture" by Hilary Masters hit book stores.

Today, Masters, a novelist, essayist and writing professor at Carnegie Mellon University, keeps his Olympia manual typewriter on a nicked-up wooden table in his cramped writing study on the North Side. It is still, after 35 years, the object he uses to "carve out the words." He can't stand writing on his computer -- says doing so makes him "glib," since computers are for watching a screen.

"I worry that part of me is sitting back and thinking, 'That's really wonderful!' "

On typewriter paper, though, words have permanence. Revisions are done with a pen. "And at the end, I know I've invented an artifact."

In his study, his typewriter and computer sit across from each other-- facing off, like sharpshooters at high noon, for their owner's affections.

The winner has always been the cream-colored typewriter with the aqua-colored shift keys -- except when Masters wrote his novel "Homer's Exile" on his computer. He used the Olympia when he lived in Ireland, when he wrote in his Dublin home's coal cellar.

"I can write almost anywhere."

But not with anything.

A mohel's izmel

When Rabbi Mordechai Rosenberg of Squirrel Hill tackles the ever-so-delicate task of circumcision, known in Judaism as a bris, he relies on hands that don't waver.

And as one of only two rabbis in Pittsburgh who perform the ritual -- the other is Benjamin Nadoff -- he demands an instrument up to the task.

Parents probably don't give much thought to what Rosenberg uses for the ceremony. But, if they inquired, they would find that the ritual that dates back to Biblical times has a touch of modernity.

Traditionally, a mohel, or rabbi specially trained in circumcision, uses an izmel, a tool that looks like a butter knife with a flat double-edged blade. Rosenberg has three, including one from Israel, but he abandoned them a few years ago.

"The problem is that after a certain number of [circumcisions], you have to resharpen it, and it's hard to find someone to resharpen it," says Rosenberg, 42.

One day, he heard about a different type of izmel.

"I have a friend who's a mohel. We shop talk every once in a while. Somebody recently invented a disposable one that I use… It's an excellent instrument."

The six-inch tool opens like scissors and folds back into place once the blade is installed. It's made from stainless steel, costs about $100 and takes standard disposable double-bladed platinum chrome blades that the rabbi buys at Rite-Aid.

"Once I discovered how nice this disposable izmel is, I got one for Rabbi Nadoff."

A rocker's guitar

B.B. King is faithful to "Lucille," and Stevie Ray Vaughan had a "First Wife." Swissvale's Norman Nardini has a "mistress" he sees aside from his girlfriend of 26 years -- a tiger-striped Schecter Telocaster with an anatomy of hybrid parts.

A 35-year veteran of the Pittsburgh rock 'n' roll scene, Nardini, 51, bought his "Tiger Lady" at Swissvale Music in 1979 when he fronted his band, the Tigers. The faded orange paint job with black triangle stripes is a home-done, never-touched-up original. The smooth ripples of the worn wood grain and the cuts and scratches are a Braille diary of a rock 'n' roll life.

"This," he says, "is a man's guitar."

They've shared stages with good friend Jon Bon Jovi, opened for Bruce Springsteen, even done Europe over the course of 4,000-plus shows. But those stripes were earned in ***working-class*** dives around the 'Burgh.

"On stage is when my guitar means the most. In the studio, it could be any guitar, but on stage me and that guitar are as close as you can get to anything that's not alive."

A chef's tamis

She left all her clothes in Paris -- to make room in her luggage for cooking tools she wouldn't be able to find in the States.

It was 1975, and Christine Dauber had just finished six months of study at La Varenne, an old-fashioned cooking school in the French capital. While there, she learned how to beat egg whites by hand and use cast-iron pots and pans. She also learned that eating the biggest meal of the day between noon and 1 is the best way to eat.

Before she left, she went on a shopping spree in Les Halles, the legendary shopping district. "I wanted to have all the things we used at school."

One of those things was a tamis, which looks like a strainer in the shape of a drum. Fine metal mesh is placed between two circular pieces of stainless steel about 18 inches in diameter. Then a fish or a duck is placed on the mesh and the cook pushes the meat through, pounding and scraping until the bones are left on top. The meat is used for mousse or poached triangles called quenelles.

"It was a very labor intensive difficult thing to do. Now we throw it into the food processor."

In Paris, Dauber also bought heat-resistant chef jackets, copper and cast-iron pots and an espresso machine for the restaurant she wanted to open when she got back.

In 1984, she opened Le Pommier on the South Side, where she still uses the tamis to make salmon mousse on the few days she cooks there, or for cooking demonstrations, or even as a steamer.

"You never know when it might come in handy."

A judge's gavel

Common Pleas Judge Frank J. Lucchino is alert and attentive on the bench, listening, taking notes, asking questions, prodding lawyers in the friendliest and most courteous of ways to follow protocol and do their homework.

After 1 1/2 hours on whether an insurance company should fork over $4,100 to fix a Chevy Silverado belonging to a man who apparently hadn't quite got the premium payment in on time, the judge declares, "Case is adjourned." And with a quick sweep of his black-robed arm, he raps his gavel. There's a nice wrist snap on the rebound.

Though he gavels like a veteran, Lucchino's only been a judge for two years, after 20 years as county controller. He never before had occasion to use a gavel, except in a meeting here and there.

The gavel is a plain wooden one with a band suitable for engraving that isn't engraved. It sits on the bench with its sounding board -- the circular piece of wood you bang the gavel against to save wear and tear on the furniture.

The gavel was a gift.

"In 1999 I was called by a group of senior citizens from Sharpsburg and asked to give a speech, the subject of which I don't recall but it had nothing to do with being a judge. In a very nice and surprise gesture, the group presented me with a gavel. It was before the election, before the primary even. Afterward, I thought, they're very prescient people. I think of those people often."

A transplant surgeon's 'box'

Never has high tech seemed so ordinary.

The tool that has dramatically dropped the rejection rate of intestine transplants and helped more of these patients live at least one year after surgery is … a box.

It's a $2,000, 5-pound, clear fiberglass, breadbox-size receptacle. Four strips stuck on the front in not-quite-straight lines name it "Kareem's Adult Radiation Multivisceral Box."

Transplant surgeon Dr. Kareem Abu-Elmagd, a 49-year-old who hails from Egypt and now calls O'Hara home, waited four weeks for the machine shop at the University of Pittsburgh to build his design.

This is how it works: The intestine soaks in a cold solution inside the sterilized box. Attached organs, like the liver, are moved aside into protected compartments. Only the intestine is zapped with radiation to destroy its numerous immune cells. All the organs are then transplanted into the patient, who also gets an infusion of bone marrow from the same donor.

Irradiating the intestine and giving bone marrow seems to foster a truce between the transplanted organs and the recipient's immune system.

Abu-Elmagd invented the box so that the radiation/bone marrow combo could be tested in a study that began 16 months ago. Now he doesn't want to do intestine transplants any other way.

"It's a box," he says. "But it may help a lot of patients."

A floor coverer's tile cutter

In 1993, Dana Wilson was a single mom living in the Broadhead Manor housing project when she had the chance to take a class in tile-setting and painting to renovate apartments there. She liked it. She took a year-long course in renovation. She liked that, too, so much so that she became an apprentice in the Floor Coverers and Decorators Local Union No. 1759.

On June 8, after four years of perfect attendance, she "graduated" as the only woman in a class of 162 journeymen -- and the only African-American woman to enter her trade in 15 years. It wasn't easy, and it's not easy work, installing every kind of floor. But being part of the union family is a privilege, she says, and she likes it.

"I take it as power. Using your hands. Building," says Wilson, who planned to proudly march in today's Labor Day parade. She now lives with her husband, Robert, her 13-year-old daughter, Pasha, and her 5-year-old son, Robert Jr., in a house in the city's Esplen neighborhood.

She has a truck full of tools that she's amassed for her job. But the one that always will be most special to her is a vinyl tile cutter that was given to her back when she was just starting out by a friend who wanted her to succeed in life.

"It was the first tool I got," says Wilson, recalling how that used cutter represented independence.

Like her, it's reliable, sharp and strong, and she says she'd never part with it.

"My son will have it. Yeah, my son. My daughter won't do this. She wants to be a pediatrician."

Wilson next wants to build her own flooring business with her tools, each of which is marked with her initials: "DMW." She says it also stands for "Dana Must Work."

**Notes**

This story was reported and written by Caroline Abels, Bob Batz Jr., Dan Gigler, Susan Jacobs, Lori Shontz, Jonathan D. Silver, Christopher Snowbeck, Anita Srikameswaran and Lillian Thomas.

**Graphic**

Photo: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Carpenter Johnny Powell and his folding rule: "I think I have enough tools to do any job in the country."

Photo: Gabor Degre/Post-Gazette: Union floor coverer Dana Wilson and her vinyl tile cutter: "Your tools represent you."

Photo: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette: Rocker Norman Nardini and his battle-scarred ax: "You have to be sort of a freak to do what I do."

Photo: Franka Bruns/Post-Gazette: Baker Henry Prantl and his pastry wheel that used to be his father's: "I'm very particular with it."

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[***STARTING FROM GROUND ZERO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43G8-YW80-0094-54GW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** CAROLINE ABELS, POST-GAZETTE CULTURAL ARTS WRITER

**Body**

Lars brought beer.

It was only his second Ground Zero meeting, but someone joked the week before that he had to bring beer next time to stay in the group.

So he played along and hauled in a case of Straub for the few people who'd gathered in Oakland to plan the fourth "Flux," a night of live music, dance and performance art staged every few months by Ground Zero.

"Hey, who brought the beer?" asked a latecomer. At which point everyone raised their bottles to Lars before getting down to work.

By the next week, Lars was checking on tent prices for Flux no. 4, which will take place Saturday on the South Side. A week after that, he was sending out the meeting announcements. The week after that, he was given the important task of signing up artists for the event.

In a city where your credentials, your connections and your wallet are often what count, Lars Cleath, 27, of Oakland, a musician whose day job is with Strategic Energy, didn't have to know anyone to get "in" with Ground Zero, a network of people, mostly in their 20s and 30s, who are trying to improve urban life in Pittsburgh through projects that embrace the city's authenticity. He didn't have to pay a membership fee, either, or get elected by a board of directors.

That's because Ground Zero doesn't care who you are, as long as you believe the key to Pittsburgh's future lies in its underground arts scene, its valuable architecture and its quirky neighborhoods; as long as you're willing to show up, work hard and be counted on; and as long as you don't complain about Pittsburgh without offering to do something about it.

In essence, Ground Zero is nothing more than a few dozen people like Lars who oversee a few projects meant to tweak the city in small but significant ways. Although they have no money, no staff -- not even a telephone number -- they have accomplished a few ambitious initiatives since forming a year ago and have been praised for their "no-talk, all-action" work ethic.

It's not a well-known group, though. It has trouble articulating its mission and is combating a perception that it's a closed clique of friends. It isn't sure what direction it's headed in and none of its members will predict how long it will last.

But in a city that's wringing its hands over how to keep people under 40 from leaving, Ground Zero has given a voice to a subgroup of "young people" who delight in Pittsburgh's quirkier aspects, who are eager to support local artists and who don't want more strip malls or chain stores in town.

They'd much rather take the Chart Room.

\*

The Chart Room is the Downtown bar where Ground Zero was born a year ago and where its members and supporters gather for happy hour every Thursday. An unpretentious bar at 310 Forbes Ave., it is distinguished by ***working-class*** customers, cheap hamburgers and a complete lack of fancy beer.

Owner Zack Vlahos, a native of Greece, watches from a bar stool each Thursday as young people wearing everything from suits to linen dresses to leather coats show up to kick around ideas on how to improve Pittsburgh.

"Nice people," he says. "Clean. Pleasant. They keep the place alive."

The Chart Room was one of the buildings slated to be torn down as part of Mayor Tom Murphy's "Market Place at Fifth and Forbes" plan, which would have razed more than 60 Downtown buildings to make way for big-name national retailers and chain restaurants.

Though it has since died, the plan is why the Chart Room is the "Cheers" of Ground Zero: The group opposed the Fifth and Forbes plan through a position statement distributed to local politicians, and now the group patronizes the bar "to revitalize Downtown one beer at a time," as its slogan goes, and to show government officials that authentic establishments housed in old buildings mean something to a segment of the city's young people.

Besides, Pat Clark loves it. A witty, high-energy 40-year-old who helped found Ground Zero, he sees the Chart Room as an antidote to "global blanding" -- the fact that more American cities are resembling each other due to the proliferation of chain stores and cookie-cutter buildings.

"It's stupid," he said recently. "At a certain point, people are gonna look up after 75 percent of the globe has been blanded and notice places like Pittsburgh's Downtown -- if it's still intact and operating, knock on wood. And Downtown's gonna be worth a lot of money -- a lot more than a city that has gutted its urban fabric."

His philosophy is shared by most Ground Zero members. Fitting, then, that the Chart Room was where the group was born.

On May 5, 2000, about 150 people gathered at the bar to both praise and complain about Pittsburgh, and to brainstorm ways to physically make the city a better place -- not to brainstorm more ways to talk about making it better.

They'd received an e-mail invitation from Jonathan Kline, a soft-spoken 27-year-old architect at Urban Design Associates who had attended an earlier, similar brainstorming session at the Mattress Factory sponsored by Richard Florida, a Carnegie Mellon University professor of regional economic development.

Florida had just completed research that showed young high-tech workers are attracted to cities with vibrant, street-level arts scenes. When the club Graffiti closed that spring, he'd gathered some young professionals to talk about how to move the city in that direction. At the Mattress Factory, he asked the mostly architects and designers what they disliked about Pittsburgh -- and what were they gonna do about it?

The challenge registered with a few people, including Kline, architects Christine Brill and Alexandra LaPorte, and musician Ben Hartlage.They, in turn, organized the Chart Room event on May 5, at which lots of complaints, compliments and constructive ideas poured out. Issues that kept surfacing included the isolation of Pittsburgh's neighborhoods, the city's negative self-image and the public's lack of awareness of many local artists.

To tackle those issues, project teams were formed a month later. The people on those teams became the first members of Ground Zero and the leaders of those teams became the "core group." Some of the original people have left, but been replaced by new members. In fact, the group's composition can look different from month to month.

Soon projects began to take shape: Flux, the arts event; the Ultra Violet Loop, a pilot program that runs buses through key entertainment districts on weekend evenings; and the Happenings List, a weekly e-mail of under-the-radar arts events sent to about 850 people.

Those early projects had one thing in common: getting people and communities connected. And the people working on those projects relied on the cheapest, fastest way to get people connected: e-mail. Internal e-mail lists were created and members were encouraged to forward e-mails to friends, thereby attracting new blood to the group.

Some young people around town say they've stayed away from Ground Zero because it appears to be a tight-knit group of friends. But members say they don't hang out much with each other much except on Thursdays at the Chart Room, and many didn't know each other before the initial meetings.

Just after those meetings, the core group debated whether to become a not-for-profit organization but decided against it because they feared getting bogged down in bureaucracy.

"You tend to say, 'Oh, I have to figure out where I'm going to get support,' and 'How will I do this?' and 'Oh, my God, where will I get the money?' "says Traci Jackson, a core group member. "But instead you have to think, 'This is what I can do now,' and you build on what you have, piece by piece."

There aren't any presidents or vice presidents, either, because the group wants everyone to work equally hard and avoid leadership disputes.

"There's no power struggle in Ground Zero because there's no power structure," says Ben Hartlage, a 28-year-old core group member and guitarist in the band Coal Train.

Pat Clark says there's no other way to get things done in Pittsburgh. The city's power brokers, he says, get so mired in politics and procedures that young people can't rely on anyone but themselves to make Pittsburgh a better place.

"You have to do things yourself and stick them under somebody's nose," he says. "And beyond that, you have to take their nose and bring it down to the table and say, 'Here it is! This is what we're talking about!' Because there's this amazing disconnect between groups of people that say, 'We want to know what young people have to say,' and the young people themselves."

Ground Zero sees more than just a gap between young people and the establishment, though. It also sees a disconnect between local artists, and between those artists and the public. Closing those gaps was the impetus for Flux.

State of Flux

"It ain't prom," says Traci Jackson, head of the Flux committee.

She's also talking about Flux, which takes place every few months in a different Pittsburgh building that's in a state of flux and isn't highly orchestrated. It's a maze of artists given free rein so that creativity can emerge.

"When you tell someone, 'Do what you think is best,' they will," says Jackson, 28, a devotee of bluegrass music who until recently was director of business development at Bally Design. "You have to take away the constraints."

At Flux events, poets recite their words, visual artists paint, bands rock and eclecticism rules. The beer is free. The audience is curious. City Council President Bob O'Connor even showed up at Flux no. 3 in March to ask the young people there for their mayoral vote.

Many of the artists involved aren't well-known locally, so they appreciate the exposure.

"I work in the arts full time and there are so many artists I still don't know exist," says Kerry Spindler, a former Flux team member and arts program fellow at the Heinz Endowments. "They're visible in a lot of individual circles, but when you put them all together, there's a synergy."

Spindler adds that Flux audiences want "a different experience of arts and culture -- something casual, one-night-only, with the feeling of a party. And they want to see a new building."

Colleen Russell Criste, marketing director at The Andy Warhol Museum, says Flux "has created a buzz that people are paying attention to. It's causing arts people to think about what they're doing for local artists."

Staging Flux in unusual buildings in various neighborhoods fulfills another Ground Zero mission: getting Pittsburgh residents acquainted with unfamiliar communities. Rob Stephany, director of real estate development for East Liberty Development Inc., says his organization was happy to give $2,000 to Flux no. 2, held last October in the future East Liberty home of Whole Foods. Stephany said the event mirrored East Liberty's goal of becoming an arts destination through the renovation of old buildings.

"Ground Zero is willing to engage the neighborhoods if the neighborhoods are willing to engage them," Stephany says. "The group gets past the analysis-paralysis problem and really makes things happen."

Each Flux costs about $1,000, which Ground Zero obtains from the development group of whatever neighborhood Flux is in. About $15,000 worth of donations also helps: for posters, beer, advertisements. And hours of sweat equity are involved.

Committee members are wary of getting more money for the event, fearing that would change its gritty feel. "It's cool being bootstrapped," Jackson says, although one day the novelty of Flux could wear off and the donations could drop off with it.

In that case, Flux could die out. But that isn't as distressing to members as it might seem. Jackson believes a project shouldn't dangle on life support if the energy to keep it going dries up. In that case, people's energy can be directed toward other projects.

Like the Ultra Violet Loop.

Bussing it

Not many people have ridden on the buses that travel the Ultra Violet Loop because the buses have run on only four nights since the fall. The Loop is just a pilot project.

But the idea is to do something low-key (Ground Zero is not about big, overreaching plans) that shows the Port Authority of Allegheny County that there's a need for a free bus that stops in the core business districts of different neighborhoods on Friday and Saturday nights.

The way it works is that a few buses travel in a continuous loop, stopping at cultural destinations, bars, clubs and clusters of restaurants in neighborhoods like Oakland, Friendship, the South Side and the Strip District. It's not a bar bus, though. "Bar bus reminds me of throwing up on the back of the bus driver," says Clark, who's on the UV project team.

Instead, it's meant to serve students in Oakland who don't have cars, city residents who aren't familiar with certain parts of town, tourists who want to see more of the city, and anyone who wants to drink and not drive.

The idea for such a bus had been bubbling among a range of people in different organizations: Ground Zero, PUMP (Pittsburgh Urban Magnet Project) and the New Idea Factory in the office of Allegheny County Executive Jim Roddey. Five people from those groups formed a committee last year and got the idea rolling with a grant from the PNC Foundation and a test run during the first Flux.

Despite low initial numbers, the buses were popular during the International Sculpture Conference in June and the Neighborhoods USA conference in May. Over the course of both weekend conferences, participants made about 4,200 rides on the Loop buses to various spots around Pittsburgh

"It's not just for young people," says Seth Hufford, 26, who works for Leadership Pittsburgh and is a member of the UV team. "If you're here for a conference Downtown, you have no idea there's a bunch of little Italian restaurants in Bloomfield. It's a no-brainer. It's just a matter of convincing the establishment that it can work."

Granted, the Loop -- named after the city's colored belt system and an actress in Andy Warhol films -- has kinks to work out. For example, during last month's run it took an hour for one bus to get from Downtown to Friendship, a drive of about 20 minutes. There were numerous stops, and the bus driver got lost.

But the Port Authority has been listening. Though it's not planning on instituting such a loop system now, according to spokesman Bob Grove, it has been meeting with the UV committee since last summer.

"We thought it was great that there were young people taking an interest in public transit," Grove says.

The UV project shows that Ground Zero is not only willing to work with "the establishment," but with an organization like PUMP, another "young people's group" that shares Ground Zero's goal of keeping young people in town but that employs different means. PUMP primarily coordinates issue forums, conventions and tours, while Ground Zero undertakes more physical projects. And unlike Ground Zero, PUMP has a board of directors, membership fees -- and a telephone number.

A few members of Ground Zero used to be in PUMP but craved more "social activism" and a more distinct aesthetic and political viewpoint. Still, some outside observers say Ground Zero is not always good at articulating that viewpoint.

"If you're not in the core group, then Ground Zero is some fuzzy, mythical thing that pops up and does a Flux event now and then," says Steve Auterman, an architect who attended some early meetings. "It's not clear what they want to do. They have so many little messages but haven't been able to focus them or distill them into clearer ideals."

Members admit to this. They also acknowledge it's hard for people to understand that Ground Zero doesn't exist to take on the project ideas of others but gives people the resources and motivation to coordinate their own projects. As one member put it: "If you've got a good idea and you want to make it happen, then -- guess what? -- you're in charge."

"The world looks at a group like this and says, you should do this, or, you should say something about that," Jackson says. "But it's not about what should or shouldn't be done. It's about what we have the energy we have to do."

More groundbreakers

And what are they doing now?

In recent months, new projects have been launched and adopted as Ground Zero endeavors. They include:

\*"The Art of News," a television show set to air on the city's cable access station PCTV. It will take an irreverent look at the city's culture and communities, although it does not have a regular time slot yet.

\*"Making A Scene," a project that will bring artists to the Downtown cultural district to make art collaboratively and with the involvement of the public. The Pittsburgh Cultural Trust has expressed interest in the idea.

\*"Bingo-A-Go-Go," a regular evening of local music and bingo to take place in an old bingo hall Downtown. The first run will be July 21 -- details will be announced on Ground Zero's Web site.

\*To bring in new blood and new ideas, Ground Zero also is planning a public gathering on July 12 (again, see Web site for details) that will be similar to the brainstorming sessions of last summer. People will be asked what's wrong with Pittsburgh -- and what are they gonna do about it?

Core members say Ground Zero could look quite different down the road as a result of these regular idea sessions. New projects could come into the fold, old projects could fade away, current members could leave the group or an influx of new people could join.

The key, they say, is how to keep the group "organic" while growing, how to move people toward action rather than pontificating, how to get them concentrate on immediate problems that are solvable, how to bring in a more diverse membership and how to get more involved in different neighborhoods.

For now, the group is taking things day by day, keeping the meaning of its name in mind. The definition of "ground zero" is not just the point at which a nuclear explosion occurs but the center of any intense activity or change.

Clark gave the group that name a year ago, not only because he "couldn't think of anything better" but because he sensed that the people who came to the Chart Room in May last year could change what they were ranting about and celebrate what they were praising.

"There's all manner of young people," he said recently. "The manner that ultimately count are the ones who actually do something."

**Notes**

Ground Zero can be reached through its Web site: [*www.gzpgh.com*](http://www.gzpgh.com).

**Graphic**

Photo: Martha Rial/Post-Gazette photos: Ground Zero, a group dedicated to preserving and celebrating Pittsburgh's authenticity, prefers action over talk. Behind the Brew House on the South Side last month, Ground Zero's Jennifer Trainor, right, worked with artist Christopher McHugh to plan Flux 4, the group's showcase of local talent set for Saturday outside the Brew House.

Photo: Martha Rial/Post-Gazette photos: (for two photos) Left: Every Thursday, Ground Zero members and supporters gather at the Chart Room, an unpretentious Downtown bar, to chew the fat and discuss projects such as Flux events (poster below). Pat Clark (back, left) and Jonathan Kline, two founders of the group, were there recently with Deborah Gross of the Greater Pittsburgh Arts Alliance (foreground, left) and Linnea Glick of Pittsburgh Filmmakers.

Photo: Below: Traci Jackson, right, reviews details about Flux 4 with the artists who will be participating in the Ground Zero event this Saturday. Singer Phat Man Dee, leaving the meeting, says that when she attended the first Flux last year, "I was floored that Pittsburgh could have something like this -- something that works on so many levels."

Photo: Pat Clark hangs a "UV" sign on one of buses that ran on the Ultra Violet Loop on June 8. The Loop provides bus service to cultural and entertainment destinations around town. Participants in the International Sculpture Conference wait to board.

Photo: Darcy Trunzo and Paul Weisel give core members of Ground Zero a sneak peek at "The Art of News," a show that takes an irreverent look at TV news and at urban Pittsburgh. It debuts next month on PCTV.

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[***Where the federal bucks stop in Anoka;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5NK0-002B-H1MB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Changes in the money pipeline could affect us all***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5NK0-002B-H1MB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

An intricate relationship has grown over the last six decades between Washington, D.C., and our country's many communities. As Congress revamps the federal government's role, a look at the city of Anoka provides a close-to-home illustration of the federal presence in the day-to-day lives of Americans. In the northern reaches of the Twin Cities metro area, the policies discussed in the abstract in Washington relate to real people with pressing needs and pointed opinions. The Star Tribune will revisit Anoka in the coming months when final decisions are made in Washington and the impact begins to hit Main Streets everywhere.

They come by the thousands to watch the Tornadoes play football on Friday nights in Anoka, and the high school stadium along 5th Av. is one of the many signs of just how good the federal government has been to the city.

Federal money built the stadium during the Depression, just as it built the bridge that carries traffic over the Rum River into downtown. Now it pays Mary Wellman, hired last year as Anoka's only female police officer.

The federal government serves lunch daily to Evalyn Sutherland and gives Robin Meredith money to attend the local technical college. It helps power the ambulances that take Anoka's sick to the hospital, subsidizes Jeanette Sailor's heating bill and hires teachers to help students who've fallen behind at the city's four elementary schools.

In ways big and small, and with a rhythm that goes back to the 1930s and the New Deal, federal money has flowed by the billions into Anoka. And the city - the seat of Anoka County and the hometown of Garrison Keillor and a Miss America - has grown used to it.

The federal largess isn't free.

The government's hand, says Ronald Huston, whose dental office sits off Main St., is "in everybody's pocketbook."

The 115,000 people of Anoka County who file returns pay more than $ 500 million a year in federal taxes.

But the pattern of taking and giving will change as a Republican-controlled Congress works to end an era of a government that has been cast as too expensive, too unwieldy and too generous.

Congress last week passed bills that would sharply curtail dozens of federal programs. President Clinton has threatened a veto, and the struggle for compromise probably will take the rest of this year.

No one knows the ultimate impact on Anoka. But as politicians decide what to cut and what to spare, this is a time for examining the ties between Washington and cities such as Anoka.

"I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people."

- Franklin Roosevelt

At the confluence of the Mississippi and Rum rivers, Anoka is a pocket of small-town America with an old-fashioned main street and a pride in its self-styled reputation as the nation's "Halloween Capital." It's also a modern suburb of strip malls and subdivisions with 17,509 residents, smaller than Eden Prairie and larger than Hopkins.

It is a ***working-class*** city where one in six adults has a college degree (compared with about one in two in Edina). Anoka's families earn slightly less than the metrowide average.

John and Jill Weaver live in a grand house on Ferry St. that was built in 1858, the year Minnesota became a state. The river behind the house was a highway for Indians and fur traders, and its banks have held ox carts carrying produce from the prairie to the city.

Weaver, 67, who calls himself "a cantankerous old City Council member," says sending money to Washington is a bad deal.

"The federal government takes the dollars and sends back pennies," Weaver says.

But Anoka County seems to get a direct return of better than dollar for dollar on its money.

According to the Census Bureau, the federal government sent $ 470 million to Anoka County during 1992 in grants, salaries and other payments. The county got another $ 274 million in loans and loan guarantees for everything from college tuition to business start-up costs.

During the same year, the county's collective adjusted gross income was $ 3.8 billion, according to the Internal Revenue Service. If county residents were taxed at the average rate in Minnesota, they paid $ 513 million in taxes.

The Weavers, staunch Republicans, think Congress is headed in the right direction, but they expect wrenching change at home.

"The impact on one small city like Anoka is going to be huge," said Charlie Weaver, John's nephew, a Republican who represents Anoka in the Minnesota House.

Take medical programs, a prime factor in the nation's fiscal problems because of runaway costs. In Anoka, 13 percent of the population receives federal medical assistance. Mercy Hospital depends on it. So does Doug Dolinsky's nursing home.

Nearly one of every two Anoka residents discharged in 1994 from Mercy Hospital, a block outside the city limits, used Medicare or Medicaid. The two programs accounted for $ 57.9 million in revenue at the hospital.

And when a Healthspan ambulance hurries to a 911 call in Anoka, rushing a patient with chest pains to the hospital, the bill can be as high as $ 800 - with Medicaid paying as much as $ 350.

The federal government pays much of the bill at Anoka Good Samaritan, a two-story brick nursing home on the city's east side. Eighty-six of the home's 127 beds are occupied by Medicaid recipients. "If they're on medical assistance, they don't worry about a thing," said Dolinsky, the home's administrator.

Dolinsky is preparing his 150-person staff for likely cuts in projected federal spending, which could mean layoffs. "They're worried," he said.

"If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich."

- John Kennedy

Anoka's elderly are just one of many groups that rely on Uncle Sam. Stop in at Franklin Elementary, where the students downed corn dogs and veggie sticks for a special Halloween lunch on Friday. One in three students gets a federally subsidized lunch and breakfast. Anoka's four elementary schools received $ 152,063 in federal meal subsidies last year.

Kathryn Kulas is one of four teachers at Franklin hired with federal money to help students with reading and math. In a fourth-grade class, Kulas takes three students into a corner for special tutoring. The group, at best, reads at half the speed of the rest of the class.

"She cut a piece of gold paper into a large s-s-s . . . ," a student began.

"Square," said Kulas.

"Because I help them," she says out of their earshot, "they hang on."

Counting the programs through which federal money reaches Anoka is revealing. Some of them will be cut, but many others will remain intact and even grow.

At the National Guard Armory on Main St., 188 soldiers assigned to three artillery units received $ 681,411 last year in federal pay and expenditures.

Bus No. 27, the rush-hour express from Anoka to downtown Minneapolis, runs partially on federal money. So will the new control tower at the Anoka County-Blaine Airport. A new stretch of Hwy. 610, made possible with $ 36 million in federal money, is coming to the road-poor northern suburbs in 1997.

On most days, federal money simply fuels ordinary life. It supports the 65 lunches that Jan Salitros serves each day at the Anoka senior center. Most come not for the food but to mingle with friends. Dorothy Kitterman, 81, is like many of them, a widow living alone. "I'd go crazy, wouldn't I, if I had to stay home?" she said.

The food-stamp program pumps $ 1.22 million yearly into 10.7 percent of the homes in Anoka. And the government also ships $ 2.69 million a year to the county to pay for the 65-person staff that runs the county's child-support enforcement program.

St. Stephen's, the Catholic school on Jackson St., is getting $ 3,600 this year for its reading and math classes.

Federal money also flows to 150 Sudanese refugees who showed up in Anoka a year ago, sending a culture shock through a town that had few minorities. They had followed their tribal leader from Iowa. Few spoke English, and most of the women were uneducated. Many needed public assistance and job training.

In a warehouse on the edge of town, the federal government even gives away used furniture to the poor.

No federal lifeline in Anoka is as long as the one extended to poor women. Many of the programs that serve them are slated to be cut or transferred to the states.

Most of the 349 Anoka households that collect a combined $ 86,287 a month in Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) are headed by single women. Head Start, the federally backed preschool program for low-income families, is used by 56 families, 50 of them headed by women.

Many women lean on more than one program. At Rebecca Dinnetz's house, the federal government helps pay the fuel bill. Dinnetz, a mother of four, also collects $ 697 a month in AFDC. She hopes to go back to school, if she can get federally funded day care.

Those who do go back to school also look toward the federal government. When the financial aid office window opened on the morning of Sept. 27, women made up the bulk of the line that stretched down the hallway at the Anoka-Hennepin Technical College on the edge of town. The line consisted of aspiring nurses and surgical technicians and Linda Horn, a mother collecting AFDC and trying to learn about computers. "I know nothing about computers," she said, standing in line for her $ 330 check.

Roughly 1,200 students - 2,020 take day classes - get federal student loans.

"[It's] really important," said Margaret Griffin, a mother who waited for a check. With the school already having deducted tuition from her loan, Griffin will use the remainder to buy what she's had to put off in order to go to school. "I'm six months pregnant. I have not bought a [maternity] outfit yet."

"This nation, this generation, in this hour has man's first chance to build a Great Society."

- Lyndon Johnson

Over at City Hall, Anoka is trying to wean itself from federal money. The city decided recently to pass up federal funding for riverbank development. Washington too often is a pushy partner, demanding conditions on development, said City Manager Mark Nagel.

Still, when Washington decided last year to add 100,000 cops to patrol the nation's streets as part of a $ 30.2 billion anticrime bill, the chance to expand the 26-member Anoka force was irresistible. The city hired Mary Wellman and has approval for another officer.

Nagel grumbles about the strings that come attached to federal money and, worse, about the edicts that come with no money. Thanks to federal regulations, the city spends about $ 45,000 a year treating its water system to kill organisms that aren't there, he said.

Anoka may not have been an early advocate of big government - most of the city's voters backed Herbert Hoover over Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 - but it warmed to the idea. By the 1960s, Anoka was the kind of blue-collar town that Lyndon Johnson could count on. Even after many strayed from the party, the city clung to the so-called New Democrats embodied by Bill Clinton.

Johnson's Great Society visions shaped the social programs that serve many in Anoka today. "What happened over the 30 years is that . . . federal programs resulted in a diminution of the local efforts in a lot of areas," said Dave McCauley, a Republican county commissioner. "Local support systems began to fade away."

Now as the government pulls back from the programs, "we don't have the mechanisms in place anymore to do it" and are rebuilding them, he said.

As much as philosophy, federal money has been firmly woven into city life. Federal Cartridge, the sprawling ammunition manufacturer on Main St., began operating in 1916. Combined with a sister company, it still is the city's biggest employer. Through World War II, Korea, Vietnam and beyond, the company provided jobs to generations that helped make artillery shells for the federal government.

The ties seem to be everywhere. Arlo Peterson remembers the day in 1941 when the Anoka Electric Cooperative, created under a Depression-era program to extend electricity to rural America, turned on the lights on his dad's dairy farm. Peterson, 78, still works the same farm.

"Government is like a big baby . . . with a big appetite at one end and no responsibility at the other."

- Ronald Reagan

So it was not an easy decision when the electric cooperative, which Peterson now chairs, considered paying off its remaining federal debt - in effect severing the last tie to the government. Company officials said government regulations no longer made the assistance attractive.

The board, setting aside emotions, on Oct. 16 unanimously cut the tie.

Not everyone is nostalgic. Alan and Jeannie Betker are the new-style residents of Anoka, young Republicans who park a pickup truck next to their split-level home. Having spent 10 years in the Air Force, Alan Betker said he knows how government works - and sometimes works badly.

"I think they've done some wonderful things," he said. "If you look at the country, prior to the New Deal, families took care of each other. Now no one takes care. . . . They expect the federal government to do it."

But Betker chooses his words carefully because his family, too, has received government aid. The bills for Holly, their 5-year-old who is moderately retarded, get paid with the help of federal medical assistance.

"Actually, what we are," Alan Betker said, "we're a couple who believe [in] what the . . . Republicans are doing. At the same time, we're going to suffer for it."

The Federal Pipeline to Anoka

Even after the pipeline of federal money winds its way from Washington, D.C., to Minnesota and then to Anoka County, millions of dollars still make it to the city of Anoka and into everyday lives. Here's a look at how money from five federal programs, which may not necessarily face substantial cuts, flows into the city:

Small National Free

Business Guard and

Loans# Reduced

School

Lunch/

Breakfast

National Budget

$ 10.1 $ 10.1 $ 5.58

billion billion billion

Money to

Minnesota

$ 223.1 $ 156.2 $ 67.4

million million million

Money to

Anoka County

$ 11.08 $ 681,411 $ 2.51

million million##

Money to

the City

of Anoka

$ 2.07 $ 139,583 $ 406,608

million

And closest

to home. . . $ 187,000 A Serving 107

for minimum students

National of $ 157.48 daily at

Communications to Spc. Lincoln

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AFDC Medical

Assistance

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Gross Federal Debt

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When Jade

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1st Birthday 5,237,707,000,000 5,210,700,000,000

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5th Birthday 6,705,536,000,000 6,288,900,000,000 .

Source: Congressional Budget Office, U. S. Bureau of the Census, U. S. Treasury Department

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** October 31, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Where the federal bucks stop in Anoka;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5NN0-002B-H1NW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Changes in the money pipeline could affect us all***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5NN0-002B-H1NW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 29, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2773 words

**Byline:** Sharon Schmickle; Mike Kaszuba; Staff Writers

**Body**

An intricate relationship has grown over the last six decades between Washington, D.C., and our country's many communities. As Congress revamps the federal government's role, a look at the city of Anoka provides a close-to-home illustration of the federal presence in the day-to-day lives of Americans. In the northern reaches of the Twin Cities metro area, the policies discussed in the abstract in Washington relate to real people with pressing needs and pointed opinions. The Star Tribune will revisit Anoka in the coming months when final decisions are made in Washington and the impact begins to hit Main Streets everywhere.

They come by the thousands to watch the Tornadoes play football on Friday nights in Anoka, and the high school stadium along 5th Av. is one of the many signs of just how good the federal government has been to the city.

Federal money built the stadium during the Depression, just as it built the bridge that carries traffic over the Rum River into downtown. Now it pays Mary Wellman, hired last year as Anoka's only female police officer.

The federal government serves lunch daily to Evalyn Sutherland and gives Robin Meredith money to attend the local technical college. It helps power the ambulances that take Anoka's sick to the hospital, subsidizes Jeanette Sailor's heating bill and hires teachers to help students who've fallen behind at the city's four elementary schools.

In ways big and small, and with a rhythm that goes back to the 1930s and the New Deal, federal money has flowed by the billions into Anoka. And the city - the seat of Anoka County and the hometown of Garrison Keillor and a Miss America - has grown used to it.

The federal largess isn't free.

The government's hand, says Ronald Huston, whose dental office sits off Main St., is "in everybody's pocketbook."

The 115,000 people of Anoka County who file returns pay more than $ 500 million a year in federal taxes.

But the pattern of taking and giving will change as a Republican-controlled Congress works to end an era of a government that has been cast as too expensive, too unwieldy and too generous.

Congress last week passed bills that would sharply curtail dozens of federal programs. President Clinton has threatened a veto, and the struggle for compromise probably will take the rest of this year.

No one knows the ultimate impact on Anoka. But as politicians decide what to cut and what to spare, this is a time for examining the ties between Washington and cities such as Anoka.

"I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people."

- Franklin Roosevelt

At the confluence of the Mississippi and Rum rivers, Anoka is a pocket of small-town America with an old-fashioned main street and a pride in its self-styled reputation as the nation's "Halloween Capital." It's also a modern suburb of strip malls and subdivisions with 17,509 residents, smaller than Eden Prairie and larger than Hopkins.

It is a ***working-class*** city where one in six adults has a college degree (compared with about one in two in Edina). Anoka's families earn slightly less than the metrowide average.

John and Jill Weaver live in a grand house on Ferry St. that was built in 1858, the year Minnesota became a state. The river behind the house was a highway for Indians and fur traders, and its banks have held ox carts carrying produce from the prairie to the city.

Weaver, 67, who calls himself "a cantankerous old City Council member," says sending money to Washington is a bad deal.

"The federal government takes the dollars and sends back pennies," Weaver says.

But Anoka County seems to get a direct return of better than dollar for dollar on its money.

According to the Census Bureau, the federal government sent $ 470 million to Anoka County during 1992 in grants, salaries and other payments. The county got another $ 274 million in loans and loan guarantees for everything from college tuition to business start-up costs.

During the same year, the county's collective adjusted gross income was $ 3.8 billion, according to the Internal Revenue Service. If county residents were taxed at the average rate in Minnesota, they paid $ 513 million in taxes.

The Weavers, staunch Republicans, think Congress is headed in the right direction, but they expect wrenching change at home.

"The impact on one small city like Anoka is going to be huge," said Charlie Weaver, John's nephew, a Republican who represents Anoka in the Minnesota House.

Take medical programs, a prime factor in the nation's fiscal problems because of runaway costs. In Anoka, 13 percent of the population receives federal medical assistance. Mercy Hospital depends on it. So does Doug Dolinsky's nursing home.

Nearly one of every two Anoka residents discharged in 1994 from Mercy Hospital, a block outside the city limits, used Medicare or Medicaid. The two programs accounted for $ 57.9 million in revenue at the hospital.

And when a Healthspan ambulance hurries to a 911 call in Anoka, rushing a patient with chest pains to the hospital, the bill can be as high as $ 800 - with Medicaid paying as much as $ 350.

The federal government pays much of the bill at Anoka Good Samaritan, a two-story brick nursing home on the city's east side. Eighty-six of the home's 127 beds are occupied by Medicaid recipients. "If they're on medical assistance, they don't worry about a thing," said Dolinsky, the home's administrator.

Dolinsky is preparing his 150-person staff for likely cuts in projected federal spending, which could mean layoffs. "They're worried," he said.

"If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich."

- John Kennedy

Anoka's elderly are just one of many groups that rely on Uncle Sam. Stop in at Franklin Elementary, where the students downed corn dogs and veggie sticks for a special Halloween lunch on Friday. One in three students gets a federally subsidized lunch and breakfast. Anoka's four elementary schools received $ 152,063 in federal meal subsidies last year.

Kathryn Kulas is one of four teachers at Franklin hired with federal money to help students with reading and math. In a fourth-grade class, Kulas takes three students into a corner for special tutoring. The group, at best, reads at half the speed of the rest of the class.

"She cut a piece of gold paper into a large s-s-s . . . ," a student began.

"Square," said Kulas.

"Because I help them," she says out of their earshot, "they hang on."

Counting the programs through which federal money reaches Anoka is revealing. Some of them will be cut, but many others will remain intact and even grow.

At the National Guard Armory on Main St., 188 soldiers assigned to three artillery units received $ 681,411 last year in federal pay and expenditures.

Bus No. 27, the rush-hour express from Anoka to downtown Minneapolis, runs partially on federal money. So will the new control tower at the Anoka County-Blaine Airport. A new stretch of Hwy. 610, made possible with $ 36 million in federal money, is coming to the road-poor northern suburbs in 1997.

On most days, federal money simply fuels ordinary life. It supports the 65 lunches that Jan Salitros serves each day at the Anoka senior center. Most come not for the food but to mingle with friends. Dorothy Kitterman, 81, is like many of them, a widow living alone. "I'd go crazy, wouldn't I, if I had to stay home?" she said.

The food-stamp program pumps $ 1.22 million yearly into 10.7 percent of the homes in Anoka. And the government also ships $ 2.69 million a year to the county to pay for the 65-person staff that runs the county's child-support enforcement program.

St. Stephen's, the Catholic school on Jackson St., is getting $ 3,600 this year for its reading and math classes.

Federal money also flows to 150 Sudanese refugees who showed up in Anoka a year ago, sending a culture shock through a town that had few minorities. They had followed their tribal leader from Iowa. Few spoke English, and most of the women were uneducated. Many needed public assistance and job training.

In a warehouse on the edge of town, the federal government even gives away used furniture to the poor.

No federal lifeline in Anoka is as long as the one extended to poor women. Many of the programs that serve them are slated to be cut or transferred to the states.

Most of the 349 Anoka households that collect a combined $ 86,287 a month in Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) are headed by single women. Head Start, the federally backed preschool program for low-income families, is used by 56 families, 50 of them headed by women.

Many women lean on more than one program. At Rebecca Dinnetz's house, the federal government helps pay the fuel bill. Dinnetz, a mother of four, also collects $ 697 a month in AFDC. She hopes to go back to school, if she can get federally funded day care.

Those who do go back to school also look toward the federal government. When the financial aid office window opened on the morning of Sept. 27, women made up the bulk of the line that stretched down the hallway at the Anoka-Hennepin Technical College on the edge of town. The line consisted of aspiring nurses and surgical technicians and Linda Horn, a mother collecting AFDC and trying to learn about computers. "I know nothing about computers," she said, standing in line for her $ 330 check.

Roughly 1,200 students - 2,020 take day classes - get federal student loans.

"[It's] really important," said Margaret Griffin, a mother who waited for a check. With the school already having deducted tuition from her loan, Griffin will use the remainder to buy what she's had to put off in order to go to school. "I'm six months pregnant. I have not bought a [maternity] outfit yet."

"This nation, this generation, in this hour has man's first chance to build a Great Society."

- Lyndon Johnson

Over at City Hall, Anoka is trying to wean itself from federal money. The city decided recently to pass up federal funding for riverbank development. Washington too often is a pushy partner, demanding conditions on development, said City Manager Mark Nagel.

Still, when Washington decided last year to add 100,000 cops to patrol the nation's streets as part of a $ 30.2 billion anticrime bill, the chance to expand the 26-member Anoka force was irresistible. The city hired Mary Wellman and has approval for another officer.

Nagel grumbles about the strings that come attached to federal money and, worse, about the edicts that come with no money. Thanks to federal regulations, the city spends about $ 45,000 a year treating its water system to kill organisms that aren't there, he said.

Anoka may not have been an early advocate of big government - most of the city's voters backed Herbert Hoover over Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 - but it warmed to the idea. By the 1960s, Anoka was the kind of blue-collar town that Lyndon Johnson could count on. Even after many strayed from the party, the city clung to the so-called New Democrats embodied by Bill Clinton.

Johnson's Great Society visions shaped the social programs that serve many in Anoka today. "What happened over the 30 years is that . . . federal programs resulted in a diminution of the local efforts in a lot of areas," said Dave McCauley, a Republican county commissioner. "Local support systems began to fade away."

Now as the government pulls back from the programs, "we don't have the mechanisms in place anymore to do it" and are rebuilding them, he said.

As much as philosophy, federal money has been firmly woven into city life. Federal Cartridge, the sprawling ammunition manufacturer on Main St., began operating in 1916. Combined with a sister company, it still is the city's biggest employer. Through World War II, Korea, Vietnam and beyond, the company provided jobs to generations that helped make artillery shells for the federal government.

The ties seem to be everywhere. Arlo Peterson remembers the day in 1941 when the Anoka Electric Cooperative, created under a Depression-era program to extend electricity to rural America, turned on the lights on his dad's dairy farm. Peterson, 78, still works the same farm.

"Government is like a big baby . . . with a big appetite at one end and no responsibility at the other."

- Ronald Reagan

So it was not an easy decision when the electric cooperative, which Peterson now chairs, considered paying off its remaining federal debt - in effect severing the last tie to the government. Company officials said government regulations no longer made the assistance attractive.

The board, setting aside emotions, on Oct. 16 unanimously cut the tie.

Not everyone is nostalgic. Alan and Jeannie Betker are the new-style residents of Anoka, young Republicans who park a pickup truck next to their split-level home. Having spent 10 years in the Air Force, Alan Betker said he knows how government works - and sometimes works badly.

"I think they've done some wonderful things," he said. "If you look at the country, prior to the New Deal, families took care of each other. Now no one takes care. . . . They expect the federal government to do it."

But Betker chooses his words carefully because his family, too, has received government aid. The bills for Holly, their 5-year-old who is moderately retarded, get paid with the help of federal medical assistance.

"Actually, what we are," Alan Betker said, "we're a couple who believe [in] what the . . . Republicans are doing. At the same time, we're going to suffer for it."

The Federal Pipeline to Anoka

Even after the pipeline of federal money winds its way from Washington, D.C., to Minnesota and then to Anoka County, millions of dollars still make it to the city of Anoka and into everyday lives. Here's a look at how money from five federal programs, which may not necessarily face substantial cuts, flows into the city:

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Source: Congressional Budget Office, U. S. Bureau of the Census, U. S. Treasury Department

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**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** November 2, 1995

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[***Mike Dawida has taken on the odds -- and won***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MR70-0094-5383-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 19, 1995, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 2905 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

Vincent Fumo, living archetype of the urban dealmaker, high commander of the state Senate finance committee and lord of the public purse, was having a bad leadership day.

It was budget time, 1989, and some first-term state senator from Pittsburgh was giving Fumo a lot of stick over secretive state grants for civic groups, grandiosely called ''Legislative Initiative Grants,'' but known to all as WAMs -- political shorthand for ''walking around money.'' For many legislators, they are the sedatives that still noisy voices back home that constantly demand to know what their elected officials have done for them lately.

Senate leaders had expected trouble from this new guy. In the state House, he'd grown a reputation as a contrarian, a man with a cause, namely the type of squeaky clean government that seasoned pols define as a recipe for gridlock when regional agendas can't be worked out by compromise. He didn't like the WAMs because they were kept off the budget books and handed out privately through Fumo.

Finally, Fumo said he'd take care of at least part of the new senator's concerns. He'd lop out all WAMs for 43rd District, and how did state Sen. Michael Dawida, D-43rd District, like that?

Flash ahead a few years. Fumo gets on the phone to Dawida, a man he now considers ''a pragmatic idealist.'' Hey, Mike, he says, here's a WAM for you. Go speak to this Italian-American group in Pittsburgh and announce that they've got this grant coming.''

Dawida does, but there's a problem: He gets the wrong group. Told by Dawida that he had already promised the money, Fumo arranges another grant.

To this day, Fumo wonders: Did Dawida know what he was doing when he spoke to the ''wrong'' group? Was he turning one WAM into two? He wonders -- ''If I hustled him?'' Dawida chuckles.

Well, yeah.

Dawida chuckles some more.

''Let's just leave that to mystery,'' he said.

There's a lesson in this about growing and maturing and even the occasional random nature of governance. Mike Dawida, at 46, is a good-government type. He has always risen by beating incumbents, spurning the support of party regulars deemed too smarmy. He's never been in trouble, except when doing things like asking members of his own party to support a Republican budget to keep the state machine from stalling.

He's the kind of reformer whom the late Boston Mayor James Curley liked to taunt as ''goo-goos.''

''He certainly has strains of that,'' Fumo concedes, ''but my experience with him in Harrisburg is he's not totally that. He's what I like to refer to as a realistic idealist. Mike's never deviated from his philosophies, but there have been times we've asked him to back off a bit, and he's been gracious.

''Why go on a kamikaze mission?''

One possible answer is that Dawida is a kamikaze pilot with an unnerving habit of returning alive from his missions. It's a habit that, if polls speak the truth, is likely to put him in the chairmanship of the Allegheny County Board of Commissioners.

Mission One: He knocks off an incumbent state House member in 1978. Party leaders are irritated.

Mission Two: He rolls over a fellow Democrat into whose legislative district party leaders have redistricted him, thinking he'll lose. Party leaders are apoplectic.

Mission Three: He fells state Sen. Jim Romanelli in the primary to move to the Legislature's upper chamber. Party leaders see a pattern developing here.

Mission Four: He takes on Tom Foerster and Pete Flaherty, Democratic commissioners of legendary power and duration in the 1995 Democratic primary. Not only does he come in first, he chooses a little-known former Mt. Lebanon commissioner, Coleen Vuono, as running mate and instantly installs his own regime. Party leaders are -- Mike Dawida, maybe?

Should he go into office, Dawida stands to become one of two powerful party leaders in the Pennsylvania's west. The other is his longtime political soul mate, Tom Murphy, the Pittsburgh mayor who shocked his old friend by publicly backing Foerster and Flaherty.

''I will not deny that I still don't understand why he did what he did,'' Dawida said one afternoon, reclining in a chair in his Carrick living room.

He and Murphy had a lot in common. Each went to Harrisburg against the wishes of party leaders. Once there, they were political Katzenjammer Kids, plucking the beards of party elders, pushing open secretive budgets and generally refusing to go along on assorted deals that make the place run.

With four other local guys, they bought a house shared by them during session, tightening the bond. Murphy supported Dawida for Senate. Dawida backed Murphy for mayor. They sat next to each other in the House and their voting records were virtually interchangeable.

Then, with this year's primary set to go, Murphy lined up with assorted county row officers behind the incumbent Foerster and Flaherty. His stated reason was that he had developed a working relationship with Foerster that had become so close that they talked several times a day.

''It was a difficult decision for me to make,'' Murphy said. ''I made a decision. You live with the results.''

Dawida was miffed.

Then Murphy did a TV commercial touting the achievements of the Foerster-Flaherty team.

Dawida was scorched.

''I knew that he didn't believe a word he said,'' Dawida said. ''From 15 years of living together, driving together, and eating together -- I could tell he didn't believe any of that stuff.''

Bonds with Murphy are being repaired through intermediaries. State Rep. Frank Gigliotti, an old guard Democrat who is allies with both Dawida and Murphy, predicts that the men will work together well, as twin titans in Western Pennsylvania politics.

''They'll be back. What's going to make it, is they have to work together for this region,'' Gigliotti said.

A few days after the primary, he and state Rep. Ron Gamble arranged for each man to be invited to Gamble's home for dinner. Once they encountered each other, Gigliotti said, it was an almost sure bet they'd repair the ties. By all accounts, they did.

A few weeks after the primary, Dawida and a group of aides went to Murphy's office to meet with the mayor and his aides. It was all business -- cordial and decidedly cool. They went down a list of continuing joint city-county ventures to bring Dawida up to speed. Warm, it was not.

A week later, Murphy was in Harrisburg. He went to Dawida's Capitol office. This time it was just the two of them.

This time, the hurt came out.

''Why did you do that?'' Dawida demanded of him.

He poured out his anger, Murphy said, about the commercial he was sure Murphy didn't believe.

A later commercial by Foerster, one week before the primary, suggesting that a strategic vote by Dawida in the House to stop one senior citizen plan in favor of a more generous one had been used to paint Dawida as insensitive to the county's largest constituency. Murphy had voted the same way, Dawida told him. A lie was broadcast about an old friend and ally, and Murphy hadn't spoken out, Dawida told him.

''Mike felt I did not sort of stand up and defend his honor and, in a way, my own,'' Murphy allowed.

The conversation went on for about an hour. By meetings end, they left the room, friends again.

'He has the mark'

When Edna and Matt Dawida took their firstborn to Washington County to visit his Belgian immigrant maternal grandmother, Ida Robert, she displayed a keen eye for destiny.

''This boy is going to be something,'' Edna Dawida recalls her mother telling her. Yes, yes, they agreed. A fine boy, healthy, sturdy.

''No,'' the grandmother said. ''He has the mark. He has the mark.''

''She never said what she meant,'' Edna Dawida said.

She took him home and checked him out.

''I looked at everything,'' she said. ''I mean, I was counting fingers and toes.''

By all accounts, young Michael thrived. He went to the local elementary schools and brought home good grades. He collected baseball cards and loved to amaze his dad, a technician at Westinghouse, by memorizing the statistics.

''I'd quiz him,'' the elder Dawida recalled.

Carrick was, and is, a strongly ethnic neighborhood, stratified by European ethnic groups. In Dawida's youth, it supported two Roman Catholic high schools. Catholic kids, by and large, went to Catholic schools, and Protestants to the public ones.

Michael was an exception. His mother was Protestant. Michael was baptized Ukrainian Byzantine. The family sent him to a public school. It was there he discovered the intricacies of the ethnic vote. In fifth grade, 1960, the school held a mock vote.

''Kennedy lost in our school,'' Dawida said. ''The Protestant kids were Republican. There were very few votes for Kennedy and we all knew who we were.''

Kennedy might not have carried Concord Elementary School in 1960, but he gathered enough votes in the Electoral College to become president. He would become an idol of the young Dawida, whose interest in politics was piqued that autumn in 1960. He saved his money from caddying jobs at South Hills Country Club and used it to study history at Pitt.

Dawida would put his talents to use in 1972 when, months after he had graduated from the University of Pittsburgh with a degree in history, parents in the South Hills launched a school boycott, keeping their kids home and refusing to allow them to be bused to neighboring Knoxville School.

Within days of the boycott's start, at the request of local boycott leader Robert Zebra, Mike Dawida had set up an alternative school in a local haunt called The Literary Club. With the help of his fiance, Audrey Mielcuszny, he cobbled together a curriculum.

Every day, for two weeks, 48 elementary kids would take their places to get lessons in history. English classes were innovative. Dawida had them proofread copies of The Pittsburgh Press, in those days legendary for its typographical errors.

To Dawida, the issue in the boycott was the safety of the schools, something he says was later improved as a result of the controversy.

''Kids were getting beat up and bullied,'' he said.

In his first term in the House, Dawida would introduce a bill that, effectively, would have banned the state Human Relations Commission from ordering districts to bus pupils to achieve integration, a bill supported by the bulk of the Allegheny County delegation, but opposed by its two senior members, Ivan Itkin, D-Squirrel Hill, and K. Leroy Irvis, D-Oakland.

''My attitude now is that we ought not to fool with the Human Relations Commission,'' Irvis said.

He was surprised to learn of the alternative school Dawida set up for the boycotting students in 1972.

''That's an interesting piece of history,'' he said. ''It explains some things, doesn't it?''

''I don't think there's any racism here involved,'' Itkin said. ''It's been historical that the communities Mike represents have been very unhappy with busing their kids out of their neighborhood.''

Today, Dawida is quick to point out, he has a daughter attending Schenley High School and a son at Knoxville.

Earlier this year, Dawida found himself again in a controversy in which race was a pivot. Interviewed by the editorial board of the New Pittsburgh Courier, he was asked about the black vote.

''We want black votes, but we don't need them,'' Dawida responded.

He went on, from there, to criticize black ward leaders, who he said had failed to serve their constituents. The intent, Dawida said, was to explain that, statistically speaking, he and Vuono didn't require black votes, but that they wanted them.

For years, Dawida had chafed at an incident he said occurred during one of his legislative races. Frankie Mae Jeter, an activist at St. Clair Village and sister of 12th Ward Democratic Chairman Dock Fielder, he said, had promised to deliver the vote in one of the city's housing projects in return for $ 500 and two cases of whiskey. Dawida had told the story at the time it happened and in subsequent years.

That, he would say later, partly explained his expressions of displeasure with ward leaders.

In the subsequent meeting with black ward leaders, arranged by Pittsburgh Councilman Sala Udin, to settle the controversy he'd created, Dawida apologized for any offense his remarks might have caused.

''They have looked at my history,'' he said. ''They know I am not a racist.''

He says he understands the initial skepticism.

''It's a community that's been burned many, many times, and they would look at any white politician with a certain trepidation,'' he said.

Forming life plans

Nearly every politician has some life event in which the course was somehow set -- notions transformed to ambition, friendships enriched into networks, dreams hardened into ideals.

Dawida's turning point, as he tells it, came in the summer of 1970. It was time for the Carrick boy to see a bit of the world.

He elected to work with city kids in an impoverished ***working-class*** neighborhood in Chicago.

''I couldn't imagine it. I came from a poor family, but I never realized how much I had compared to these street kids,'' he said.

One of his co-workers in that program, Paulette Dobrovalskis, left Chicago for Pittsburgh this spring to work on Dawida's behalf.

She remembers, from that summer of 25 years ago, a well-organized, energetic guy who left little doubt about his ambitions.

''He would talk about wanting to be in politics,'' she said.

Dawida spoke of how things should be in high office. He became interested in environmental issues. He spoke of his plans to attend law school -- something he would do a year after leaving Pitt.

He talked of plans, ''possibly, to run for some office. He had talked about becoming mayor of Pittsburgh as a goal for him later on.''

Dawida returned to Pittsburgh by summer's end. He would marry Audrey, go on to Hamline Law School in St. Paul, Minn. Dawida loved Minnesota and considered settling there.

''Audrey said 'If you ever want to run for public office, you know you've got to go back to Pittsburgh to do it,' '' he said.

They returned to Carrick in 1977.

His law practice was short-lived.

One afternoon, Audrey returned home from her job as a teacher. Mike was waiting with a surprise. He had picked up petitions to run for state House against incumbent state Rep. Charles Caputo.

Somehow, Audrey wasn't surprised.

'He will be governor'

The Dawida family now vacations at Nags Head, N.C. For the kids, it's a chance to play in the surf; for Mike and Audrey Dawida, some time to think.

It was along that beach that, together, they decided that Mike would run for the state Senate. And it was where he decided to run for commissioner -- against incumbents who might have seemed unbeatable.

At a family meeting, Edna Dawida took some convincing.

''We told him, 'You're a senator now. You can just sit up there and do anything. You can write a book. You can read a book. Anything that goes wrong you can blame on (Republican colleague) Melissa Hart. Why do you want to do this?' '' she said.

Dawida had decided. As ever, the family closed ranks.

Audrey Dawida, recalling her decision to marry Mike, remembers her mother-in-law's warning to expect a life living with a politician.

''Instead of a seaside resort, he goes to the South Side of Chicago to work with street kids,'' she said. ''I should have known what my future was going to be and it wasn't with a private lawyer with a $ 300,000 house.''

As she spoke, Mike Dawida was holding her hand and smiling.

''She could say to me at any point, 'Go make some money.' But she doesn't,'' he said.

Still, it's Edna Dawida now who's looking at her son and seeing the kind of invisible mark, the kind her own mother saw 46 years ago.

''He will be governor before his lifetime's over,'' she said. ''I swear.''

The file on Democratic hopeful Mike Dawida

Mike Dawida

Democrat

Age: 46

Checked in: Sept. 4, 1949 at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh

Current claim to fame: State senator

Height: 5 feet, 10 inches

Weight: 195 pounds

Home turf: 7 Overbrook Blvd., Carrick; assessed fair market value, $ 34,000

Annual total property tax bill: $ 1,184.45

Schooling: Law degree, Hamline University Law School, St. Paul, Minn., 1977; B.A. in history, University of Pittsburgh, 1971; Carrick High School, 1967

Jobs: Member, Pennsylvania Senate, 1988-present; member, Pennsylvania House of Representatives, 1979-88; law practice, 1978-79

Political ledger: Has never lost an election despite running as underdog against entrenched Democratic incumbents three times; also survived bid by party bosses to redistrict him out of office in 1981

Married: June 2, 1973 to Audrey M. Mielcuszny

Children: Sara, 14; Peter, 11; Mariana, 2

Military service: None

Favorite food: Pasta, pirogies

Food he wouldn't eat on a dare: Fish with the eyes left in

Favorite restaurant: Cafe Allegro, South Side

Favorite sport: Basketball

Leisure activity: Reading

Exercise regimen: Walking with Audrey

Last book read: ''All's Fair,'' James Carville and Mary Matalin

Favorite book: ''The Grapes of Wrath,'' John Steinbeck

Favorite movie: ''Casablanca''

Favorite TV show: ER

Favorite building in Allegheny County: Cathedral of Learning

Biggest eyesore in the county: The new county jail

Heroes: John F. Kennedy, Thomas Jefferson

Smoking or non: Nonsmoker

Favorite libation: Lemonade

Wheels: 1994 Chevy Caprice, leased at state expense

Most embarrassing moment in politics: ''A member of my Harrisburg staff gave me a package of supplies for the Pittsburgh office and I placed them in my briefcase before a flight home. I was stopped at the airport for trying to board the plane with a 'concealed weapon' -- a pair of scissors.''

**Notes**

This is the second of four profiles of the major parties' candidates for Allegheny County commissioner.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Coleen Vuono and Mike Dawida in their office on the South Side

**Load-Date:** October 19, 1995

**End of Document**



[***YOUR PASSPORT; MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL; DESTINATION: UNKNOWN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VGB-FVY0-Y9KS-505T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

You never know. A film you see at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Film Festival could become next season's world hit. Or it might fire your imagination and never receive an American release. The two-week fest offers a deep core sample of world cinema, American indies, documentaries, children's stories, Minnesota-made movies and more. Once again, most of the lineup is conveniently clustered in the St. Anthony Main multiplex, and visiting filmmakers will be on hand to discuss their latest work. This year's guests include Mexican director Carlos Cuaron introducing his raucous soccer comedy "Rudo y Cursi," and James Toback, with the incisive boxing biography "Tyson." Whether you're the first to see a popular smash or one of the lucky few to view an obscure treasure, you can't dip into MSPIFF without finding something innovative, challenging, hip or weird. Read on for Vita.mn's guide to the first seven days of the festival.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

When: Thu.-April 30.

Where: St. Anthony Main, 115 SE. Main St., Mpls.; Oak Street Cinema, 309 SE. Oak St., Mpls.; Block E Kerasotes Theatres, 600 Hennepin Av. S., Mpls.

Tickets: $10 per film, $8 students/seniors. Festival passes available.

Web: [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org). Go to [*www.vita.mn*](http://www.vita.mn) for complete reviews and a guide.

THURSDAY

OPENING NIGHT FILM: 500 DAYS OF SUMMER

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Thu. - Block E

This new (non)romantic comedy is easily one of the most refreshing in recent memory, due largely to a witty screenplay and to its lead actors. Tom (Joseph Gordon-Levitt) works as a greeting-card writer whose life is a bore, until he meets Summer (Zooey Deschanel), who begins working as the boss' new assistant. The story follows the same guidelines as most romantic comedies -- boy meets girl, boy falls for girl, girl breaks boy's heart -- but as the 500 days of their doomed relationship are shown, will Tom and Summer have different ideas of what being in love really means? "500 Days of Summer" manages to avoid the cliches by injecting surprising tenderness into its original storytelling. Gordon-Levitt also delivers a dynamic performance. (95 minutes.) JIM BRUNZELL III

FRIDAY

THE GIRL FROM MONACO

Two out of four stars

7 p.m. Fri. plus 7:15 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony

It starts out like the light French comedies about mismatched men usually written by Francis Veber. Bertrand (Fabrice Lucini) is an overintellectual Parisian lawyer staying in Monaco to defend a woman who murdered her young lover. Christophe (Roschdy Zem) is his strait-laced bodyguard, initially unwanted, more and more relied upon, particularly when a local weather girl (Louise Bourgoin) enters Bertrand's tidy life and bed and messes things up. The first half works, but in the second we see where things are going. Plus the tone's off. It's serious when the story's silly, light when the story gets too dark. (Subtitled. 95 min.) ERIK LUNDEGAARD

JUST ANOTHER LOVE STORY

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

7:15 p.m. Fri. plus 8:15 p.m. April 25 - St. Anthony

Film noir meets Danish modern in this tale of a family man who loses his moorings after a fateful car accident. Jonas, a crime-scene photographer, becomes obsessed with Julia, the comatose survivor of a collision that narrowly missed his vehicle. He's mistaken by her wealthy family for globetrotting Julia's new lover and takes on that identity when she returns to consciousness with amnesia. Unsavory old acquaintances arrive, threatening Jonas with exposure or much worse. Director Ole Bornedal ("Nightwatch") creates a visually ornate homage to the violent, morally ambiguous romances of 1940s Hollywood. (Subtitled. 104 min.) COLIN COVERT

I'M GONNA EXPLODE

Three out of four stars

9:10 p.m. Fri. plus 10:10 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony

An alienated rich boy and a cynical, intellectual poor girl meet by chance, escape their private school and hide out on the roof of his father's mansion, where the adults never think to look. "I'm Gonna Explode" is more buddy picture than romance, since the runaways shyly postpone making love. The Mexican film has the vibe of a French New Wave story of mixed-up kids in crisis. The aimless duo have no greater cause than their commitment to each other. When the cruel world intervenes to disrupt their partnership, the end of their accidental relationship feels like a shattered dream. Director Gerardo Naranjo has a knack for making us think we are seeing the world through the characters' eyes and experiencing their feelings. (Subtitled. 99 min.) C.C.

SURVEILLANCE

Two out of four stars

9:25 p.m. Fri. plus 7:45 p.m. Mon. - St. Anthony

David Lynch's influence lies heavy on this moody, unhinged mystery directed by his daughter, Jennifer Chambers Lynch. FBI agents Bill Paxton and Julia Ormond visit a Hicksville police station to take over the investigation of a brutal murder spree. As they probe into the case, our assumptions about whom to trust crumble. The rural cops are as corrupt as New York narcs, witnesses lie relentlessly and hardly anyone is who he or she claims to be. An atmosphere of brooding suspense shrouds the proceedings, but some brain-bruising 11th-hour twists leave a sour aftertaste. The film pushes noir too far. It must be said, though, that Ormond is persuasive in a difficult part. (98 min.) C.C.

HORN OF PLENTY

Two out of four stars

9:40 p.m. Fri. plus 9:45 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony

Zany characters and sexual high jinks provide most of the humor in Juan Carlos Tabio's conventional comedy. Chaos ensues when the Cuban city of Yamaguey receives news of an inheritance worth billions of dollars for the descendants of the Castineiras family, a surname that main character Bernardito (Jorge Perugorria) informs us is as common as "Smith" in the United States. The setting is refreshing and the large cast capably entertains. But for a potentially enlightened comedy about greed in contemporary Cuba, "Horn of Plenty" demonstrates too much absurdity and not enough witty cultural insight. (Subtitled. 107 min.) DANIEL GETAHUN

THREE IN LOVE

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

9:55 p.m. Fri. - St. Anthony

Using Helsinki as a backdrop, Peter Lindholm's film follows an urban sociologist who feels torn between his dark-haired, driven divorce-lawyer wife and a sexy blonde salesgirl who just wants a little of his time. As feelings intensify and the two women meet, the film moves deftly forward -- no dialogue is wasted -- and grows ever more tense as it goes. Overall, the picture feels like a high-quality soap opera and, as such, is enjoyable. It's hard to know what to take away from it in terms of modern gender politics, but for those interested, it might spark some good discussions. (Subtitled. 94 min.) EMILY CONDON

GETTING HOME

two 1/2 out of four stars

9 p.m. Fri. plus 8:30 p.m. April 25 - St. Anthony

This mildly comic melodrama from Chinese director Zhang Yang ("Shower") follows a poor, middle-age construction worker (Zhao Benshan). Through a mix of circumstance and courage, he resolves to transport his friend's corpse from Shenzhen to Chongqing -- thousands of miles -- without a car. It's basically a one-joke movie, unless you count the various tools -- an old tractor tire, for instance -- that our hero uses to move the dead weight. And while "Getting Home" allows for a worthy travelogue of rural China and its changing values, that doesn't prevent Zhang's makeshift vehicle from proceeding rather sluggishly down a long, long road. (Subtitled. 101 min.) ROB NELSON

ALSO SHOWING FRIDAY

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "Is Anybody There?" 7:30 p.m. (U.S., 58 min.) A retired magician (Michael Caine) charms a youngster who lives in an old people's home run by his parents. "Win or Lose," 7:45 p.m. (U.S., 58 min.) Campers competeduring the last week of a Wisconsin summer camp. "The Karamazovs," 6:45 p.m. (Czech/Poland, 110 min.) Director Petr Zelenka's adaptation of Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov."

SATURDAY

THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE

Four out of four stars

Noon Sat. plus 4 p.m. April 25 - St. Anthony

Benoit Pilon ponders the survival of individuals and native cultures in his contemplative and deeply moving Canadian drama set in the early 1950s. When a tuberculosis epidemic reaches the Canadian hinterland, Inuit hunter Thiivii (Natar Ungalaaq, "The Fast Runner") is shipped off to recuperate in a Quebec City sanatorium, where the confined surroundings and processed food threaten his holistic well-being even more than the deadly disease. Elegantly written and superbly acted, with symbolically subdued cinematography, "The Necessities of Life" packs an emotional wallop while unflinchingly examining the challenges and complexities surrounding canada's relationship with its indigenous population. (Subtitled. 102 Min.) Daniel Getahun

PACHAMAMA

Three out of four stars

2:15 p.m. Sat. plus 12:30 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony

Set in the Uyuni salt flats of Bolivia, "Pachamama" approaches the coming-of-age genre with documentary realism and mythic symbolism. The film follows 13-year-old Kunturi on his first trip with his father and the llama caravan, taking salt into the mountains. During the journey, Kunturi comes to terms with the reality of death, the importance of heritage and the significance of altruism. Each scene offers an unadorned depiction of the Quechuan way of life of that is slowly disappearing. The beautiful vistas contrast sharply with the hard manual labor of the people who live off the land. The camera completely vanishes from our consciousness in this rare naturalistic drama. (Subtitled. 104 min.) KATHIE SMITH

MUNYURANGABO (Liberation day)

Four out of four stars

2:30 p.m. Sat. plus 5:45 p.m. April 30 - St. Anthony.

A powerful visual tome, "Munyurangabo" gains its power through silent intensity and honest emotions. It contemplates the collective history of the Rwandan genocide 10 years after and the powerful effects on individuals. The film chronicles a journey made by two friends (one a Hutu, one a Tutsi) on the verge of adulthood. Representative of the collective unconscious, both seek resolution to a personal restlessness. Lee Isaac Chung makes the most out of the budget in his first feature film, tapping the natural talents of his Rwandan film students in an 11-day shoot. Chung spends more than an hour pulling back his bow and finally lets his arrow fly in the form of a powerful 7-minute poem that will leave you stunned. (Subtitled. 97 min.) K.S.

TEDDY BEAR

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

2:45 p.m. Sat. - St. Anthony

Handsomely produced in the Czech Republic and Italy, this bittersweet ensemble piece follows three successful couples through the emotional minefield of the childbearing years. Diplomat Ivan, gynecologist Roman and gallery owner Jirka juggle the demands of their marriages, extended families and professional responsibilities. Their interlocking friendships are tested by jealousy, infidelity and immaturity. Some face the challenge of growing up responsibly; others require more convincing. Look for legendary Czech filmmaker Jiri Menzel as Roman's father; his scene discussing the state of his lengthy marriage is a master class in subtle comedy. (Subtitled. 98 min.) COLIN COVERT

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Three out of four stars

4:30 p.m. Sat. plus 9:30 p.m. Mon. - St. Anthony

Indonesian director Nan Achnas' fifth feature film is a nuanced study of tempered drama. Sita is a single mother down on her luck. She relentlessly puts off her debts in order to send her paltry earnings home to her ailing grandmother and young daughter. When she finds herself homeless, she moves in above a photography studio run by the quiet and elderly Mr. Johan. As Sita goes hurtling toward an uncertain future, Mr. Johan is paralyzed by his past. Predictably, the two strike up a mutually supportive companionship. What isn't so predictable is how "The Photograph" delicately skirts contrived melodrama for authentic sentimentality while delivering a somber sepia-toned portrait. (Subtitled. 98 min.) K.S.

SONG FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

4:45 p.m. Sat. plus 10 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony

Despite a brief shot of a nude man running about, Marat Sarulu's lighthearted drama about Kazakhstan's cultural past and present goes a long way in repairing the country's image post-"Borat." Centered on the tensions that arise between two neighboring couples -- one Kazakh, one Russian -- when a decidedly Kazakh-looking child is born to the latter, the film delicately balances somber drama with optimistic playfulness. Majestic panoramas of the Kazakh Steppe and allegorical puppet sequences provide a mythical feel. But while the country might still be seen as provincial and rustic, it's clearly in a spirit of admiration, not derision. (Subtitled. 82 min.) D.G.

THE WINDOW

Three out of four stars

5:15 p.m. Sat. plus 1:15 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony.

This quiet, somber Argentine film from director Carlos Sorin tells a simple and elegiac tale about man's final hours. The sounds of the film add even more to the mood: Nicolas Sorin's score is pitch-perfect, dancing with the diegetic sounds of the wind, birds and a piano tuner. Eighty-year-old Antonio (screenwriter Antonio Larreta) is preparing for his estranged son's visit. While waiting for his arrival, he goes for what could be his last walk in a field, inundated with memories that take on new significance. It's all impeccably photographed by Julian Apezteguia, echoing Carlos Reygadas' wonderful film "Silent Light." (Subtitled. 85 min.) ERIK MCCLANHAN

KING OF PING PONG

Three out of four stars

6:30 p.m. Sat. plus 5:25 p.m. April 23 - St. Anthony

About halfway in, this Swedish teen comedy makes a marked turn to the dramatic, shifting from frostbitten "Napoleon Dynamite" humor to life-and-death adolescent anxiety. Rille, the chubby central character, is painfully introverted, venting profane sass only around his single mom, who figures it's her lot to take it. He obsesses about table tennis, the only sport he's fit to play, and worships his absentee father, a ne'er-do-well salvage diver. The brisk character-based humor evaporates as we discover how alienated Rille truly feels. Jens Jonsson's confident direction draws us in with laughs and keeps us hooked with the melodrama. (Subtitled. 107 min.) C.C.

RUMBA

Three out of four stars

6:45 p.m. Sat. plus 9 p.m. Mon. - St. Anthony

It's a doodle of a film, but a delightful doodle. Belgian comedians Dominique Abel, Bruno Romy and Fiona Gordon have collaborated onstage for nearly 20 years. They're engagingly daffy in this tale of a dance-mad couple pratfalling their way through life. Dom teaches grade-school gym. Fiona is the English instructor, leading her pupils through impossible tongue-twisters. Their ballroom routines, little gems of absurd bliss, have earned them a shelf of trophies. Then they lose everything. A car accident costs Fiona a leg and Dom his memory, but they transform what should be a tragic story into puckish slapstick. Fans of Jacques Tati, Harold Lloyd and Mr. Bean will have a blast. (Subtitled. 77 min.) C.C.

IL DIVO

Four out of four stars

7:30 p.m. Sat. plus 6:45 p.m. Mon. - St. Anthony

This dramatization of the late career of Giulio Andreotti, one of modern Italy's most enigmatic leaders, won the jury prize at Cannes last year for good reason. Director Paolo Sorrentino takes the docudrama to a new level with his sophisticated portrait of the seven-time prime minister. As the elegantly inscrutable Andreotti, Toni Servillo gets the audience as close as possible to the subtle layerings of a man who was powermonger and philosopher, who was tied to the Mafia but never convicted, and who enjoyed strolling empty streets at night (trailed by bodyguards) more than public adulation. The arresting soundtrack ranges from Sibelius to Beth Orton. Among his other achievements, Andreotti is also the master of the dry quip. When a woman at a social affair asks him, "Do you dance?" he replies, "All my life." (Subtitled. 110 min.) KRISTIN TILLOTSON

LION'S DEN

Four out of four stars

8:30 p.m. Sat. plus 9:30 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony

The mesmerizing story of Julia (Martina Gusman, excellent), a young woman sentenced to prison for murder. Pregnant, Julia falls in with other female inmates raising young children -- this particular jail functions as nursery, too, until the kids reach 4. Gusman is perfect, never sentimental, her portrayal of a young mother hardening into a seasoned inmate is the stuff of Oscars. Director Pablo Trapero shot the film in Argentina's Bonaerense prison system and cast real inmates and their children as extras. His steady hand and eye for detail make this a riveting film. The sight of boys and girls racing through the grim corridors will haunt you for days. (Subtitled. 110 min.) PETER SCHILLING

WHITE NIGHT WEDDING

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

9:25 p.m. Sat. plus 7:30 p.m. Mon. - St. Anthony

The relentless light of an Icelandic midsummer night plays havoc with the mind of Prof. Jon Jonsson (Viggo Mortensen lookalike Hilmir Sn[unke6]r Gudnason) as he prepares to marry a young former student on a remote, picturesque island. Weighing on him is a contentious relationship with his future mother-in-law over an ill-advised moneymaking scheme, grief and guilt over the breakdown of his first marriage and, most burdensome, deep doubts about his worthiness. This being northern Europe, there is plenty of grim stoicism, but it's leavened with delightful kooks. (Subtitled. 96 min.) CYNTHIA DICKISON

WOLF

Two out of four stars

12:45 p.m. Sat. plus 12:15 p.m. Sun. - St. Anthony

Swedish family drama, crime drama, social drama and courtroom drama, clumsily interlaced. Peter Stormare plays a rural reindeer herder who looks after his animals with help from his teen nephew. The boy admires his rough and ready self-reliance, which stands in stark contrast to their comfy little resort hotel. A rogue wolf is ravaging the herd, and the boy kills the endangered beast, an eco-crime that could mean years in prison. Uncle takes the rap as the film considers whether an endangered animal or a vanishing human lifestyle deserves more consideration. The characters don't change much, but the Swedish prison system looks like a dream vacation getaway. (Subtitled. 95 min.) C.C.

ALSO SHOWING SATURDAY

OAK STREET: "Two Lives Plus One," 4:45 p.m. (France, 90 min.) A woman finds herself, her family and the Jewish heritage that binds them. "The Last Cup," 7 p.m. (U.S., 84 min.) Drinkers vie for the beer pong title. "Towards Zero," 9:30 p.m. (105 min.) A French take on the Agatha Christie whodunit.

ST. ANTHONY: "Wolf," 12:45 p.m. (Sweden, 95 min.) A boy faces prison after killing a rogue wolf ravaging their reindeer herd. "Qadir: An Afghan Ulysses," 1 p.m. (Greece, 79 min.) An Afghan refugee is torn between his homeland and his adopted country of Greece. All-ages animation, 1 p.m. (76 min.). "Peer Gynt From the Streets," 1:15 p.m. (Norway, 58 min.) Homeless people stage their version of Ibsen's classic play; followed by "Wrestling" (Iceland, 18 min.), a love story about two wrestlers. "The Red Jacket," 3 p.m. (China, 90 min.) A poor 8-year-old girl covets a brilliant red jacket. "Bahrtolo!" 3:05 p.m. (Hungary/Russia/Germany, 80 min.) Two Romanian friends wheel and deal through the new global economy. "School Play," 5 p.m. (U.S., 72 min.) Fifth-graders in suburban NYC try to stage "The Wizard of Oz." "Wrong Rosary," 5:30 p.m. (Turkey, 89 min.) A young Muslim mosque official falls in love with a Catholic nurse in Istanbul. "Buick Riviera," 7 p.m. (Croatia/Bosnia-Herzegovina, 85 min.) Two Bosnian immigrants meet by chance on a deserted country road near Fargo, N.D., and adjust to life in their new country. "Trust Us, This Is All Made Up," 7:15 p.m. (U.S., 83 min.) Improv comedy legends Tj Jagodowksi and Dave Pasquesi illustrate the art. "The Man Who Loved Yngve," 8:45 p.m. (Norway, 99 min.) A popular teen- age boy with a girl- friend is smitten with the new kid in town. "The Karamazovs," 9:10 p.m. See Fri. "Beeswax," 9:40 p.m. (U.S., 100 min.) Twin sisters, one in a wheelchair, try to navigate the tensions between them.

SUNDAY

FADOS

Four out of four stars

2:15 p.m. Sun. plus 5 p.m. April 26 - St. Anthony

At 77, Spain's Carlos Saura is probably the most inventive and passionate director of musical films on the world stage. This tribute to Portugal's heart-wrenching love ballads is a joyous exercise in style. Each of the two dozen songs receives a staging that is elegant, crisply designed and artfully photographed, with marching bands and ballet stars on hand to interpret the piece. The musical cast is packed with singing stars including Caetano Veloso, Mariza and Camane. This is a film to inspire a postscreening rush to the music store, or possibly dance, guitar and singing lessons. (Subtitled. 93 min.) COLIN COVERT

THE COUNTRY TEACHER

Three out of four stars

5:15 p.m. Sun. plus 7:20 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony

Bohdan Slama's film delves into a dense thicket of dreams, desire and desperation among the pastoral arcadia of the Czech countryside. It follows the quiet travails of a promising science teacher who exiles himself from the city, as well as those of the mother and teenage son whose lives increasingly intertwine with his. The use of Petr's lectures to underline salient themes feels heavy-handed at times, and there's nothing especially revelatory about the narrative. But the film is capably made and beautiful to look at, and the two lead performances, by Pavel Liska and Zuzana Bydzovska as the hardscrabble farm mother Marie, deeply impress. (Subtitled. 113 min.) EMILY CONDON

LETTERS TO THE PRESIDENT

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

7:30 p.m. Sun. plus 5:10 p.m. April 24 - St. Anthony

This solid piece of journalism is not the most engaging of documentaries. But there is a lot to respect about this film from self-taught filmmaker Petr Lom, who was allowed to accompany Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad on several countryside trips (the only foreigner given such access). Lom fixes his lens on the malaise and frustrations of everyday Iranians and their views on the president, but the film is balanced enough to acknowledge his supporters as well. It might feel like homework, but this documentary shows an Iran most Americans never see. (Subtitled. 80 min.) ERIK MCCLANAHAN

DAYS AND CLOUDS

Two out of four stars

9:45 p.m. Sun. plus 9 p.m. April 29 - St. Anthony

The prospect of having the economic rug pulled out from underneath a comfortable lifestyle is not only the topic du jour, but also the theme of Italian director Silvio Soldini's relevant, if somewhat aggravating, film. Elsa and Michele take for granted their bourgeois lifestyle, so much so that when Michele loses his job they silently resolve to live in denial. It's hard to sympathize with someone who has to do his laundry for the first time and is struggling with the decision of whether to sell the sailboat. Ultimately, watching the juvenile husband's apathy enabled by his wife and daughter ends up being a frustrating affair. (Subtitled. 115 min.) KATHIE SMITH

ALSO SHOWING SUNDAY

OAK STREET: "Oh Saigon," 3 p.m. (57 min.) Documentary about a Vietnamese-American woman's journey home; showing with "Cold Mountain" (29 min.), a locally produced portrait of Tang Dynasty poet Han Shan, featuring Gary Snyder. "My Marlon and Brando," 5 p.m. (Turkey/Netherlands/U.K., 92 min.) A young Turkish actress journeys across the Iraqi border to find her love, a Kurdish actor. "What a Wonderful World," 7 p.m. (Morocco, 99 min.) A tough Casablanca cop, whose best friend is a prostitute, falls in love with a hitman. "Could This Be Love?" 9 p.m. (France, 90 min.) A tycoon falls in love with a sharp-tongued mosaic artist in this romantic comedy.

ST. ANTHONY: "Wolf," 12:15 p.m. See Sat. "Pachamama," 12:30 p.m. See Sat. "School Play," 12:45 p.m. See Sat. "Littlest Shorts," 1 p.m. (various, 78 min.) Short films for kids. "The Window," 1:15 p.m. See Sat. "Wrong Rosary," 3:05 p.m. (Turkey, 89 min.) A young Muslim mosque official falls in love with a Catholic nurse in Istanbul. "Trust Us, This Is All Made Up," 2:50 p.m. See Sat. "Living in Emergency: Stories of Doctors Without Borders," 2:35 p.m. (U.S./Liberia/Congo, 93 min.) Two new recruits and two veteran doctors face challenges as volunteers at field hospitals in Africa. "Morrison Gets a Baby Sister," 3 p.m. (Netherlands, 71 min.) A 5-year-old boy runs away after his family welcomes a new baby. "Beeswax," 4:40 p.m. See Sat. "Buick Riviera," 5 p.m. See Sat. "William Kunstler: Disturbing the Universe," 5:30 p.m. (U.S., 90 min.) Two daughters explore the life and legacy of their father, a radical activist once called "the most hated lawyer in America." "The One Man Village," 5:40 p.m. (Lebanon, 86 min.) A farmer is the only person left in an otherwise-abandoned village in the Lebanese mountains; with "Song for the Deaf Ear" (Lebanon, 17 min.). "American Violet," 7 p.m. (U.S., 103 min.) A single black mother of four young girls fights back after being wrongfully charged as a drug dealer. "The Girl From Monaco," 7:15 p.m. See Friday. "The Tour," 7:45 p.m. (Serbia, 106 min.) A group of actors gets caught in the bloody war between the Croatians, Muslims and Serbians, but they have a play to stage. "Blind Loves," 8 p.m. (Slovakia, 77 min.) An often-funny exploration of how four people live without sight. "Helen," 9:15 p.m. (U.K./Ireland, 120 min.) A young woman becomes obsessed with the disappearance of another woman. "Lion's Den," 9:30 p.m. See Sat. "Song From the Southern Seas," 10 p.m. See Sat. "I'm Gonna Explode," 10:10 p.m. See Fri.

MONDAY

RECIPES FOR DISASTER

Two out of four stars

5:20 p.m. Mon. plus 5 p.m. April 24 - St. Anthony

Brit-in-Finland John Webster turns his camera on his family to prove the monstrousness of contemporary human consumption. Webster cajoles (that is, forces) his wife and kids to go on a no-oil "diet" for a year (no gasoline, no plastic, etc). Viewers get the sense that they're supposed to learn something, but the filmmaker spends too much of the film navel gazing. By the time the carbon-savings statistics come around, Webster's wife's refusal to communicate in the same language as her husband seems like a wise decision. It's done in the same vein as "Super Size Me," and just as solipsistic. (Subtitled. 85 Min.) EMILY CONDON

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

One out of four stars

7 p.m. Mon. - St. Anthony

This sub-soap-operatic melodrama (complete with dreadful piano synth score) will test the mettle of moviegoers curious about the Minnesota film scene. If you're actually looking for something on par with daytime television, why get off the couch? I'm not really sure what Edina filmmaker John Denn was going for. The acting is stilted, but the cast is done no favors by the awful script. ("I love you more today than I did yesterday, but not nearly as much as I will tomorrow." Wow.) There's an odd stiffness to every scene, with no natural flow. And, boy, do the jokes fall flat. It's like seeing a comedian bomb on open-mike night. You can't help but feel embarrassed for them. (107 min.) ERIK MCCLANAHAN

HEART OF FIRE

Four out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Mon. plus 8:45 p.m. April 26 - St. Anthony

This gripping story of tween-aged soldiers in the Horn of Africa shows that the recruitment and indoctrination of children into the ways of war can be an equal-opportunity horror, complete with warrior-goddess role models. Given by her amoral father to a group fighting for Eritrea's independence from Ethiopia, 10-year-old Amet transfers the passion for justice she learned at a Catholic orphanage into war cries and heart-hardening "play" exercises. This exceptionally moving film is all the more amazing because director Luigi Falorni ("The Story of the Weeping Camel") recruited his nonprofessional cast from a Kenyan refugee camp just five days before shooting, after the Eritrean government intimidated his first choices. (Subtitled. 92 min.) KRISTIN TILLOTSON

ALSO SHOWING MONDAY

ST. ANTHONY: "I Am From Titov Veles," 5 p.m. See Wed. "Il Divo," 6:45 p.m. See Sat. "How to Be," 7:15 p.m. (UK, 85 min.) A young songwriter uses his inheritance to fly a Canadian therapist to England to help him "be more normal." "White Night Wedding," 7:30 p.m. See Sat. "Surveillance," 7:45 p.m. See Fri. "Rumba," 9 p.m. See Sat. "The Photograph," 9:30 p.m. See Sat. "Boogie," 9:45 p.m. (Romania, 103 min.) A father and husband pines for the glory days of bachelor life. "Wild Field," 10 p.m. (Russia, 104 min.) A young doctor goes to the desolate countryside to tend its forgotten people.

TUESDAY

WHAT REMAINS OF US

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

5:20 p.m. Tue. plus 5:10 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony

Armed with a portable video player, exiled Tibetan Kalsang Dolma smuggles a five-minute message from the Dalai Lama into Tibet. Her small act of defiance brings hope and encouragement to an otherwise oppressed people. In a region where the Dalai Lama's image is strictly forbidden, many watching the video have never heard his voice. Although the words to express their feelings don't come easily, the emotions of the Tibetans interviewed are clearly written on their faces. Shot clandestinely between 1996 and 2004, this documentary works best when it observes rather than preaches. Some of the overwrought narration and pointed opinions are redundant, even for those in the choir. (Subtitled. 77 min.) KATHIE SMITH

The SECRET OF THE GRAIN

Four out of four stars

6:50 p.m. Tue. plus 9:15 p.m. April 23 - St. Anthony

A full meal of a movie, director Abdellatif Kechiche's 2 1/2-hour ode to food and family lovingly follows an Arab immigrant clan in France through the triumphant yet pricey realization of its dream -- opening a fish couscous restaurant on a refurbished boat in the port of Sete. Shot documentary-style, the film is rich in detail, soaking up the eccentricities of patriarch Slimane Beiji (Habib Boufares), a crusty old man of the sea, and the half-dozen robust women who surround and support him. Kechiche expertly combines the rarest cinematic ingredients, concocting a dish as earthily raw as it is delectable. (Subtitled. 151 min.) ROB NELSON

SHAKESPEARE AND VICTOR HUGO'S INTIMACIES

Three out of four stars

7 p.m. Tue. plus 10:10 p.m. April 24 - St. Anthony

Genial remembrances casually become ghastly revelations in Yulene Olaizola's haunting documentary about an enigmatic artist, Jorge Riosse, who briefly lived and mysteriously died in her grandmother's lodging house (on the corner of Shakespeare and Victor Hugo Streets in Mexico City). Through interviews with her grandmother and others who knew Riosse before his 1993 death, Olaizola attempts to reconcile their unfailing admiration for the charming young man with the widespread suspicion that he might have been a schizophrenic serial killer. The film's success is primarily a result of the grandmother's ability to spin a great story, but it's nonetheless a provocative examination of loyalty and love. (Subtitled. 80 min.) DANIEL GETAHUN

SOMERS TOWN

Two out of four stars

9:45 p.m. Tue. plus 9 p.m. April 25 - St. Anthony

In the terrific "This Is England," Shane Meadows captured beautifully the sometimes absurd and indefatigably complex intricacies of young male psyches. "Somers Town" aims -- albeit less ambitiously -- for the same resonance, featuring the same lead (Thomas Turgoose, full of potential) and more acoustic ballads from Gavin Clark. But maudlin overtones sink the film. If the obnoxious final sequence -- featuring the two leads and the barista they love skipping through the streets of Paris -- feels like a commercial, well, the piece was conceived by a marketing company that was looking to do a promotional piece for Eurostar. To that end, perhaps, the film succeeds. (Subtitled. 75 min.) EMILY CONDON

ALSO SHOWING TUESDAY

ST. ANTHONY: Minnesota documentary shorts, 5 p.m. "How to Be," 5:10 p.m. (U.K., 85 min.) A young songwriter uses his inheritance money to fly a Canadian therapist to England and help him "be more normal." "Apron Strings," 6:45 p.m. (New Zealand, 90 min.) Two families from different backgrounds balance traditional and modern practices in Auckland's multicultural suburbs. "No One Said It Would Be Easy," 7:15 p.m. (U.S., 100 min.) A look at Minnesota-based band Cloud Cult and their songs of love and hope. "Trip to Asia: Quest for Harmony," 7:45 p.m. (Germany, 108 min.) A rare look behind the closed doors of the Berlin Philharmonic and its 2005 tour of Asia. "The Fighter," 8:45 p.m. (Denmark, 100 min.) A high-school student defies her family and secretly trains as a kung-fu fighter. "The Mermaid," 9:15 p.m. (Russia, 114 min.) A modern take on the classic tale of Rusalka. "One Man Village," 9:30 p.m. (Lebanon, 86 min.) A farmer is the only person left in an otherwise-abandoned village in the Lebanese mountains.

WEDNESDAY

I AM FROM TITOV VELES

Three out of four stars

5 p.m. Mon. plus 5 p.m. Wed. - St. Anthony

Macedonian former child actor turned director Teona Strugar Mitevska's strange film about three sisters wanting out of their small-town existence will either outright annoy or grab hold of the viewer. I was engaged throughout, mostly because of the wonderful cinematography that makes for a picturesque assortment of urban and mountainous landscapes. Mitevska clearly is a talented and confident filmmaker. Her female perspective is welcome, perfect for the material. And I loved the fantasy sequences. (Subtitled. 102 min.) ERIK MCCLANAHAN

THOSE THREE

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

5:25 p.m. Wed. plus 9:45 p.m. April 28 - St. Anthony

As they prepare to finish their military training, three Iranian conscripts can take no more and see an opportunity to escape; never mind that it's the dead of winter and the northern Iran terrain is brutally unforgiving. Their bravado is quickly tested: A blizzard worsens, a promised welcoming village turns out to be earthquake-ravaged, and they acquire a pregnant tagalong. There are long stretches of inaction and little that gives insight into who these men are, but their fate touches us nonetheless. (Subtitled. 80 min.) CYNTHIA DICKISON

THE BIGGEST CHINESE RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD

Three out of four stars

5:50 p.m. Wed. plus 5 p.m. April 23 - St. Anthony

The world's largest Chinese restaurant employs almost 1,000 people, including 300 chefs. In the southern Chinese city of Changsha, the West Lake Restaurant is run by one person, the dynamic Qin Linzi. She's a tough-minded woman who grew up poor but now commands a multimillion-dollar business. This documentary gets inside her monumental operation and the lives of her army of workers, many of whom feel trapped by their ***working-class*** wages. Weijun Chen's documentary wants to use Qin's restaurant as a microcosm for modern China, where the divide between rich and poor continues to widen. The film is at its best when it hits this juxtaposition hardest -- as when it follows a young waitress home to her parents' ramshackle house. Unfortunately, it can sometimes slow down to the point where it almost loses its narrative footing. (Subtitled. 80 min.) TOM HORGEN

ALSO SHOWING WEDNESDAY

ST. ANTHONY: "What Remains of Us," 5:10 p.m. See Tuesday. "The Infinite Border," 5:35 p.m. (Mexico, 90 min.) Small groups of Mexicans face many obstacles in their quest to cross into the United States. "Tricks," 7:10 p.m. (Poland, 96 min.) A young boy thinks he sees his absentee father at a train station and devises a risky plan to get him back. "Los Bastardos," 7:50 p.m. (Mexico/France/U.S., 90 min.) Two Mexican brothers, living illegally in Los Angeles, will do anything to make money. Minnesota narrative shorts, 7 p.m. (114 min.) "The Country Teacher," 7:20 p.m. See Sunday. "Boogie," 7:35 p.m. (Romania, 103 min.) A father and husband pines for the glory days of his bachelor life. "The Tour," 9:05 p.m. (Serbia, 106 min.) A group of actors gets caught in the bloody war between the Croatians, Muslims and Serbians, but they have a play to stage. "Home of the Dark Butterflies," 9:15 p.m. (Finland, 105 min.) After years of bouncing among foster homes and temporary families, a boy finds himself at an isolated reformatory with few others. "How About You?" 9:30 p.m. (Ireland, 100 min.) Five residents at an old folks' home, left behind over the holidays, live it up with their freewheeling caretaker. "Horn of Plenty," 9:45 p.m. See Friday. "The Man Who Loved Yngve," 9:55 p.m. (Norway, 99 min.) A popular teenage boy with a girlfriend is smitten with the new kid in town.

**Graphic**

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[***The Bush presidency: Far-reaching changes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DHT-H2V0-00J2-32T1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

This story explores President Bush's record while in office. For a look at John Kerry's Senate record, see [*www.startribune.com/politics*](http://www.startribune.com/politics)

George W. Bush came to the Oval Office vowing to do big things, and he has done them, with big consequences.

     Big tax cuts, big deficits. Sweeping new foreign policy doctrines leading to big military operations. A major expansion of Medicare and a major increase in federal leverage over public schools, just to mention a few of the biggest elements of the four-year record that Bush now takes before the electorate as he seeks four more years.

   "The starting point to understanding the presidency is that never has so much change been accomplished with so little mandate," said Thomas Mann of the Brookings Institution. "Out of a dead-heat election and a highly disputed outcome, Bush has managed to orchestrate huge changes in policy."

     Bush responded to the 9/11 attacks by jettisoning the former linchpins of U.S. foreign and national security policy - deterrence and containment. In their place, he embraced a policy of pre-emptive action, with or without international support.

     The results of that policy, mainly in Iraq, are now at the center of the argument over whether Bush has made America safer or more vulnerable.

     On fiscal matters, Bush has bet his presidency on big tax cuts. He has now signed four of them, including the biggest in U.S. history. During his term the economy slipped into, then out of, recession. It lost jobs over the Bush term, but gained some in the past year. Overall, during his term, unemployment and the number of families living in poverty have risen.

     Bush argues that his tax cuts helped make the recession shallow and short and helped the economy weather other stresses, such as the impact of Sept. 11, 2001. His critics say the tax cuts were too big and too generous to the rich, and contributed too much to the return of federal deficits, which have hit record highs each of the past two years.

     On domestic policy, Bush's No Child Left Behind law greatly increased federal influence over public schools in the name of raising standards and increasing accountability. Bush's critics say he gave the schools a tough challenge but not the aid they need to meet it. And Bush pushed through Congress a prescription drug subsidy for Medicare, the biggest expansion of that program since it was enacted in 1965.

     Bush has been called "the accidental radical." The phrase, coined by journalist Jonathan Rauch in a July 2003 National Journal assessment of the Bush term, suggests that, as the product of a rich family and a Yale and Harvard education, Bush might have been an affable, traditional conservative - if not for 9/11.

     This might be true in foreign policy. The fight against terror converted him from a standard-issue conservative into a neo-conservative true believer, ready to use American might to spread democracy.

     On many issues, foreign and domestic, Bush's governing style is marked by a no-regrets certainty that has become a hallmark of his presidency.

     Critics, including his opponent, Sen. John Kerry, portray it as a stubborn refusal to acknowledge error or change policies in light of changing evidence, especially on Iraq. In a famous moment during a news conference, Bush was unable to recall any errors he had made as president. Bush once said to author Bob Woodward: "I haven't suffered doubt. I hope I'm able to convey that in a humble way."

     Bush supporters portray the same quality as the admirable consistency of man of deep underlying principles who knows where he stands and isn't afraid to say so.

     Some analysts attribute Bush's certainty to his faith. In his autobiography, "A Charge to Keep," Bush wrote that a 1985 conversation with evangelist Billy Graham "planted a mustard seed in my soul," which grew into a deep religious conviction that saved his marriage and enabled him to stop drinking.

     When Woodward asked him whether he had talked to his father, the former president, about his decisions on Iraq, Bush replied: "You know, he is the wrong father to appeal to in terms of strength. There is a higher Father that I appeal to."

     Bush calls himself a "compassionate conservative," but his presidency may be radically changing the contemporary meaning of the word "conservative." He has embraced changes that would not have been considered "conservative" a generation ago. Foreign policy conservatives used to be reluctant to get U.S. forces drawn into long-term "nation-building" missions. Fiscal conservatives favored smaller government, argued that educational policy should be left to the states, worried about the cost of the big entitlement programs like Medicare and preached the importance of balanced budgets.

     Then came George W. Bush.

     Big tax cuts

     When Bush ran for president in 2000, the government was projecting future surpluses big enough to pay off the national debt. Bush argued that surplus dollars belong to those who earn them, not to the government. The central proposal of his candidacy was a large across-the-board tax cut.

     By the time he became president, the long boom of the 1990s was ending and surplus projections were shrinking. Bush pushed for the same tax cuts with a new rationale - economic stimulus. In June 2001, Bush signed a bill that reduced taxes by a projected $1.35 trillion through 2011. It lowered the rate on every bracket of the income tax, eliminated the so-called marriage penalty, expanded the child tax credit and phased out the tax on large estates.

     The bill that passed was smaller and less favorable to top income earners than the version Bush preferred, but it still was the biggest tax cut in U.S. history.

     In 2002 and 2003, Bush signed two more tax cuts that reduced taxes on dividends and capital gains, allowed faster write-offs for business investments, and accelerated some of the rate cuts scheduled in the 2001 bill. This month, Bush signed another tax cut. This one was a stopgap measure, postponing the expiration of some of the earlier cuts. In his current campaign, Bush advocates making all the tax cuts permanent.

     Bush describes his tax cuts as an absolute good without reference to any kind of cost-benefit analysis. For example, in a September campaign rally in Pennsylvania, he said: "We unleashed the energy and innovative spirit of America with the largest tax relief in a generation. The entrepreneurial spirit is strong. The small business sector of our economy is strong. And tax relief helps strengthen it."

     All federal income tax payers received some relief from Bush's bills. But critics have argued that if Bush really wanted to stimulate the economy, he should have put more dollars into the pockets of poor and middle-class Americans, who would be more likely to spend them. Those in the upper 1 percent of income earners got an average tax cut of $78,460, according to congressional Democrats. Those in the bottom 20 percent averaged $250 per household.

     Bush has emphasized particular categories of poor or middle-class taxpayers who benefitted, such as those with several dependent children, and those who benefit from the marriage penalty relief. His rhetoric also features ***working-class*** Americans whose entire federal income tax liability was eliminated.

     In August, the Congressional Budget Office (CBO), which is led by a former Bush economist, found that one third of all the tax relief had gone to the richest 1 percent, a group with an average income of $1.2 million.

     The CBO also concluded that the effect of the tax cuts had been to shift the overall burden of federal taxes slightly away from the top and the bottom and more onto the middle class.

     Big deficits

     A preference for lower taxes has long been part of Republican conservatism. But, before the Reagan era, tax-cut advocacy was linked to spending cuts and an overall goal of balanced budgets. President Ronald Reagan pushed through big tax cuts early in his term, but in his second term signed tax increases designed to restrain the exploding deficit.

     Bush's critics, such as Sen. Russ Feingold, D-Wis., argue that the long-term damage to the economy from rising deficits will do more harm than the stimulative value of the tax cuts will do good, and future generations will be left with the debt.

     During Bush's term, the federal budget has undergone a sharp reversal from projected surpluses to deficits. Bush argues that the return of deficits is attributable to the weak economy and new spending necessary for the war on terrorism, as well as the tax cuts.

     In April 2001, Bush's Office of Management and Budget (OMB) projected that the federal government would generate a $1.3 trillion surplus during the four years ahead. In July 2004, when the OMB recalculated, it found a four-year deficit of $850 billion.

     That $2.1 trillion swing toward red ink was attributable to $1 trillion of revenue shortfall caused by the poor economy, $621 billion worth of tax cuts and $470 billion of new spending, with much but not all of the new spending attributable to national security.

     According to the OMB study, there would have been deficits in 2003 and 2004 even if there had been no tax cuts, but they would have been about half as large.

     This year's projected $422 billion deficit will be the largest ever in dollar terms, although not as a percentage of GDP (gross domestic product). Bush now says he will cut it by half in 2009, the year he would leave office if he wins a second term.

     "That's his stated goal," said Bob Bixby of the Concord Coalition, a nonpartisan organization that advocates a balanced budget, "but the plan for getting there relies on a number of omissions and optimistic assumptions."

     For example, Bixby said, Bush has not budgeted any funds to continue the war in Iraq nor to prevent the alternative minimum tax from imposing a substantial tax hike on the middle class. Bixby says it will be expensive to shelter the middle class. Bush's second-term deficit projections also assume that nondefense spending will be frozen for the next four years, although it has grown steadily during Bush's first term, Bixby said.

     Foreign policy

     The attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, changed everything. They made Bush into a war president, a symbol of a new national unity to do whatever it took to bring the perpetrators to justice and prevent future attacks. For many of his supporters, the fact that no subsequent terrorist attacks have occurred on U.S. soil is a prime reason Bush deserves reelection.

     With tremendous national and international support, including U.N. backing, Bush authorized military action to overthrow the Taliban rulers of Afghanistan. Al-Qaida leader Osama bin Laden and Taliban leader Mullah Muhammad Omar have not been captured and their whereabouts are still unknown. Bush once said that his attitude toward Bin Laden was like the "old poster out West that says: 'Wanted, dead or alive.' He more recently described himself as "not that concerned about [Bin Laden]." Many other high-ranking Al-Qaida officials have been captured or killed.

     In September 2002, the revised National Security Strategy of the United States presented an overview of Bush's global policy for fighting terrorism. The document argued that the Cold War doctrines of containment and deterrence don't apply to the war against terrorism and must be replaced by a strategy of preemptive actions.

     The unity behind Bush's leadership began to splinter in 2002, as he shifted focus to the overthrow of Saddam Hussein in Iraq. The public justification for a U.S. troop buildup around Iraq relied on the assertion that Saddam Hussein had illegal stockpiles of chemical and biological weapons, was getting close to developing a nuclear weapon, and might give such weapons to terrorist groups.

     Bush succeeded in getting a tough new U.N. resolution on Iraq and a congressional vote authorizing military action. Kerry voted aye.

     Under this pressure, Saddam allowed U.N. inspectors to return, after a four-year absence. The inspectors filed a series of mixed reports. They could find no weapons, but Saddam could not satisfy them that he had destroyed all the chemical and biological stockpiles he had formerly possessed.

     Bush warned the United Nations to endorse military action or risk becoming irrelevant. France, Germany, Russia and others favored more, tougher inspections. The U.N. deadlock was never resolved and Bush proceeded to take military action with the help of what he called a "coalition of the willing."

     Bush emphasizes that dozens of nations have provided various levels of help, from symbolic to logistical. But when the war began in March 2003, the troops comprised 250,00 Americans, 45,000 British and 2,000 Australians.

     Critics have said that Bush rushed to war, and that he should have given the inspectors more time, perhaps avoiding the bloodshed entirely. In his 2003 State of the Union address, Bush gave his answer:

     "Some have said we must not act until the threat is imminent. Since when have terrorists and tyrants announced their intentions, politely putting us on notice before they strike? If this threat is permitted to fully and suddenly emerge, all actions, all words and all recriminations would come too late."

     Contrary to the predictions of many Bush critics, the invasion quickly succeeded, Baghdad was captured and the Middle East did not erupt with anti-American violence.

     But many prewar statements by Bush and his top officials about what U.S. troops would find in Iraq have been undermined by events. No stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction (WMD) have been found.

     Just last week, the top U.S. weapons inspector reported that Iraq had destroyed its stockpiles of WMD years ago, as Saddam had claimed.

     Bush has explicitly acknowledged that no evidence links Saddam to 9/11 and the CIA has found little or no relationship between the Iraqi regime and Al-Qaida. Iraq has been much harder to stabilize and less welcoming to U.S. occupation forces than predicted.

     Bush's Iraq policies have attracted critics from across the spectrum, including conservatives such as Pat Buchanan and former members of Bush's own administration.

     Bush's former treasury secretary, Paul O'Neill, said Bush sought intelligence to justify Saddam's overthrow, rather than trying to assess the U.S. interest in such a mission. Former White House counterterrorism official Richard Clarke says that if Bush had focused on going after those responsible for 9/11, he might have captured Bin Laden and put Al-Qaida out of business. Instead, Clarke argues, Bush "launched an unnecessary and costly war in Iraq that strengthened the fundamentalist, radical Islamic terrorist movement worldwide."

     Paul Bremer, who was the Bush-appointed leader of the Provisional Governing Authority of Iraq until June 2004, has complained that a lack of troops in the early days of the occupation made it impossible to prevent looting or to nip the anti-U.S. insurgency in its early stages.

      Bush has relied on the memory of Sept. 11 to argue that the United States cannot wait for perfect intelligence data or for a "permission slip" from other countries to eliminate a threat. Saddam was an evil dictator who murdered and tortured Iraqis and started wars with two of his neighbors, so removing him from power is a benefit in itself, Bush argues.

     Bush acknowledges that the lack of WMD has been a surprise, but that Saddam still had the means and intention to develop them.

     Bush, who formerly described Saddam as "an ally of Al-Qaida," no longer makes that claim, but says that Saddam has provided aid and shelter to terrorists, and specifically accused Saddam of sheltering Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, who remains active against Americans in Iraq. But a CIA assessment of that issue, which was published last week, found no clear evidence that Saddam helped Al-Zarqawi.

     Bush also asserts that the war in Iraq has caused others to rethink their support for terror and their pursuit of WMD.

     "Before September the 11th, the ruler in Libya was spending millions to acquire weapons of mass destruction," Bush said in St. Paul in August. "Today, because America and our allies have sent a strong and easy-to-understand message, the leader of Libya abandoned his pursuit of weapons of mass destruction, and America and the world are safer."

     Education law

     As a candidate in 2000, Bush emphasized his "compassionate conservatism" agenda by pushing for a concept that he argued would help disadvantaged children catch up with their peers.

     The No Child Left Behind law, enacted in December 2001, ties federal education aid to improvements in student scores on standardized tests. Congressional Quarterly called it "the most ambitious overhaul to date" of the 1965 Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

     In his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention in September, here's how Bush summarized his bill:

     "I believe every child can learn and every school must teach, so we passed the most important federal education reform in history. Because we acted, children are making sustained progress in reading and math, America's schools are getting better, and nothing will hold us back."

     The program has been criticized by some conservatives, who worry about increasing Washington's control over local schools, and by some educators, who feel it sets up the public schools to be labeled as failures.

     It passed with bipartisan support, including Kerry's. Many Democrats now complain that Bush hasn't provided the money necessary for schools to meet the challenge.

     It's true that the big increases in federal aid to education that were authorized in the 2001 bill have not been funded in subsequent appropriations bills. But the Bush campaign replies that Bush's fiscal 2005 budget for education aid requests a 49 percent increase over the 2001 level.

     Medicare

     In December 2003, Bush fulfilled another campaign promise by signing a bill that provided Americans over age 65 with the first-ever federal subsidy for prescription drugs.

     Since May, Medicare recipients have been eligible to buy a $30-a-year card that entitles them to discounts, averaging about 15 percent to 20 percent, on prescription drugs. Low-income seniors get free cards and a credit good for the first $600 a year worth of medications.

     The second phase begins in 2006, when the cards will be replaced by a broader benefit with a premium expected to cost $35 a month. Enrollees will pay the first $250 a year in drug costs. Then Medicare pays 75 percent of the cost up to $2,250. After that, the retiree pays all costs until expenses total $5,100. Medicare pays 95 percent after that.

     Enrollment in the discount card program has been slower than expected. Some seniors say they can save more money by illegally ordering drugs from Canada, and some are angry that the administration still hasn't legalized the practice.

     Democratic critics argue that the drug program reflects the administration's overall favoritism toward drug companies. For example, the law prohibits Medicare from bargaining with the drug companies for lower prices. Fiscal conservatives have been more worried about the cost of the benefit, which was first estimated at $395 billion, and now is estimated at $564 billion, over 10 years.

     Bush and his defenders reply that after years of broken promises from other national leaders, Bush is the one who finally found a way to get seniors some help with their drug costs. The drug card could save a senior with average medical expenses as much as $300 a year. When the full benefit is phased in, depending on the recipient's costs and existing insurance, it could be worth thousands in savings.

     Here is how Bush described it in a September campaign appearance in Missouri: "I believe we have a moral responsibility to honor our seniors with good health care. When I got elected, I told the people that I'd try to strengthen Medicare. So I led the United States Congress. We strengthened Medicare. We're helping our seniors, and we're not turning back."

     Eric Black is at [*eblack@startribune.com*](mailto:eblack@startribune.com).

Key events during Bush's presidency

     - 1. Jan. 20, 2001 Bush inauguration

     - 2. June 7, 2001 Bush signs first tax cut, which reduces taxes by $1.35 trillion

     - 3. Sept. 11, 2001 Terrorist attacks kill more than 3,000 people at the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and on a plane that crashes in Pennsylvania

     - 4. Oct. 7, 2001 War in Afghanistan starts

     - 5. Oct. 26, 2001 Bush signs Patriot Act

     - 6. Nov. 12, 2001 Kabul falls, Taliban ousted

     - 7. Jan. 8, 2002 Signs No Child Left Behind Act

     - 8. March 9, 2002 Signs second tax cut

     - 9. March 19, 2003 Iraq war starts

     - 10. April 4, 2003 Baghdad falls

     - 11. May 28, 2003 Signs $350 billion tax cut, the third of his presidency

     - 12. Oct. 2, 2003 Report says no weapons of mass destruction in Iraq

     - 13. Dec. 8, 2003 Signs Medicare bill with prescription drug benefits

     - 14. Dec. 13, 2003 Saddam Hussein captured

     - 15. April 2004 Photographs of prisoner abuse at Abu Ghraib prison surface

     - 16. June 28, 2004 U.S. transfers sovereignty of Iraq to Iraqis

     - 17. Aug. 26, 2004 Census Bureau reports 35.8 million people living in poverty in 2003, an increase of 1.3 million over 2002. Also, 45 million people lacked health insurance, an increase of 1.5 million

     - 18. Sept. 6, 2004 Record deficit of $422 billion projected

     - 19. Sept. 7, 2004 Number of U.S. troops who have died in Iraq passes 1,000

     - 20. Oct. 4, 2004 Signs fourth tax cut, extending $145 billion worth of cuts

     - 21. Oct. 8, 2004 Bureau of Labor Statistics reports 96,000 private sector jobs created in September, which is a net loss of 821,000 jobs during Bush's term

     - 22. Oct. 9, 2004 Afghanistan holds presidential   election

Bush's legislative accomplishments

     Patriot Act: Moved quickly through Congress in the weeks after Sept. 11, 2001; the law granted sweeping powers to law enforcement officials to investigate and prosecute terrorists. Elements of the law have been struck down in court.

     Airport security/airline aid: Within days of 9/11, Congress approved subsidies to help major airlines stay in business. Two months later, Bush signed a law that replaced low-paid, marginally trained airport security workers with federal employees.

     Homeland Security Department: Bush initially resisted the idea of a Cabinet-level department to coordinate efforts against domestic terrorism, but he reversed course. The law brought all or part of 22 federal agencies under the new secretary, former Pennsylvania Gov. Tom Ridge.

     Fast-track trade authority: Bush, who strongly supports international free trade, won back the authority that previous presidents enjoyed, to force an up or down vote on international trade deals without subjecting them to the amendment process. The authority had lapsed in 1994.

     Ban on late-term abortion procedure: Bush supported and signed a law that would ban the late-term abortion procedure that its opponents call "partial birth abortion." But the law has been struck down by federal courts in Nebraska, California and New York. The administration is appealing the rulings.

     Fight against AIDS abroad: In his 2003 State of the Union address, Bush called for a five-year, $15 billion program to fight AIDS globally. The first $2.4 billion was appropriated for 2004.

     Still working on:

     Social Security: In 2000, Bush ran on the idea of partially privatizing Social Security. As president, he appointed a commission, but has never put out a plan or backed a bill to create private accounts. He's running on the idea again this year, but it's not a centerpiece of his campaign.

     School vouchers: Candidate Bush favored introducing vouchers in public school finance, so that families could use public dollars to send their kids to private or parochial schools. He backed off the idea in order to get the No Child Left Behind law through Congress.

PRESIDENT BUSH QUOTES

"This is my solemn pledge: I will work to build a single nation of justice and opportunity. I know this is in our reach bacause we are guided by a power larger than ourselves who creates us equal in His image."

- President Bush, inaugural address, January 2001

"Some governments will be timid in the face of terror. And make no mistake about it: If they do not act, America will."

- President Bush, State of the Union address, January 2002.

"The tax reductions you passed are set to expire … What Congress has given, the Congress should not take away. For the sake of job growth, the tax cuts you passed should be permanent."

- President Bush, State of the Union address, January 2004.

"Trusting in the sanity and restraint of Saddam Hussein is not a strategy, and it is not an option."

- President Bush, State of the Union address, January 2003.

**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

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**End of Document**



[***THE TOP 25 DEBUT ALBUMS IN ROCK HISTORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4592-PWJ0-0094-52G2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

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**Body**

1. The Who, "The Who Sings My Generation" (1965): This album just explodes, a soulful, frenzied celebration of the healing power of maximum R&B, all slashing power chords and young man blues and chaos masquerading as a drummer. Keith Moon's title as the most exciting drummer rock 'n' roll had ever seen was secure by the time he arrived at the chorus of "Out in the Street," an opening track that lifts its intro from the band's third single, "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere," then leaves that classic choking on its fumes as Moon goes into overdrive, leaving guitarist Pete Townshend with nothing to do but make some chaos of his own on stun-guitar. It's also got those great falsetto harmonies that so defined the early Who. But nothing would define the early Who with quite the impact of "My Generation," a stuttering youth-culture anthem that draws a line in the sand and checks your ID with "I hope I die before I get old." Roger Daltrey's performance is practically dripping with contempt, but it's the energy that really makes it sting. There's nothing quite like energy to separate the young man from the old. And that they had in surplus. Not that every track relies on energy and chaos. "The Kids Are Alright" is a shimmering folk-rock charmer. And no other British invader could have done James Brown the way the Who does James Brown here on "I Don't Mind" and "Please, Please, Please."

The most impressive thing about this debut, though, is Townshend's writing. It's light years ahead of the writing you'll find on any other debut by an original British Invader. But unlike those other acts, the Who peaked early.

2. The Ramones, "The Ramones" (1976): Few bands have had a greater impact on succeeding generations than these blitzkrieg-bopping cartoon-punks from Queens. And everything you need to know to start your own Ramones can be found in the opening seconds of their debut album, the buzz-saw guitar giving way to a pinheaded chant of "Hey! Ho! Let's Go!" The sound of this record is so much a part of the cultural fabric now, it may be hard to hear it for the revolutionary step it took for mankind at the time. But rest assured, no other band had ever sounded quite like this (not even Blink-182). And yet, it was a revolution based in traditional rock 'n' roll values. From their smile-inducing cover of "Let's Dance" (a hit for Chris Montez in 1962) to the girl-group-compatible charm of their own "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend," the Ramones were all about tradition, ringing in the age of punk as B-movie rock 'n' roll cheerleaders, dumbing it down until it couldn't get much dumber. That's what made it so much fun. And therein lies the genius.

3.Little Richard, "Here's Little Richard" (1957): Among the more pervasive boomer myths is the idea that no pop act made a proper album until the Beatles came along to save the world. I could name at least a dozen albums to disprove this theory, but few make a case as compelling as this electrifying debut from the man who calls himself "the architect of rock 'n' roll." This shockingly consistent effort features many of the songs that now define his legacy, from "Ready Teddy," "Jenny Jenny," "True Fine Mama" and "She's Got It" to the true hits, four Top 40 singles -- "Tutti Frutti," "Long Tall Sally," "Slippin' and Slidin' (Peepin' and Hidin' )" and "Rip It Up." For further proof of Richard's genius, go directly to "Can't Believe You Want to Leave," a gospel-flavored track that proves he could have cut it as a soul man in the ' 60s if he hadn't found religion.

4. The Stooges, "The Stooges" (1969): Led by Iggy Pop (then Iggy Stooge), a knuckle-dragging visionary with more imitators on the mike than Eddie Vedder, the Stooges rolled out of the gutter in 1969 with a sound more primitive than rock had ever known. At times, the industrial grind is almost hypnotizing. But mostly, it rocks. You'd swear the guitarist was paid by the number of times he used the wah-wah pedal. And when the Stooges went all Spectoresque and threw piano on "I Wanna Be Your Dog," they played the same note through the whole song. Lyrically, this album took the darkness of the Doors and cranked it up a notch. But there was humor, too. On "1969," a song about the promise of "another year with nothin' to do," the singer deadpans, "Now, I'm gonna be 22 / I say, 'Oh my' and, uh, 'boo hoo.' "

5.The Jimi Hendrix Experience, "Are You Experienced?" (1967): As guitar heroes go, Jimi Hendrix was truly heroic, redefining not only the way a guitar could be played but the way it could sound. And best of all, his psychedelic reinvention of the blues was also insanely accessible. The smash hits here are smash hits for a reason -- from the sexed-up funk of "Foxey Lady" to "Manic Depression." At one point, a voice from the musical wilderness says, "You'll never hear surf music again," which didn't prove to be the case, as fate -- or Quentin Tarantino -- would have it. But it's certainly easy enough to see how Hendrix (and the world) may have felt that way when this amazing invitation to experience arrived just in time for the Summer of Love.

6. Elvis Costello, "My Aim Is True" (1977): The playing got a whole lot better on the second record, once he'd signed on the Attractions. But there's no mistaking what it was that had the critics foaming at the mouth when this one hit the streets. A newer-than-average Dylan with an attitude to suit the punk-rock times, the man who would be Elvis never met a phrase he couldn't turn. And those phrases were turned in the service of songs that rarely stopped at being clever. The character sketches could be devastating ("Alison," "No Dancing") when he wanted you to sympathize or really funny ("Less Than Zero") when he didn't. But the character he kept returning to was Elvis ("I said 'I'm so happy I could die' / She said 'Drop dead' then left with another guy").

7. The Kinks, "The Kinks" (1964): You can hear the adrenaline racing through their veins as the British Invasion's most unruly R&B group hydroplanes through "Beautiful Delilah," the opening cut of a debut album that would also yield the single that defined their early sound. "You Really Got Me" is electrifying, a sonic reduction of all the most exciting elements of early rock 'n' roll into an even more exciting sound, a trash-rock thrill that even "Louie Louie" could only suggest. While nothing here -- not even "Stop Your Sobbing" -- suggests that Ray Davies would one day be responsible for many of the most inspired ballads of his generation, that's no reason not to turn it up and re-experience a sound that would inspire everyone from punks to metalheads to Chrissie Hynde.

8. The Beatles, "Please Please Me" (1963): Most Americans didn't get a chance to meet the Beatles until their American label threw together "Meet the Beatles." But this is the proper debut. And while it doesn't boast as many hits, it does at least as good a job of capturing the charm that made the early Beatles such a pop sensation. The sense of enthusiasm they bring to their favorite American records -- from an awe-inspiring "Twist and Shout" to "Boys," as sung by Ringo -- is contagious. But the song that wins you over in a heartbeat when you bring this album home is the Lennon-McCartney original with which they introduce themselves, "I Saw Her Standing There." It's quintessential early Beatles. And it rocks, the only aspect of the Beatles legacy for which they may be underrated.

9. Bob Marley and the Wailers, "Catch a Fire" (1973): "Catch a Fire" both defines and transcends reggae as the Wailers catch a fire at Bob Marley's back on "Concrete Jungle," "Stir It Up" and "Midnight Ravers," classics all. The singer preaches peace and love like a Rastaman's Lennon on "No More Trouble," lets his dreads down on the playful "Baby We've Got a Date (Rock It Baby)" and lashes out at his people's oppressors in "Slave Driver," breathing some actual fire as he tells them "the table is turned/ Catch a fire/ You're gonna get burned." And while it's clearly Marley's show, the album also features Peter Tosh's every-bit-as-worthy contributions "Stop That Train" and "400 Years."

10. The Sex Pistols, "Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols" (1977): This album rocks. There's so much else to focus on -- the Pistols gave good scandal, after all. But it's the way they rock that makes their one true album such a timeless thrill. A lot of people misinterpret what the Pistols did as anti-rock. But that's just nonsense -- bollocks, if you will. The band recycles 20 years of rock 'n' roll excitement here. It's funny, too. Unlike the Clash, the Pistols waged their war against society as class clowns in a cartoon-punk burlesque of nihilistic rage. And they were blessed in that respect to have auditioned one of rock's most hilarious rebels, Johnny Rotten. Never mind the anarchy. Here's the showmanship.

11. The Clash, "The Clash" (1977): "London Calling" is for rock 'n' rollers. This is the Clash as punks adore them -- young, loud and snotty and tossing a brick at the world outside the windows of their own garage. They want a riot of their own, and you can hear that in the music, which rocks with a youthful abandon and passion and rage and hooks as big as any big ideas that would come to dominate their later albums -- hooks they thrash away at in arrangements that are more sophisticated than they sound. And when they tackle Junior Murvin's reggae hit "Police & Thieves," it couldn't be more clear that while the premise of the movement was that anyone could play, the Clash could play.

12.The Muffs, "The Muffs" (1993): These songs have better hooks than anything commercial radio or MTV was playing at the time, but the closest the Muffs came to making a splash was, sadly, a Fruitopia commercial -- that would be the one that had the better hook than anything the other fruit-drink companies were using. The sound is essentially punk, but the writing is steeped in classic ' 60s songcraft marked by Beatlesque arrangements. Add to that a youthful "Hey, I know! Let's start a band!" enthusiasm and a singer, Kim Shattuck, whose voice can range from Ronnie Spector tender to a shriek that sounds like Courtney Love in traffic on her way to see the stylist.

13. The Rolling Stones, "England's Newest Hit Makers" (1964): Sure, it's mostly covers. But as faithful as the boys can be, they make these songs their own. Go back and listen to the Buddy Holly version of "Not Fade Away." The words and the beat are the same. But the menace of Jagger's performance transforms it. He is gonna tell you how it's gonna be. And you're gonna like it, or else. "Route 66" is rock's definitive "Route 66." Chuck Berry's "Carol" is among their greatest hits. And the swaggering "Little by Little" and "Tell Me" find the Jagger-Richards hit machine in fine form long before they couldn't get no satisfaction.

14. Led Zeppelin, "Led Zeppelin" (1969): The original blues explosion, Zeppelin didn't waste much time announcing its intentions. The opening riff of "Good Times Bad Times" hit the speakers with a force that redefined the concept of a power chord. And it only got better from there, with Jimmy Page's trash 'n' flash guitar competing for the spotlight with the heavy-metal wail of Robert Plant while the other guys hammered away at the rhythm in a way that was both danceable and heavier than rock had ever been. It's not all heavy, though. The second song begins as understated folk before the thunder hits. And then, of course, you've got "Your Time Is Gonna Come," as majestic a rocker as any in the band's amazing catalog, with organ fit to make you wonder how they got the keys to that cathedral.

15.Ben Folds Five, "Ben Folds Five" (1995): Ben Folds couldn't help but stand out from the crowd. He played piano in the post-Nirvana ' 90s, after all. And like a virtuoso. Then, you had the image -- geek whose mood could swing from sensitive to cynical and back again with little warning. Here was a guy who could skewer the underground in a hurtful, hilarious novelty song, then turn around and break your heart while singing to Howard Cosell in the voice of Muhammad Ali. But look beyond the things that made him stand out in the first place, and you're left with a serious talent whose ear for a melody would have made him stand out either way.

16. New York Dolls, "New York Dolls" (1973): New York City's answer to the Rolling Stones, the Dolls played faster, wore more makeup and, in many ways, anticipated punk as much as Iggy. But the sound and spirit are essentially the Stones without the private jet, to the extent that if you're into "Rip This Joint," there's absolutely nothing here that wouldn't speak directly to you. Johnny Thunders makes the most of every lick Chuck Berry ever played while David Johansen is only as likely as Jagger to go for attitude when notes are too much bother. And the songs are timeless, fueled by killer hooks and lyrics smart enough to cut the bad-boy swagger with a healthy dose of camp.

17.D'Angelo, "Brown Sugar" (1995): Grooving on a soul foundation laid by everyone from Marvin Gaye to Smokey Robinson (whose "Cruisin' " he covers) to Prince, D'Angelo emerges as the leader of the ' 90s soul revival and his own man here, his sweet falsetto used to great effect on such infectious new-soul classics as the title cut and the Wonder-ful "When We Get By." The vocals are amazing, but what really makes "Brown Sugar" taste so good is that he's every bit as capable of writing new-soul classics as he is of singing them, from sexy come-ons to a cheating song that ends in "Why the both of you's bleeding so much?" and eventually "Why am I wearing handcuffs?"

18. The dB's, "Stands for Decibels" (1981): Brainy pop revivalists intent on undermining all their biggest hooks with quirky production and quirkier vocals, these guys never had a prayer of getting over on the public. That would be a shame if everything that doomed this album to its cult-rock status wasn't such a major part of its appeal. You can't blame radio for passing on a song with vocals as potentially annoying as the ones in "Dynamite," but I'd blame anyone who couldn't hear the genius in the better songs here. And by better songs, I'm talking nearly every one, from "Black and White" to "Moving in Your Sleep." The guys in R.E.M. were big supporters, by the way, so send your cards and letters their way.

19.The Cars, "The Cars" (1978): A New Wave hit machine that wore its art-rock aspirations on its inner sleeve, the Cars' first album let the good times roll in nine refreshing blasts of keyboard-driven power-pop whose secret weapon may have been, surprisingly, a lead guitarist. Then, of course, out front, you had your not-so-secret weapon, Ric Ocasek, who could play neurotic like nobody this side of Anthony Perkins. While those twitchy stalker-next-door vocals didn't stop the hits he sang from being hits (in fact, they may have helped), it clearly didn't hurt to have a guy like Ben Orr in the band to take the wheel on a single as perfect for airplay as "Just What I Needed."

20.The Pretenders, "Pretenders" (1980): With a voice that pretty much defines the art of cool detachment, Chrissie Hynde escapes the wrath of tattooed love boys as she rewrites Alice Cooper's "Only Women Bleed" from a woman's perspective. As she sings, she'll never feel like a man in a man's world. Nails have rarely been as tough as Miss Ohio on rock songs as over-the-top as "Precious," but she's even better when she lets her guard down and reminds us that there is a heart beneath the scabs inside that leather jacket -- on "Kid," in particular. And while it may be Chrissie's show, the blokes she found in England are just punk enough to paint outside the quickly forming punk-rock lines, as brilliant on the tender moments as they are when rocking out.

21.Funkadelic, "Funkadelic" (1970): "If you will suck my soul, I will lick your funky emotions." And so it begins (with extra echo on the tongue) -- a psychedelic raw-funk odyssey that takes off asking "Mommy, What's a Funkadelic?" answers that with funk to spare, then brings your journey to an end with "What Is Soul." The way George Clinton sees it, feels it, lives it, heavy-breathes it, soul is both a ham hock in your corn flakes and the ring around your bathtub. Fair enough. But the groove is as good as the humor, Eddie Hazel's lead guitar is genius, and the vocals make it sound as if they're tripping in the Psychedelic Shack with the Temptations. "Can you feel that, baby? It's called Funka-delic music. It will blow your funky mind." And if it doesn't, well, you may be suffering from a mind that can't be blown.

22.Elastica, "Elastica" (1995): Sure, the hit is as blatant a steal as anything this side of all those Eddie Vedder knockoffs in heavy rotation as you read this. But how many people who heard "Connection" on the radio could even tell you what the Wire song they're cribbing is. I'd wager half a dozen. Or possibly seven. Either way, it's no big deal. What Elastica did was nothing more or less than carry on the rock 'n' roll tradition of wearing all your coolest records on your sleeve. And as the Strokes can tell you, sometimes sounding cool can be its own reward. With Justine Frischmann pushing sassy to a new high on the mike, this album stands as the ultimate triumph of style over substance.

23.Chuck Berry, "After School Session" (1958): Before Bob Dylan came along, Chuck Berry was the poet laureate of American rock 'n' roll. An amazing guitar hero, too. You can hear both sides of Berry's legend on his first release, from the humor with which he addresses the "botheration" of the ***working-class*** experience in "Too Much Monkey Business" to "Havana Moon," a comic narrative about what happens when you're waiting on your ship to come in with a jug of rum to keep you company. On "Brown Eyed Handsome Man," he even sneaks a black-pride anthem in under the white man's radar with a simple substitution. Had the label simply thought to substitute some early singles ("Maybellene," "Rock 'n' Roll Music," etc.) for a couple of the instrumentals here, this album would have ranked a whole lot higher. As it stands, it's merely classic.

24.Run-D.M.C., "Run-D.M.C." (1984): On point for the future shock, this album was street when being street did not require calling everyone in sight an n-word. But these rappers keep it plenty real (while finishing each other's sentences). This album rocks with conscience, from the warning of hard times "spreading just like the flu" to "Wake Up," a utopian dream from which they wake up with a vision of the world "working as a team." You'll also find their breakthrough hit, "It's Like That," in addition to the Funkadelicized guitar of "Rock Box," while Jam Master Jay, their DJ, earns the hype they throw his way on two cuts dedicated to telling the world how great he is, scratching his fingers right into the history books.

25. The B-52's, "The B-52's" (1979): Shortly before he was murdered, John Lennon was raving about this New Wave party band as proof that the world had finally caught up to Yoko. There's certainly plenty of Yoko in the quirky vocal stylings of the thrift-store chicks in beehive wigs, but The B-52's have degrees from a campier school of art -- a surf-guitar, B-movie school. The sound is both ridiculously catchy and deceptively original; the words, hilarious. "There's a moon in the sky/It's called the moon." "Why don't you dance with me?! I'm not no limburger!" And "Rock Lobster," the single that made them an overnight legend. If this record doesn't make you smile, your smile is more than likely broken.

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[***SMOKING IS DECLINING IN THE U.S. IN THE DEVELOPING WORLD, IT'S PICKING UP STEAM. DESPITE TOUGH LAWS, FIRMS ARE TARGETING TEENS. / LOOKING OVERSEAS FOR A THRIVING FUTURE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B7S0-01K4-92FW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2798 words

**Byline:** Jennifer Lin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** PENANG, Malaysia

**Body**

Rohaizad's eyes dart around the room, a makeshift classroom on the second floor of a community center. He looks for a bathroom or maybe an empty broom closet. Would anyone notice if he slipped outside and did it there?

Rohaizad bin Mustaffa is dying for a cigarette.

It is a breezy autumn Saturday. Outside are the beaches, gardens and hills of Penang, a tropical island off the west coast of Malaysia. Inside is a hot room with peeling green walls, a slow overhead fan, uncomfortable desks, and 25 other 14-year-olds just like Rohaizad.

Fidgeting, Rohaizad (ROY-a-shad) tries to focus on the teacher standing before a blackboard who is telling them the dangers of smoking. It is a one-day workshop for members of Club Fresh Breath, a group launched last spring by a school counselor concerned about boys caught one time too many smoking cigarettes in school.

The teacher tells the boys to draw pictures of themselves.

With a fat blue marker, Rohaizad draws a face and eyes with big curly eyelashes, then captions the portrait with the Malay words for fighter and frazzled.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor with his Nike cap turned backward, Rohaizad looks smaller than the poster-size paper spread on the floor before him.

"What's the main reason you smoke," the teacher asks. "Is it style? Is it the image you see of yourself? To relax? Are you bored? Is it just something to do with your hands?"

Rohaizad scrawls one Malay word in big, block letters across the page: ketagih.

It means: "Addicted."

He insists that today is the day he will quit.

\* The U.S. tobacco industry may be facing hard times at home with a shrinking market, stiffer regulations, and a $368.5 billion settlement pending before Congress that carries penalties if sales to youth do not fall. But it's got Asia and other parts of the Third World to conquer, and it's doing so with gusto.

Cigarette-makers are creating colossal franchises around the world. They are exporting more cigarettes, building more factories in foreign countries, and investing in more joint ventures.

Using a dazzling array of eye-catching ads and promotions, they are generating excitement about smoking as never before.

Teens especially are starstruck as the companies sponsor rock concerts, Formula One racing rallies, sporting events such as skateboarding, beach dance parties.

And with all of this, the message being conveyed is clear:

Cigarettes are hip. Cigarettes are essential props to an American way of life.

Public-health experts in the Pacific Rim, where growing affluence has boosted smoking rates at an especially fast pace, are alarmed. The World Health Organization is trying to get all the governments of the region to ban cigarette advertising by 2000.

But WHO's warnings about early death from long-term smoking are drowned out by multimillion-dollar campaigns to present smoking as a carefree pastime.

"Our youth have a new set of values," said Dzulkifli A. Razak, director of the National Poison Center at the University Science Malaysia in Penang. "Anything that is seen as exciting or challenging is attracting them very much. Cigarette companies are selling those new values." The United States is the world's number-one exporter of cigarettes, with one out of every three cigarettes made in the states sold to smokers beyond its borders, where smoking rates are rising.

From the early 1970s to the early 1990s, cigarette smoking plummeted by 28 percent in the United States, according to WHO statistics. During the same period, it has increased by 20 percent in Asia, with the most spectacular increase coming in China, where per-capita consumption is up by 160 percent.

Studies reported last month in the Journal of the American Medical Association said smoking-related illness could kill half of the 300 million smokers in that country. A 10-year study showed that the death rate among Chinese smokers was 2.5 times higher than that of nonsmokers.

The spreading popularity of cigarettes in developing countries is giving a lift to the bottom lines of the two largest U.S. producers, Philip Morris and R.J. Reynolds, which are targeting young smokers such as Rohaizad. Even tough restrictions on advertising don't seem to make much difference.

ROHAIZAD IS THE SMALLEST of the 14-year-olds in Club Fresh Breath.

He is barely four feet tall, with a broad smile and dimpled cheeks. He has the face of a child - and the lungs of a smoker.

Rohaizad is worried, because lately he has been waking with a thick, hacking cough, the telltale sign of longtime smoking.

Rohaizad is a Marlboro man.

"I like that guy," Rohaizad smiles.

Rohaizad smokes more than a dozen Marlboros a day, bumming some from friends or using school money from his parents to buy cigarettes from vendors outside of school. Youths under 18 cannot legally buy cigarettes, but the law is widely ignored.

Rohaizad started smoking when he was 9 for the most universal of reasons: "I saw everyone else smoking, so I thought I would try it, too."

He insists that he's tried to stop. "But then I see my friends smoking," he says, "and I want to smoke too."

His father doesn't want his son to smoke, but he's a smoker himself.

The club, which meets from time to time for special programs such as this one, was the idea of Lim Beng Kung, a school counselor so popular that he is greeted by cheers when he arrives for the workshop.

Lim says Rohaizad and the other boys have reputations as troublemakers at school. Mostly, they just seem rowdy.

Rohaizad and his classmates are from a ***working-class*** neighborhood. Their parents are as likely to work outside with a shovel as inside at a desk. Rohaizad's father is a contractor who fixes and builds houses.

The club's first field trip last spring was to the National Poison Center, where Dzulkifli gave them straight talk about smoking.

Today's event is the first big workshop. In the future, the boys want to hold programs at school, such as a "no tobacco" day or maybe a fitness event to promote good health.

No girls belong to the club because few smoke.

The boys follow the lead of their fathers. They smoke. The girls follow their mothers, who don't.

QUICK, WHAT'S THE FIRST THING that comes to mind when you think about smoking? asks the workshop leader, an energetic drama coach named Janet Pillai.

It's cool, the boys shout out.

It looks good.

It's a way to show off.

It clears your head and eases your nerves.

Untuk mengurat! someone says. Everyone snickers with knowing nods. Smoking helps "to hit on girls."

Pillai has the boys pose the way they think they look when they smoke.

Two beefy boys ham it up like bon vivants with their heads tilted back, blowing imaginary smoke rings skyward.

Some poses aren't flattering.

The class chatterbox squats on the floor with his head hung low, taking a pretend drag from a butt pinched between his fingers. This, he explains, is how he looks when he sneaks a smoke by the Dumpster at school.

"Do you like what you see?" asks Pillai.

Next, Pillai asks them to list their favorite cigarette campaigns. Marlboro wins hands down, followed by Kent, Salem and Dunhill.

Everyone agrees that Marlboro is for rugged men and Kent is for free-spirited rebels. Salem appeals to adventurers, and Dunhill is for smooth operators in tuxedos.

"Are you that kind of guy?" Pillai eggs them on. "Are you a Dunhill man?"

The boys, dressed alike in olive school pants and white shirts with their names sewn on the pockets, shout back, "Yes!"

INTEREST IN CHINA and other untapped Asian markets is likely to grow even stronger if the $368.5 billion settlement between 40 states and the U.S. tobacco industry ever makes its way through Congress.

The settlement would burden the tobacco industry with a monumental bill at a time of stagnant demand in the U.S. market.

"It will put so much pressure on the companies to come to Asia that [the marketing] you're seeing now will look like Milquetoast," said Gregory Connolly, director of the Massachusetts Tobacco Control Program run by the state's Public Health Department.

Today, imported cigarettes claim slightly more than 20 percent of the markets in Taiwan and Japan - markets pried open in the '80s with the help of U.S. trade officials.

But with more than 320 million smokers - or one-third of the world's total - it is China that boggles the mind for tobacco multinationals.

For now, the Chinese government controls the market. The state-owned China National Tobacco Corp. is the world's largest cigarette-maker, selling about as many cigarettes as the combined totals for the top three tobacco multinationals - Philip Morris, British-American Tobacco and R.J. Reynolds.

The biggest sellers have quaint names such as Cherry Blossom or Red Pagoda, with the premium brand, simply called Chunghwa - the old spelling for China - selling for $4.25 a pack.

This is far beyond the reach of most people in China, where a factory worker makes an average of $125 a month. For them, there's the Derby brand, at 32 cents a pack.

Smokers say that tobacco from the province of Yunnan has a smoother taste than Virginia blends. But Marlboro, which sells for about $1.25, is coming on strong.

"Many young people think it is a privilege to smoke a foreign cigarette," said Yin Dakui, China's vice minister of health.

Foreign tobacco companies share 1 percent of the Chinese market, although contraband smuggled in from Hong Kong could double the volume.

With the government's stranglehold, China is more a place the multinationals only dream of conquering one day.

Malaysia, in contrast, is already theirs.

More than 90 percent of the market is controlled by the local affiliates of four multinationals: British-American Tobacco, Philip Morris, R.J. Reynolds and Rothmans International, a British-based cigarette giant with the largest market share in Malaysia.

ALITTLE BEFORE LUNCHTIME, the call of the muezzin blares from a loudspeaker. The Muslim crier is calling the faithful to midday prayer from the island's main mosque, across from the community center.

Like most Malaysians, the teens are Muslim. The Muslim leadership is a strong ally for the antismoking movement.

In 1994, Malaysia's Islamic National Council ruled that smoking was as sinful as drinking, drug use, eating pork and adultery.

But the religious decree, a fatwah, is so controversial that it is being held up. Not only would it forbid people from smoking, it would bar devout Muslims from coming into contact with cigarettes, including selling them.

A school chaperone escorts the boys across the busy highway to the mosque. They stay less than an hour, saying their prayers, then return for lunch.

But Rohaizad and a few of his friends are missing. After a while, they straggle back.

Where were you? an adult asks.

"Taking a walk," Rohaizad says with a sly grin.

He reeks of smoke.

Rohaizad had started the day with three cigarettes: one at home and two with his buddies before boarding the bus for the antismoking class.

With some prodding, Rohaizad admits the obvious: a fourth cigarette after prayers.

MALAYSIA IMPOSED a widespread ban on cigarette advertising in 1994. It barred the display of cigarettes, cigarette boxes or smokers in all types of advertisements. But it didn't prohibit the advertising of cigarette trademarks.

Philip Morris can't legally say "Smoke Marlboro," but it can promote dressing like a Marlboro Man.

In Kuala Lumpur, diners can sip coffee at the Benson & Hedges Bistro, where a maitre d' greets customers with the question: "Do you prefer smoking?"

Even though there is only one bistro, it is advertised on billboards as far away as Penang, several hours' drive to the north. Everyone recognizes the name as that of a popular cigarette.

Similar cigarette brand-name associations are promoted through the "Salem Power Station" music stores or the "Salem Cool Planet Club," which gives discounts to clubs and discos.

Malaysians can buy cowboy hats, suede gloves and ranch trench coats at the Marlboro Classics clothing store or pick up blue jeans at the Winston or Camel boutiques.

They can party on the beach in Penang at a "Kent Freak-out."

Above a busy intersection in Kuala Lumpur, passersby see a huge billboard with "Salem" in neon against mountains - and in tiny words at the bottom: Salem High Country Holidays.

Young people, said public-health specialist Zarihah Zain, "don't have the financial means" to take trips to the "Salem High Country" in the United States, Canada or the United Kingdom. "So what do they do? They buy Salem menthol cigarettes. It feels cool and nice, and it's cheaper."

IS THIS KIND OF ADVERTISING working in Malaysia?

Male smokers increased to 48 percent in 1995, up from 41 percent in 1985, according to the Malaysian Ministry of Health. Smoking was never popular among Malaysian women, but the percentage has inched up from 4 percent in the mid-1980s to 5 percent.

Teen smoking, too, is on the rise. From 1985 to 1995, smoking among teen boys rose from 10 to 12 percent, while smoking among girls increased from 1 percent to 2 percent.

Those may seem like small gains, but they stand out when compared with the declining statistics for Malaysia's neighbors.

Singapore, on the southern tip of the Malay peninsula, bans all advertising and promotions of cigarettes. Not only are minors banned from buying cigarettes, but they also are not allowed to smoke in public. Military personnel caught smoking in public in uniform are subject to fines and disciplinary actions.

Thailand bans all electronic and print advertising of cigarettes and billboards. Smoking is banned in public places.

AFTER A MORNING OF SKITS, drawing and role-playing and a long lunch, the members of Club Fresh Breath fight to stay awake at their desks.

The counselor for the afternoon is Mary Assunta, a petite Indian woman. She drones on at an overhead projector about "the ways that cigarette companies attract young people."

A few boys are asleep, their heads plopped down on their desktops. Others fidget with their neighbors. One tweaks the ear of another boy, who swings around and slaps him with his cap.

Rohaizad has brought a pillow and is curled up on the floor.

Sensing that she is losing them, Assunta tries to rouse them with a quick quiz.

"Now tell me," she yells over the din of laughter and whispering, "how many of you own Marlboro caps?"

Four hands shoot up.

"How many have Marlboro bags?"

Five hands.

"Marlboro lighters?"

Six.

"Marlboro T-shirts?"

Three.

"Marlboro stickers?"

Almost all hands.

One boy recalls with enthusiasm how he went to the Marlboro motorcycle race in Penang last year. The Marlboro girls who were handing out stickers were sooooo cute in teeny-tiny skirts in Marlboro's signature red, the boys agree.

The thought of the Marlboro babes brings a hoot from the boys. "How many of you have actually tried Marlboros?"

All hands fly up.

THE U.S. SETTLEMENT proposal with the tobacco industry includes specific provisions to reduce smoking among teens.

The companies have promised to stop using Joe Camel and the Marlboro Man, which are particularly appealing to the young, in ads. The settlement also says that the industry will pay additional fines if teen smoking isn't halved in seven years.

If the pledge sticks, it could be a major victory for the U.S. antismoking lobby, but it would have little impact on what the companies did abroad.

"There's a double standard," said Dzulkifli, the tobacco-control advocate.

Smoking and tobacco for a long time were "nonissues" in Malaysia, said Assunta, who organizes the tobacco-control efforts of the Consumer Association of Penang, which ran the workshop for Rohaizad and his classmates, "but we're forcing the authorities to take note of it."

The foes of smoking have a powerful ally: Islamic religious leaders.

Although only one state has tried to implement the far-reaching antismoking decree, it has brought debate over smoking into the realm of the Islamic establishment.

Muslim leaders who support tobacco control insist that they have found justification for their actions in the Koran.

"Through religion, we can win this problem," said Mohamad Hussain Habil, a psychiatrist and addiction expert at the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. "If we can use religion to first convince parents to abstain from smoking, then we might be able to fend off some of the cigarette advertising."

FOUR O'CLOCK ARRIVES, and the boys race outside, creating a pileup as they try to squeeze back onto the orange bus that brought them.

The chaperone tells them there is just enough time to visit Penang's famed botanical gardens before heading home. The boys know that the gardens have lots of room to run around. And lots of bushes to duck behind for a drag.

Rohaizad still has a couple of cigarettes stashed in his pocket.

An adult asks him about his day.

He says the workshop was helpful.

Will he quit?

"Sure," he says. "Just give me three days."

\* Tomorrow: The quest for a safer cigarette.

**Notes**

CIGARETTE WARS: SMOKE, LIES AND COMPROMISE

Fifth of six parts.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Two young Chinese men light cigarettes. Per-capita cigarette consumption in China has risen by 160 percent since the early 1970s, according to the World Health Organization. (Charlotte Observer, FUMIYO ASAHI)

Rohaizad bin Mustaffa

Poker players in Beijing use cigarettes both to gamble with and to smoke. (Associated Press, CHIEN-MIN CHUNG)

A vendor carries a box of Marlboros to a wholesale market in Beijing. China is home to one-third of the world's smokers. (Agence France-Presse)

Pro-smoking demonstrators shout slogans and carry signs to protest a workplace-smoking ban in Seoul, South Korea. (Associated Press, YUN JAI-HYOUNG)

Duy Lam takes a puff from a cigarette being shared by a group of youngsters too poor to buy packs of their own in Long Hai, Vietnam. Smoking is on the rise in much of the developing world. (Charlotte Observer, MICHAEL FORTIER)

Three 8-year-olds light up in Kiev, Ukraine. Behind them is an antismoking poster.

(Associated Press, EFREM LUKATSKY)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***PAYING HOMAGE TO PITTSBURGH'S PAST REGIONAL HISTORY CENTER TO RECOGNIZE BLUE COLLARS AS WELL AS BLUE BLOODS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P8R0-0094-54P7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** THE GAZETTE,

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**Byline:** MIKE YEOMANS

**Body**

More than 100 winters ago, enormous blocks of ice were hewed from frozen Lake Chautauqua in southwestern New York and placed in Allegheny Valley Railroad cars destined for Pittsburgh. Upon arrival in the city's Strip District, the cars were brought directly into the belly of the Chautauqua Lake Ice Co. building -- beveled at its northwest corner on Pike (now Smallman) and Thirteenth streets to allow easy passage to the unloading docks. When filled to capacity, the warehouse was a six-story icebox that many pre-Frigidaire Pittsburghers relied on throughout the year to keep their meat and produce from spoiling.

It was around the same time, in 1877, that a group of middle-class businessmen formed a social club for the leisurely study of the region's history and their families' places in it. The Old Resident Association of Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania Historical Society was as cloistered as it was esoteric, at first admitting only men who had lived in the Pittsburgh region for 50 years or more.

The ice warehouse, gigantic for its time, was designed to meet a fundamental need of the burgeoning metropolis. Pittsburgh no longer served merely as a channel to the west, but as a destination for the thousands who would begin life anew amongst the region's sprawling hills and along its riverbanks.

Within a few decades, technology made ice warehousing obsolete. The building's sturdy construction, however, ensured its utility through the tenancies of a meat packing company, a wholesale food distributor, a seed wholesaler and a lumber company.

But just as economic cycles bring change to the business landscape, so too do the harshly determinate forces of history make irrelevant institutions whose purposes do not evolve with the times.

In its own 100-plus years of existence, what became the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania in the early 1880s has not lived up to its potential as a cultural and educational resource -- a failure most obvious in an area possessing one of the most impressive histories in the nation.

But the society hopes all that will change in April 1996 when it opens The Senator John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center, filling the renovated ice warehouse with objects and archives that illuminate the lives of Western Pennsylvanians past. The people of this region -- from the Mellons and Heinzes to the Saccos and Kachowskis -- will no longer be just the society's audience, but its subject as well.

Change has brought the Chautauqua Lake Ice Co. warehouse and the Historical Society together; a building with a hard-working history will be home to a center exploring the history of a hard-working people.

The Old Resident Association's mission was to ''perpetuate facts relating to our local history, by securing the legendary and traditional before they pass into the region of mythology.'' To its members, that meant focusing on colonial and revolutionary times. The monumental evolution that accompanied the region's growth into an industrial mecca was left unexamined.

For its first 36 years, the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania met in various Pittsburgh buildings. In 1914, members opened an elegant, two-story stone building next to the exclusive Twentieth Century Club on Bigelow Boulevard in Oakland.

In the 1930s, with the onset of the Depression, the society began to look outward, perhaps encouraged by the progressive Buhl Foundation and the University of Pittsburgh. In 1931, the society lured Solon Buck, the visionary superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society, with a dual role: He became both the Historical Society's director and project director of the Western Pennsylvania Historical Survey, a $ 95,000, five-year project documenting the region's history.

Jointly sponsored by the Historical Society, the Buhl Foundation and the University of Pittsburgh History Department, the survey resulted in a dozen seminal books published by the fledgling University of Pittsburgh Press, including Solon and Elizabeth Buck's ''The Planting of Civilization in Western Pennsylvania'' and Leland Baldwin's ''Pittsburgh: The Story of a City.''

In 1935, Buck was hired as an archivist for the Library of Congress. During World War II, he became the chief archivist of the United States government, the pinnacle of his profession.

With his departure, the society sank back into obscurity. America's post- war optimism and prosperity focused on preparing for a glorious new future, not on examining a unique yet flawed past. In Buck's absence, the staff dropped in number from 13 to 4 and society membership fell from 651 to 536. In 1958, a nationwide survey of historical society funding showed the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania at rock bottom, with an endowment of $ 33,446, yielding an annual income of less than $ 2,000.

Buck also had written, ''In the long run the society will have to be the backbone of continued historical work in this region.'' But for half a century after his departure, the society had no spine, only a small group of dedicated employees and volunteers who served as crutches to keep it from falling down.

The scope of the society's collections and research also never broadened the way Buck had hoped. Buck understood how ''new'' immigrants had been reshaping Pittsburgh's landscape since the late 19th century. ''The society that will ultimately emerge here will have its roots in southern and eastern Europe,'' he advised.

During his tenure, the society's quarterly magazine dealt for the first time with these European peasants turned Pittsburgh proletarians. Not until the late 1970s, though, would anything else appear in the magazine on Pittsburgh's influx of Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Jews and black Americans.

The recent rebirth of the society is a classic example of the historian's art: documenting how history, often hauntingly, repeats itself along traceable patterns. Just as economic hard times spawned historical reflection in the 1930s, so it did again in Pittsburgh in the late 1970s and early 1980s, when steel collapsed and many corporations fled the city.

As the region's once mighty mills sat rusting and the stories of many first- and second-generation immigrants went unrecorded to the grave, a watchdog group of historic preservationists was established to call attention to the problem.

Founded in 1983, the Committee on Pittsburgh Archaeology and History made its goals clear in a 1985 newsletter: ''In Pittsburgh as in other industrial cities which experienced enormous economic population growth in the nineteenth century, the task of salvaging the past is urgent, since the fragile industrial tapestry in these cities -- the abandoned steelmaking complexes and aging ***working class*** neighborhoods -- is fraying rapidly and threatened with imminent destruction.''

CPAH hatched the idea to build a regional history center at a conference in 1985. With almost no money of its own, however, the loose affiliation of academics, government planners and other historically minded individuals hoped someone else would adopt their brainchild and raise it. The shifting research priorities of major universities like Pitt and Carnegie Mellon prevented them from a long-term commitment to a history center, says Ted Muller, University of Pittsburgh history professor and CPAH member.

The Carnegie also had different priorities, focusing on art and natural history, not Pittsburgh history. Meanwhile, the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation, whose mission is to protect the region's architectural heritage, was bursting at the seams with items donated by people who didn't know what else to do with them.

That left the Historical Society. But by fall 1985, it was nearly comatose. Membership had sunk to a demoralizing low of 200 by the time the society's director left for a job at Colonial Williamsburg. The daily work of preserving the region's long and complex history fell on a skeleton crew of archivist, librarian, magazine editor and building custodian. ''The place was pretty much in a sleepwalking state,'' recalls board of trustees member Van Beck Hall, Muller's colleague in the Pitt history department.

What the society needed was another leader like Solon Buck. Within a few months, it had one.

That same fall of 1985, William C. King, retired vice-president of Gulf Oil, took over as president of the board of trustees following David Ketchum of Ketchum Inc., who had persuaded King to join the board in 1978. At that time King viewed the organization as ''interesting, but not very dynamic,'' echoing Hall's impression. Now the society, anchored in mediocrity, was his to captain.

King recalled there was much skepticism on the board after the CPAH conference as to whether the society could launch a multi-million dollar project on its own. King was confident, however, that hiring a professional director would lead the society out of its doldrums. Ads placed in professional museum magazines yielded nine quality candidates. A 10th candidate surfaced when a trustee on a trip to Philadelphia heard of a bright, energetic man who ran the state labor museum in New Jersey and contacted him about the Historical Society post.

The trustees selected John Herbst on the third ballot.

Within a few months, with $ 12,000 in seed money from the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission and the Pittsburgh Foundation and the expertise of CPAH members at his disposal, Herbst had a working outline for a regional history center.

Before the society could begin running toward such a grandiose goal, it first had to get off its crutches. With resources extremely limited at the outset, Herbst began expanding the society's activities as best he could to increase its popular appeal. He initiated bus tours to historic regional neighborhoods, promoted more lectures in the society's auditorium and renamed the quarterly magazine ''Pittsburgh History,'' streamlined from the ''Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine,'' altering in the process the magazine's dry academic format in favor of a more visually appealing one.

As membership slowly increased, Herbst hired a New Jersey colleague, Bart Roselli, to direct the society's collection of artifacts and photographs. Under Roselli's guidance, the society actively solicited items from Pittsburgh's ethnic population. With those items, Roselli, who now works for New York's Adirondacks Museum, helped design the exhibit ''Homestead: The Story of a Steel Town,'' which earned national recognition and saw an opening day line snake out the front door.

''The past is generally removed from people's experience,'' says Herbst, ''but once people start to dig around in backyard history, it's a very compelling pursuit.''

In a few years, the society had made fantastic progress. The once-sleepy building was now bustling with new activity and high expectations, fueled by project grants from diverse sources. But King knew that to get the history center idea airborne, local businesses and all levels of government would have to contribute.

Though the society had $ 500,000 in planning funds from a variety of sources, it was Allegheny County that really got the ball rolling with a $ 3 million grant to buy the Chautauqua building. Once it was purchased, the interest of local corporations flowered. Today the capital fund-raising committee for the history center, chaired by Mellon Bank Chief Executive Officer Frank Cahouet, reads like a who's who of Western Pennsylvania business leaders and includes Charles Corry, CEO of USX Corp.; J. Wray Connolly, Senior Vice-President of H.J. Heinz Co.; Paul O'Neill, CEO of Alcoa; and Vincent Sarni, former CEO of PPG Industries.

The society already has surpassed its initial goal of $ 22 million to renovate the building, and is now working on the $ 33 million mark to endow its operation, quite a leap from the 1958 total of $ 33,000.

Although the history center's opening is a year and a half away, Herbst is guaranteeing its success. Unlike The Andy Warhol Museum, which focuses on one person's work, the history center will focus on the ''thousands of people whose donations (of artifacts and family papers) represent their own experiences.

''The history center's magic will be its reflection of the stories of the people who live here. People will see something of themselves in the content of the center: their neighborhood, church, the ethnic group they identify with, work that they do, or union that they belong to. We are going to help explain these aspects of their lives and put them into the big picture.''

In the eight years since Herbst's arrival, membership has soared to 4,000 and the staff now numbers 67 full- and part-time professionals.

In reviving itself, the society's most daunting task was to overcome the popular image of history as rote memorization of meaningless dates and facts. Herbst assumes a Jeffersonian attitude about the usefulness of the history center. He wants it to help shape a ''more informed citizenry'' that is better equipped to participate in discussions about the political, economic, cultural and environmental issues facing the region.

''Issues just don't pop up out of the air,'' Herbst said, snapping his fingers. ''When people think about history, they often have a nostalgic view of the past as the 'good old days.' A closer look shows that our ancestors faced just as many challenges and maybe more than we do. We need to find out what they did right in any crisis point in our regional experience.'' Herbst hopes the society's exhibits can serve such a useful function.

Stories in Pittsburgh History magazine reveal the social consequences of and political maneuverings behind historic events, underscoring the society's dedication to investigate Pittsburgh's past, not eulogize it.

Hall hopes the history center will encourage historians to write broad survey books about Pittsburgh. ''There is no good economic history of the region, no study of banking, no overall synthetic work about Pittsburgh over a period of time,'' Hall says. ''Stephan Lorant has a nice book, but it is not (good) history.''

To assist other local historical societies and archives, the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania has created a full-time position to help these smaller organizations design exhibits, process new collections and obtain grants to increase their activities. The help which the Local History Resource Center renders does not conflict with the society's own mission. Says Hall, ''The Historical Society has always seen itself as more than a Pittsburgh organization; there (are) enough records and historical items around for every (one to play a part).''

Herbst pointed out that the society in 1988 obtained state funding for the Steel Industry Heritage Task Force to conduct a site selection survey in the Monongahela Valley for a future mill preservation project. The group, now the Steel Industry Heritage Corp., chose Homestead, but progress in developing the site has been slow. Herbst said the Historical Society could have a formal or informal relationship with the project when something develops.

Meanwhile, the Historical Society's collections have more than doubled within the past year alone. New items include the papers of the Kaufmann family of retailers, the papers of former Pennsylvania governor Richard Thornburgh, Mellon Bank's corporate archives, a mill foreman's diary from the McKeesport National Tube works and the waistcoat of an 18th-century Indian agent at Fort Pitt.

The Heinz company last year donated 35,000 artifacts worth about $ 2 million. The Smithsonian lobbied to bring the collection, believed to be the largest single corporate collection in the country, to Washington D.C. But the company didn't want to see its old pickle sorter, sauerkraut crock and ketchup bottles leave the area that made the name Heinz familiar around the world.

To quite literally bring history to life, Alcoa has offered to train actors who will roam the History Center in the costume and character of historical figures such as Henry Clay Frick, who may explain why the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers had to be broken in the Homestead Lockout and Strike. A Polish-born peasant, mulling over the decision to send money back home to bring his wife and children to America, might also be portrayed.

Since the History Center is all about people, Herbst wants a full-time oral historian to tape, transcribe and catalog interviews with residents who have a historically valuable or interesting story to tell. He'd also like to hire a contemporary history curator, since what happens today becomes history tomorrow.

The society actively gathered material during the 1992 PAT strike, the recent newspaper strike and last year's mayoral election. ''These materials are ephemeral things that in 20 to 25 years can no longer be found,'' says Herbst.

So while the society has come a long way in Herbst's tenure, much fine tuning remains to be done. Even once the center is opened, further construction will follow to increase exhibit space on adjacent property.

Most of the society's collections are warehoused throughout the city, awaiting completion of their new home. Motorists using the Veteran's Bridge will see decades of smoke and soot stripped away by high-pressure hoses spewing a gritty chemical on the building's grime-coated bricks. Inside, workers are punching holes for doorways through the ice chamber walls. On a wall on the sixth floor, a chalk sketch of the city skyline marks where the wall will be replaced with a panoramic window. Light will flow down a six- story atrium when sections of the wooden flooring are cut away.

The Chautauqua Lake Ice Co. building, witness to so many changes, is being retooled for yet another use.

With Western Pennsylvania again facing uncertain change at the end of the millenium, the timing seems just right to draw strength from deep historical roots.

**Notes**

Mike Yeomans is a Pittsburgh-based freelance writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania: In 1996 The Senator John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center will open inside the old Chautauqua Lake Ice Co. warehouse in the Strip, shown here in 1906. (Cover photo)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 1994

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[***BLACK EXODUS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-HSM0-0094-54MB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***MANY BLACK CHURCHES ALARMED AT DECLINE IN MEN'S ATTENDANCE, SEE TROUBLE AHEAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-HSM0-0094-54MB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

When J.T. Thomas was growing up in Macon, Ga., church was as constant in his life as the stately magnolia trees he passed on the way to Unionville Baptist Church.

Thomas would eventually relocate North. He would play for the Pittsburgh Steelers during their glory years in the 1970s, and become owner of Applebee's restaurant franchises in Western and Central Pennsylvania. He also would worship at Ebenezer Baptist Church in the Hill District.

When his son, James Terrell, was born in 1979, Thomas began a tradition attending church together.

It's a pretty picture, a black father and son growing up together in a sustaining faith - but it's a fading one.

The sort of Christian nurturing that J.T. Thomas practices with his son has become less and less visible in recent years.

Today, the average black church is 75 percent female, says retired Duke University religion professor C. Eric Lincoln, on the basis of a survey he began in 1986 of 2,150 churches, including congregations from Baptist, Methodist, Church of God in Christ and other denominations.

Lincoln's figures partly reflect the longer life expectancy of women and the smaller number of black males overall in the national population.

But experts say there are many other reasons that the percentage of men in black churches has been steadily declining, and they predict major problems unless the trend is reversed.

Kansas City sociologist Clifford E. McLain, author of ''Until the Men Sit Down,'' said that by the next decade, ''manpower in the black church will have dwindled even more. There may be, by the year 2000, 30 to 40 women to every man in the church.''

These figures don't typify every black church. But they do issue a distress signal that some churches are trying to answer.

Not always missing

Men weren't always absent from the black church. In fact, its foundation was laid in pre-Civil War America by the labor and vision of black men.

During slavery, it was usually the men who had more mobility when work was done to steal away to the weekend ''camp meetings.'' Here, in the nearby swamps and backwoods, away from the master's watchful eye, they would preach and plot freedom. The women were usually bound to home, preparing the meals for the evening or taking care of the children.

The roots of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the largest black denominations in the United States, lay in the experience of a former slave, Richard Allen, who broke away from the Methodist Church in Philadelphia in 1787 when he and other black worshippers were dragged out on their knees after unwittingly sitting in a gallery reserved for white members.

These spirited beginnings placed the church mostly in the hands of men. But somewhere along the line, the balance began to shift.

It's difficult to track when black males began leaving the church, but some theologians point to the Great Migration - a period from roughly 1920 to 1960, when millions of black people left the South and traveled north. The industrialized urban centers were to be the promised land of opportunity. They held out hope of better jobs, better wages and better access to education and culture.

It was a promise that would fade. Mass urbanization created crowding, family instability and poverty.

And the black church, still preaching the glories of heaven and the afterlife, began to lose relevance.

''For many black men trapped in the ghetto, the church no longer addressed their issues of joblessness and poverty'' said the Rev. Larry L. Macon, pastor of Mount Zion Baptist Church in Oakwood Village, Ohio.

In earning his doctorate in theology, Macon studied why black men were not in the church and how it could be corrected. What he found was that in the grind of the cities, black men wanted ''food on the table - not pie in the sky.''

The Muslim message

Another dynamic also distanced black men from the traditional church.

The fiery appeal of racial independence - fueled in the early 1900s by Marcus Garvey and later in the '60s by Malcolm X - ignited the passions of many. The Nation of Islam, a struggling body of 25,000 members in the early 1950s, swelled to more 100,000 under Malcolm X's charismatic influence, according to Lincoln, who wrote a seminal study on black Muslims 30 years ago.

Malcolm's message was not based on the biblical concept of submission to the Lord, but promoted self-help and empowerment in the present.

The Rev. William Glaze of Homewood's Bethany Baptist Church understands the attraction.

When you ask black men to be servants of Christ - usually represented in a white Eurocentric image - ''subconsciously they rebel against that because that's been our plight,'' he said. ''The message might not be one that is appealing.''

The Muslim appeal stems primarily from its stress on male pride. Lincoln pointed to prison ministries, where the Muslims go in to talk with the ''brothers,'' while Christians too often go in to talk with the ''convicts.''

It was this sort of hands-on assertiveness that attracted boxer Muhammad Ali and basketball great Kareem Abdul-Jabar to the Muslim faith. It also attracted former National Association for the Advancement of Colored People president and former United Church of Christ minister Benjamin Chavis. Chavis joined the Nation of Islam and became Benjamin Muhammad in February. He now works as a special assistant to Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan.

Benjamin Muhammad, in town in June to help open a new mosque in Wilkinsburg, said the Nation of Islam attracted the young and the old because it offered them a chance to be involved in changing their lives, while churches were still waiting for ''the white knight on a white horse.'

''The black church is relevant, but it needs to examine how it meets the needs of people. It has to move beyond quoting and preaching to saving lives. (Islam) involves the people in solving their problems, so that they're not too reliant on government programs, but self-reliant,'' he said.

A family affair

Macon, the Ohio minister, said the absence of black men in the church was just as threatening to the black community as crime, drugs and joblessness.

''I believe, to some degree, in the biblical principle that the male is the head of the home. He leads the wife and family,'' Macon said. ''Cut the head off and the body is devastated. In the case of the black community, you've devastated the community.''

While she doesn't necessarily agree about the male having to be head of the household, the Rev. Vanessa Stephens Lee, a senior Methodist minister on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, agreed that the lack of males in the church created a destructive imbalance.

''The family lacks wholeness when a mother and father are not united spiritually and socially,'' she said.

Although black women have survived as single heads of homes by faith and hard work, she said the black community fared better when the men weighed in with spiritual leadership.

Single mothers can give male youths some of what they need, she said, but they can't teach them to be men.

Older men must be responsible for this kind of guidance, she said, and it works best when men and women are partners.

Otherwise, Lee said, ''Young men come at manhood by trial and error,'' which explains much of the male-on-male violence that affects some black neighborhoods.

Only Huxtables allowed

When young black men do come into the church, they are not always met with warmth and understanding.

Bernard Lawrence knows about that.

Lawrence, 21, of Braddock, grew up amid the voodoo and Rastafarian cultures of Jamaica.

He is now a committed Christian, but that journey was preceded by a rebellious youth that included drug dealing and violence, and was made all the harder by the reception he got when he decided to join a traditional Baptist church.

In the sing-song cadence that lingers from his homeland, Lawrence said that when he entered the church, ''I know I'm being looked at,'' pointing to the corn-rowed braids beneath his Nike Kangol cap. And he often feels judged. ''It's like, if you don't have a (Mercedes) Benz, you're nobody. But we're not supposed to condemn and judge. We're supposed to love.''

The church's middle-class haughtiness may play a part in the absence of other men like Lawrence, some think.

Many church members refuse to admit that the community has such problems as high dropout rates, crime and high mortality. With ministries largely aimed at populations that mirror the Huxtables instead of Sanford and Son, many black churches have been blind to the need to develop programs to reach out to young black males who have a history of social problems.

And even when they do, it can be problematic. Lawrence remembers one service where he was particularly demonstrative in his praise, and a member of the congregation twice asked him if he was on drugs.

''The black church likes to feel that it has clean slips,'' agreed Lincoln, whose 1996 book, ''Coming Through the Fire: Surviving Race and Class in America,'' studied racial oppression. ''It doesn't want to be associated with anybody whose sheets are not clean.''

Though teen males in braids and baggy pants are being loosely accepted, it remains a street image that clashes with the more conservative attire in middle-class black churches. Still, Bethany's Glaze warns, dress shouldn't be a hindrance to welcoming males into the church.

''Sometimes we are taken back by the way a person looks,'' Glaze said. ''But we need to let young people know faith is about relationships - not about how you dress. God meets you where you are.''

Love and money

While most churches are led by men, it is the legions of women who give them muscle.

Through their fund raising and chairing of committees, women ''covertly control the operations of the church,'' Lincoln said. ''Every pastor is aware of the (church) matriarch that can get this program through.''

Lee, who pastors three small churches in Maryland, said female worshippers' spiritual and sexual attraction to the pastor could make it easier for him to build relationships with them.

The pastor can be a larger-than-life ''cultlike figure'' for women in church, many of whom affectionately refer to him as ''my pastor,'' Lincoln said.

But there is a drawback to that. These male pastor-female parishioner relationships can force black laymen outside the power circle, Lee said.

''Men need to be lifted up and affirmed,'' she said. ''This is a necessary component to life.''

Another possible barrier between the minister and male church members is that men in the church may be more critical about spending - particularly the pastor's personal spending - said Jawanza Kunjufu, a Chicago seminary professor.

He said there were 75,000 black churches in the United States that generated up to $ 2 billion a year in tithes and offerings and had $ 50 billion in assets. With that much money invested in the church, many black men are highly suspicious of the pastor's spending on himself, particularly if he is well-dressed, has expensive jewelry or owns luxury cars and a lavish home.

It's an issue that emerged in early July when the Rev. Henry J. Lyons, head of the National Baptist Convention USA Inc., was embroiled in allegations of an extramarital affair and misuse of association funds. In the fallout, it became known that he had paid almost $ 1 million for two Florida homes, had five cars, including two Mercedes-Benzes and a Rolls-Royce, and owned a 23-foot pleasure boat.

Turning things around

Despite all these barriers, there are some pioneering efforts to reverse the long, depressing decline in black males' church attendance.

As pastor of Mount Zion Baptist Church in his ***working-class*** hamlet 20 miles east of Cleveland, Macon used his own church to study why black men were absent and how to draw them back into the fold.

Based on his doctoral work at Ohio's Ashland Theological Seminary, he wrote the recent book ''Discipling the African American Male: How to Get Black Men into the Church and Keep Them There.''

Macon's book recites a litany of woes: Many of today's black males are not active participants in rearing their children. Over half of all black homes are headed by a single female parent. Because of intravenous drug use, black males account for one-third of AIDS cases among young men.

Macon said one way to draw men back was to make sermons germane to the issues and challenges they face today.

''Any oppressed people wants to know who they are,'' he said. ''We can't keep having our messages come from a first-century perspective. They must be relevant now. Tell me why there are drugs and crime in our communities. And, tell me what God has to say about this.''

It's what he credits for the growth of his own church.

In the 15 years he's been pastor at Mount Zion, the membership has vaulted from 35 people to more than 1,200 active participants. Macon says the congregation is now about 50 percent male. To promote the men's involvement, he used a mix of men's-only fellowships that promoted spirituality, history lessons steeped in African and black American culture and an open dialogue on racism, family issues and identity.

And for Macon, no detail was too small.

Since many black men shy from intimacy, he encourages them to grasp hands, pull close and give each other a pat on the back.

Other black churches have developed similar ministries and outreach programs.

Glaze said he'd developed a budding men's fellowship at Bethany Baptist Church.

He says the fellowships are important because men, in general, are more private about expressing their emotions and talking about their problems, and that these sessions can be a ''bonding process.''

Once a month, a speaker comes in to address issues of significance to men. The topics have ranged from business to reconciliation. Glaze also has instituted smaller groups of four to five men that meet once a week.

''The men find it is a relief to share with each other. It's a way for men to get things off their chest.''

Church equals success?

Kunjufu, the Chicago professor, said that if black churches did what they should for black men, it could have a dramatic impact on society.

Black men - particularly younger ones - are involved in much of the crime that affects black neighborhoods, he said.

In his book, ''Adam! Where Are You?: Why Most Black Men Don't Go to Church,'' Kunjufu suggested that perhaps by bringing that group into the church, many of these problems could be reduced.

And where the economic, judicial and educational systems have often failed black men, the church could literally be their savior, he said, grooming them for leadership, positive values, family commitment and camaraderie with other men.

The church also needs to use some of its $ 2 billion in annual revenue to put unemployed men back to work. After all, Kunjufu said, Jesus commanded his followers to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. ''We need to meet the membership and all of its needs,'' he said.

If the church can do that, it may end up with more people like Monroeville accountant Terry Collier and his sons.

Collier's father died when he was 2, but his determined mother took her son to church in Cleveland, where he grew up. It was a tradition he has continued.

Collier, now 50, is a deacon at Homewood's Bethany Baptist Church. He credits his faith with providing him with a plan for life - he earned a master's degree in business administration from the University of Pittsburgh and giving him the grounding he passed on to his sons, Terry III, 21, and Baxter, 18.

They both ''have been hearing solid guidance all of their lives,'' Collier said. ''They accepted the Lord as Savior at 5 or 6 years old and have been focused in what they want to do.''

His elder son has a biomedical engineering degree, and is studying for a master's degree at Cleveland's Case Western Reserve University. Baxter will major in accounting at Georgetown University this fall.

That kind of legacy is important, too, for ex-Steelers defensive back Thomas and his son, J.T.

J.T., 18, will be a freshman at Hampton University in Virginia, studying business and finance.

He recalls the times when his dad ''had to drag'' him to church. But now, he uses his spirituality to bring a sense of discipline to his studies and to sports.

As he prepares to leave home, J.T. said, his Christian values will help him stay away from trouble on campus and focus on his future.

''My dad,'' he said, ''taught me about needing God to succeed.''

About the author

Ervin Dyer, 36, covers spirituality, altruism and race relations issues for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. Dyer worked at the newspaper from 1986 into 1990 and returned in 1994. He was awarded a Knight Fellowship in 1996 to study ''Religion in America'' at the University of Maryland. Dyer won the Pittsburgh Black Media Federation's Robert L. Vann award in 1990 for public affairs writing for a profile that was part of a Post-Gazette black history series. He has a master's degree in journalism from the University of Illinois and a bachelor's degree in journalism from Norfolk State University. He also worked for the former Dallas Times Herald and The Washington Post.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Former Steelers standout J.T.; Thomas, right, has gone to church since his childhood in Macon, Ga., and has; nurtured his son, James Terrell, in the same tradition. The Thomases, shown; here at Ebenezer Baptist Church in the Hill District, are among a; fast-shrinking group of black men still attending church.; PHOTO: Annie O'Neill/Post-Gazette: Rapper George Mills talks to young men at; First Presbyterian Church at a June conference on ministering to men. The; conference focused on such issues as improving male-female realtionships,; mentoring young men, women raising sons alone and how to handle finances.; PHOTO: C. Eric Lincoln; PHOTO: (No Caption); INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Daniel Marsula/Post-Gazette: (Population trends work; against black men in the church)

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[***PIEROGIES AND PUNK THE FRANKOWSKIS KEEP THE MENU VARIED AT THE FAMED BLOOMFIELD BRIDGE TAVERN.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-PRS0-0094-52XD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; WEEKEND MAGAZINE

**Length:** 2595 words

**Byline:** BOB BATZ JR.

**Body**

If you want to know what bands are playing some night at the Bloomfield Bridge Tavern, be sure to call during the day.

That way, the person who answers the phone could be The Old Man, Stan Frankowski.

And he doesn't have a clue.

''Let me get my glasses,'' Stan says, pausing to peruse the list.

''He's got 'W-I-G' -- Wig? Is that it? And is there such a thing as a 'Potholder'? P-O-T-H-O-L-D-E-R. Yeah, that's it. And 'Saltchunk' … with, I guess, Mary? M-A-R-Y. Is that a band?

''I don't know,'' he tells the caller with a sigh. ''What the hell: I'm 58 years old.''

Then his voice brightens: ''You know, we have a polka band on Dyngus Day … ''

A split personality

The Bloomfield Bridge Tavern was a cozy, ethnic neighborhood bar that has become, most improbably, one of the city's prime venues for edgy music -- from indie metal to hardcore industrial to avant-garde jazz. Not just local, but also bands from around the country and beyond. And all this without losing its cozy, ethnic neighborhood charm.

Where else do photographs of Pope John Paul II hang with fliers graphically advertising bands with names like Skeletense, New Bomb Turks and Monkey on a Stick?

Where else, as on a recent weekend, could you have slurped down a big bowl of homemade ''Czarina'' -- Polish duck blood soup -- while listening to cow- punkers A.T.S. slice through cuts from ''Blood Drive''?

And where else would they raffle Easter baskets during an Addicts and Bad Genes show?

That's the split personality at this little Liberty Avenue landmark that has enough personality to go around. The schizophrenia probably is most evident on Thursdays, since Thursday nights pretty much belong to Manny ''The Mainstream Sucks'' Theiner. He regularly squeezes his beyond-alternative and experimental bands into the backroom addition, crowned with pretty stained- glass flowers and ducks, that is the tavern's stage.

Of course, Thursday days still belong, as they have from the beginning, to Stanley Frankowski, a self-described ''just a meat-cutter'' and ''ex-bologna packer'' who keeps the place Polish.

The Polish godfather

On a recent Thursday, it's Stan with the jangly keys on his big belt unlocking the front door right at 11 a.m. In his gray ''Bloomfield Bridge Tavern'' sweatshirt and jeans, he's been here since about 8 a.m., so he could, among other chores, put a whole pork roast in the oven. Already the calls are coming in about lunch.

Stan: ''The special is boneless -- hold on, I've got it written down. … Boneless pork with cheese, mashed potatoes, cream-style corn, peas and bread and butter. For $ 3.25.''

While he's on the phone, there's a lot to look at. The sign that warns, ''This is a family neighborhood bar. We do not permit ANY PROFANITY ...'' The awards, including ''Best Pierogies,'' two years running. The large-as-life photo of the Stan posing with both a photo of the Pope and an actual little girl dressed in a traditional Polish costume.

''I'm the Polish godfather -- in an Italian neighborhood,'' quips Stan, who's got a bartender's gift for being able to talk -- and talk and talk and talk -- to anyone like a friend. Only Stan is so darn genuine.

He never thought he'd be in the bar business, he explains, as the whole story spills out in Pittsburghese like he's known ya all his life. He was born not far away, on 47th Street in Lawrenceville, one of nine kids raised by their mom after their dad died at age 37. ''We ate soups an' 'at, but we ate,'' recounts Stan, waving his arms and hands and adding his trademark, ''You know what I mean.''

He got a job in meat, working 29 years and three months for Armour & Co. before the Thornburg plant just shut down in 1983. The meat-cutter became an activist, but he and his buddies weren't sharp enough at politics to succeed in their efforts to buy the plant.

Those were lean times in Pittsburgh, and Stan had two kids in college and one other who was having trouble finding work. When they saw this bar, Gilbert's, was for sale, ''They said, 'Dad, you buy it, and we'll stay here and help ya.' ''

And they have, since they opened in 1985. Sons Karl and Scott, 29 and 31, live in the apartment over the bar, and come down to help out throughout the week. Oldest son Steve, 33, who's settled with his own family in the neighborhood close behind the place, works most nights as the manager. And daughter Nancy, 24, who lives at home with her parents (in O'Hara), works in the tavern, too.

And more relatives pitch in, including Stan's sister, Barbara, who makes all the Polish specialties like the duck soup, golbaki (pigs in a blanket), kluski (noodles and cottage cheese), haluski (cabbage and noodles) and, of course, pierogies. You can have it all, and a lot of folks do, on the $ 5.95 Polish Platter: a mountain, including kielbasa, into which is planted a Polish flag.

As the cook comes in and starts to slice potatoes, the lunch crowd drifts in: a couple of couples at the tables, and some working guys at the bar, including a local in a Steel Workers jacket who has stopped after his night shift for a 7 and Seven. A pair of middle-aged women settle by the new picture window -- Stan's pride and joy -- that he put in early this year after buying and razing the building that stood between the tavern and the bridge.

The renovation was controversial, because it smashed the three-story flower pot mural that used to ''Welcome'' folks ''to the Bloomfield.'' But Stan refaced the rough side of his building and offered it as a new canvas to the neighborhood citizens council, and has even offered $ 100 to the person who submits the best design. He says a new mural is to go up before the Pittsburgh Marathon on May 1.

In the meantime, there's a splashy mural hawking the $ 1.50, half-pound Polish-American kielbasa sandwich special (''french fries & sauerkraut included'') and a red, white and blue one, featuring the mugs of the President and Mrs. Clinton, local Congressman William J. Coyne and Uncle Sam, with the message: ''Don't lose what you work for. SUPPORT THE ***WORKING CLASS***. Vote for National Health Care.''

That's Stan for you -- politically outspoken. ''When I'm here, it's a political bar, too,'' he says, without apology. Indeed, with every lunch he serves on this day, he passes out a 1994 Guide to Elected Officials pamphlet. He also gives out ''Polish Party House'' bumper stickers, paramedic medallions and deer whistles -- you know, to attach to the front of your car.

E.T. with your beer

That's another unusual Bloomfield Bridge Tavern custom: Giving patrons a little something extra. At random times during the day and night, the servers go around and give people, like, prizes. During lunch on this day, the men get pencils with basketball hoops on them that attach to, well, something, with a suction cup. The women get toy bracelets.

Many of the beer bottles in the two import cases -- the tavern carries more than 100 different varieties -- have prizes rubber-banded to their necks. Little doodads like squirt guns, fruit magnets and E.T. figurines.

''We do that for the women. They collect 'em,'' Stan explains.

You spend enough time here, and not only will Stan ask you to sign the guest register, but you'll start to understand all the laudatory comments -- in languages ranging from Arabic to Ukrainian -- that visitors have jotted in it over the years, including: ''They don't have bars like this no more,'' ''Stan has stolen my heart,'' and ''Where's my bra?''

Ah: So things do get wilder here than this quiet post-lunch period, which Stan shatters by walking over to the CD jukebox and turning right to selection 54: ''Sledzie (The Peddler Polka)'' by one of his favorite groups, Energy. It's very, um, loud.

''I'm going to take a breath of fresh air,'' Dana the waitress says, rolling her eyes. ''I'm getting Bridgicitis.''

But even as she leaves, Stan confirms that more and more people have been coming to the joint. It's not one thing, he says (though the window renovation helped), but three separate draws: The Polish food, the big selection of imported beers, and -- more so than ever -- the bands, which they didn't even have at the tavern at first.

Stan says he and Steve were against having live music, but by '90, Scott had convinced them to try it.

Now they feature bands Thursday through Saturday, and sometimes on other nights, and everyone agrees it works. Even Stan, though when the punk rockers come in for some ''wild band'' he's never heard of, he says, ''Me and the mice leave.''

Still, ''We take people for what's in their hearts, not what their hair or their clothes are. They bring in their own people, like the Polish food does. It's not for me, you know what I mean? But when you get the polkas going, well, I can relate to that ...''

Here comes the night

Fast-forward to 8 o'clock that night, when a younger, artsier, Gen X kinda crowd is filtering in -- many of them for this night's Manny Theiner offering: ''adventurous jazz from Los Angeles'' by the Michael Vlatkovich Septet, after some jazzy adventures by Pittsburgh's own 40 Stories.

Interestingly, the night crowd overlaps the big (in more ways than one) dinner crowd, which includes, at the window table, three gray-haired ladies, two of whom are conquering Polish Platters. But, as it happens, they wind up staying for the music.

Maybe Theiner's right when he intimates that the whole premise of this story -- the contrasting day and night sides of the tavern -- is stupid. Though, as he holds court between the bar and the door, he does point out another way of categorizing Thursday: ''From 8 to 9, the Rugby Guys come in.'' And there they are.

It's safe to say, there's a good mix of clientele.

Running around with plates of hot, pungent food cradled in his arms is Steve Frankowski, who's running the place now that Stan's gone home, and who's just a younger, just-as-warm version of his old man. Not to say that he's a pushover for the cute chick who insists she's old enough for a beer, even though she forgot to bring any ID.

''I'm bitter about it,'' she says as she returns to the bar for change.

''Well, if I had a nickel for every person who was bitter, I'd be a millionaire,'' Steve says firmly but pleasantly. His quieter brother, Karl, is taking the cover at the door (and later, brother Scott even ducks behind the bar to do some dishes).

The characters wander in. Hunkered over the pork-'n'-cheese special at the bar is possibly the city's only cab driver-archeologist-guitarist, Duane Jones, who's currently working his longtime gigs -- Yellow Cab and the Feral Family -- as well as playing with his new band, Love Leash.

They play the BBT, as the place is known. In fact, the Feral Family -- one of the first bands to play there ever -- still gets the honor of playing every Friday the 13th.

''It's fun to play here,'' Jones says between bites. ''The sound isn't great, but I'd rather play here than a place with better sound.''

One reason, that other musicians also cite, is: ''They're very nice to you here. They treat you like people.''

In fact, he confides, there was a time two summers ago when he was out of a job, behind on the rent, and about to get kicked out into the street. But out on the street, he happened to run into Stan, who he says didn't really know him but recognized him as having played at his tavern. ''He gave me 50 bucks, just like that,'' Jones says. ''I'd come in and he'd feed me.''

Jones is paying for his dinner now, but he's such a regular that he'll sometimes work it off by waiting tables and washing dishes on nights much busier than this.

The opening act has started, and the bells that ring when the beer cooler's opened sound like part of their act.

Patron (pointing to the creature clinging to his bottle of beer): ''What's this?''

Steve (smiling): ''That's an E.T.''

Like any tavern, this one has its regulars, including poet-songwriter- mechanic Fred Seifried. Curling his oil- (or is it ink-?) stained hands around a draft Penn Dark, he modestly reveals that in the early '70s, he had a hand in a No. 1 hit: ''One Toke Over the Line,'' by Brewer & Shipley.

Jones: ''I know them!''

It's obvious Seifried likes the place, which he affectionately calls ''the worst room for sound in the whole city,'' but he's worried about its future. ''I worked my way down Liberty Avenue and this was the last bar. Now it's getting out of hand, as far as I'm concerned,'' he says with a scowl, referring generally to recent developments like the band crowds and the -- oh no -- awnings. ''They're gonna be hanging ferns in here pretty soon.''

Actually, they're hoping to add a sidewalk cafe, according to Steve. In between filling drink orders, he agrees with his dad's assessment that busy nights are more regular than ever. Yeah, the bands helped, he says. ''A little shot of adrenaline.''

He judges bands not by how they sound, but by how thirsty they make people. For instance: Squonk Opera? ''Good drinkers.'' A.T.S. (the band who did a ''Bloomfield Bridge'' song on its ''Sepco'' CD): ''Straub band -- no preservatives.'' Steve's favorite band for ''pulling drinkers in'': Ploughman's Lunch. And as if on cue, who happens to walk in, but the band's singer, the all-dressed-in-black Karl Mullen.

So, throughout the evening, do other music scenesters, including Karl Hendricks, who bellies up to the bar and says: ''Can I get some pierogies?''

Steve: ''How many, Karl?''

''Four. Potato and cheese.''

Ploughman's Lunch banjo player Laura Folco, who also has her own band, Clean Teens, drops in for a quick Rolling Rock and doesn't have enough time to say all the great things she feels about this ''great bar. You can't beat this staff with a stick,'' she says, her voice lost in the jazzy jangling of the Septet.

Steve, who says he loves working at the bar, says that probably as important as having good bands, good beer and good food is just ''treating people like we want to be treated.'' Still, he's not sure how the unlikely mix of Old World food and new wave music works. ''It just works.''

A blessed tavern

Who really can say what makes a bar a happening place?

Earlier in the day, Stan Frankowski said he thought the reason more people were looking into the tavern this year might be the new picture window. But he also pointed to something else: The postcard, stuck to the entryway bulletin board, that he received before Christmas from the Rev. John Jendoza, former pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church on nearby Polish Hill.

''I want to express my gratitude for your ad in the I.H.M. Bulletin,'' he wrote, ''since it helped to educate the children attending I.H.M. school. … Thank you ever so much for your kindness, and I assure you my prayers and remembrance in Mass.''

Father John also wrote out a few words in Polish, the meaning of which, Stan admits, he doesn't have a clue.

But it works.

TAVERN MENU

Here are some upcoming shows at the Bloomfield Bridge Tavern:

Tonight: at 9:30, it's Anti-Flag with Ton A Bricks and the Skablins ($ 3).

Tomorrow night: Monkey on a Stick and the Pine Dogs.

April 14: Prisonshake, Pop Gun and Love Leash.

April 15: Molines and Rowdy Bovines.

April 16: The Spuds.

April 21: Bulkhead, Potholder and Shack-Up.

April 22: A.T.S.

April 23: Ploughman's Lunch.

April 28: Roger Manning and the Pundits.

April 29: Submachine and Ton A Bricks.

April 30: ''Elvis lives''

Energy, the polka band that played Dyngus Day, the wet 'n' wild Polish celebration held at the tavern this past Monday, also will play outside the place for city Council President Jim Ferlo's annual Bloomfield blowout street party during the Pittsburgh Marathon on May 1.

For more information, call the BBT at 682-8611.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: All are welcome in the melting pot known as the BBT.

**Load-Date:** September 16, 1994

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[***OUTDONE BY OHIO, ON ALL COUNTS / EVEN IN A FADING RUST BELT CITY, OHIO'S LIBRARIES OFFER A LOT MORE THAN PENNSYLVANIA'S.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B410-01K4-94FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 3083 words

**Byline:** Gilbert M. Gaul, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** STEUBENVILLE, Ohio

**Body**

At least once a week, Cindy Hosey packs the kids into her Chevy station wagon and heads off to the public library.

"Reading is still very important to my family," the mother of three says. "All of my kids love to read."

But Hosey doesn't drive to the local library in Burgettstown, the western Pennsylvania community where she lives. It's too small, she says. Instead, she aims her rattling wagon west toward Steubenville, 35 miles away.

Here, in this poor Rust Belt community along the Ohio River, Hosey and her children say they've found paradise: a bright, modern library, with deep stacks of books, reading rooms and study areas, powerful computers, and a large, helpful staff.

"Sometimes we can be in here three or four times a week," Hosey says. "They have a great collection, and if you can't find something, they always seem to be able to get it from somewhere else."

This ***working-class*** city might not seem a likely mecca for book lovers. Dominated by crumbling smokestacks and shuttered storefronts, Steubenville has seen better days. Nearly one-fifth of its population of 22,000 is on welfare, and incomes are well below state and national averages.

But money isn't a problem for libraries here. Ohio's long history of strong library support reaches down to even the poorest and smallest towns.

Ohio has one of the top library systems in America, an Inquirer analysis found. And a comparison between Pennsylvania and Ohio shows how weak Pennsylvania's system is.

The Steubenville library, for example, spends nearly twice as much on operations as most libraries in Pennsylvania and five times more than the Burgettstown Library, which Cindy Hosey routinely bypasses.

Ohio's 250 libraries have far more books, computers and staff than those in other states. And that has a powerful impact: Ohio libraries are the most heavily used in the nation. They also rank first in circulation of books, magazines and videos.

In 1995, Ohioans read 80 million more library books than Pennsylvanians - about eight more per person. Not coincidentally, Ohio students outscored Pennsylvanians on the verbal portion of the SAT exams.

Ohio manages to do all this even though its residents earn less than those in Pennsylvania and nearly half the states. In 1995, Ohio ranked 21st in per-capita personal income, at $22,547, while Pennsylvania ranked 18th, at $23,580.

"You get what you pay for," said Susan Priest, a state library consultant in Washington County, Pa., where Burgettstown is located. "The last figure I saw, Ohio spent about $34 per capita on its libraries, compared with Washington County, where it's in the $8 range. Frankly, if I were close to the border, I might go there myself."

Many Pennsylvanians do. Ohio libraries welcome them by charging only a nominal nonresident fee. Although no one keeps exact figures, librarians say the number may be in the thousands. A quick search by the Steubenville library staff turned up 213 Pennsylvania card-holders.

At the Burgettstown Library, director Arletta Zelenko was defensive when first asked about local people driving to Ohio. "I would defy anyone traveling there, if they came in here, I would help them find what they need," she said.

But Zelenko acknowledged that a budget of $49,000 - or $4.60 for each of the town's 10,600 residents - doesn't provide much to work with. The library is open just 39 hours a week, compared with Steubenville's average of 63. Zelenko basically serves as a one-person staff. There is no book budget.

"We have about one-fourth of what we would like to spend," she said.

As she spoke last winter, Zelenko was dressed in Cuddle Duds, a brand of long underwear, because the thermostat was set at 60. A patron at the desk, dressed in a wool coat and scarf, complained about the cold. Zelenko explained that she had a choice: raise the thermostat or close the library.

Its modest reserve was down to $12,000 and dwindling fast. "I just pulled out $5,000 to cover [two months'] heating bills," she said. She had just received word that several thousand dollars in state aid wouldn't arrive for another month or two. In this cash-strapped library, state aid accounts for nearly one-quarter of the budget.

"It is not a good situation for Pennsylvania libraries," Zelenko said. "I would have to say Ohio spends a lot more money on its libraries. That pretty much explains things in a nutshell."

TWO KEY FACTORS ACCOUNT FOR the difference.

In Pennsylvania, funding is not mandated by the legislature. Public libraries are dependent on the municipalities they serve. Some do fine. Most don't.

Ohio sets aside a percentage of the state's personal income tax exclusively for public libraries. Some municipalities supplement that with property taxes. Library directors say the state money - $318 million in 1995 - provides a predictable and growing source of revenue.

Then there's the matter of local control.

Pennsylvania has literally hundreds of independently controlled libraries, with separate budgets, administrations and boards of trustees. Libraries do share, but there are glaring disparities from county to county. And attempts to consolidate services have proven difficult.

For example, four years ago the York County Library tried to merge two small, poorly funded libraries in Lewisberry and York Haven into a larger regional facility in the northern part of the county.

Both communities balked. Lewisberry Borough, with about 400 residents, sued the county library. County officials settled the lawsuit in 1995 by paying Lewisberry nearly $10,000 and returning some furniture.

York County went ahead and opened its new regional facility. Lewisberry operates its own library, in an old schoolhouse, separate from the county system.

"We just felt like we deserved our own," said Sandra Griffith, president of the Lewisberry Borough Council.

That view often prevails.

In Chester County, a proposal to consolidate library services last year also collapsed, due to opposition from libraries fearful of being subsumed.

A Library Task Force Report in March 1996 recommended expanding the county library's services, building three new regional libraries to serve fast-growing areas of the county, and adding a new tax to pay for library services.

Fifteen libraries belong to the Chester County Library system in Exton, but they are independently funded and controlled. Community support ranges from about $7 per capita to more than $42.

"Library service is a disgrace in Chester County for the kind of people who live here and the kind of money floating around," said Joseph Lordi, director of the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library in Kennett Square. The county ranks second in the state in personal income, behind Montgomery County.

Yet Lordi opposed the task-force proposal. "We do need regional libraries," he said, "but where you put them is another story. I was afraid a regional library would kill us."

"The issue of consolidation was a real hot button," said Chester County library director Barbara Webb. "There was just nothing but resistance."

There are libraries in the system "that are concerned if they do a program, people from another township will sign up," she said. "Their feeling is, the funding is local so it should [only] benefit locals. There is a great deal of distrust."

The task-force recommendations were presented to the county commissioners on March 12, 1996. "We made a brief presentation. We handed them a fact sheet," Webb said. "And that was that."

Nothing happened.

"Anyone familiar with Pennsylvania realizes it has more incorporated places than any other state in the union," said Laurie Tynan, executive director of the Montgomery County-Norristown Public Library. "There is a lot of local pride. A real unwillingness to consolidate."

The Montgomery County Library operates four branches. Twenty-five other libraries are affiliated but operate independently. Two of those 25 - in Lower Merion and Cheltenham - operate branch libraries of their own.

How does the system work?

"It's complicated," said Tynan. "We do a lot of negotiating."

In Ohio, libraries are organized around school districts or at the county level, with centralized services, streamlined budgeting and scaled-down boards.

The effort to regionalize Ohio library services goes back more than 50 years. In 1947, the legislature required any new libraries to be either a branch of a county library or a division of an existing library district. Subsequently, the number of library districts dropped from 280 to 250.

A district can cover an entire county and include several branch libraries. Steubenville, for example, serves as the district for eight libraries in Jefferson County.

The Steubenville system has one budget, one six-person board, and one director. Seven libraries operate as branches of the main library, which is in a 95-year-old stone building a few blocks from the Ohio River.

"The feeling was that a better effort could be done on a countywide basis than operating a lot of small, independent libraries," said Steubenville's director, Alan Hall. "And with a single budget, we're not always negotiating, fund-raising or going to meetings. We have a stable source of income that we can shift around as we need. It's just a lot more efficient."

AT 11 O'CLOCK ON A GRAY, wind-blown Friday morning, the parking lot of the Schiappa branch of the Steubenville Public Library is starting to fill up.

Inside the airy glass and brick building, a mother and daughter are using a computer database to research a college paper, a line has formed at the checkout counter, and tables in a room set aside for researching family histories are all occupied.

Branch manager Linda Stuller is tucked away in her hallway office going over budget figures. The numbers are up, she says, as they have been every year since the branch opened in 1987.

"When we opened, the shelves were bare at first," Stuller says. "Users came and took everything we had."

State officials projected about 20,000 in circulation that first year. "We did 50,000," says Stuller, a pleasant, soft-spoken woman. "Kids were sitting in the aisles."

The district library board voted to expand the branch in 1992, from 8,000 to 18,000 square feet, and to double the staff, to 28 librarians. The numbers continued to grow.

Circulation in 1995 was 298,000, or nearly half the total for all eight libraries.

"Each year, it's more. Every month, it's more," Stuller says.

She offers several explanations for the phenomenal growth. First is the library itself, which is laid out in an appealing series of grids with open stacks of books, an expansive children's area, and a separate area for teenagers.

Schiappa also has the system's largest collection of books, magazines, videos and CDs - 64,000 items. Unlike many libraries, it is open seven days a week, a total of 73 hours.

"Sundays are an especially heavy day," Stuller says. "People are catching up and there are, of course, school reports."

Another reason for its popularity is the library's location on a four-lane highway along a growing commercial strip. "That was all Alan, and it was a stroke of pure genius," says Stuller.

The area was undeveloped at the time, but Alan Hall, the system director, realized it had great commercial potential. Soon, a Kmart and Lowe's Home Improvement Warehouse bracketed the library, and the Fort Steuben Mall, up the hill, opened.

"I remember someone came in and said, 'Isn't it awful that there is all of this development going on around our library?' " Hall recalled. "And after they left, I was like, 'Yes, yes, yes, build more!' "

Every time a new store opened, traffic in the library increased, Hall said. The staff noticed that the busy times corresponded with mall hours and adjusted library hours accordingly. They also started to see more people from Pennsylvania and West Virginia, who came to shop and use the library. People such as Cindy Hosey.

"That's how I found it," Hosey said. "We drove down there about four years ago to go grocery shopping, and I saw the library. It looked like an awfully nice building. So we stopped in and were amazed by how new and wonderful it was."

But it wasn't just the convenience, she said. It was the depth of the collection, and the help.

"One day I was looking for a couple of children's books for a class I teach [at a homeless shelter]. I couldn't find the books, so I asked the librarian. She spent 45 minutes helping me. How often do you see that?"

Hosey's 16-year-old son, Chet, is big on computers. On a recent trip, he found five books that had just been published. "He was really, really impressed," Hosey said.

Her 18-year-old daughter, Connie, uses the library for school research. She recently enrolled at a junior college near the library.

"One of the things we looked for when she began to look at colleges was whether there was a good library nearby. Coincidentally, this college was near Schiappa," Hosey said.

Terri Swartz, another Burgettstown resident who uses the Schiappa branch, frequently drops off her children at a gym in West Virginia and drives across the Ohio River to use the library. "I'd rate it a 10," she said. "It's the best library I've found."

Swartz, who teaches her three children at home, said the resources were better than in Pennsylvania, and the librarians appeared more receptive to working with her.

"They treat us like teachers," she said. "They allow us to take out materials longer. We can take out unlimited books. And if your child is under a certain age, there's no late fee."

The annual fee for a nonresident family is $5. "Can you believe that?"

PRIOR TO 1986, OHIO FUNDED its libraries through a tax on personal property, such as stocks and bonds. The tax produced a significant amount but, because it was collected at the county level, it resulted in wide disparities between rich and poor counties.

Legislators voted to repeal the personal property tax but knew they had to find another way to fund the libraries, said Lynda Murray, a lobbyist for the Ohio Library Council. "That was when they came up with the idea of dedicating a percentage of the personal income tax."

Initially, the Ohio Legislature earmarked 6.3 percent of the income tax for libraries, but later lowered it to 5.7 percent.

"The libraries supported the change [from a personal property tax] because the personal income tax is almost always a growth tax, and we had a real stable source of money earmarked for public libraries," said Murray.

Indeed, state support of libraries between 1987 and 1995 increased by 59 percent, to $319 million.

To put that in perspective, the increase alone of $118 million is nearly three-quarters of Pennsylvania's total 1995 library spending of $169 million.

And the Ohio state government's $319 million contribution in 1995 stood in contrast to the Pennsylvania state government's $29 million contribution.

That year, the Ohio Legislature allocated an additional $20 million to establish a statewide electronic library network, linking all 250 libraries. It is now in use.

"We have some pretty small libraries. By putting a computer terminal in them, we'll be able to expand their collections dramatically," said Roger Verne, an official with the State Library of Ohio.

Including property taxes earmarked for libraries that are collected by Cleveland and several other large cities, Ohio library expenditures in 1995 topped $464 million - nearly three times what was spent in Pennsylvania.

When it switched to the income tax, the Ohio Legislature adopted a new formula to minimize disparities by increasing funding to poor communities. The so-called equalization share did not eliminate disparities, but it did reduce them.

"It has closed the gap significantly between rich and poor libraries," said Verne.

For Steubenville, with its depressed economy and large welfare population, the new state funding formula has meant dramatically more money.

Before the new law, the library system had income of $656,000, or about $8.50 per capita. In 1987, the first year after the law took effect, income swelled to $1,000,000. By 1990, it passed $1,500,000, and in 1995 it topped $2,300,000, or nearly $30 per capita.

That's more than a three-fold increase since the 1987 change.

"Especially in the first three years, the equalization share accounted for a large chunk of the increase," said Hall, the Steubenville director. "What has happened in Ohio is that we have all risen, and there's a feeling that we are all in the same game."

During that time, the population of Jefferson County fell by about 11,000. But circulation of library materials books grew by nearly 300,000.

"I think that shows we're doing something right," Hall said.

SOME PENNSYLVANIA communities are trying to catch up.

Three years ago, Allegheny County got the legislature to approve a special law allowing it to add 1 percent to the 6 percent sales tax for local cultural groups and sports teams. Libraries have been among the biggest beneficiaries.

In 1995, the Allegheny Regional Asset District shared $5.0 million with 40 public libraries. An additional $1.5 million was earmarked for a countywide library computer network.

The money has been a godsend, especially for poor libraries, said Jo Ellen Kenney, director of the McKeesport Public Library. "Our budget used to be about $250,000. Now it's $360,000. It's just a mind-boggling experience to have your budget increase by half."

Allegheny County now is considered one of the stronger library systems in Pennsylvania. Last year, its libraries spent about $20 for each of the 1.3 million residents, which compares favorably with national averages.

Even so, Allegheny County pales compared to a similar-sized system in Ohio - the Cuyahoga County Library District, which includes Cleveland and several suburbs.

In 1995, the nine main libraries in Cuyahoga County had a budget of $104 million, compared with $27 million for Allegheny County. Cuyahoga County libraries employed 1,530 people, 657 more than Allegheny libraries.

Libraries in Cuyahoga County were open an average of 68 hours a week, 20 more than in Allegheny County.

Cuyahoga County libraries spent nearly nine times as much on materials, and owned nearly three million more books. Circulation was three times higher.

"We laugh at people in Cleveland. We make fun of them over there," said Laura Shelley, director of the Northland Public Library, 10 miles north of Pittsburgh. "But look at Cuyahoga County." It spends four times as much on its public libraries as Allegheny County.

"We're so close to the Ohio border," Shelley said. "I would kind of like to push us over."

**Notes**

LIBRARIES IN DISTRESS

Second in a series.

Tomorrow: Do we really need libraries in the Online Era?

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Cindy Hosey (standing) helps her daughter Connie at a library in Steubenville, Ohio. The Hoseys, from Pennsylvania, use the library often. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

Alan Hall, library director in Steubenville, stands in front of the Schiappa branch. One of eight libraries in the city system, it opened in 1987 and was expanded in 1992. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

Branch manager Linda Stuller, in the children's section, has seen phenomenal growth in the use of the Schiappa library since it opened.

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**Section:** MONEY; Pg. 4B

**Length:** 3028 words

**Body**

Furs & Station Wagons 3.2% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 50,086 Age group: 35-54 New money in metro suburbs White, college-educated families Characteristics: Belong to country clubs; have second mortgages; Drive: BMW 5 series; Read: Gourmet, Forbes; Eat: cold cereals; TV: The Tonight Show. Sample ZIPs: Plano, Texas 75075; Reston, Va. 22091; Glastonbury, Conn. 06033; Needham, Mass. 02192; Pomona, Calif. 91765; Dunwoody, Atlanta 30338

Urban Gold Coast 0.5% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 36,838 Age group: 18-24, 65-plus Upscale urban high-rise college-educated, white singles Characteristics: Travel by train, buy Treasury notes; Drive: Jaguars, Mercedes-Benzes; Read: Atlantic Monthly; Eat: fresh chicken; TV: Nightline, Entertainment Tonight. Sample ZIPs: Upper East Manhattan 10021; Upper West Manhattan 10024; West End Washington, D.C. 20037; Fort Dearborn, Chicago 60611.

Pools and Patios 3.4% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 35,895 Age group: 45-64 Upper-middle-class white couples with grown children Characteristics: Travel by cruise ship, use health clubs; Drive: Alfa Romeos; Read: The Wall Street Journal; Eat: natural cold cereal, skim milk; TV: Newhart. Sample ZIPs: Fairfield, Conn. 06430; Morton Grove, Chicago 60053; Catonsville, Md. 21228; Mission, Kansas City 66205 66205; La Crescenta, Calif. 91214

Two More Rungs 0.7% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 31,263 Age group: 55-plus Multi-ethnic suburbs; families, singles; multi-unit housing Characteristics: Travel by chartered plane, cruise ship; Drive: Audi GTs, ; Read: Money, The New York Times; Eat: liquid nutritional supplements, frozen entrees; TV: David Letterman, Nightline. Sample ZIPs: Skokie, Ill. 60076; Flushing, N.Y. 11365; Fort Lee, N.J. 07024; Rancho Park, Calif. 90064; Bexley, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Young Influentials 2.9% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 30,398 Age group: 18-34 Yuppies, white singles, childless couples; inner-ring suburbs Characteristics: Buy: investment property, Irish whiskey; Drive: , Acuras; Read: Barron's; Eat: yogurt, low-fat milk; TV: Sunday morning interview programs, Cheers. Sample ZIPs: Glendale, Colo. 80224; North Side, Atlanta 30339; Greenbelt, Md. 20770; Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277; Westheimer, Houston 77603

Young Suburbia 5.3% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 38,582 Age group: 25-44 White college-educated; upper middle class; Child-rearing families Characteristics: Buy: Swimming pools, mutual funds; Drive: Mitsubishi Galants, Toyota vans; Read: World Tennis; Eat: frozen waffles; TV: Cheers, Night Court. Sample ZIPs: Eagan, Minn. 55124; Dale City, Va. 22193; Pleasanton, Calif. 94566; Smithtown, N.Y. 11787; Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197

God's Country 2.7% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 36,728 Age group: 25-44 Upscale frontier boomtowns White college-educated families Characteristics: Buy: Investment property, microwave ovens; Drive: Saabs, Subarus; Read: Inc., Food & Wine; Eat: canned meat spreads; TV: Kate & Allie. Sample ZIPs: Woodstock, N.Y. 12498; Plainsboro, N.J. 08536; Corrales, Albuquerque, N.M. 87048; Lake Arrowhead, Calif., 92352; Aspen, Colo. 81611

Blue-Chip Blues 6.0% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 32,218 Age group: 25-44 White families, high-school educated Wealthiest blue-collar suburbs Characteristics: Use CB radios, belong to unions; Drive: Chevy Sprints, Buick Rivieras; Read: Golf, 4 Wheel & Off Road; Eat: natural cold cereal, frozen pizzas; TV: Entertainment Tonight. Sample ZIPs: Coon Rapids, Minn. 55433; S. Whittier, Calif. 90605; Mesquite, Texas 75149; Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779; St. Charles, St. Louis, Mo. 63301; Taylor, Detroit, Mich. 38180

Bohemian Mix 1.1% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 21,916 Age group: 18-34 White-collar college graduates; singles, racially mixed Characteristics: Buy: wine by the case, common stock; Drive: Alfa Romeos, Peugeots; Read: GQ, Harper's; Eat: Whole-wheat bread, frozen waffles; TV: , Nightline. Sample ZIPs: Greenwich Village, N.Y. 10014; Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036; Cambridge, Mass. 02139; Lincoln Park, Chicago 60614; Shadyside, Pittsburgh 15232; Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco 94117

Levittown, USA 3.1% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 28,742 Age group: 55-plus High-school-educated white couples post-war tract subdivisions Characteristics: Watch ice hockey, go bowling; Read: Stereo Review, Barron's; Eat: instant iced tea, English muffins; TV: Newhart, Sale of the Century. Sample ZIPs: Norwood, Mass. 02062; Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44221; Donelson, Nashville, Tenn. 37214; Stratford, Conn. 06497; Cheswick, Pa. 15024;

Gray Power 2.9% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 25,259 Age group: 55-plus Upper-middle-class white couples, retirement communities Characteristics: Use movie projectors, sail; Drive: Cadillac DeVilles; Read: Golf Digest; Eat: canned corned-beef hash; TV: Good Morning America Sample ZIPs: Sun City, Ariz. 85373; Laguna Hills, Calif. 92653; Hallandale, Fla. 33009; South Yarmouth, Mass. 02664; Danville, Va. 24541; Sarasota, Fla. 33577

Black Enterprise 0.8% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 33,149 Age group: 35-54 Black achievers, intelligentsia High educational levels Characteristics: Use cigars, malt liquor; Drive: Yugos; Read: Ebony, Ms.; Eat: frozen dessert pies; TV: American Bandstand, Nightline. Sample ZIPs: Capitol Heights, Md. 20743; Auburn Park, Chicago 60620; Seven Oaks, Detroit 48235; Mount Airy, Philadelphia 19119; South De Kalb, Atlanta 30034; Cranwood, Cleveland 44128

New Beginnings 4.3% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 24,847 Age group: 18-34 Middle-class, urban apartment dwellers; some college education Characteristics: Use slide projectors, jazz records; Drive: Mitsubishi Mirages, Hyundais; Read: Scientific American, Rolling Stone; Eat: bottled water, whole-wheat bread; TV: David Letterman, Who's the Boss? Sample ZIPs: Bloomington, Minn. 55420; Northeast Phoenix 85016; Reseda, Los Angeles 91335; Englewood, Denver 80110; Parkmoor, San Francisco 95126; Park Place, Houston 77061

Blue-Collar Nursery 2.2% of U.S. population Median household income: $ 30,007 Age group: 25-44 Blue-collar white families High-school educated Characteristics: Use campers, belong to unions; Drive: Ford EXPs, Chevy Chevettes; Read: Mother Earth News; Eat: canned stews; TV: Newhart. Sample ZIPs: West Jordan, Utah 84084; Maryville, S.C. 29440; Princeton, Texas 75044; Richmond, Mich. 48062; Haysville, Kan. 67060; Magnolia, Houston 77355

New Homesteaders 4.2% of U.S. population Median household income: $ 25,909 Age group: 18-34 Middle-class boomtowns, white families; some college education Characteristics: Use microwave ovens, cruise ship travel; Drive: Chevy Sprints, VW station wagons; Read: Harper's Bazaar, Car Craft; Eat: Mexican foods, canned meat spreads; TV: Super Password, 60 Minutes. Sample ZIPs: Loveland, Colorado 80537; Alamogordo, N.M. 88310; Redding, Calif. 96001; Yuma, Ariz. 85364; Pocatello, Idaho 83201; Billings, Mont. 59101

New Melting Pot 0.9% of U.S. population Median household income: $ 22,142 Age group: 55-plus New-immigrant urban areas White collar, college educated Characteristics: Buy mutual funds, Latin records & tapes; Drive: Chevy Impalas; Read: The New York Times, Metropolitan Home; Eat: yogurt, English muffins; TV: David Letterman. Sample ZIPs: Los Feliz, Los Angeles 90027; Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372; Rogers Park, Chicago 60660; Geary, San Francisco 94121; Little River, Miami 33138

Towns and Gowns 1.2% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 17,862 Age group: 18-34 College-educated, white singles Middle-class college towns Characteristics: Use civic, country clubs; Drive: Mercury Sables, Subaru DL4s; Read: Natural History, GQ; Eat: Mexican foods, canned stews; TV: Good Morning America. Sample ZIPs: State College, Pa. 16801; Bloomington, Ind. 47401; Ithaca, N.Y. 14850; Gainesville, Fla. 32608; Corvallis, Ore. 97330; College Station, Texas 77840

Rank and File 1.4% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 26,283 Age group: 55-plus Blue-collar, high-school educated; Racially mixed couples Characteristics: Use electric toothbrushes, buy U.S. Savings Bonds; Drive: Pontiac Sunbirds; Read: Audio, Essence; Eat: rye bread, cheese spreads; TV: ABC's Wide World of Sports. Sample ZIPs: Wyandotte, Detroit 48192; Fairview, Milwaukee 53219; Clearing, Chicago 60638; Sparrow's Point, Baltimore 21222; Carnegie, Pittsburgh 15106; Meriden, Conn. 06450

Middle America 3.2% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 24,431 Age group: 45-64 High-school educated, white families; middle-class suburbs Characteristics: Use domestic air charters, Christmas clubs; Drive: Plymouth Sundances, Chevy Chevettes; Read: Saturday Evening Post; Eat: Pizza mixes, TV dinners; TV: Family Ties. Sample ZIPs: Marshall, Mich. 49068; Sandusky, Ohio 44870; Hagerstown, Md. 21740; Oshkosh, Wis. 54901; Stroudsburg, Pa. 18360; Elkhart, Ind. 46514

Old Yankee Rows 1.6% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 24,808 Age group: 55-plus Families and singles High-school educated Characteristics: Watch ice hockey, collect stamps; Drive: Yugos, Mercury Marquises; Read: The New York Times, Self, Star; Eat: yogurt; TV: Sunday morning interview shows. Sample ZIPs: Revere, Mass. 02151; Ozone Park, N.Y. 11417; Bayonne, N.J. 07002; Cranston, R.I. 02910; West Haven, Conn. 06516; Melrose Park, Ill. 60160

Coalburg and Corntown 2.0% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 23,994 Age group: 35-44, 65-plus High-school-educated white families; blue collar Characteristics: Use canoes, rowboats, canning jars; Drive: Mercury Sables; Read: Motor Boating & Sailing, Hunting; Drink: canned orange juice; TV: Highway to Heaven, Super Password. Sample ZIPs: Columbia City, Ind. 46725; Oil City, Pa. 16301; Canton, Ill. 61520; Seymour, Ky. 47274; Ticonderoga, N.Y. 12883; Red Wing, Minn. 55066

Shotguns and Pickups 1.9% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 24,291 Age group: 35-54 Lower-middle-class, blue- collar white families Characteristics: Use: gas chain saws, snuff, canning jars; Drive: Chevy Citations; Read: Organic Gardening; Eat: dry soups, powdered soft drinks; TV: Hunter. Sample ZIPs: Molalla, Ore. 97038; Zanesville, Ohio 43701; Ringgold, Pa. 15770; Monroe, Ind. 46772; Jewett, W.Va. 43986; Moravia, N.Y. 13118

Golden Ponds 5.2% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 20,140 Age group: 55-plus Middle-class towns; high- school-educated white couples Characteristics: Use: truck-mounted campers, cable TV; Drive: Dodge Diplomats; Read: World Tennis, True Story; Eat: frozen waffles, canned ham; TV: The $ 25,000 Pyramid. Sample ZIPs: Cape May, N.J. 08204; Ocala, Fla. 32670; Big Spring, Texas 79720; Needles, Calif. 92363; St. Michaels Island, Md. 21663; Hudson, N.Y. 12534

Agri-Business 2.1% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 21,363 Age group: 55-plus High-school educated whites; blue-collar and farm jobs Characteristics: Travel by bus, chew tobacco; Drive: Dodge Diplomats; Read: Mother Earth News, Grit; Eat: pizza mixes, instant tea; TV: the Today show, Falcon Crest, Dallas. Sample ZIPs: Clarion, Iowa 50525; Burlington, Colo. 80807; Humboldt, Kan. 66748; Blackfoot, Idaho 83221; Thief River, N.D. 56701; Orland, Calif. 95963 Emergent Minorities 1.7% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 22,029 Age group: 18-34 Black, lower-class, single-parent families, high-school-educated Characteristics: Smoke menthol-filter cigarettes; Drive: Chevy Novas; Read: Jet, Ebony; Use: canned orange juice, canned spaghetti; TV: Friday Night Videos, Donahue. Sample ZIPs: Anacostia, Washington, D.C. 20020; Strathmoor, Detroit 48227; East Orange, N.J. 07017; South Park, Houston 77033; Newburg, Cleveland 44105.

Single City Blues 3.3% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 17,926 Age group: 18-34 College-educated, racially mixed singles; blue and white collar Characteristics: Travel by railroad, ski, buy new wave rock records and tapes; Drive: Toyota Tercels, VW Sciroccos; Read: Harper's, Architectural Digest; Eat: whole-wheat bread, packaged pasta; TV: Nightline, Miami Vice. Sample ZIPs: Mount Rainier, Md. 20712; Fort Sutter, Calif. 95816; Westport, Kansas City 64111; Southeast Portland, Ore. 97214; North Austin, Texas 78751; West Dodge, Neb. 68131

Mines & Mills 2.8% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 21,537 Age group: 45-64 High-school-educated white families; blue collar Characteristics: Use: wood-burning stoves, outboard power boats; Drive: Chevy Spectrums; Read: Popular Mechanics, Industry Week; Eat: canned meat spreads; TV: Guiding Light, Loving. Sample ZIPs: Monessen, Pa. 15062; Thomasville, N.C. 27360; Millville, N.J. 08332; Sebring, Ohio 44672; Franklin, Mass. 03250

Back-Country Folks 3.4% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 19,843 Age group: 35-44, 65-plus High-school-educated white families; blue collar Characteristics: Use: compact pickup trucks, chewing tobacco; Drive: Dodge Diplomats, Pontiac Bonnevilles; Read: True Story, Southern Living; Eat: TV dinners, canned orange juice; TV: Wheel of Fortune, Dallas. Sample ZIPs: Dothan, Ala. 36301; Spring Hill, Tenn. 37174; Caribou, Maine 04736; Ball Ground, Ga. 30107; Mount Airy, N.C. 27030; Larose, La. 70373

Norma Rae-ville 2.3% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 18,559 Age group: 45-54 Low-middle-class, racially mixed families; milltowns Characteristics: Smoke menthol cigarettes, watch pro wrestling; Drive: Pontiac Bonnevilles; Read: Southern Living, National Enquirer; Eat: canned spaghetti, bottled barbecue sauce; TV: Falcon Crest, Knots Landing. Sample ZIPs: Dalton, Ga. 30720; Danville, Va. 24541; Rock Hill, N.C. 29730; Burlington, N.C. 27215; Alexander, Ala. 35010; Anderson, S.C. 29621

Smalltown Downtown 2.5% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 17,206 Age group: 18-24, 65-plus High-school-educated white families and singles Characteristics: Use gospel records, hair tonic; Drive: Isuzus, Chevettes; Read: Sporting News, Southern Living; Eat: canned meat spreads, instant potatoes; TV: NBC Sports World. Sample ZIPs: Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101; North Central Spokane, Wash. 99205; East San Diego, Calif. 92105; Joplin, Mo. 64801; Dayton, Ohio 45410; Murray Hill, Jacksonville, Fla. 32205

Grain Belt 1.3% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 21,698 Age group: 55-plus High-school-educated white families; blue-collar, farm jobs Characteristics: Hold second mortgages, use electric fry pans; Drive: Chevy Impalas; Read: Lakeland Boating; Eat: frozen pizzas, canned stews; TV: CBS Evening News. Sample ZIPs: Early, Iowa 50535; Lehr, N.D. 58460; Jetmore, Kan. 67854; Granville, Iowa 51022; Chokio, Minn. 56221;

Butte, Neb. 68722

Heavy Industry 2.8% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 18,325 Age group: 55-plus Lower-***working-class***, ethnic families, singles; Some high-school education Characteristics: Use: wall paneling, smoke non-filter cigarettes; Drive: Yugos, Renaults; Read: The Star, Modern Bride; Eat: canned spaghetti; TV: Donahue. Sample ZIPs: Hamtramck, Detroit, Mich. 48212; Ironbound, Newark 07105; New Bedford, Mass. 02740; Pawtucket, R.I. 02860; Kedzi Grange, Chicago 60618.

Share Croppers 4.0% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 16,854 Age group: 55-plus Racially mixed, families, grade- school educated; blue-collar jobs Characteristics: Buy: gospel records, outboard powerboats; Drive: Dodge Diplomats; Read: Southern Living; Eat: deviled ham, snack cakes; TV: Wheel of Fortune. Sample ZIPs: Plains, Ga. 31780; Shiloh, Ga. 27974; Okeechobee, Fla. 33472; Cold Spring, Texas 77331; Booneville, Ariz. 72927; Oak Hill, W.Va. 45656

Downtown Dixie-style 3.4% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 15,204 Age group: 18-24, 65-plus Black singles, one-parent families high-school educated; blue collar Characteristics: Buy: Soul records, malt liquor; Drive: Isuzus; Read: Jet, Soap Opera Digest; Eat: canned hash; TV: Dynasty, wrestling. Sample ZIPs: West Jackson, Miss. 39201; Lynchburg, Va. 24504; Selma, Ala. 36701; Galveston, Texas 77550; Lafayette, La. 70501; Fayetteville, N.C. 28301

Hispanic Mix 1.9% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 16,270 Age group: 18-34 Hispanic singles, families Grade-school educated; blue collar Characteristics: Travel by bus, drink bottled water; Drive: Chevy Sprints, Yugos; Read: Travel/Holiday, New York; Eat: canned chicken; TV: Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous, Donahue. Sample ZIPs: West San Antonio, Texas 78207; Pilsen, Chicago 60608; East Los Angeles 90022; Riverside, Miami 33135; Hoboken, N.J. 07030; Bushwick, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11232

Tobacco Roads 1.2% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 13,227 Age group: 55-plus Grade-school-educated black families; blue-collar, farm jobs Characteristics: Travel by bus, use room heaters; Drive: Pontiac Bonnevilles; Read: Southern Living, Ebony; Eat: rice, pizza mixes; TV: Knots Landing. Sample ZIPs: Belzoni, Miss. 39038; Sparta, Ga. 31087; Hugers, S.C. 29450; Tunica, Miss. 38676; Warrenton, N.C. 27589; Gates, Va. 27937

Hard Scrabble 1.5% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 12,874 Age group: 55-plus White families Grade-school educated Characteristics: Chew tobacco, use campers and trailers; Drive: Dodge Diplomats; Read: Southern Living; Eat: packaged cold cuts, canned chili; TV: Wheel of Fortune. Sample ZIPs: New Milton, W.Va. 26411; Chinle, N.M. 86503; Doniphan, Ariz. 63935; Montezuma, Utah 84534; Booneville, Ky. 41314; Pineville, Tenn. 40977

Public Assistance 3.1% of U.S. households Median household income: $ 10,804 Age group: 18-24, 65-plus Black singles, one-parent families; city ghettos; blue-collar jobs Characteristics: Use burglar alarms, smoke menthol cigarettes; Drive: Chevy Novas; Read: Essence, Jet; Eat: packaged cold cuts; TV: Friday Night Videos, Loving. Sample ZIPs: West Philadelphia, Pa. 19122; Watts, Los Angeles 90002; Fox Creek, Detroit 48215; Hyde Park, Chicago 60653; Downtown Louisville, Ky. 40202; Morrisania, South Bronx, N.Y. 10456

**Notes**

Ribbon Label; NEW TARGET FOR MARKETERS; YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD; 1

**Graphic**

GRAPHICS; b/w (Drawings-forty demographic symbols)

**End of Document**



[***'Are we going to come together';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8920-002B-H55G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***St. Paul Central learns success has price***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8920-002B-H55G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** James Walsh; Staff Writer

**Body**

Outside the window of Mary Mackbee's office at St. Paul Central High School is a banner draped on a gray brick wall that reads, "Many Traditions, One School."

Mackbee, Central's new principal, admits that the school's motto falls short of reality. "Students here do not connect with one another," she said. "They're too isolated, too separate. We have to change that."

But to change means to mess with success.

Central is the gem of St. Paul's desegregation efforts. If not for the gray and white complex on the hill at Lexington Pkwy. and Marshall Av., hundreds of families would have left St. Paul or sent their children to private schools. Its 1,940 students come from a spectrum of backgrounds that embodies a multicultural society.

Forty-four percent of Central's students are children of color. There are rappers and grunge rockers, hip-hoppers and head-bangers, actors, athletes, rich kids, poor kids. There are support groups - for gay and lesbian students, for Christians, for the environment, for women. This year, Central boasts 17 National Merit Scholarship semifinalists.

It is a hybrid of a traditional neighborhood school, anchoring the Summit-University community, and a citywide specialty school. Neighborhood children, whether they're from poor areas such as Frogtown or wealthier ones such as Macalester-Groveland, have first dibs on enrolling at Central. But a growing share of Central students - 45 percent this year - come from outside its attendance area to participate in the performing arts, communications and two accelerated programs: International Baccalaureate and Quest.

All that popularity may be taking a toll.

Last fall, Central limited its outside enrollment for the first time. Crowding has revealed an emerging conflict between Central's neighborhood identity and its desegregation role.

Parents of prospective magnet students are demanding access to the city's top academic programs, even if it means that neighborhood children could be turned away. Neighborhood parents cling to Central as a community birthright and resist efforts to chip away at an institution that has educated St. Paul children since 1866.

And it's clear that bringing a diverse mix of children into Central has not carried over to integrating them within its crowded classrooms and programs.

The competing academic and social pressures have all sides in the debate asking, "Whose school is it?" The answer could provide a lesson for other schools and communities wrestling with diversity issues.

"Are we going to come together or are we going to stand apart?" said Toni Carter, whose son is in the ninth grade at Central. "It's not just an issue at Central, it's a societal issue. . . . The walls of a school are very elastic."

Ninth-grade English

It's Monday morning, and the 16 students in Rita Speltz's ninth-grade English class are bent over textbooks called "The Literature of Language." They are reading excerpts from "The Odyssey" and writing answers on a photocopied work sheet. Four of the students are black, three are Asian, nine are white.

"Be sure to concentrate on reading," Speltz says. "Don't try to answer the questions if you haven't really read it."

A few minutes before class ends, Speltz begins asking questions: "I know this is hard to translate because this is poetry. This is not like reading fiction in the novels."

The students are responsive, answering questions about the Sirens and the cattle on the island of Helios. For homework, Speltz lets them choose from six assignments, including copying encyclopedia entries or writing a character sketch of Odysseus.

After class, Speltz says the class can handle "only small pieces" of reading at a time. "It's just a major stretch to get them to work and stay awake," she said.

Another group of ninth-graders, nearly all of whom are white, begins taking seats for Speltz's Baccalaureate English class. "You should stay and watch this class," she says. "There will be some good discussion." They're reading "Lord of the Flies."

The pull of magnets

In the 1970s and early 1980s, demographers predicted that as the minority population in Central's attendance area grew, the school would fall out of compliance with state desegregation rules. So the district came up with "magnet" programs to draw students from other neighborhoods and still give preference to neighborhood children.

At Central, the district created performing arts and media communications programs. Next came International Baccalaureate and an expansion of Quest, rigorous academic programs to challenge gifted students and prepare them for college. The baccalaureate program focuses on math, science and languages; Quest emphasizes the humanities.

The magnets worked as intended to attract white, middle-class students. The number of children coming from the mostly white, upper-income communities of Highland Park and St. Anthony Park mushroomed.

Something planners might not have expected: Nearly as many minority students come to Central from outside its attendance area as do white students. And many minority children in the neighborhood are choosing other high schools.

Alone at the top

Aisha Mgeni and Cherise West chose Central. Best buddies since grade school, they are now inseparable ninth-graders taking advanced classes in which they are among the few minority students.

Of the 30 children in Aisha's International Baccalaureate biology class, she said, four are minority children. All are girls. It's virtually the same in her algebra and social studies classes.

Said Cherise, "You do feel alone there."

Aisha's father, Yusef Mgeni, is a 1966 Central graduate. Back then, he said, black kids and white kids stayed in different circles, as did rich kids and poor kids. While his family was "dirt poor," he said, that didn't stop him from taking accelerated classes and excelling.

Today, he said, the only minority children in the advanced classes are middle class.

"It's like a tale of two cities," Mgeni said. "Actually, it's a tale of four cities: neighborhood school and magnet school, rich kids' school and poor kids' school."

Officials say 40 percent of the children of color who attend Central have taken one or more International Baccalaureate or Quest class. And 27.7 percent of the children who took Baccalaureate examinations last year were minority students. But the number of minority children in upper-level Quest and Baccalaureate classes often can be tallied on the fingers of one hand.

Black and Asian students say they feel isolated, intimidated and, sometimes, unwelcome in advanced classes. There are no minority teachers in International Baccalaureate or Quest. In fact, only three of Central's 90 teachers are black.

Quest teachers say they are considering adding an African-American history class of their own or a course that looks at literature of the Harlem Renaissance to attract more black students. Central already has an African-American history course, and last year started offering a course in the Swahili language. Officials say they continue to seek minority teachers.

"We have done lots and lots of different kinds of things," said Bruce Robb, cochairman of the Quest program. He volunteers as the faculty adviser to the school's Asian club.

"It still has not resulted in the same percentage of children of color as in the rest of the school," he said. "That's our anguish."

A support group called Marafiki, which means "friends helping friends," encourages older minority students in Quest and International Baccalaureate to hook up with ninth-grade students and provide support.

"The idea was that students might often begin in those classes, but wouldn't continue on," said Katie McWatt, coordinator for the Central Minority Education Program. "It's as much to say, 'I've done it, it can be done and it can be fun.' "

Mackbee said many minority students who would do well in the advanced programs are choosing the Minority Encouragement Program, a districtwide effort to help children of color who may not have taken accelerated elementary and junior high classes gain the confidence to succeed in advanced classes at Central. Instead, Mackbee said, the Minority Encouragement Program has grown into a 250-student program that some minority students will not leave for Quest or International Baccalaureate.

"I don't think they were designed to be the minority gifted program and the white gifted program," Mackbee said. "We need to look at ways to change that."

Extracurricular activity

Central's public persona is changing.

About a dozen years ago, when Quest was smaller and the only academic challenge program, Central's High School Bowl quiz team was thumped in its one contest. Now, the school's math teams, Odyssey of the Mind teams and chess clubs are exacting revenge. The National Honor Society has been reborn. Students publish a literary magazine and have started a film society.

The school's cross-country running, gymnastics, skiing and soccer teams compete for regional and state championships. Basketball continues to enlist neighborhood support and has proved to be a strong program.

But fewer than 20 players ended the season on Floyd Smaller's 2-7 football team. It has been a long time since the varsity had more than 35 players. Still, Smaller said the past couple of years have been more bleak.

"Quest and IB kids aren't going out for football," he said.

There's another image that Central has been unable to shake - that of a tough inner-city school in the tough inner-city neighborhood. A recent hall fight attracted television news cameras and newspaper reporters. Independent-Republican legislators recently toured the school to ask questions about school safety.

Some say Central seems more polarized now. But black kids and white kids and Asian kids have always sat at different tables in the lunchroom and gone to their own Friday night parties. When a black kid and a white kid fight, rumors fly. But longtime staff members say racial tension is not a major concern.

In fact, many think Central students are a model of tolerance. "They're not going to be best friends, maybe, but they're tolerant of the different groups and allow space," McWatt said. "Central, in many ways, is more mature and cosmopolitan in the way groups tolerate and treat one another than in many parts of the city."

Some say Central's divisions seem worse than they are because the gap between the academic haves and have-nots appears to be wider than ever; when so many students are learning about Milton and Jung, the regular curriculum seems barren.

Victoria Davis, vice chairwoman of the school's parent advisory council, said: "Kids say, 'What's the point of going to school? Even if I graduate, I'm not going to get a job.' "

Davis, who also heads the Summit-University Education Consortium, started a tutoring program a few years ago for neighborhood children. About 200 students, many of whom attend Central, attend the program at the Rondo Education Center two nights a week. Davis said she started the program because the school is not doing enough to address the high failure rate and drop-out rate among black students.

If Central really wants to become a united school, she said, parents and teachers need to start caring about all its children. "But there are still so many people who say, 'I care only for my kids,' " she said.

Where paths do cross

There are students who thrive in the many worlds of Central. And there are classes that draw groups together.

Four years ago, Erin Ferguson helped form Central's gay and lesbian support group and, this year, a public awareness group called Gay, Bisexual, Lesbian, Transgender and their Supporters. She is on the debate team and takes some Quest classes. She said she also takes general courses in math, science and foreign languages.

"It's so huge here, it's impossible to stick out here in a bad way," Ferguson said.

Myla Pope, the student council vice president, calls Central a melting pot where students with just about any interest can find something to excite their minds. "This is the world you're going to go out into," she said.

Pope, who is black, said that Central students "have their own groups," but that she doesn't see two different schools. "Kids are coming together; you can see it in the hallways and in the classes," she said.

She takes Quest and Baccalaureate classes and feels comfortable there. "If I hadn't been used to dealing with different races, it would have been a very intimidating program for me," she said.

In Jan Mandell's acting class, white kids and black kids, kids from accelerated classes and kids from mainstream classes pair up to mime, dance, prance and shout. They travel to other schools and into the community. They perform plays about racism and sexual harassment and the need for understanding in front of 10,000 people each year.

In Ed Roth's auto repair garage, students change oil, flush radiators and tune engines for neighborhood residents at low cost. The class attracts more than motorheads. "We get a lot of the college-bound kids, kids who wouldn't learn this stuff otherwise," he said.

A complete renovation?

To relieve some of the crowding at Central, district officials have decided to start International Baccalaureate programs at Harding and Highland Park.

Getting kids to come together is a bit more complicated.

Mackbee said she wants more kids to have the opportunity to take classes such as Mandell's or Roth's. A way to do that may be to add a seventh class period, she said. Currently, many students in the accelerated programs load up their schedule with advanced classes and have little or no room for an elective course. A seventh class would shorten the other classes, but it could provide more variety, she said.

Improving the general curriculum is a necessity, Mackbee said. One idea is not to allow teachers to stick to their favorite programs, but move them around between general and gifted classes. The hope, parents and officials say, is that all students might receive high-quality, enthusiastic instruction.

Hiring more minority teachers and staff members would help, nearly everyone acknowledges. Elementary and junior high school programs need to attract more minority and poor children to prepare them for Central's gifted and talented programs.

One of the problems in fixing what is wrong with Central, Mackbee said, is trying not to hurt all the things that are right. "It's like a house that has all these additions built onto it without any thought of architecture or flow," she said. "What we need is a complete renovation. But how can we do that without cracking the foundation?"

Some question whether Central can, or should, change. After all, one parent said, is it fair to expect students to come together when their parents are so divided?

But others say schools have no choice.

"The school is an environment in which community has a place," said Carter, whose son is in ninth grade. "If we're going to find solutions for the future, the entire community needs to be a part."

St. Paul Central: Diverse school for diverse communities.

Central's attendance area is composed of very different neighborhoods -- some poor and becoming poorer, others that range from ***working class*** to affluent. As Central continues to attract students from outside its attendance area as part of the city's desegregation efforts, it's important to note that Central's neighborhoods themselves lend to the school's racial, social and econmic spectrum.

Central Enrollment By Racial Group

1993 Total enrollment: 1,940.

White: 1,090.

Black: 593.

Asian: 182.

Other: 75.

1988 Total enrollment: 1,472.

White: 804.

Black: 540.

Asian: 79.

Other: 49.

1983 Total enrollment: 1,767.

White: 1,076.

Black: 516.

Asian: 110.

Other: 65.

1978 Total enrollment: 1,068#.

White: 730.

Black: 306.

Asian: 5.

Other: 27.

# ninth grade was added in 1981.

Where Central students live / 1992-93

The expansion of Central's magnet programs have attracted a growing number of students from other high school attendance areas in St. Paul. In 1985, when the magnet programs were in their infancy, just 18 percent of the students lived outside Central's attendance area. This year, the figure is 45 percent.

Central attendance area 985.

Como Park attendance area 267.

Harding attendance area 81.

Highland Park attendance area 252.

Humboldt attendance area 64.

Johnson attendance area 74.

Other/unknown 64.

Standardized test results

Here are percentages of Central 10th-graders scoring above the national median on the SRA Survey of Basic Skills. Scores for Central students have increased as the school's magnet programs have attracted more bright students. During the same period test scores increased more modestly at Como High School, while scores at the city's other four high schools generally declined.

1985 1990 1991

Composite 49 64 74.

Reading 48 61 72.

Mathematics 50 59 70.

Language 49 61 72.

Source: St. Paul Public Schools and the City of St. Paul

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart; Map

**Load-Date:** December 17, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Mpls./St. Paul film festival guide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VGG-5010-Y9KS-50TN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 6338 words

**Byline:** COLIN COVERT, CYNTHIA DICKISON, KRISTIN TILLOTSON, TOM HORGEN, STAFF WRITERS: JIM BRUNZELL III, ERIK LUNDEGAARD, DANIEL GETAHUN, EMILY CONDON, ROB NELSON, KATHIE SMITH, PETER SCHILLING, ERIK MCCLANHAN

**Body**

TODAY

I'M GONNA EXPLODE

Three out of four stars

An alienated rich boy and a cynical, intellectual poor girl meet by chance, escape their private school and hide out on the roof of his father's mansion, where the adults never think to look. This Mexican film is more buddy picture than romance, since the runaways shyly postpone making love. It has the vibe of a French New Wave story of mixed-up kids in crisis. The aimless duo have no greater cause than their commitment to each other. When the cruel world intervenes to disrupt their partnership, the end of their accidental relationship feels like a shattered dream. Director Gerardo Naranjo has a knack for making us think we are seeing the world through the characters' eyes and experiencing their feelings. (9:10 p.m. Fri. plus 10:10 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 99 min.)

COLIN COVERT

GETTING HOME

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

This mildly comic melodrama from Chinese director Zhang Yang ("Shower") follows a poor, middle-age construction worker (Zhao Benshan). Through a mix of circumstance and courage, he resolves to transport his dead friend's corpse from Shenzhen to Chongqing -- thousands of miles -- without a car. It's basically a one-joke movie, unless you count the various tools -- an old tractor tire, for instance -- that our hero uses to move the dead weight. And while "Getting Home" allows for a worthy travelogue of rural China and its changing values, that doesn't prevent Zhang's makeshift vehicle from proceeding rather sluggishly down a long, long road. (9 p.m. Fri. plus 8:30 p.m. April 25, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 101 min.)

ROB NELSON

SURVEILLANCE

Two out of four stars

David Lynch's influence lies heavy on this moody, unhinged mystery directed by his daughter, Jennifer Chambers Lynch. FBI agents Bill Paxton and Julia Ormond visit a Hicksville police station to take over the investigation of a brutal murder spree. As they probe into the case, our assumptions about whom to trust crumble. The rural cops are as corrupt as New York narcs, witnesses lie relentlessly and hardly anyone is who he or she claims to be. An atmosphere of brooding suspense shrouds the proceedings, but some brain-bruising 11th-hour twists leave a sour aftertaste. The film pushes noir too far. It must be said, though, that Ormond is persuasive in a difficult part. (9:25 p.m. Fri. plus 7:45 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony. 98 min.) C.C.

JUST ANOTHER LOVE STORY

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

Film noir meets Danish modern in this tale of a family man who loses his moorings after a fateful car accident. Jonas, a crime-scene photographer, becomes obsessed with Julia, the comatose survivor of a collision that narrowly missed his vehicle. He's mistaken by her wealthy family for globetrotting Julia's new lover and takes on that identity when she returns to consciousness with amnesia. Unsavory old acquaintances arrive, threatening Jonas with exposure or much worse. Director Ole Bornedal ("Nightwatch") creates a visually ornate homage to the violent, morally ambiguous romances of 1940s Hollywood. (7:15 p.m. Fri. plus 8:15 p.m. April 25, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 104 min.) C.C.

THE GIRL FROM MONACO

Two out of four stars

It starts out like the light French comedies about mismatched men usually written by Francis Veber. Bertrand (Fabrice Lucini) is an overintellectual Parisian lawyer staying in Monaco to defend a woman who murdered her young lover. Christophe (Roschdy Zem) is his straightlaced bodyguard, initially unwanted, more and more relied upon, particularly when a weather girl (Louise Bourgoin) enters Bertrand's tidy life and bed and messes things up. The first half works, but by the second we see where things are going. Plus the tone's off -- serious when the story is silly, light when the story gets too dark. (7 p.m. Fri. plus 7:15 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 95 min.)

ERIK LUNDEGAARD

THREE IN LOVE

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

Using Helsinki as a backdrop, Peter Lindholm's film follows an urban sociologist torn between his dark-haired, driven divorce-lawyer wife and a sexy blonde salesgirl who just wants a little of his time. As feelings intensify and the two women meet, the film moves deftly forward -- no dialogue is wasted -- and grows ever more tense as it goes. Overall, the picture feels like a high-quality soap opera and, as such, is enjoyable. It's hard to know what to take away from it in terms of modern gender politics, but for those interested, it might spark some good discussions. (9:55 p.m. Fri., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 94 min.)

EMILY CONDON

HORN OF PLENTY

Two out of four stars

Zany characters and sexual high jinks provide most of the humor in Juan Carlos Tabio's conventional comedy. Chaos ensues when the Cuban city of Yamaguey receives news of an inheritance worth billions of dollars for the descendants of the Castineiras family, a surname that main character Bernardito (Jorge Perugorria) informs us is as common as "Smith" in the United States. The setting is refreshing and the large cast capably entertains. But for a potentially enlightened comedy about greed in contemporary Cuba, "Horn of Plenty" demonstrates too much absurdity and not enough witty cultural insight. (9:40 p.m. Fri. plus 9:45 p.m. Wed., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 107 min.)

DANIEL GETAHUN

ALSO SHOWING TODAY

ST. ANTHONY MAIN: "The Karamazovs," 6:45 p.m. (Czech/Poland, 110 min.) Adapted from the Dostoevsky novel. "Is Anybody There?" 7:30 p.m. (U.S., 58 min.) A retired magician (Michael Caine) charms a youngster who lives at an old people's home. "Win or Lose," 7:45 p.m. (U.S., 58 min.) Campers compete at a Wisconsin summer camp.

SATURDAY

IL DIVO

Four out of four stars

A must-see for political junkies, this dramatization of the late career of Giulio Andreotti, one of modern Italy's most enigmatic leaders, won the jury prize at Cannes last year. Director Paolo Sorrentino takes the docudrama to a new level with his sophisticated portrait of the seven-time prime minister who reigned during the bloody Red Brigade period. As the elegantly inscrutable Andreotti, Toni Servillo gets the audience as close as possible to the subtle layerings of a man who was powermonger and philosopher, who was tied to the Mafia but never convicted, and who enjoyed strolling empty streets at night (trailed by bodyguards) more than public adulation. Among his other achievements, Andreotti is also the master of the dry quip. When a woman at a social affair asks him, "Do you dance?" he replies, "All my life." (7:30 p.m. Sat. plus 6:45 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 110 min.)

KRISTIN TILLOTSON

KING OF PING PONG

Three out of four stars

About halfway in, this Swedish teen comedy makes a marked turn to the dramatic, shifting from frostbitten "Napoleon Dynamite" humor to life-and-death adolescent anxiety. Rille, the chubby central character, is painfully introverted, venting profane sass only around his single mom, who figures it's her lot to take it. He obsesses about table tennis, the only sport he's fit to play, and worships his absentee father, a ne'er-do-well salvage diver. The brisk character-based humor evaporates as we discover how alienated Rille truly feels. Jens Jonsson's confident direction draws us in with laughs and keeps us hooked with melodrama. (6:30 p.m. Sat. plus 5:25 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 107 min.) C.C.

LION'S DEN

Four out of four stars

This mesmerizing drama is the story of Julia (Martina Gusman), a young woman sentenced to prison for murder. Pregnant, Julia falls in with other female inmates raising young children -- this jail functions as nursery, too, until the kids reach 4. Gusman is perfect, never sentimental; her portrayal of a young mother hardening into a seasoned inmate is the stuff of Oscars. Director Pablo Trapero shot the film in the Bonaerense prison system and cast real inmates and their children as extras. His steady hand and eye for detail make this a moving, riveting film. The sight of boys and girls racing through the grim corridors will haunt you for days. (8:30 p.m. Sat. plus 9:30 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 110 min.)

PETER SCHILLING

WHITE NIGHT WEDDING

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

The relentless light of an Icelandic midsummer night plays havoc with the mind of Prof. Jon Jonsson (Viggo Mortensen lookalike Hilmir Sn[unke6]r Gudnason) as he prepares to marry a young former student on a remote, picturesque island. Weighing on him is a contentious relationship with his future mother-in-law over an ill-advised money-making scheme, grief and guilt over the breakdown of his first marriage and, most burdensome, deep doubts about his worthiness. This being northern Europe, there is plenty of grim stoicism, but it's leavened with delightful kooks, the occasional screaming match and, of course, never-ending sun. (9:25 p.m. Sat. plus 7:30 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 96 min.)

CYNTHIA DICKISON

THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE

Four out of four stars

Benoit Pilon ponders the survival of individuals and native cultures in his contemplative and deeply moving Canadian drama set in the early 1950s. When a tuberculosis epidemic reaches the Canadian hinterlands, Inuit hunter Thiivii (Natar Ungalaaq, "The Fast Runner") is shipped off to recuperate in a Quebec City sanatorium, where the confined surroundings and processed food threaten his holistic well-being even more than the deadly disease. Elegantly written and superbly acted, with symbolically subdued cinematography, this packs an emotional wallop while unflinchingly examining the challenges and complexities surrounding Canada's relationship with its indigenous population. (Noon Sat. plus 4 p.m. April 25, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 102 min.) D.G.

MUNYURANGABO

Four out of four stars

This visual tome, which contemplates the history of Rwanda's genocide and its effects on individuals 10 years after, gains its power from silent intensity and honest emotions. The film chronicles a journey made by two friends (one a Hutu, one a Tutsi) on the verge of adulthood. Representative of the collective unconscious, both seek resolution to a personal restlessness. Lee Isaac Chung makes the most out of the budget in his first feature film, tapping the talents of his Rwandan film students in an 11-day shoot. Chung spends more than an hour pulling back his bow and finally lets his arrow fly in the form of a powerful 7-minute poem that will leave you stunned. (2:30 p.m. Sat. plus 5:45 p.m. April 30, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 97 min.)

KATHIE SMITH

PACHAMAMA

Three out of four stars

Set in the Uyuni salt flats of Bolivia, this naturalistic drama is a coming-of-age story told with documentary realism and mythic symbolism. It follows 13-year-old Kunturi on his first trip with his father and the llama caravan, taking salt into the mountains. He comes to terms with the reality of death, the importance of heritage and the significance of altruism. Each scene offers an unadorned depiction of the Quechuan way of life that is slowly disappearing. The beautiful vistas contrast sharply with the hard manual labor of the people who live off the land. (2:15 p.m. Sat. plus 12:30 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 104 min.) K.S.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Three out of four stars

Indonesian director Nan Achnas' fifth feature film is a nuanced, tempered drama. Sita is a single mother down on her luck. She relentlessly puts off her debts in order to send her paltry earnings home to her ailing grandmother and young daughter. When she finds herself homeless, she moves in above a photography studio run by the quiet and elderly Mr. Johan. As Sita goes hurtling toward an uncertain future, Mr. Johan is paralyzed by his past. Predictably, the two strike up a mutually supportive companionship. What isn't so predictable is how "The Photograph" delicately skirts contrived melodrama for authentic sentimentality while delivering a somber sepia-toned portrait. (4:30 p.m. Sat. plus 9:30 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 98 min.) K.S.

SONG FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

Despite a brief shot of a nude man running about, Marat Sarulu's light-hearted drama about Kazakhstan's cultural past and present goes a long way in repairing the country's image, post-"Borat." Centered on the tensions that arise between two neighboring couples -- one Kazakh, one Russian -- when a decidedly Kazakh-looking child is born to the latter, the film delicately balances somber dramatic moments with optimistic playfulness. Majestic panoramas of the Kazakh Steppe and allegorical puppet sequences provide a mythical feel to the story. But while the country might still be seen as provincial and rustic, it's clearly in a spirit of admiration, not derision. (4:45 p.m. Sat. plus 10 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 82 min.) D.G.

RUMBA

Three out of four stars

A delightful doodle of a film. Belgian comedians Dominique Abel, Bruno Romy and Fiona Gordon are engagingly daffy in this tale of a dance-mad couple pratfalling their way through life. Dom teaches grade-school gym. Fiona is the English instructor, leading her pupils through impossible tongue-twisters. Their ballroom routines, little gems of absurd bliss, have earned them a shelf of trophies. Then they lose everything. A car accident costs Fiona a leg and Dom his memory, but they transform what should be a tragic story into puckish slapstick. Fans of Jacques Tati, Harold Lloyd and Mr. Bean will have a blast. (6:45 p.m. Sat. plus 9 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 77 min.) C.C.

TEDDY BEAR

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

Handsomely produced in the Czech Republic and Italy, this bittersweet ensemble piece follows three successful couples through the emotional minefield of the childbearing years. Diplomat Ivan, gynecologist Roman and gallery owner Jirka juggle the demands of their marriages, extended families and professional responsibilities. Their interlocking friendships are tested by jealousy, infidelity and immaturity. Some face the challenge of growing up responsibly; others require more convincing. (2:45 p.m. Sat., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 98 min.) C.C.

WOLF

Two out of four stars

Swedish family drama, crime drama, social drama and courtroom drama, clumsily interlaced. Peter Stormare ("Fargo") plays a reindeer herder who looks after his animals with help from his teen nephew. The boy admires his rough and ready self reliance, which stands in stark contrast to their comfy little resort hotel. A rogue wolf is ravaging the herd, and the boy kills the endangered beast, an eco-crime that could mean years in prison. Uncle takes the rap as the film considers whether an endangered animal or a vanishing human lifestyle deserves more consideration. The characters don't change much, but the Swedish prison system looks like a dream getaway. (12:45 p.m. Sat. plus 12:15 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 95 min.) C.C.

THE WINDOW

Three out of four stars

This quiet, somber Argentinian film from director Carlos Sorin tells a simple and elegiac tale about a man's final hours. The sounds of the film add to the mood: Nicolas Sorin's score dances with the sounds of wind, birds and a piano tuner. Eighty-year-old Antonio (screenwriter Antonio Larreta) is preparing for his estranged son's visit. While waiting, he goes for what could be his last walk in a field, inundated with memories that take on new significance. It's all impeccably photographed by Julian Apezteguia, echoing Carlos Reygadas' wonderful film "Silent Light." (5:15 p.m. Sat. plus 1:15 p.m. Sun., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 85 min.)

ERIK MCCLANAHAN

ALSO SHOWING SATURDAY

OAK STREET: "Two Lives Plus One," 4:45 p.m. (France, 90 min.) A woman finds herself, her family and her Jewish heritage. "The Last Cup," 7 p.m. (U.S., 84 min.) Drinkers vie for the beer pong title. "Towards Zero," 9:30 p.m. (France, 105 min.) A take on the Agatha Christie whodunit.

ST. ANTHONY: "Qadir: An Afghan Ulysses," 1 p.m. (79 min.) An Afghan refugee is torn between his homeland and his adopted country, Greece. "All Ages Animation," 1 p.m. (76 min.). "Peer Gynt From the Streets," 1:15 p.m. (Norway, 58 min.) Homeless people stage Ibsen's play; followed by "Wrestling" (Iceland, 18 min.), a love story about two wrestlers. "The Red Jacket," 3 p.m. (China, 90 min.) A poor 8-year-old girl covets a brilliant jacket. "Bahrtalo!" 3:05 p.m. (80 min.) Two Romanian friends wheel and deal through the global economy. "School Play," 5 p.m. (U.S., 72 min.) Fifth-graders in suburban New York stage "The Wizard of Oz." "The Karamazovs," 9:10 p.m. See Fri. "Wrong Rosary," 5:30 p.m. (Turkey, 89 min.) A young Muslim mosque official falls in love with a Catholic nurse in Istanbul. "Buick Riviera," 7 p.m. (Croatia/Bosnia-Herzegovina, 85 min.) Two Bosnian emigrants meet on a country road near Fargo. "Trust Us, This Is All Made Up," 7:15 p.m. (U.S., 83 min.) Improv-comedy legendary TJ Jagodowksi and Dave Pasquesi demonstrate the art. "The Man Who Loved Yngve," 8:45 p.m. (Norway, 99 min.) A popular teenage boy with a girlfriend is smitten with the new kid in town. "Beeswax," 9:40 p.m. (U.S., 100 min.) Twin sisters, one in a wheelchair, try to navigate the tensions between them.

SUNDAY

FADOS

Four out of four stars

At 77, Spain's Carlos Saura is probably the most inventive and passionate director of musical films on the world stage. This tribute to Portugal's heart-wrenching love ballads is a joyous exercise in style. Each of the two dozen songs receives a staging that is elegant, crisply designed and artfully photographed, with marching bands and ballet stars on hand to interpret the piece. The musical cast is a cavalcade of singing stars including Caetano Veloso, Camane and Mariza. This is a film to inspire a post-screening rush to the music store, or possibly dance, guitar and singing lessons. (2:15 p.m. Sun. plus 5 p.m. April 26, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 93 min.) C.C.

THE COUNTRY TEACHER

Three out of four stars

Bohdan Slama's film delves into a dense thicket of dreams, desire and desperation amid the pastoral arcadia of the Czech countryside. It follows the quiet travails of a promising science teacher who exiles himself from the city, as well as those of the mother and teenage son whose lives increasingly intertwine with his. The use of Petr's lectures to underline salient themes feels heavy-handed at times, and there's nothing especially revelatory about the narrative. But the film is capably made and beautiful to look at, and the two lead performances, by Pavel Liska and Zuzana Bydzovska as the hardscrabble farm mother Marie, deeply impress. (5:15 p.m. Sun. plus 7:20 p.m. Wed., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 113 min.) E.C.

LETTERS TO THE PRESIDENT

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

This is not the most engaging of documentaries. But there is a lot to respect about this film from self-taught filmmaker Petr Lom, who was allowed to accompany Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad on several countryside trips. Lom fixes his lens on the malaise and frustrations of everyday Iranians and their views on the president, but the film acknowledges his supporters, as well. It might feel like homework, but this shows an Iran most Americans never see. (7:30 p.m. Sun. plus 5:10 p.m. April 24, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 80 min.) E.M.

DAYS AND CLOUDS

two out of four stars

The prospect of having the economic rug pulled out from underneath a comfortable lifestyle is not only the topic du jour but also the theme of Silvio Soldini's relevant, if somewhat aggravating, film. Elsa and Michele take for granted their bourgeois lifestyle, so when Michele loses his job they silently resolve to live in denial. It's hard to sympathize with someone who has to do his laundry for the first time and is struggling with the decision of whether to sell the sailboat. Ultimately, watching the juvenile husband's apathy enabled by his wife and daughter ends up being a frustrating affair. (9:45 p.m. Sun. plus 9 p.m. April 29, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 115 min.)

KATHIE SMITH

ALSO SHOWING SUNDAY

OAK STREET: "Oh Saigon," 3 p.m. (57 min.) Documentary about a Vietnamese-American woman's journey home; it's paired with "Cold Mountain" (28 min.), a locally produced portrait of Tang Dynasty poet Han Shan, with Gary Snyder. "My Marlon and Brando," 5 p.m. (Turkey, 92 min.) An actress crosses the Iraqi border to find her love, a Kurdish actor. "What a Wonderful World," 7 p.m. (Morocco, 99 min.) A tough Casablanca cop, whose best friend is a prostitute, falls in love with a hitman. "Could This Be Love?" 9 p.m. (France, 90 min.) A tycoon falls for a sharp-tongued mosaic artist in this romantic comedy.

ST. ANTHONY: "Littlest Shorts," 1 p.m. (78 min.) Short films for kids. "Wolf," 12:15 p.m. See Sat. "Pachamama," 12:30 p.m. See Sat. "School Play," 12:45 p.m. See Sat. "The Window," 1:15 p.m. See Sat. "Trust Us, This Is All Made Up," 2:50 p.m. See Sat. "Wrong Rosary," 3:05 p.m. See Sat. "Living in Emergency: Stories of Doctors Without Borders," 2:35 p.m. (U.S., 93 min.) Minnesota-made documentary about two veteran doctors and two recruits volunteering at field hospitals in Africa. "Morrison Gets a Baby Sister," 3 p.m. (Netherlands, 71 min.) A 5-year-old boy runs away after his family welcomes a new baby. "Beeswax," 4:40 p.m. See Sat. "Buick Riviera," 5 p.m. See Sat. "William Kunstler: Disturbing the Universe," 5:30 p.m. (U.S., 90 min.) Two daughters explore the life and legacy of the radical activist once called "the most hated lawyer in America." "The One Man Village," 5:40 p.m. (Lebanon, 86 min.) A farmer is the only person left in an otherwise-abandoned village in the Lebanese mountains; with "Song for the Deaf Ear" (Lebanon, 17 min.). "American Violet," 7 p.m. (U.S., 103 min.) A single black mother with four young girls fights back after being wrongfully accused of drug dealing. "The Girl From Monaco," 7:15 p.m. See Fri. "The Tour," 7:45 p.m. (Serbia, 106 min.) A group of actors caught in the bloody civil war still has a play to stage. "Blind Loves," 8 p.m. (Slovakia, 77 min.) An often-funny exploration of how four people live without sight. "Helen," 9:15 p.m. (UK/Ireland, 120 min.) A young woman becomes obsessed with the disappearance of another woman. "Lion's Den," 9:30 p.m. See Sat. "Song From the Southern Seas," 10 p.m. See Sat. "I'm Gonna Explode," 10:10 p.m. See Fri.

MONDAY

HEART OF FIRE

Four out of four stars

This gripping story of tween-aged soldiers in the Horn of Africa shows that the recruitment and indoctrination of children into the ways of war can be an equal-opportunity horror, complete with warrior-goddess role models. Given by her amoral father to a group fighting for Eritrea's independence from Ethiopia, 10-year-old Amet transfers the passion for justice she learned at a Catholic orphanage into war cries and heart-hardening "play" exercises. This exceptionally moving film is all the more amazing because director Luigi Falorni ("The Story of the Weeping Camel") recruited his nonprofessional cast from a Kenyan refugee camp just five days before shooting, after the Eritrean government intimidated his first choices. (9:15 p.m. Mon. plus 8:45 p.m. April 26, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 92 min.) K.T.

I AM FROM TITOV VELES

Three out of four stars

This strange film about three sisters wanting out of their small-town existence will either annoy or grab hold of the viewer. I was engaged throughout, mostly because of the wonderful cinematography that makes for a picturesque assortment of urban and mountainous landscapes. Director Teona Strugar Mitevska, a former child star, is a talented and confident filmmaker. Her female perspective is welcome, perfect for the material. And I loved the fantasy sequences. (5 p.m. Mon. plus 5 p.m. Wed., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 102 min.) E.M.

RECIPES FOR DISASTER

Two out of four stars

Brit-in-Finland John Webster turns his camera on his family to prove the monstrousness of human consumption. Webster cajoles (that is, forces) his wife and kids to go on a no-oil "diet" for a year (no gasoline, no plastic, etc.). Viewers get the sense that they're supposed to learn something, but the filmmaker spends too much of the film navel gazing. By the time the carbon-savings statistics come around, Webster's wife's refusal to communicate in the same language as her husband seems like a wise decision. It's done in the same vein as "Super Size Me," and just as solipsistic. (5:20 p.m. Mon. plus 5 p.m. April 24, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 85 min.) E.C.

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

one

This sub-soap-operatic melodrama (complete with dreadful piano synth score) will test the mettle of moviegoers curious about the Minnesota film scene. If you're looking for something on par with daytime TV, why get off the couch? I'm not sure what Edina filmmaker John Denn was going for. The acting is stilted, but the cast is done no favors by the awful script ("I love you more today than I did yesterday, but not nearly as much as I will tomorrow"). There's an odd stiffness to every scene, and the jokes fall flat. It's like watching a comedian bomb on open-mike night. You can't help but feel embarrassed. (7 p.m. Mon., St. Anthony Main. 107 min.) E.M.

Also showing Monday

ST. ANTHONY: "Il Divo," 6:45 p.m. See Sat. "How to Be," 7:15 p.m. (UK, 85 min.) A young songwriter uses his inheritance to fly a Canadian therapist to England to help him "be more normal." "White Night Wedding," 7:30 p.m. See Sat. "Surveillance," 7:45 p.m. See Fri. "Rumba," 9 p.m. See Sat. "The Photograph," 9:30 p.m. See Sat. "Boogie," 9:45 p.m. (Romania, 103 min.) A man pines for the glory days of bachelor life. "Wild Field," 10 p.m. (Russia, 104 min.) A young doctor moves to the country to tend its forgotten people.

TUESDAY

THE SECRET OF THE GRAIN

Four out of four stars

A full meal of a movie, director Abdel Kechiche's 2 1/2-hour ode to food and family lovingly follows an Arab clan in France through the triumphant yet pricey realization of its dream -- opening a fish couscous restaurant on a refurbished boat in the port of Sete. Shot documentary-style, the film is rich in detail, soaking up the eccentricities of patriarch Slimane Beiji (Habib Boufares), a crusty old man of the sea, and the half-dozen robust women who surround and support him. Kechiche expertly combines the rarest cinematic ingredients, concocting a dish as earthily raw as it is delectable. (6:50 p.m. Tue. plus 9:15 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 151 min.) R.N.

SHAKESPEARE AND VICTOR HUGO'S INTIMACIES

Three out of four stars

Genial remembrances casually become ghastly revelations in Yulene Olaizola's haunting documentary about an enigmatic artist, Jorge Riosse, who briefly lived and mysteriously died in her grandmother's lodging house (on the corner of Shakespeare and Victor Hugo streets in Mexico City). Through interviews with her grandmother and others who knew Riosse, Olaizola attempts to reconcile their admiration for the charming young man with the suspicion that he might have been a schizophrenic serial killer. The film's success is primarily a result of the grandmother's ability to spin a great story, but it's nonetheless a provocative examination of loyalty and love. (7 p.m. Tue. plus 10:10 p.m. April 24, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 80 min.) D.G.

WHAT REMAINS OF US

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

Armed with a portable video player, exiled Tibetan Kalsang Dolma smuggles a five-minute message from the Dalai Lama into Tibet. Her small act of defiance brings hope and encouragement to an oppressed people. In a region where the Dalai Lama's image is strictly forbidden, many watching the video have never heard his voice. Although the words to express their feelings don't come easy, the emotions of the Tibetans interviewed are clearly written on their faces. Shot clandestinely between 1996 and 2004, this documentary works best when it observes rather than preaches -- even for those in the choir. (5:20 p.m. Tue. plus 5:10 p.m. Wed., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 77 min.) K.S.

SOMERS TOWN

Two out of four stars

In the terrific "This Is England," Shane Meadows captured beautifully the sometimes absurd and indefatigably complex intricacies of young male psyches. "Somers Town" aims -- albeit less ambitiously -- for the same resonance, featuring the same lead (Thomas Turgoose, full of potential) and more acoustic ballads from Gavin Clark. But maudlin overtones sink the film. If the obnoxious final sequence -- featuring the two leads and the barista they love, skipping through the streets of Paris -- feels like a commercial, well, the piece was conceived by a marketing company that was looking to do a promotional piece for Eurostar. To that end, perhaps, the film succeeds. (9:45 p.m. Tue. plus 9 p.m. April 25, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 75 min.) E.C.

Also showing Tuesday

ST. ANTHONY: Minnesota documentary shorts, 5 p.m. (100 min.) "How to Be," 5:10 p.m. See Mon. "Trip to Asia: Quest for Harmony," 7:45 p.m. (Germany, 108 min.) A rare behind-the-scenes look at the Berlin Philharmonic. "Apron Strings," 6:45 p.m. (New Zealand, 90 min.) Two families from different backgrounds balance traditional and modern practices in Auckland's suburbs. "No One Said It Would Be Easy," 7:15 p.m. (U.S., 100 min.) A look at Minnesota band Cloud Cult and their songs of love and hope. "The Fighter," 8:45 p.m. (Denmark, 100 min.) A high-school student defies her family and secretly learns kung-fu. "The Mermaid," 9:15 p.m. (Russia, 114 min.) A modern take on the classic tale of Rusalka. "One Man Village," 9:30 p.m. (86 min.) A farmer is the only one left in an abandoned village in the Lebanese mountains.

WEDNESDAY

THE BIGGEST CHINESE RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD

Three out of four stars

West Lake Restaurant, in the southern Chinese city of Changsha, employs almost 1,000 people (including 300 chefs), cooks 200 ducks a day and can serve as many as 5,000. It's run by Qin Linzi, a tough-minded woman who grew up poor. This documentary gets inside her multimillion-dollar operation and the lives of her workers, many of whom feel trapped by their ***working-class*** wages. Weijun Chen's documentary wants to use Qin's restaurant as a microcosm of modern China, where there's a widening divide between rich and poor. The film is at its best when it hits this juxtaposition hard -- as when it follows a young waitress home to her parents' ramshackle house, where she is the sole breadwinner. Unfortunately, it sometimes slows down to the point where it almost loses its narrative footing. (5:50 p.m. Wed. plus 5 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 80 min.)

TOM HORGEN

THOSE THREE

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

As they prepare to finish their military training, three Iranian conscripts can take no more and see an opportunity to escape; never mind that it's the dead of winter and the northern Iran terrain is brutally unforgiving. Their bravado is quickly tested: A blizzard worsens, a promised welcoming village turns out to be earthquake-ravaged, and they acquire a pregnant tagalong who has been abandoned after a botched smuggling attempt. There are long stretches of inaction and little that gives insight into these men, but their fate touches us nonetheless. (5:25 p.m. Wed. plus 9:45 p.m. April 28, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 80 min.)

C.D.

Also showing Wednesday

ST. ANTHONY: "I Am From Titov Veles," 5 p.m. See Mon. "What Remains of Us," 5:10 p.m. See Tue. "The Infinite Border," 5:35 p.m. (Mexico, 90 min.) Small groups of Mexicans face obstacles in their quest to cross into the United States. Minnesota narrative shorts, 7 p.m. (114 min.) "Tricks," 7:10 p.m. (Poland, 96 min.) A boy thinks he sees his absentee father at a train station and devises a risky plan to get him back. "The Country Teacher," 7:20 p.m. See Sun. "Boogie," 7:35 p.m. (Romania, 103 min.) See Mon. "Los Bastardos," 7:50 p.m. (Mexico/France/U.S., 90 min.) Two Mexican brothers, living illegally in Los Angeles, will do anything to make money. "The Tour," 9:05 p.m. (Serbia, 106 min.) See Sun. "Home of the Dark Butterflies," 9:15 p.m. (Finland, 105 min.) After years of bouncing among foster homes and temporary families, a boy finds himself at an isolated reformatory. "How About You?" 9:30 p.m. (Ireland, 100 min.) Five residents at an old folks' home, left behind over the holidays, live it up with their freewheeling caretaker. "Horn of Plenty," 9:45 p.m. See Fri. "The Man Who Loved Yngve," 9:55 p.m. (Norway, 99 min.) See Sat.

THURSDAY

RUDO Y CURSI

Three out of four stars

A massive hit in its native Mexico, this droll, jaunty farce reunites yummy young stars Diego Luna and Gael Garcia Bernal from "Y Tu Mama Tambien." Here they're bickering, soccer-obsessed stepbrothers plucked from a banana plantation to kick it in the big leagues. Nicknamed "Corny," Bernal's ladies'-man striker makes headlines and goofy music videos, while Luna's hyper-tense goalkeeper "Tough" unhappily plays second banana. Both get too big for their jockstraps. Directed with tongue in cheek by "Mama" writer Carlos Cuaron (who'll be present for the screening), this satire of sporting success might not always be funny, but it's plenty fun. (6:30 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 103 min.) R.N.

PERSONAL CHE

Three and 1/2 out of four stars

Enjoyable and thought-provoking, "Personal Che" contains interviews with admirers (and detractors) of Ernesto (Che) Guevara from around the world: from Cuba (natch), to Hitler-loving skinheads in Germany, Trotskyites in Hong Kong, Lebanese actors performing an opera about the revolutionary, and back to Bolivia (natch again), where he was laid to rest and is revered as a saint. The film examines the provenance of his famous photo and how that penetrating image, along with his martyrdom, cemented his status as icon. "The only good thing Che ever did was model for that picture!" one pundit grouses. But "Personal Che" suggests that Che is the very image of revolution everywhere, transcending politics and geography. (5:40 p.m. Thu. plus 5 p.m. April 27, St. Anthony. Subtitled. 86 min.) P.S.

A WALK TO BEAUTIFUL

Two and 1/2 out of four stars

This documentary might be a dyed-in-the-wool social-issues film, but its unaffected and inspirational stories triumph over the inclination to patronize. It tackles the difficult subject of obstetric fistula and five women in Ethiopia who suffer the physical and social consequences of this childbirth injury, in which a hole develops between the vagina and the rectum or bladder. The film follows each woman as she makes the long and difficult journey, with little or no support, to a clinic where they hope to be cured. Educating viewers is the first objective. The second is to make us feel good. "A Walk to Beautiful" succeeds on both counts, as long as you don't ponder the many devastating implications beyond the frames of the film. (7:15 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 85 min.) K.S.

MY TIME WILL COME

One and 1/2 out of four stars

Described with such phrases as "a series of interlocking tragedies," "a serpentine tale" and "the city becomes a living entity unto itself, and its denizens meet in that most inevitable of circumstances," director Victor Arregui's second film can't help but make one think of "Crash." In fact, this reeks of it in the worst ways. But if you're a "Crash" fan, you can add a star to the rating above. The city is Quito, Ecuador's capital. The story (mostly) follows a doctor in the city morgue. He's a pessimistic bore, pontificating on modern life and trying to elevate some bad dialogue. ("Is he dead?" "Very dead.") The opening five minutes are fantastic, but from there it's 85 minutes of weak melodrama and awful score. (9:55 p.m. Thu. plus 5:50 p.m. next Fri., St. Anthony. Subtitled. 90 min.) E.M.

also showing thursday

ST. ANTHONY: "The Biggest Chinese Restaurant in the World," 5 p.m. See Wed. "Forgotten Transports: To Estonia," 5:10 p.m. (Czech Republic, 85 min.) The story of Czech Jewish women who survived little-known concentration camps. "The King of Ping-Pong," 5:25 p.m. See Sat. "The Red Tail," 7 p.m. (86 min.) Minnesota-made documentary about a former Northwest Airlines mechanic. "The Fighter," 7:30 p.m. See Tuesday. "Lemon Tree," 7:45 p.m. (Israel, 106 min.) A Palestinian woman's lemon grove is threatened when the Israeli defense minister moves in next door. "Garage," 9 p.m. (Ireland, 85 min.) Irish comedian Pat Shortt plays a mechanic who befriends the son of his boss' girlfriend. "The Secret of the Grain," 9:15 p.m. See Tue. "Los Bastardos," 9:30 p.m. See Wed. "The Mermaid," 9:45 p.m. See Tue.

CHILDREN'S FILMS AT THE FEST

There's more to the movie world than 3D blobs voiced by slacker comedians. Deb Girdwood and Isabelle Harder, who curate the fest's Childish Films segment, have once again traveled to distant lands in search of intriguing shorts and two features not to be missed by child or parent.

"Littlest Shorts" (1 p.m. Sun. & April 25) and "All Ages Animation" (1 p.m. Sat. & April 26) are dessert buffets of great short films. My favorites in the former include the Swedish cartoons "Laban the Little Ghost" and "Where Is Labolina," hand-drawn tales of the titular ghosts and their pal, Prince Mischief. While the amazing "Varmints" by celebrated director Marc Craste tops the bill at the latter, "Dear Fatty," about an adventurous hamster, is a gem. "Fatty" has a real hamster cavorting in a collage world, and is the kind of animation that inspires kids to try to draw at home.

There are two full-length features for children 8 and up. China's "The Red Jacket" ("Hong Mian Ao") is about a young girl, Cui Ju, whose desire for a beautiful red jacket causes all sorts of struggle, and is fascinating if a bit somber (3 p.m. Sat. & April 26). "Morrison Gets a Baby Sister" is a total joy, and one of the best movies at the fest, period. Young Morrison lives with his auto mechanic father and veterinarian mother and fears being ignored when his new sister arrives. The Dutch film has a wonderful ensemble cast, including the charismatic Tobias Lamberts as Morrison (3 p.m. Sun. & April 25).

PETER SCHILLING

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

When: Through April 30 - Where: St. Anthony Main Theatre, 115 SE. Main St., Mpls. Oak Street Cinema, 309 SE. Oak St., Mpls. Tickets: $10 per film, $8 students/seniors. Festival passes available. - Info: [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

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**End of Document**



[***IN THE SHADOW 'THE PHANTOM', BELIEVE IT OR NOT THERE ARE MOVIES OTHER THAN 'THE PHANTOM MENACE OPENING THIS SUMMER AND GO! HAS THE FACTS ON 41 OF THEM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WDS-7JS0-0027-X1WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Dave Larsen Dayton Daily News

**Body**

Like the ominous shape looming behind a young boy in the first poster of its inescapable promotional campaign, Star Wars: Episode I - The Phantom Menace overshadows the 1999 summer movie slate. George Lucas' long-awaited first prequel to the Star Wars trilogy arrives on May 19, as if you didn't know, and rival studios are giving the certain blockbuster a wide berth.

The Phantom Menace will be a monster hit, but just how big it will be and what impact it will have on other films remains to be seen. Oh yes, other movies are on the horizon. Despite the scarcity of $ 100 million-plus special-effects extravaganzas and the notable absence of summer action stars such as Harrison, Arnie and Mel, many look promising. Industry analysts are predicting that the likes of Obi-Wan Kenobi, Austin Powers and Jim West could surpass 1998's record $ 2.6 billion summer box office.

In addition to those highly anticipated lightsaber duels, the coming months bring an army of monsters - including the resurrected Mummy , opening today. There is also an abundance of family films, highlighted by Disney's animated Tarzan , along with the usual teen and romantic comedies and several stylish thrillers. Potential Oscar contenders are even in the wings in legendary director Stanley Kubrick's final film, Eyes Wide Shut , and Spike Lee's controversial Summer of Sam .

Here's a look at this summer's major wide-release films, in case The Phantom Menace whets your appetite for the multiplex, as Hollywood hopes. Like the Force itself, release dates are subject to change.

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Today

The Mummy

Director: Stephen Sommers

Cast: Brendan Fraser, Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, Arnold Vosloo

Universal dusts off the horror franchise that produced five films from 1932 to 1944, recasting it as an $ 80-million, Indiana Jones-style romantic adventure about an expedition of treasure-seeking explorers. What they find is a wrathful 3,000-year-old Egyptian priest with more mobility than the traditional slow-moving gauze guy. See review on Page 4.

Wednesday

Trippin'

Director: David Raynr

Cast: Deon Richmond, Donald Adeosun Faison, Maia Campbell, Guy Torry

High school senior Greg 'G' Reed (Richmond) can't quit daydreaming long enough to focus on finishing his college applications. His parents won't give him money for the prom until he's done. Then there's the matter of his dream date, Cinny (Campbell), who is way out of his league. Sounds like Ferris Bueller-meets-Walter Mitty.

Next Friday

William Shakespeare's A Midsummer's Night Dream

Director: Michael Hoffman

Cast: Michelle Pfeiffer, Kevin Kline, Calista Flockhart, Rupert Everett, Stanley Tucci, Sophie Marceau, David Strathairn, Christian Bale

No fool the mortals at Fox Searchlight be, smartly capitalizing on Shakespeare in Love 's seven Oscar wins with a lavish adaptation of the Bard's most enchanting romantic comedy. Shot last year in Italy with an all-star cast, the seventh screen version of the play sets the story in Tuscany at the turn of the 19th century.

Black Mask

Director: Daniel Lee

Cast: Jet Li, Lau Ching Wan, Karen Mok, Francoise Yip

Li, who was the best thing about last summer's Lethal Weapon 4 , brings his amazing martial-arts skills to this action thriller about a masked Hong Kong crime fighter. The nonstop stuntfest was produced by Tsui Hark, who directed Double Team .

May 19

Star Wars: Episode 1 - The Phantom Menace

Director: George Lucas

Cast: Liam Neeson, Ewan McGregor, Natalie Portman, Jake Lloyd, Ian McDiarmid, Ahmed Best, Anthony Daniels, Pernilla August, Terence Stamp, Samuel L. Jackson

In Episode 1 , Darth Vader is a 9-year-old slave boy named Anakin Skywalker (Lloyd). Obi-Wan Kenobi (McGregor) is a brash young Jedi Knight, apprenticed to Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn (Neeson). Naboo's Queen Amidala (Portman), who will one day give birth to Luke and Leia, is trying to prevent war with the Trade Federation. And series creator Lucas is directing and supervising his first film in 22 years.

May 21

The Love Letter

Director: Peter Ho-Sun Chan

Cast: Kate Capshaw, Ellen DeGeneres, Tom Selleck, Tom Everett Scott

Like Luke Skywalker standing up to the fierce Rancor in Return of the Jedi , this romantic drama based on the 1995 best seller by Cathleen Schine is going head-to-head with The Phantom Menace . Capshaw - aka Mrs. Steven Spielberg - plays a New England bookstore owner whose quest to find the author of an anonymous love letter brings her between an old flame (Selleck) and a much younger man (Scott).

Trekkies

Director: Roger Nygard

Cast: Denise Crosby

Drove all the way down to the multiplex to find that The Phantom Menace was sold out? Paramount has just the ticket for frustrated sci-fi buffs with this lighthearted documentary about obsessive Star Trek fans, executive-produced by Crosby - who, as any Trekker can tell you, played Tasha Yar on Star Trek: The Next Generation .

May 28

Notting Hill

Director: Roger Michell

Cast: Julia Roberts, Hugh Grant

In the first of two summer movies that border on self-parody, Roberts plays a famous movie star whose love affairs make headlines, especially after she takes up with low-key bookstore owner played by Grant. Four Weddings and a Funeral writer Richard Curtis and producer Duncan Kenworthy reunite to take on the trappings and price of fame - something with which their stars are painfully familiar.

The Thirteenth Floor

Director: Josef Rusnak

Cast: Craig Bierko, Gretchen Mol, Vincent D'Onofrio, Dennis Haysbert, Armin Mueller-Stahl

Co-produced by Roland Emmerich ( Godzilla , Independence Day ), this $ 16 million sci-fi thriller leaps back and forth between present-day Los Angeles and a virtual-reality simulation of 1937 Los Angeles, where everyone involved in the investigation of a real-life murder has a digitally created doppelganger. The noir-ish mystery sounds a lot like The Matrix , minus the eye-popping effects and kung fu-fighting Keanu.

June 4

Instinct

Director: John Turteltaub

Cast: Anthony Hopkins, Cuba Gooding Jr., Donald Sutherland, Maura Tierney

Hopkins stars as a gorilla expert accused of murdering two park rangers in the jungles of Rwanda and eating them with Fava beans and a nice Chianti. No, wait, that was Hannibal Lecter. Gooding is the FBI agent - er, ambitious psychiatrist who must try to unlock the dark secret from the mind of the apparent madman.

June 11

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me

Director: Jay Roach

Cast: Mike Myers, Heather Graham, Rob Lowe, Kristen Johnson, Robert Wagner, Seth Green

Yeah, Baby! The International Man of Mystery returns for another groovy adventure, traveling back in time to the swinging '60s to recover his mojo, which was stolen by Dr. Evil.

The General's Daughter

Director: Simon West

Cast: John Travolta, Madeleine Stowe, James Woods, Timothy Hutton, James Cromwell

Travolta is again on the investigative trail as a warrant officer looking into the murder of a famous general's daughter. He discovers a sordid secret that makes murder suspects of some of the Army's finest men. The high-level cover-ups and secret sex videotapes of Nelson DeMille's best-selling 1992 thriller should translate into bigger box office than the downbeat court drama of A Civil Action .

June 18

Tarzan

Directors: Chris Buck and Kevin Lima

Voice cast: Tony Goldwyn, Glenn Close, Rosie O'Donnell, Minnie Driver

Hollywood sources say Disney's adaptation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' classic apeman tale is the studio's best animated film since The Lion King . Thanks to a new background technique called Deep Canvas, Tarzan (Goldwyn) appears to be swinging through a three-dimensional jungle. And don't look for him to sing - the musical production numbers have been ditched in favor of voice-over songs by Phil Collins.

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut

Director: Trey Parker

Voice cast: Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Isaac Hayes

Opening the same day as Disney's annual summer animation event, this cartoon is definitely not for the kiddies. In fact, South Park creators Parker and Stone deliberately went after an R rating. Expect the paper-cutout miscreants to use lots of naughty language as they declare war on movie censorship. George Clooney and Eric Idle are among the celebrity voices. And of course, Kenny gets killed.

The Thomas Crown Affair

Director: John McTiernan

Cast: Pierce Brosnan, Rene Russo, Denis Leary, Faye Dunaway

Once again following in Sean Connery's footsteps, Brosnan plays a New York City billionaire whose hobby is stealing Monet paintings. (Connery lifts Rembrandts in Entrapment .) Dunaway, who co-starred with Steve McQueen in the 1968 original, gives the remake her seal of approval with a cameo as Crown's shrink.

June 25

Big Daddy

Director: Dennis Dugan

Cast: Adam Sandler, Joey Lauren Adams, John Stewart, Cole and Dylan Sprouse

Moronic man-child Sandler is forced to grow up as Sonny Koufax, a 32-year-old slacker who adopts a 5-year-old boy after his girlfriend dumps him for an older, more responsible man. Considering the combined $ 241 million take for The Waterboy and The Wedding Singer , Sandler should at least be able to afford decent day care.

July 2

Wild Wild West

Director: Barry Sonnenfeld

Cast: Will Smith, Kevin Kline, Kenneth Branagh, Salma Hayek

After Independence Day and Men in Black , most studios are steering clear of Will Smith's latest Fourth of July weekend spectacle - a $ 100-million update of the popular 1960s television show about a 19th century, James Bond-style government agent. But reports are circulating that the elaborate action comedy, which reunites Smith with Men in Black director Sonnenfeld, is wildly over budget and required last-minute reshoots. Will can whip aliens, but can he beat negative buzz?

Summer of Sam

Director: Spike Lee

Cast: John Leguizamo, Mira Sorvino, Adrien Brody, Michael Badalucco, Anthony LaPaglia

Lee's grim depiction of a 1977 Bronx neighborhood driven to vigilantism by the Son of Sam murders has already drawn protest from the family of one of David Berkowitz's victims. The Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) reportedly rejected the first cut for an R rating, which Lee is contractually obligated to deliver, because of scenes of blatant drug use and raunchy sexuality. Sounds like provocateur Spike is back in the game.

July 9

Arlington Road

Director: Mark Pellington

Cast: Jeff Bridges, Tim Robbins, Joan Cusack, Hope Davis

Widowed when his FBI agent wife is killed by a right-wing extremist group, college professor Michael Faraday (Bridges) becomes obsessed with domestic terrorism. When his all-American new neighbors, Oliver and Cheryl (Robbins and Cusack), start acting suspiciously, Michael begins to suspect that they're terrorists.

Stigmata

Director: Rupert Wainwright

Cast: Patricia Arquette, Gabriel Byrne, Jonathan Pryce

Witnessing evidence that hairdresser Frankie Paige (Arquette) is possessed, the Vatican sends cleric Andrew Kiernan (Byrne) to investigate. Must have been the dark roots of evil that tipped them off.

American Pie

Director: Paul Weitz

Cast: Jason Biggs, Thomas Ian Nicholas, Chris Klein, Tara Reid, Natasha Lyonne

A coming-of-age comedy about four male high school seniors who make a pact to lose their virginity by prom night. The outrageous teen romp was racy enough to earn an NC-17 from the MPAA three times before making an R. Guess it's not quite as wholesome as its title suggests.

July 16

Eyes Wide Shut

Director: Stanley Kubrick

Cast: Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman

Kubrick ( A Clockwork Orange ) shot his final film - a psychological thriller about a psychoanalyst couple who explore sexual obsession outside of their marriage - in secrecy over almost two years and died shortly after screening what will reportedly stand as his final cut for Warner Bros. executives. Apart from a 90-second snippet of Cruise and Kidman fondling naked in front of a mirror, the studio has kept a tight lid on the film, which promises to push the limits of an R rating.

Drop Dead Gorgeous

Director: Michael Patrick Jann

Cast: Kirstie Alley, Ellen Barkin, Kirsten Dunst, Denise Richards

Originally titled Dairy Queens , this comedic mock-documentary features Dunst and Richards as rival small-town beauty pageant contestants. It's a shame they can't get along as well as Richards did with Neve Campbell in Wild Things .

July 23

The Haunting

Director: Jan De Bont

Cast: Liam Neeson, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Owen Wilson, Lily Taylor

Twister director De Bont strives to be creepy rather than shocking with his $ 80 million adaptation of Shirley Jackson's 1959 novel, The Haunting of Hill House . Fresh from The Phantom Menace , Neeson plays a psychiatrist who invites three people to a forbidding old mansion for what he tells them will be a sleep-disorder study. Like anyone will be catching Z's once ghostly things start going bump in the night.

Bowfinger

Director: Frank Oz

Cast: Steve Martin, Eddie Murphy, Christine Baranski, Heather Graham

Martin wrote the screenplay for this offbeat comedy, in which he plays a desperate movie producer who attempts to get Hollywood's hottest actor (Murphy) to appear in his film. Rejected, he stalks the star with a motley camera crew and surreptitiously shoots around him, worsening the actor's paranoid condition.

Inspector Gadget

Director: David Kellogg

Cast: Matthew Broderick, Rupert Everett, Joely Fisher

Disney brings the popular cartoon detective to life in a live-action family comedy that stars Broderick as a cyborg agent with more accessories than a Swiss Army Knife. Everett is evil Dr. Claw; Fisher is pretty scientist Brenda Bradford.

July 30

Runaway Bride

Director: Garry Marshall

Cast: Julia Roberts, Richard Gere, Joan Cusack, Rita Wilson

This romantic comedy reunites Roberts, Gere and Marshall for the first time since the 1990 blockbuster, Pretty Woman . In a story that might seem harshly familiar for Kiefer Sutherland, Roberts plays a woman who has left three grooms at the altar. Gere is a cynical reporter who decides to write an article about her marital near-misses.

Fight Club

Director: David Fincher

Cast: Brad Pitt, Edward Norton, Helena Bonham Carter, Meat Loaf

In the latest dark and unsettling thriller from Seven 's Fincher, Pitt plays a nihilist who sets up private clubs in which young men are paired off in bloody, no-holds-barred bouts until one drops. Don't they do something like this at Hara Arena?

Deep Blue Sea

Director: Renny Harlin

Cast: Samuel L. Jackson, Saffron Burrows, Thomas Jane, LL Cool J

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water, a group of medical researchers working off the Mexico coast accidentally unleashes a school of genetically engineered sharks with superior power and intelligence. Director Harlin, who hasn't had a hit since 1993's Cliffhanger , will be chum in the water if this high-concept 'Jurassic Shark' doesn't float.

Muppets From Space

Director: Timothy Hill

Cast: Gonzo, Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Rizzo

On a quest to find his real family, Gonzo discovers that his long-lost relatives are aliens from a distant planet. After announcing on Miss Piggy's talk show, UFOMania, that he is living proof of extraterrestrial life, Gonzo becomes the target of paranoid government operative K. Edgar Singer (Jeffrey Tambor). While there's no sign of Mulder and Scully, F. Murray Abraham, David Arquette, Josh Charles, Hollywood Hogan, Ray Liotta and Andie MacDowell join in the comedic family fun.

Aug. 4

Dick

Director: Andrew Fleming

Cast: Kirsten Dunst, Michelle Williams, Dave Foley, Dan Hedaya

Two clueless '70s teens (Dunst and Williams) take a wrong turn during a White House tour and stumble across a room full of presidential secrets. To find out what they know, Commander-in-Chief 'Tricky Dick' Nixon (Hedaya) appoints the girls as official White House dog walkers and they soon find themselves in the midst of the Watergate scandal. Could've been worse - he could have made them interns.

Aug. 6

The Iron Giant

Director: Brad Bird

Voice cast: Jennifer Aniston, Harry Connick Jr., Eli Marienthal, Vin Diesel

Warner Bros. could have a sleeper hit on its hands, based on surprisingly high test-screening scores and the growing buzz from the animated family film's trailer. Based on the 1968 book by Ted Hughes, The Iron Giant is a nonmusical tale about a 50-foot robot with a gentle heart (Diesel) who lands in 1950s Maine, where he is befriended by 9-year-old Hogarth (Marienthal). Aniston provides the voice of Hogarth's waitress mother, Annie; Connick is the beatnik junkyard owner, Dean.

Mystery Men

Director: Kinka Usher

Cast: Ben Stiller, Hank Azaria, William H. Macy, Paul Reubens, Janeanne Garofalo, Wes Studi, Kel Mitchell, Geoffrey Rush, Greg Kinnear

It wouldn't be summer without superheroes. Inspired by a Dark Horse comic, Mystery Men features seven costumed crime fighters - albeit with dubious 'powers.' When true hero Captain Amazing (Kinnear) is kidnapped by the fiendish Casanova Frankenstein (Rush), it's up to the unlikely team of Mr. Furious (Stiller), Blue Raja (Azaria), The Shoveler (Macy), The Bowler (Garofalo), Invisible Boy (Mitchell), The Sphinx (Studi) and The Spleen (Reubens) to save Champion City.

Aug. 11

In Too Deep

Director: Michael Rymer

Cast: Omar Epps, LL Cool J, Stanley Tucci, Nia Long, Pam Grier

Filmed in part last year in Cincinnati, this urban drama finds The Mod Squad 's Epps going undercover once more to get in deep with drug lord LL Cool J. He blows his cover when he suggests going to Gold Star instead of Skyline Chili.

Aug. 13

Mickey Blue Eyes

Director: Kelly Makin

Cast: Hugh Grant, James Caan, Jeanne Tripplehorn

Grant is the debonair English proprietor of a New York City auction house who falls head-over-heels in love with Gina (Tripplehorn). When she refuses his marriage proposal, he pursues her to her father (Caan) Frank's restaurant in Little Italy, where he meets the family - capice? Grant reportedly directed some reshoots for the romantic comedy, which appears to have been beaten to punch by Analyze This .

Detroit Rock City

Director: Adam Rifkin

Cast: Edward Furlong, Natasha Lyonne, Kiss

Set in 1978, this teen comedy follows four high-school students on a wild adventure to crash a Kiss concert. The Kabuki face-painted rock legends play themselves. Better this than a sequel to the 1978 TV movie Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park .

The Thirteenth Warrior

Director: John McTiernan

Cast: Antonio Banderas, Diane Venora, Omar Sharif

Originally scheduled for release last year with the unappetizing title Eaters of the Dead , this Michael Crichton adaptation stars Banderas as a medieval emissary forced to join a band of Vikings in their battle against mysterious creatures who consume every living thing in their path. Sorry, we got our fill of cannibalism with Ravenous .

Mr. Accident

Director: Yahoo Serious

Cast: Yahoo Serious, Helen Dallimore, David Field

Serious, the Pauly Shore of Australia, returns in a slapstick farce as the cheerfully incompetent maintenance man at the country's biggest egg-processing factory. This looks like a fine week for me to go on vacation.

Aug. 20

Killing Mrs. Tingle

Director: Kevin Williamson

Cast: Katie Holmes, Barry Watson, Helen Mirren, Marisa Coughlan

Scream writer and Dawson's Creek creator Williamson makes his directorial debut with this teen comedy about three high-school students whose scholarship chances are threatened by a wicked teacher who falsely accuses them of cheating. They take her hostage, which may not seem so funny after the Colorado massacre.

Blue Streak

Director: Les Mayfield

Cast: Martin Lawrence, Luke Wilson, Dave Chappelle

Life 's Lawrence is back in the slammer as a jewel thief who was forced to hide $ 20 million worth of stolen diamonds at a construction site. Released from prison three years later, he learns that the site is now a Los Angeles police precinct. To recover his riches, he poses as a police detective and winds up making busts with rookie partner Wilson. A buddy-cop action-comedy? There's something we haven't seen.

Aug. 27

The Astronaut's Wife

Director: Rand Ravich

Cast: Johnny Depp, Charlize Theron

Theron sure knows how to pick 'em. First she hooked up with the son of Satan in The Devil's Advocate . Now she's married to a NASA astronaut (Depp) who starts acting wiggy after returning from a space mission mysteriously gone awry.

Mad About Mambo

Director: John Forte

Cast: Keri Russell, William Ash, Brian Cox, Theo Fraser Steele

Russell, the Golden Globe Award-winning star of Felicity , steps into her first leading film role as an upper-class Irish student who pairs up with a ***working-class*** soccer player (Ash) to win the Regional Latin Dance Finals. Strictly Ballroom with a brogue.

**Load-Date:** May 8, 1999

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[***LOCAL WELFARE REFORMS NEED CHANGE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:463D-B8X0-0027-X3X6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***System's true ripples yet to reach shore, some say***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:463D-B8X0-0027-X3X6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Paula MacIlwaine vividly remembers the girls she met at a high school career day in 1978. They asked MacIlwaine, then a Montgomery County commissioner, how many babies they would need to receive welfare and would they get a house out of it. "They looked at welfare as a career," said MacIlwaine, who helped spearhead the county's ground-breaking welfare reform efforts in the 1980s.

She said it made no sense to keep a system that perpetuated poverty, rewarded teen pregnancy and failed to help parents with child care and health insurance so they could work. The system was, as MacIlwaine said then, "a dismal, costly mess."

Nearly a decade before Congress remade the nation's welfare system in 1996, Montgomery County was piloting reforms such as job training, mandatory work and sanctions in an effort to break the cycle of welfare in families. That groundwork left the county uniquely prepared for national reform.

Ideas promoted then have become hallmarks of the new system, including a one-stop welfare office and job bank, flexibility for counties to design their own programs, paying teen mothers to stay in school, and denying benefits to clients who don't work for their welfare check.

"We kind of like to say the government copied us," said Linda Shepard, deputy director of Montgomery County Job and Family Services, which oversees welfare.

Montgomery County has aggressively cut its welfare rolls to about 5,100 families, down 54 percent since 1996, earning nearly $4 million annually in state incentive money to plow into more anti-poverty programs. Joel Potts, the state's welfare reform policy administrator, calls Montgomery County's "the best program in the country," one with strong leadership, community involvement and supportive local governments.

In April, a team from Rutgers University visited The Job Center - the county's one-stop welfare, job, education and social service office and the largest such center in the nation - and praised collaborative efforts by the county welfare agency and community organizations for the poor. Those efforts have led to some of the county's more innovative programs, particularly ones combining motivational and educational training to help both adults and juveniles get off and stay off welfare.

Accolades aside, those familiar with the county's system - including current and former recipients, social workers and anti-poverty advocates - see it as innovative but flawed, hampered both by federal rules and local decisions.

And they say there is no way to know if the program is truly successful because neither the state nor county does comprehensive follow-up to determine how many former recipients keep jobs or leave poverty.

"As far as welfare reform and the whole success of that, I'd say the jury is still out," said Laurita Jones, director of children and youth programming for SCOPE, the regional anti-poverty agency. "People have jobs but they're not the kind of jobs that are generating the kind of income that will help them become independent of assistance."

Among the concerns:

Education and job training programs don't do enough to prepare people for good jobs, and even more help is needed for people who have significant barriers to employment, such as substance abuse, illiteracy, health problems and criminal records.

The county's work requirement is onerous. To receive a check, recipients must spend 40 hours a week at work or in training, 10 hours more than has been required by state law.

The county is too reluctant to extend benefits in hardship cases, critics say, and nearly leads the state in the number of times it has penalized recipients for not following welfare rules.

The loss of state incentive money is threatening innovative county programs.

Caseworkers remain bogged down by heavy caseloads - the average is 270 cases - even as their responsibilities have grown.

Dannetta Graves, director of Montgomery County Job and Family Services, acknowledges the system is not perfect and needs to help people advance beyond that first low-paying job. But she said the reformed welfare system is far better than its predecessor because it pushes people into taking responsibility for helping themselves.

"Welfare reform just got its first inroad," Graves said.

Real limits have real impact

To receive cash assistance, clients must sign self-sufficiency contracts agreeing to work, or to a combination of work and training or education. State law requires 30 hours per week, while Montgomery County has a more stringent 40-hour commitment. Recipients also get food stamps and Medicaid coverage and child care while they're at work.

Federal law puts a lifetime limit of five years on cash assistance. In Ohio, people can get a welfare check for three years, after which they must be off the rolls for two years, and then are eligible for their final two years of benefits.

Those who cannot get beyond problems, such as substance abuse, physical and mental handicaps, domestic violence or other issues, can receive hardship extensions to continue getting checks after the three-year limit. But Montgomery County has granted just 295 extensions since October 2000, when the welfare time limits first kicked in. State law would have allowed the county to give 1,029 extensions.

State records show 585 Montgomery County families have been forced off welfare cash because they reached the 36-month cap. The county shows just 437 terminations and neither the state nor county can explain the discrepancy. Of the 437, Shepard said 309 had no job at the time cash benefits ran out.

Three families interviewed this spring at Red Cross Emergency Housing had become homeless after running out of welfare benefits or losing benefits because they didn't meet their work requirements.

"I couldn't pay the rent," said Rosalynn Burress, 42, who said she suffers from hepatitis C and arthritis. "I've been staying here and there and everywhere."

Burress and her 15-year-old son lost their home in March after using up their 3-year eligibility. Burress slept in a van for a week, before entering Red Cross housing. She now lives in a subsidized apartment.

Graves said housing is not the county's responsibility, but that the Red Cross does get welfare money to help provide emergency housing.

"All I can say to you is we try to do everything we can to avoid (homelessness), but there is such a thing as personal responsibility," Graves said. "I think some people did not believe that their cash assistance would be terminated."

Recipients sanctioned for failing to meet their work requirement can lose their welfare checks, some food stamps and health coverage for as long as six months.

Montgomery County has imposed 6,057 sanctions since 1998, more than any other Ohio county except the more populous Hamilton County, according to state statistics. Officials say sanctions are the only way to make welfare clients meet their responsibilities, even if it means the client's family is deprived of income and food.

"It's the person who signed the self-sufficiency agreement who is taking food away from the whole family," Potts said.

But some who work with the poor say that attitude doesn't recognize that poor people struggle with difficult barriers, some not of their own making.

"To me, sanctions should be a failure of the welfare department. They're supposed to work with these hard cases," said Stanley Hirtle, attorney for the Legal Aid Society of Dayton.

He said some sanctioned clients miss work because a child gets sick, or they can't get a sitter or their car breaks down, not necessarily because they don't want to work.

Local welfare officials say there is flexibility to deal with family emergencies, illnesses and other problems, but welfare recipients need permission to miss work.

HELP INTENSIFIES IN FINAL YEAR

Shepard, the county's deputy welfare director, said that the county intensifies efforts to help clients overcome barriers to employment when they reach their last 12 months of eligibility.

Clients are shifted to caseworkers in a special unit and many are sent to a county-funded, work-experience program at Lutheran Social Services of Mid-America in Dayton. The agency tries to place clients in jobs that could lead to permanent employment, give them job training or at least bolster resumes.

These clients also take GED classes or learn about money management, parenting, how to get and keep a job, and balancing family life with work. If they complete the program, they get a monthly stipend in addition to the child care and health care that's available to former recipients during their first year off welfare.

"I would probably say our typical client doesn't have even a high school diploma," said program coordinator Jenny McCarty. "If I had to give a profile, our clients are single moms, 21 to 34, with little or no work experience."

This year, she said, the program has had increasingly difficult cases.

"We've reached the truly hard-to-employ individuals. They're not on welfare just because they don't want to work or because they have some barriers. They have huge issues. They have reading difficulties, they have organizational issues," McCarty said.

"We're seeing a lot of individuals, a lot of women who have huge backgrounds. We're not talking petty theft, we're talking about felonious assault, child endangerment. Welfare fraud is a huge thing because a lot of employers won't touch that because they see that as dishonest."

Since 2000, Lutheran Social Services has successfully placed 159 of its 629 clients in jobs, McCarty said. The agency has a difficult time determining what happened to the rest of those clients, many of whom cut off contact when their welfare benefits ran out. She said a handful had profound problems and the agency tries to get them Social Security disability benefits or into vocational programs for the disabled.

On average, people placed in jobs through Lutheran Social Services earn $7.50 an hour, a higher rate than the national average of $6.75 an hour for former recipients. Even so, $7.50 an hour translates to $15,600 a year.

Those kind of wages are simply too low for families with children to feed, said Dean Lovelace, a Dayton city commissioner and chairman of the local Poverty Reduction Task Force.

"The current system definitely has its blinders on," said former welfare recipient Sherry Johnson, 38, a Dayton mother of five. "I see ***working-class*** people who don't have lights, who don't have food."

Child care a big issue

Many people, including advocates for the poor, argue that putting parents into jobs, even low-wage ones, builds a work ethic in children and breaks the cycle of poverty. But Lovelace questions how the cycle is broken if the family remains poor and needs to use food pantries and thrift stores to survive.

"I don't know if the kid is being inspired by seeing parents work, but still their quality of life is not being improved," he said.

He and others said one of the biggest issues facing former welfare recipients is the lack of affordable, convenient child care.

While former recipients receive child care subsidies, they decline with income and end after a year.

"We have parents that fear getting their next raise because they'll lose their child care subsidy," said Marleen Milkis, director of youth service at the YWCA of Dayton, which helps battered and homeless women and runs a day-care center.

Former welfare moms have a particular challenge if they have several kids, including infants who often are not accepted at child care centers, or if they work a night shift when child care centers are closed. Milkis tells of mothers who have to be at the bus stop hours before work so they can take kids to various child care centers and schools, then they reverse their route after work.

"And those children are putting in just as long days as those moms," said Rita Cyr, associate executive for programs at the YWCA.

Child care costs are so high some parents simply leave their children home alone, making them vulnerable to negative neighborhood influences, such as drugs and gang activity, said the Rev. Daryl Ward, pastor of Omega Baptist Church.

"The kids are kind of set up to fall prey to that kind of behavior," Ward said. "I'd like to see people be paid more so they can afford things like child care."

The welfare reauthorization bill passed by the U.S. House last month includes a companion proposal to add $2 billion in child care funding for states over five years. But Potts thinks increasing child care costs will eventually force states to lengthen the time parents can get the child care subsidy, but also require parents to pick up more of the cost.

Federal law may require 40-hour week

The House bill would maintain welfare funding at $16.5 billion annually. Ohio would get about $728 million a year.

The bill also would increase the work/training requirement to 40 hours a week, but it adds new "super waivers" that will let states integrate other federal programs, such as housing and labor, with welfare. Potts said one of the flaws in the current system is the lack of coordination between welfare and housing programs.

The Senate is expected to take up the welfare bill this summer.

McCarty believes reform has been generally successful but also thinks local officials should not wait until the last year of eligibility before beginning more intense efforts to help recipients become employable.

She opposes the 40-hour work requirement, which she thinks can't work for everyone.

"When you have four kids and they're going to two different schools and two different day cares, I would say it isn't realistic," McCarty said.

Others say the 40-hour work week is typical in America, so why not expect it of welfare recipients.

It also gives recipients something to put on what is typically a sparse resume and is just one of several ways of making clients more responsible, Graves said.

She believes the combination of work requirements, time limits and sanctions pushes people to see the urgency of their situation and helps motivate them to change. Welfare workers say the small amount of cash assistance paid to recipients is another motivator.

A family of three gets about $8,748 per year in cash and food stamps.

"(The) check is not enough. If it was enough, you wouldn't get off of it," said Douglas Tepsic, a job and family services specialist for Montgomery County.

Tisha Colvin, 30, a Dayton mother of two who has been on and off welfare across nearly seven years, admits it's easy to become complacent on welfare, even with a small check.

"You do get lax because you get used to that money coming in. It does make you lazy and you get more depressed than you already are," said Colvin, who is enrolled in life management skills training at the Edgemont Community Center.

The Edgemont program, funded by the county for welfare clients, includes a GED pilot program that has students in class 35 hours a week, more education than is typically permitted under county rules. Shepard said the county realizes the need to get more people into GED classes and to get them there

sooner than their last year of eligibility.     But a GED may not be enough to

get a job that pays a living wage, said Hirtle, the legal aid attorney, and the welfare system ought to be more concerned with taking clients to the next level of education. He and others criticized the type of job training offered at some welfare work sites. Cyr said too many women are trained in food service or nursing homes, where pay is low and advancement rare.

"The emphasis has been on getting the person in the first job and then moving on and forgetting about them," Hirtle said. "To get people out of poverty they need to get the next job. Keep in contact with them."

Shepard said the county tries to keep in contact with clients, and does so as long as they are receiving cash, food or medical assistance.

Graves said the department is willing to train people to do whatever job they are able to do, but that may be limited by the client's own background, such as poor math or science skills.

Shepard and Graves both go back to the argument that people need to take responsibility.

"Public assistance is not something you really want to get hooked on," Graves said. "To me the selling point is: 'Are you willing to do some of the things to move to that next level?' "

Welfare spending rises

More money has been pumped into the system since reform, even as caseloads dropped. Welfare officials are fond of saying that reform done right is not cheap.

Ohio's welfare expenditures jumped to nearly $1.2 billion last year, up from $943 million in 1996. What has changed most is the way money is allocated. The state spends half as much on cash assistance since reform, while increasing amounts go to child care and work activities. Montgomery County's Department of Job and Family Services has seen total expenditures increase to $641 million last year from $508 million in 1997. Those totals include Medicaid - which accounts for more than half the budget - disability assistance and other costs not directly related to welfare spending.

The county funds programs for welfare recipients and other low-income people using a $26.4 million grant from the state and a $3 million contribution from county. Cash assistance is separate from that amount and comes from federal and state money.

Graves said funding levels were adequate until the state this year ended incentive payments that reward counties for reducing their caseloads. Those cuts have cost Montgomery County $1.6 million since late last year, forcing cuts to programs that help the county go beyond basic service.

Among them: The county reduced by half money for the Goodwill Industries Career Builders program that helps people keep jobs and advance; and it will eliminate funding for a Sinclair Community College program called Access to Better Jobs, which helps students stay in school and find jobs, said William Iiames, the county's assistant director of job and family services.

Graves and others say funding cuts could hurt a reform movement in its fledgling stage. Money is needed to move beyond caseload reduction to a more aggressive attack on poverty. One way to do that would be to help people advance to higher-paying jobs, Graves said.

Job Bank open to all

The promise of The Job Center's job bank is to link jobs with people, and to that end 8,000 regional job openings are currently posted, about 75 percent outside the city of Dayton. The Job Center's services are free to job hunters and to companies, which get employment services such as pre-screening and fingerprinting of applicants.

Several companies now require job seekers to apply through The Job Center, said Gary Williamson, the center's executive director. He said the center logged 470,000 visitors last year, and only 20 percent of them were on public assistance. By opening the job bank to everyone, companies can avoid "that stigma of 'We've hired 50 welfare people,' " Williamson said.

Deborah Ferguson, SCOPE's director of outreach and social services, said poor people are frustrated when they go to The Job Center, post their resume in the computer system, and still cannot get one of those thousands of jobs.

"There's something missing between what's being offered and what people need," she said.

Several people interviewed said Job Center employees don't do enough to help people navigate the job bank.

But Williamson said customer satisfaction surveys give The Job Center good marks. The center's philosophy is to remain hands-off when people come in looking for a job because many professionals seeking a job prefer privacy. He said people needing help should ask for it.

But asking for help doesn't come easy for some poor people, especially if they've been rejected before, said advocates, who complain that welfare clients can still encounter demeaning attitudes and ineffective service at local welfare offices.

"The problem I'm having is with the quality of case management," said La Francine Lewis, a coordinator and manager at the Edgemont program.

Lewis said a more intense approach is needed to help people overcome their problems, starting at the moment they sign up for welfare, and that caseloads are too heavy for caseworkers to adequately monitor and follow-up with clients.

Welfare workers also complained about high caseloads - one woman said she has 300 cases - and the lack of time to do more in-depth work. The county Job and Family Services department cut its workforce from 460 in 1997 to 287 now, plus 22 contract employees from Goodwill Industries who assist with cases.

On average, caseworkers have 270 cash assistance or food stamp cases, an increase from 220 prior to reform, Iiames said. And more is expected of caseworkers, who once simply determined eligibility, but now gauge job readiness and design a package of programs and services for the client.

Iiames said, however, the department has also changed the way cases are handled and upgraded computers, improving productivity. And caseworkers have help from the outside agencies and social service providers who now assist with clients in the dozens of programs that once were unavailable to welfare recipients, Iiames said.

Graves said she would like to improve caseworker training and that it is sometimes difficult to find and keep good caseworkers. But she defends her department against claims that welfare workers just want to kick clients off public assistance without preparing them for work. She said their efforts would feel hollow if the only goal was to cut caseloads.

Graves' commitment to making reform work is clear and few would argue for a return to the old system. But on the front lines, in neighborhoods and schools, in churches, shelters and food pantries, those who help the poor say the world's richest country must do more.

"I think we're obligated to help people that need assistance," said Sharon Lane, director of the Miracle Makers tutoring and enrichment program in East Dayton. "I think we're obligated as a nation to not allow people to live in squalor. They need to have food and clothing."

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**Notes**

NOTE: ELECTRONIC FILE OF GRAPHICS/CHART NOT AVAILABLE SEE MICROFILM EDITION! < Time limits< Sources: Ohio abd Montgomery County department of job and family services.< Dayton Daly News<

**Graphic**

PHOTO, JAN UNDERWOOD/DAYTON DAILY NEWS, MARY BACKUS COMFORTS her daughter, Siera, 3, after the girl hurt herself during the move into the family's new apartment. Backus became homeless when her welfare was cut off. She lived in Red Cross emergency housing with her two girls until they could find an apartment. A third child lived with his father during that period.

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[***Crime rate recedes, but wariness remains***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V4X-4YK0-00C6-D4D5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The statistics are stunning: For six years in a row, serious crime

in America has steadily declined.

Since 1991, murder has fallen almost 28%. Rape is down 13%. Robbery

has plunged 29%. In almost every big city from New York and Boston

to Los Angeles and San Francisco, the number of assaults, burglaries

and car thefts has plummeted.

In 1996, the number of crime victims was the lowest since the

federal government began keeping track 25 years ago. Still, the

impression lingers among many that the United States is in the

clutches of more lawlessness, despite numerical proof of less.

But dozens of personal interviews and a new USA TODAY/CNN/Gallup

Poll suggest the drop in crime may be sinking in. Across the country,

there are flickers of recognition that serious offenses are receding

across the board. In Boston, Los Angeles and other cities, some

colleges and universities attribute increased enrollment in part

to parents who are no longer afraid to send their children to

inner-city campuses. In New York, Baltimore and elsewhere, real

estate prices are climbing in neighborhoods once abandoned or

shunned out of fear.

Even mundane acts like getting home-delivery pizza or strolling

through a local park are possible again in formerly tough neighborhoods

from Columbia, S.C., to Union City, Calif.

In the new poll, five in 10 of the 1,013 adults questioned think

there's more crime in the country now than a year ago. But in

an identical poll in 1993, nearly nine out of 10 felt that way.

Compared with a similar poll question five years ago, fewer people

say they worry very much now about being murdered, mugged, raped,

burglarized or attacked in their cars.

Not that they've lost their wariness. However long the decline

continues, the crime wave that preceded it conditioned American

society to keep its guard up, perhaps permanently.

Levels of caution thought unnecessary in the 1950s are common

behavior today. Nearly 8 million people now live in gated communities

in the suburbs, with their implied promise of walling out strangers

and criminals. Millions more are installing home and car security

systems. In 42 states, growing numbers are carrying concealed

handguns for self-protection.

Sunday, the FBI will publish final crime reports for 1997, chronicling

a sixth straight year of fewer violent and serious offenses. From

cities to suburbs to rural towns, there is less murder, rape,

robbery and aggravated assault. Also down are the major property

crimes of burglary, larceny, car theft and arson.

"There was a time when I couldn't jog in my own neighborhood.

Now I can walk it at night," says Maria Viramontes, 47, of Richmond,

Calif., who heads an anti-crime coalition of 16 East Bay suburbs

of San Francisco. "Perception is catching up with reality. People

do have a sense of feeling safer."

In a 1992 Gallup survey, only 19% thought crime in their own areas

had lessened over the previous year. But in this new poll, nearly

half, 48%, say there's less crime in their neighborhoods than

last year. It's the first time in 10 different years of asking

that question that Gallup found a majority of Americans saying

crime is going down in their home locales.

The FBI statistics are "seeping through to people," says Frank

Newport, editor-in-chief of the Gallup Poll. "But we still don't

even have a majority of Americans who say there's less crime now

than a year ago."

Crime coverage

America's crime perception gap has been fostered, criminologists

say, by a steady drumbeat of alarms: saturation coverage of crime

as news on both television and in newspapers, violent TV dramas

and crime-themed "action" movies, anti-crime political campaigns,

fear-themed marketing by security businesses and, for some, personal

experiences as crime victims.

"I don't think that whether the crime rate is 30% or 300% affects

people as much as the fact that they just heard about their neighbor's

house getting burglarized," says Robert Gardner, a California

security consultant. "Crime still is a large concern, and numbers

are a little ethereal."

Lower crime is relative. The rates of major crimes -- the number

of crimes per 100,000 population -- have fallen dramatically.

But the overall numbers are much higher than in the 1950s because

today's population is bigger.

Last year, Los Angeles recorded its fewest murders in 20 years.

But the body count of 590 in 1997 still was sobering.

"It's great that things are slightly less horrific than they

were yesterday, but things are still horrific," says David Beatty,

public policy director for the National Victim Center, a nonprofit

group that works for crime victims' rights. "It's better than

seeing (the crime rate) go up 5% or 10%. But to be honest with

you, there are still 9 million violent crime victims in this country.

When you're that far behind, the sense that (crime) is going down

at all really doesn't give you that much solace."

Besides, feeling safer from crime often depends on where you live.

In crime-ridden areas where a mix of stepped-up policing and neighborhood

activism have dramatically lowered crime rates, residents notice

it in a big way. But in locales where there never was much crime

to begin with, reports of worse crime elsewhere can make them

feel it's rampant, even if they're not personally threatened.

"You don't notice (crime) out here," says Craig First, 31, an

optical technician from Concord, Mass., the famous colonial village

and now an affluent Boston suburb. "This is a very quiet place.

People have home security systems and all sorts of devices on

their cars, but that's because of their lifestyle. That won't

change because crime goes down."

The most significant drop in serious crime in the 1990s is in

major cities, not the suburbs or the countryside. Preliminary

FBI figures for last year show the overall crime index dropped

5% in cities of 250,000 people or more, compared with 3% in suburban

counties and just 1% in rural counties.

"For most people, when the crime rate went up, they were not

any less safe because the crime was not in their neighborhoods,"

says Alfred Blumstein, a professor of research and public policy

at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh.

Skeptics say crime stats also lend a false sense of security.

They note that the Department of Justice's National Crime Victimization

Survey, which gathers data from victims' points of view, estimated

in 1996 that only 42% of violent crime was reported to the police.

Police crime counts are what the FBI uses to calculate the crime

index. Doubters note recent news stories that police in Philadelphia,

Atlanta and Boca Raton, Fla., allegedly manipulated or falsely

reported crime figures to keep up with pressure to deliver lower

numbers.

What's more, the reports track only major categories of violent

or serious crime. Left out are less serious but highly visible

offenses: most drug crimes, prostitution, graffiti and vandalism.

Such crimes often heighten awareness and fear in everyday life.

The high-profile deadliness of random crime, a staple on the nightly

news and daily front pages, also skews the fear factor. Think

of carjackings and home invasions. Remember Ennis Cosby and Polly

Klaas. Or schoolyards in Jonesboro, Ark.; Springfield, Ore.; Pearl,

Miss., and West Paducah, Ky.

After last spring's heavily publicized string of school shootings,

"all of a sudden, people are getting the impression as they see

what's going on that there are no safe places," says violence

researcher Delbert Elliott, director of the University of Colorado

Center for the Study and Prevention of Violence.

Carnegie Mellon's Blumstein says most people react not to statistics

but to "singular events that they themselves may identify with."

He cites the case in 1993 of Polly Klaas, a 12-year-old California

girl kidnapped from her bedroom, then raped and murdered.

"That really set people on edge," Blumstein says. "If it's

two kids in a poverty area shooting at each other with weapons

they may have stolen, it doesn't affect an individual's sense

of risk. But if some deranged individual sneaks into your house

and abducts your daughter, that can happen to any of us."

Who gets credit?

How and why crime has fallen is a source of endless debate for

politicians, police, crime scholars and community activists. Some

credit a strong economy where low unemployment means fewer people

resorting to crime. Others credit community police patrols. The

litany goes on: Drug-crime crackdowns. More cops to bust criminals.

More criminals doing more time in more prisons. A smaller population

in the "crime-prone" ages from mid-teens to mid-20s. Neighborhood

"watch" patrols. Cleanup of blighted city blocks, graffiti and

broken windows.

Whatever the reason, the effect of lower crime on everyday life

shows up in ways both stark and subtle.

In high-profile places such as New York and Los Angeles, sheer

size makes major crime more commonplace -- and its decline all

the more noticeable.

Redeveloped downtowns in Denver and other growth cities are refilling

with shoppers by day, diners and concertgoers by night and a new

cadre of full-time dwellers in lofts and high-rises.

In Atlanta, waiter David Borgiet, mugged one night last August

as he walked home, says he was actually victimized because his

Midtown neighborhood *is* safer. With a local economic boom

came a greater police presence and a greater sense of security.

His caution had eased.

"I knew that area was pretty busy. It has cleaned up a lot since

I moved here. My guard was down because of all the new development,"

says Borgiet, 28.

"When we wanted to go to the zoo or check out something in San

Diego, we didn't have to go to the extremes of the last 10 years.

We felt a lot more comfortable," says Tracy McBryde, 33, a former

Southern Californian who recently moved to Rittman, Ohio. "Before,

you had to make sure you were back before dark, or make sure you

were parked under really bright lights. I couldn't carry a purse

(downtown). I'd put my things in my pockets."

In urban pockets reclaimed from drugs, violence or neglect, real

estate prices are rising. It's not just because of the United

States' bull run of prosperity this decade. Home sellers and buyers

say the drop in crime is a key reason.

"My office, we're getting 300 calls a day," says Willie Katherine

Suggs, a real estate broker in New York's Harlem district, where

refurbished Victorian brownstones can now fetch more than $ 700,000.

Suggs credits community policing programs, begun under Mayor David

Dinkins and fostered by Mayor Rudy Giuliani, as a major contribution

to the neighborhood turnaround.

"Some people still think Harlem is one big slum," says Suggs,

whose clients come in all colors and income levels. "But I've

got an Academy Award-winning producer looking (for a home) here,

an Emmy-nominated actress looking here. People aren't stupid.

They're not going to live where they don't feel safe."

While Giuliani's high-profile campaign against crime has boosted

tourism to record levels and improved the quality of life, no

one seems to be abandoning caution and good sense in the nation's

largest city.

At closing time, New York merchants still cover their storefronts

with roll-down metal grates or doors. Even if crime is down, "it's

too late to change. Better safe," says Andy Azzaro, owner of

Top Man barbershop in Greenwich Village.

Boston was in the spotlight recently for its remarkable 21/2-year

period without any gun-related deaths of youths. But all decade

long, serious crime has plunged, a 44% dive since 1990. Citizens

have definitely noticed.

In 1995, a survey of 1,003 Boston adults by the police department

found 55% felt safe walking alone in their neighborhoods at night.

Last year, police put the same question to 3,000 residents and

got a startling new result: 76% said they felt safe.

Boston police credit aggressive "community policing," a popular

'90s law enforcement philosophy in which officers walk beats and

get to know neighborhoods and residents closely.

Skeptics suggest skyrocketing rents, which have pushed poor people

out of town, are a less publicized factor. "Rent control is gone,

and the cost of having a home here has tripled," says Jack Litwinsky,

40, a university clerk from Cambridge. "I worry about that more

than crime."

Boston had a record 152 homicides in 1990. Last year, there were

43, the fewest in 37 years. Through 10 months of this year, the

count was just 31.

Boston garden designer Tony Stanley doesn't pay much attention

to news of crime's decline. "I lock my doors when I go out, that

sort of thing. But I'd do that regardless of crime statistics,"

says Stanley, 29. "Why invite trouble?"

But Stanley, who teaches karate part time, connects the drop to

a subtle change in his martial-arts clientele: "Lately people

say they're coming for lessons because they're interested in health

and sport and the artistry of it. They almost never mention self-defense

these days."

On the opposite coast, community policing works in the San Francisco

suburb of Union City, Calif., population 62,490, where there hasn't

been a murder in three years. The police department has mini-stations

in two neighborhoods once rife with crime.

Small successes beget greater ones. In 1994, pizza parlors quit

delivering in the Gonzales Gardens public housing project in Columbia,

S.C., because of rampant robberies. The next year, police opened

a substation there and blended community policing with teen tutoring

and a crackdown on school truancy. Today, the pizza deliverers

are back, and schoolkids in the complex of 1,500 residents are

thriving. Truancy is down. Classroom performance is up. Expulsions

have virtually disappeared. School-age pregnancies have plummeted.

Five years ago, noisy street confrontations and gunshots were

the soundtrack of daily life for young Neiasha Jones of Richmond,

Calif., a ***working-class*** San Francisco suburb. She and her mother

had just moved into their new home, a Habitat for Humanity house

built in an edgy neighborhood. Directly across the street was

a crack house.

"The first day, four guys jacked the ice cream man. Hit him upside

the head with a brick," recalls Jones, then just 12. Within days,

thieves dug up and hauled off the shrubs that Habitat volunteers

had planted in her front yard.

The house has a nice front porch, says Jones' mother, Charlene

Young, 51, a records analyst at San Quentin federal prison a few

miles away. "But I didn't go outside. I went to work in the prison,

and Neiasha was in 'prison' at home."

But police eventually increased patrols and cracked down on the

crackhouse. The landlord cleaned up the property, and the block

came back. Jones is so spooked now by the calm that she can't

be home without having the radio or TV playing as background noise.

"It's so quiet I can't stand it," she says.

On the screen

The closest brush most Americans have with crime is a daily occurrence:

They turn on their TV sets.

Declining crime statistics don't mean much when news coverage

or dramatization of horrifying acts slashes across the screen.

Darold Condra, 67, a melon grower in rural Arbuckle, Calif., has

a typical response: "Where's the crime rate going down?"

"We get all the Sacramento TV news reports," says Condra, who

farms about 50 miles northwest of the state capital. "It seems

like the news is full of (crime) every night."

James Fox, criminal justice dean at Northeastern University in

Boston, says despite double-digit drops in crime, "a few grisly

stories on the 11 o'clock news would have a much greater impact

on people's fears and perceptions. The evening news is more the

crime-time news than the prime-time news."

The USA TODAY/CNN/Gallup Poll found 82% of respondents believe

TV news and entertainment programs show more crime and violence

than five years ago. Recent studies of local and network programming

also suggest that, even as the crime rate drops, crime and violence

get far more air time than other topics.

The Center for Media and Public Affairs, a Washington, D.C.-based

group that monitors TV reporting of major news, found network

coverage of murder rose 336% from 1990 to 1995, even after excluding

the O.J. Simpson case. (Include that one, and the increase is

1,352%.)

During the same period, actual homicides fell 13%. The center

calls this a "TV crime wave," with crime by far the most heavily

reported subject of the decade on network news.

Since 1995, Rocky Mountain Media Watch, a Denver-based group,

has measured local TV news content in four spot surveys of dozens

of major cities.

It found that time devoted to crime stories far outstripped any

other category of news.

In a survey of 102 local newscasts last March, crime took 27%

of the air time, more than twice the next closest category.

Crime stories led off 38 telecasts, evoking the broadcast cliche,

"If it bleeds, it leads."

Barbara Cochran, president of the Radio Television News Directors

Association, contends that broadcast news chiefs are putting more

crime stories in proper context, "not so much to report crime

but to talk about crime solutions." The group's annual convention

in September even included a panel discussion on covering crime

and tragedy more responsibly.

"Crime is always going to be interesting news," Cochran adds.

"But I see signs that news directors are taking steps to make

crime coverage relevant. Certainly a diet of meaningless crime

stories is not going to succeed in the long run with the audience."

Research by University of Pennsylvania professor George Gerbner,

an expert on the long-term effect of TV on how people view the

world, found heavy watchers are more likely to believe crime is

rising, that their neighborhoods are unsafe and that they themselves

will be targets.

Gerbner, now at Temple University in Philadelphia, calls this

the "mean-world syndrome," the feeling that it's more dangerous

out there than it really is.

Predictions for future

Even if the 1990s' remarkable decline in crime continues, don't

count on a magical transformation of society into Utopia.

"There's not going to be one day where we wake up and aren't

going to be afraid anymore," says Art Lurigio, criminal justice

chairman at Loyola University of Chicago. "(Lower crime) numbers

don't make my heart beat faster. When I walk out of my house and

see a bunch of scary teen-agers on my corner, that's what makes

my heart beat faster."

Lawrence Sherman, criminology chairman at the University of Maryland,

adds: "As (sociologist) Emil Dirkheim said a century ago, our

perception of crime will remain constant even in a society of

saints."

Sherman does think that if the United States retains its "security-mindedness"

as the population ages, "it is quite plausible that we could

see declining crime rates well into the next millennium."

Others note demographic projections that the most crime-prone

age group -- mid-teens to mid-20s -- will peak numerically in

the coming decade.

Some expect crime will spiral back up as a result, though that

effect is hotly and widely disputed among crime researchers.

"It's great that the floodwaters are down to our knees now, but

I'm afraid that the next demographic wave is going to swamp us,"

says Beatty of the National Victim Center.

In the end, everyday folk may not pay much heed to the experts

or the numbers.

Jeanie Hewitt, 28, an artist in Boston's Jamaica Plain neighborhood,

says she has noticed the city feels safer, but adds, "Who really

cares about the crime rate?"

Her view is pragmatic and fatalistic.

"Crime is related to the economy," Hewitt says. "When times

are good, no crime. When times are bad, crime goes up. It's the

way of the world, and you just have to accept it."

Contributing: Martha Moore in New York; John Larrabee in Boston;

Debbie Howlett in Chicago; Carol Morello in Los Angeles; and Larry

Copeland in Atlanta

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, USA TODAY, Source: Uniform Crime Reports, FBI (Line graph); PHOTO, Color, TSM/Don Mason; PHOTO, Color, Michael Schwarz for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Sam Mirchovich for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Chris Chung, Sant Rosa Press Democrat; PHOTO, B/W, Janet Durrans for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, John Mabangio for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, James Kegley for USA TODAY

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[***IN ATLANTIC CITY, A STREET'S DECLINE ECLIPSES ITS PAST< THE ECONOMIC TIDE WENT OUT FOR THE BEACH BLOCK OF TEXAS AVE. LONG AGO.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C9W0-01K4-90H8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Mark Davis, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** ATLANTIC CITY

**Body**

Yes, everyone on the block agrees: Those were better times, back before the casinos.

Spring found Carmela Cavalieri wondering what she'd plant in the flower boxes outside her home at 143 S. Texas Ave. She'd wave a colorful hello to those on their way to the ocean just beyond the Boardwalk.

A few doors down, at 139 S. Texas, Stephen Kucharski would think of home improvements as winter's gray slid into spring's pastels.

And, up and down the little beach block stretching between Pacific Avenue and the Boardwalk, folks would be out on the sidewalk, exchanging pleasantries and readying for the horde of visitors sure to come just as soon as the temperature rose.

And then something happened.

No one can cite a specific incident or single reason, but they all agree: Life on Texas changed.

It was never Atlantic City's fanciest block. If it had made it into Monopoly with some of its neighbors, Texas Avenue would have been placed somewhere in the middle of the board - in the oranges and reds that cluster around Free Parking, perhaps.

The story of Texas Avenue over the decades is of an average block that struggled its way through a Depression and a post-war bust, hoping to prosper in the late '70s casino boom only to find itself passed by, just another tattered block at the edge of the sea.

But to a large extent, the story of Atlantic City - particularly in the years since the arrival of casino gambling, almost 20 years ago - can be told in the tale of this one tattered block at the edge of the sea.

Maybe Texas' slide did begin with the casinos, which in the late '70s and early '80s began buying up tracts along the Boardwalk. They paid inflated prices for some properties, throwing segments of the local real estate market so badly out of kilter that it's still reflected in unreasonable property valuations and tax rates.

But others think it also was caused by the decades-old migration out of the neighborhood - old-timers moving away, former single-family homes breaking into rental units, the gradual slide from middle class to ***working class*** to borderline ghetto.

Maybe it was part of the tide of crime sweeping the whole country. Like other communities, drugs left an indelible mark on South Texas Avenue. Police say they have managed to slow the trafficking there, but some residents say they still worry as night falls on a street that once prided itself as one of Atlantic City's showcase, middle-class boulevards.

Kucharski knows. He's retired, walks his block every day, and has watched life ebb and flow. These days, he says, the street is dying.

"It's a long, long, complicated story," Kucharski, 77, said recently, peering out his window at two thin young men in dingy jeans striding by. A foam coffee cup tumbled past, and Kucharski paused, watching it bump past boarded windows toward Pacific Avenue.

"Anyway," he said, "the bottom line is this: This street is destroyed."

\* Kucharski's declaration is understandable to anyone who just stands on his block and looks around.

The strip of South Texas Avenue that ends at the Boardwalk bears scant resemblance to the other tony beach blocks, or to its own past.

Many of the homes, which rise in near-uniform height along each side of the street, are beaten by age and abuse. Some turn graffiti-littered walls to sidewalks that once hosted children's chalk artwork.

Most are rowhouses, erected in the early 1920s, featuring little structural details that announce an eye for detail from that period: balustrade balconies, windows that arc like surprised eyes.

Most of the homes nearest Pacific Avenue once were single-family dwellings converted into two- and three-apartment structures during the last 10 years, often to accommodate casino workers and their families. Not all are full now; some windowpanes are cracked or boarded. On a recent afternoon, a tattered, mustard-colored curtain fluttered out of one in winter's stiff wind.

The homes closer to the Boardwalk are the nicest on the block. They are painted and well-tended, with storm windows to keep out the wet Atlantic wind. Their front doors and steps are clean, and unpaid bills don't accumulate in mailboxes as they do at some nearby vacant homes.

Where Texas Avenue ends at the Boardwalk, there are grills that cater to a largely summertime crowd, though they also count among their regulars employees of Trump Plaza Hotel & Casino, the largest gaming hall near South Texas.

The casino looms over Texas Avenue like a mountain of brick and glass.

\* The rowhouse at 131 S. Texas Ave. is typical of the block.

Constructed of brick and wood, the rowhouse was built in mid-1922 by an Edison, N.J., construction company, one of a dozen erected on a 10,000 square foot tract the firm bought from two local merchants.

Like most of the other homes that rose 73 springs ago, the rowhouse didn't stay vacant long. In August 1922, Aaron White, a dry-goods merchant, bought it and another Texas Avenue rowhouse for $5,337.50 each - $45,909 in 1993 dollars.

For the Whites and others on Texas Avenue, those were good days. A reliable rail service brought record numbers of people to Atlantic City, dropping passengers off near a collection of streets bounded by Missouri and Texas Avenues to the east and west, and the Boardwalk to Bay Avenue from the north and south.

The visitors called this neighborhood Ducktown, and the name was apt: Passengers often remarked on the flocks of ducks they saw in and around the causeway as their train chugged into the bustling Shore city.

Ducktown became an enclave of middle-class Americans, most of them people like the Whites, who either worked in hotels catering to the tourist trade or were employed in a business that depended on the vacation market.

By the mid-1930s, Atlantic City's population reached nearly 70,000 people - nearly twice the 37,986 people counted in the 1990 U.S. Census.

Then, Nazis moved across Europe, and the war came home to Atlantic City as the federal government took over many hotels and other facilities, housing and training servicemen for war. That prompted vacationers to look elsewhere, and thousands of onetime Atlantic City tourists discovered Ocean City and Wildwood, Cape May and Avalon. Others looked even farther south, found Florida, and forgot about the Boardwalk.

Changes occurred at 131 S. Texas, too. In 1939, Aaron and Susie White defaulted on their mortgage - records don't indicate why - and a Texas insurance company took possession of the little rowhouse.

It kept the home until 1943, when Varia Letizia, described in court documents as an Atlantic City widow, bought the rowhouse for $3,250 ($27,146 in 1993 dollars). She would own the home for 27 years as Atlantic City underwent a series of booms and busts.

The 1950s debuted with mixed blessings. Servicemen had come home, and the nation was beginning to move again. Gas rationing had ended, and cars became affordable as the nation stopped building tanks and returned to auto manufacturing. Atlantic City, like other resort spots, hopped again.

But that boom had a profound effect on neighborhoods near the Boardwalk, said Anthony Kutschera, an Atlantic City resident, real-estate specialist and historian. On Montpelier Avenue, not far from Texas Avenue, a new sort of building appeared that catered to this mobile crowd - a motel, the first in Atlantic City.

Others followed, at the expense of rambling old frame homes and more modest cottages that had defined streets like Texas Avenue, said Kutschera. Developers flattened them.

Meanwhile, families came and went on Texas Avenue as parents saved their money and began to move away. By the '70s, there was an exodus of residents leaving Atlantic City for Northfield, Ventnor Heights, Absecon and other municipalities that had fared better in changing times.

And, at 131 S. Texas Ave., real estate agents took down their For Sale sign in May 1970. Letizia, who had lived quietly at the property for nearly three decades, had died the year before. Ada Vercesi, also of Atlantic City, bought the rowhouse for $9,000 ($33,518 in 1993 dollars).

Casino gambling debuted eight years later, in 1978, and the uncertain fortunes of Texas Avenue changed again.

\* They were exciting times. Rumors swept the city with the frequency of Atlantic breezes: Casinos were paying $100,000 for vacant lots! People were getting rich!

That was the word on Texas Avenue, where Jean Savage, a Nutley, N.J., real estate speculator, made an enticing offer in 1978: She would buy every home on the block bounded by the Boardwalk and Texas, Bellevue and Pacific Avenues. It was a $7.2 million package for 72 homesites.

Most homeowners quickly agreed to the deal: After all, she was offering five times or more the amount the structures would have fetched before casino gambling came to town.

But that deal fell through - in part, say some residents, because a few neighbors got greedy and wanted more.

Savage filed suit against all the homeowners in 1979 after she failed to close on a deal for the entire block. All the property owners were obligated to her and could not sell to anybody else, she claimed in the suit.

Eleven residents answered that suit with one of their own, and in 1980 an Atlantic County judge ruled in their favor. The judge also ruled that homeowners were entitled to cash from an escrow account created by Savage. Each potential seller was entitled to the contents of that account, or about $2,200 for each homeowner, court documents concluded.

But few homeowners ever saw that much money. Instead, most saw their property tied in legal wranglings, scaring away any potential investors who would have paid big money for their homes in the first blush of the casino boom.

Records indicate that Vercesi wasn't opposed to the offer and would have joined those willing to sell. Small wonder: She would have increased her initial $9,000 investment by 11 times. Vercesi kept the rowhouse until her death, and in 1985, Meyer Silverstein of Margate bought it for $71,500. (That's $96,020 in 1993 dollars.)

Three years later, Silverstein cashed in his investment, selling the rowhouse and two other properties for a total of $300,000 (an average of $100,000 per holding - or $116,532 in 1993 dollars) to Bruno Giordano of Stanford, Conn., who hoped he would be able to ride the same speculative crest that paid off so handsomely for Silverstein and Vercesi's estate.

It didn't work that way. In 1993, Giordano defaulted on his loan, the bank foreclosed and a Monterey Park, Calif., couple bought the home at 131 S. Texas Ave.

The price: $19,500.

Like other investors of the day who thought land prices would continue to rise, Giordano said he bought too high. His renters were unable to pay the entire cost of his mortgage, and he finally had to give the property back to the bank.

"I was wiped out," Giordano said in a recent telephone interview.

So was Texas Avenue. The boom was over, and had passed the little street by.

\* But there is more to the tale than gambling on real estate.

Drugs are a continuing problem here, say police, who in the last two years have stepped up patrols and vice-squad activities in response to residents' complaints.

The police presence has helped, said Rico Smith, who has lived for nearly two years in the top half of a rowhouse converted into two apartments. He remembers closing his door at night and staying away from windows, out of the line of gunfire.

"There used to be drug dealers out here," Smith said on a recent afternoon. He's 25, trained in carpentry, and looking for work. "And I mean a lot."

"It used to be pretty bad," offered Carol Sessler, who lives opposite Smith on the western edge of South Texas Avenue. Sessler, who is disabled, believes the street is safer now.

Police agree but cannot prove drug trafficking has slowed. The Atlantic City Police Department is in the process of changing its computer system and has no way to count the number of drug arrests made along the tiny stretch of street, said Sgt. Ernest Jubilee, a department spokesman.

"It's busy up there, I'll say that. We've focused on that street," Jubilee said. "And I think we've had an effect."

Crime isn't the only problem, though. Texas Avenue is plagued with vacant homes.

Of the 37 residences now fronting that block of Texas Avenue, 13 are closed. One, belonging to a Cherry Hill corporation, owes nearly $7,000 in taxes and has a lien against it. City officials boarded it up after the corporation repeatedly failed to pay.

A principal in the corporation declined to comment, except to blame deadbeat tenants for not paying their rent.

City officials closed five of the homes last year for code violations ranging from overcrowding to faulty electrical systems. "A lot of the owners just walk away," said Gary Alston, who heads the city's division of code enforcement. And the empty homes attract vagrants and drug users, he said.

They also have a tendency to burn late at night, as demonstrated in December, when a two-apartment building at 113 S. Texas caught fire - accidentally torched, fire officials suspect, by vagrants trying to stay warm. It caught fire on the second floor, causing more than $15,000 in damages.

The owner, who declined comment, didn't have insurance.

That fire proved particularly distressing for at least one resident, an elderly woman roused before daylight and forced to run into the street in her nightgown. Police found her shivering on the sidewalk and placed her in a squad car, wrapping a blanket around the frightened retiree. She watched firefighters prowl about the still-smoking building as night made way for day.

Sitting in the car, she had time to reflect on all she had seen and done in more than 20 years of life on the street. "I used to love it here," said the retiree, who asked not to be named. "It was beautiful. You could go anywhere and leave your doors unlocked. Now I just want to go."

Lorenzo Langford has heard that talk before. He's a member of the Atlantic City Council and represents the Fourth Ward, which includes the east side of Texas Avenue.

"What we used to have were homeowners there," said Langford, 40. As the years passed, he watched as Texas and other Ducktown avenues became shabbier.

"There once was a neighborhood there," he said. "There's been a continuous change from that."

Council member Michael Zingarelli echoed Langford's assessment. He represents the other side of the street, which is part of Atlantic City's Fifth Ward.

"That street is a horrible street, just a horrible street, and it used to be so nice," said Zingarelli, 70. "What we have there now is a bunch of old houses."

The two-apartment building at 119 S. Texas Ave. is a good example. The top half is rented, but the bottom section is nailed shut. Its porch is littered, and some panes are broken.

It's an investment that has not panned out, said Gene Soliman, an Old Bridge businessman who is a part-owner.

"We saw it wasn't far from the Boardwalk, and we said OK," said Soliman. "It was a gamble."

Was it a losing bet?

"Oh yeah," he said. "For the right price, we will sell it."

\* But not everyone is willing to condemn Texas Avenue. Maurice Choquette bought a two-story building hard on the corner of Texas and the Boardwalk. It's just a few quick steps from a Boardwalk restaurant the Paris native has owned for more than 15 years.

A recent gray morning found him tending to some of the final details of the building's refurbishment. When completed, it will feature two upstairs apartments and an office space below.

Choquette, who bought the property this year for $60,000, is not sure yet what he will charge for rent, nor does he have any tenants lined up for the private residences or office. But he's not worried.

A Margate resident, Choquette considers himself an optimist. He has gambled on Atlantic City before - and won.

"I may be making a mistake, but I do not think so," said Choquette.

Neither does Frank Formica, president of the Ducktown Revitalization Association. He and other community boosters think Ducktown can reclaim some of its luster - maybe with a marketplace showcasing the district's ethnic heritage.

"There's still hope," said Formica. "I think it has the ability to change."

John and Carmela Cavalieri - who used to enjoy working in their flower boxes and waving to beachgoers in the days before the casinos - certainly hope so.

A placard announces their home to passersby: La Casa Nostra, and they smile whenever it's mentioned. The sign marks a warm place where appliances gleam and grandchildren grin from photos on nearly every inch of wall space.

They have lived in their four-bedroom, 1 1/2-bath rowhouse for 28 years, moving here from South Philadelphia. When they came, the Cavalieris liked the town, the Shore, their neighbors.

"This was a great place," Carmela Cavalieri, 68, said on a recent cold morning. Steam shrouded her kitchen windows, while a wind prowled outside.

Now, most of the old neighbors are gone, and the kids are grown and moved away. But they still aren't budging.

"Move?" Carmela Cavalieri asked. "I'm not moving."

Her husband, 74, shook his head. "No one is driving us out."

Kucharski is hanging on, too. He hopes, again, for one more boom.

In a 1980 interview, Kucharski said he wanted to get about $200,000 for the rowhouse where he and his wife, Rose, raised their sons. Anything less, he said, wouldn't buy him a comparable home on a beach block.

He laughs at the memory now. His home, once worth $100,000 in the package deal that fell through, is listed on city tax rolls as a $74,800 structure.

Kucharski doubts he would make a third of that, or about $25,000, now.

"Where else in the country would you find a beach block like this, with homes going for $25,000?" he asked.

Kucharski looked down his small stretch of street where generations lived and laughed and loved, where housewives hung out Rooms For Rent signs and husbands greeted spring with paintbrushes.

He laughed, a short bark lost in the cold wind whipping off the ocean.

"It's just unbelievable," he said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

PHOTO (3)

1. "The bottom line is this: This street is destroyed," says Stephen Kucharski, walking along Texas Avenue. (For The Inquirer, CLIFF MAUTNER)

2. The rowhouse at 131 S. Texas Ave., built in 1922, endured lean years and neighborhood changes. Its most recent sale price: $19,500. (For The Inquirer, CLIFF MAUTNER)

3. Stephen Kucharski (left), talking with neighbor Gus Rando, hoped in 1980 to sell his home for $200,000. Today it's valued on the tax rolls at $74,800, and Kucharski doubts he could get $25,000 for it. (For The Inquirer, CLIFF MAUTNER)

MAP (2)

1. Atlantic City - area enlarged

2. Texas Avenue (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

CHART (1)

1. Boom and Bust at 131 S. Texas Ave. (SOURCE: Atlantic County real estate records; The Philadelphia Inquirer)

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[***THREE IRISH PLAYWRIGHTS TRANSFORM PITTSBURGH INTO THE EMERALD CITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41DG-TY60-0094-54WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Byline:** CHRISTOPHER RAWSON, POST-GAZETTE DRAMA CRITIC

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

"It is Ireland's sacred duty to send over, every few years, a playwright to save the English theater from inarticulate glumness."

Kenneth Tynan,1956

Sacred duty? That's a joke. To a colonized people, verbal ingenuity proves a redress, a resource to fall back on when even the potato crop fails. So the astonishing fertility of Irish playwriting is as likely to have been stirred by desperation or revenge - not to mention self-assertion, pleasure and pure inventive joy.

Whatever the varied psychic sources, Ireland has been busy exporting playwriting fluency to the rest of the English-speaking world for centuries. It's almost as though there were a special scheme to breed playwrights, like stocking the rivers with salmon. And in the past generation, the flow has quickened, with fresh revelations regularly slipping down the ways in Dublin or Donegal, Connemara or Cork and sailing forth to a theatrical world avid for the latest Irish voice.

Most recently, Ireland sent out not one new young playwright, but two Martin McDonagh, 30, whose burst of four plays swept through Galway, London and New York in just three years, 1996-99, and Conor McPherson, just 28, whose own rapidly growing portfolio is led by "The Weir."

In what started out as a coincidence but has turned into an impromptu festival just in time for St. Patrick's Day, Pittsburgh is having a simultaneous first look at these two very different young playwrights. McPherson's "The Weir" is at the Public Theater's new O' Reilly Theater, Downtown, and McDonagh's "The Beauty Queen of Leenane" at City Theatre, South Side; both are already in previews and run through April 9.

And as a further testament to the power of Irish playwriting, its greatest living master, Brian Friel, will soon join the party. His spare and mysterious "Faith Healer" (1979) will be staged March 23-April 4 by one of our newest small professional companies, the Pittsburgh Irish and Classical Theatre. "Faith Healer" is a beautiful and seminal play, closer to the enigmatic monologues of his "Molly Sweeney" (City Theatre, 1997) than to the more robust poignancy of his "Dancing at Lughnasa" (Public Theater, 1993).

But the celebratory event is the debut of these two young playwrights, linked here and internationally only by their Irishness (more about that later) and the accident of timing. McDonagh won the (London) Evening Standard award for most promising playwright in 1996; McPherson won it in 1997. McPherson's "Weir" was the bigger hit in London, where it's still running, but McDonagh's "Beauty Queen" was the bigger success on Broadway, where it won four Tonys.

They don't like being yoked together, of course - that's been made clear by friends and associates of each. Nor is it really a danger, because as immensely different as McDonagh and McPherson are, no one will have any trouble telling them apart as soon as they've seen the plays.

They do at least share the condition of youthful success. In a couple of weeks of pursuit, I never got closer to either than the opening-night party for McPherson's newest play, "Dublin Carol." They were both there - working different sides of the room, I imagine - but it wasn't the occasion to intrude on their celebrations. For the rest of the time, their lives have been a flurry of trips back and forth to Dublin, New York and who knows where else. McDonagh's plays already have been done in 38 countries, for example - that's how fast success can hit in this unitary world.

Both are also trying to keep some time to themselves for writing. Each is described by friends as remarkably mature and self-confident. The plays support that -

McPherson's with their beautifully layered language and nuanced character, McDonagh's with their wild vigor and daring black humor. And they'd better watch their backs. I've already heard of a brace of other Irish playwrights in their mid-20s with first London productions under their belts.

BEING IRISH

Irishness, it seems, is a matter of some dispute. To inquiries about McDonagh in London, I kept hearing that he was not even true Irish but "London Irish," something far different, I was assured.

There's already a world of difference between different brands within the Emerald Isle. Villages distinguish themselves more firmly from their neighbors than Pittsburgh does from Cleveland, and there are the grander distinctions between Galway and Cork, Wicklow and Derry - distinctions that sink even deeper than (and will, we hope, outlast) the imposed 20th-century line drawn between North and South.

It's only one step more to extend this multiplicity of Irishness out into the widening concentric circles of the Irish diaspora - Liverpool first, then London, Boston, then England, the United States, Canada and beyond. If McDonagh, barely removed from Ireland by a half-generation and having spent much time there, is forced to take an asterisk with his Irish Playwright label, then what do we call Eugene O'Neill?

Perhaps O'Neill doesn't fit into any obvious grouping of Irish playwrights, but from another perspective, he certainly does. "The Ex-Isle of Erin" (a pun borrowed from Ambrose Bierce) is what Fintan O'Toole calls his book about "images of a global Ireland." Once, exile was a natural state for an Irish author. Sheridan, Shaw and Wilde might not have thought of themselves that way, but Joyce certainly did, and Beckett; might it not also help to understand O'Neill?

Now, even as contemporary Irish prosperity starts to reverse the centuries-old pattern of flight, the children of the diaspora mature. Is their art still Irish?

And is "Irish drama" defined solely by birth? The categories of full Irish, semiIrish and "ex-isle" don't begin to cover it. The Irishness of some of the great early playwrights has been marginalized by some as Anglo-Irish apparently Irish birth and even a descent of several generations wasn't enough. Sean O'Casey's Irishness was rejected by some because he was Protestant. Even if we could settle the nationality part of the definition, must an Irish play itself deal with Ireland or at least Irish peoples and themes? Longstanding, hair-splitting debates about what constitutes black or Jewish theater come to mind.

Perhaps because of the press of history, the search for identity and external expectation (what sells), there has been a strong tendency among 20th-century Irish playwrights to write specifically about the matter of Ireland. (Similarly, 20th-century American black writers have felt it necessary to write primarily about black America.) In his "Politics of Irish Drama," Nicholas Grene traces this historically, concluding, "The need for the Irish playwright to write plays about Ireland has made Beckett the odd anomalous figure he is in an Irish theatrical context." Irish drama also has generally stayed representational, making the conscious archaism or stylization of Yeats (or O' Neill) the exception.

Then however we define Irish drama, what is its appeal? Part is the specific history it recounts, a poignant saga that implicates everyone English and Irish while it also parallels other painful histories. Our American ethnic affiliation with Ireland is intense; it isn't just on St. Patrick's Day that so many claim Irish blood.

Then there's the glorious, fierce, fresh flood of language, about which many words have been spilt. Lots of it has been nonsense about a special ethnic ability. Mary Larkin, actress wife of Jim Norton, who played the lead in "The Weir" in both London and New York, recalls an American couple exiting from the play on Broadway: "What wonderful acting!" exclaimed the one. "No," said the other, "I think they're all from Ireland, and they're just naturally like that."

Even T.S. Eliot was taken in like this, opining that the characters of John Millington Synge ("The Playboy of the Western World") could be both "poetic and real" only because Synge based them on "characters whose originals in life talked poetically." This is a version of the myth of the noble savage, but Synge encouraged it - Dubliners would have assumed the same about his "simple" west coast folk. Actually, it takes high art to make an Irish farmer (or anyone else) talk with such verbal panache.

This suggests a fourth appeal to add to subject matter, ethnic affiliation and rich language - that of the "other." You can hear a trace of it in Tynan's joke about "Ireland's sacred duty." When he wrote it, he was welcoming Brendan Behan's "The Quare Fellow," and you can just hear the old condescension in which the Irish were praised for entertaining their colonial masters.

Witness another Larkin memory of someone exiting from "The Weir" on Broadway: "I don't know what that was all about, and there wasn't even a song in it!" It's not far from this back to the ignominious history of the "stage Irishman," a caricature designed to flatter English and American self-regard, much as the "stage darkies" of earlier American theater flattered white complacency.

But even if we recognize many aspects of "Irishness" are derived from caricature, true differences remain. Fully independent and enfranchised, Irish drama still has the ability to show us a people somewhat like "us" (whoever we are), but not quite the same. That tests our sense of ourselves historically, collectively, but, at the theater's best, individually, too.

And this "otherness" explains much about the glorious language. Even to the Irish who don't speak Gaelic, that native tongue remains a reality, potent even across the couple of centuries since it was systematically suppressed. The English of Ireland has been laid over this other language that still bubbles up within it, refreshing its successor with tangy locutions and a quasi-alien way of parceling out experience.

Conor McPherson: 'The Weir'

The best possible introduction to "The Weir" and to McPherson, both, is this note with which he prefaces the published version:

"This play was probably inspired by my visits to Leitrim to see my grandad. He lived on his own down a country road in a small house beside the Shannon. I remember him telling me once that it was important to have the radio on because it gave him the illusion of company. We'd have a drink and sit at the fire. And he'd tell me stories. And then when you're lying in bed in the pitch black silence of the Irish countryside, it's easy for the imagination to run riot. I always felt different there. I can still see him standing on the platform at the station. He always waved for much too long. Much longer than a person who was glad to have their privacy back."

Think about that. Feel the hint of a shiver on the back of your neck. Hear the quiet empathy of character. Now you're ready for "The Weir."

In his work so far, McPherson has proved himself a master of the monologue - they bulk large in "The Weir," and others of his plays are monologues, including "St. Nicholas," which he describes as "about a theater critic who falls in love with an actress and ends up working for vampires." Brian Cox played it at London's small Bush Theatre and then off-Broadway. Right now, Cox also is playing the lead in McPherson's new play, "Dublin Carol," at London's Royal Court.

In his casual, conversational afterword to a collection of five of his plays, McPherson describes himself as shy to talk about his plays. He once took the English director and set designer who were going to stage "The Weir" to Leitrim to see where he'd placed it in his mind. "I had some pangs of guilt and remorse," he writes. "What gave me the right to situate a piece of fiction so firmly in a real place? I became slightly reluctant to talk about it anymore."

Not so shy about discussing "The Weir" is actor Jim Norton, who originated the role of Jack being played at the Public by Tom Atkins. He talked of McPherson's "maturity and understanding of character," which, as a man of perhaps 60 himself, he found unusual in one so young. Maybe that and the play's insight on loss and redemption have something to do with McPherson's philosophy degree, he thought.

His experience also exceeds his youth. He's a co-founder of the Fly By Night Theatre Company. His "This Lime Tree Bower" has just been made into a well-received movie called "Saltwater" - which he directed - and he is said to be directing Michael Gambon in Beckett's "Endgame" as part of a complete TV version of Beckett's works. Rookies don't get that kind of assignment.

I asked Norton what advice he'd give Atkins, who's one of the first to tackle Jack, since the play was just recently released for regional theater production. (The Public was one of the first in line, just as it was for Irishman Sebastian Barry's "The Steward of Christendom," in which Atkins also starred.)

"' Follow your bliss,' I'd tell him," Norton said. "Conor is such a good writer, it's all there on the page. Trust the text and keep it simple - less is more."

According to Norton, "Storytelling is the only therapy Ireland believes in - it helps to deal with the demons." That's a good clue both to the play's meanings and its narrative technique. "The important thing is to let the audience bring their experience to the play," he said. And he admitted having to work as hard as ever in his life, getting the audience to do that.

Part of the problem on Broadway was that, after having played in intimate theaters in London ("The Weir" also premiered at the Royal Court), it was forced onto a larger stage. That shouldn't be a problem in Pittsburgh, giving the audiences every chance to sift their way through a lovely, subtle play.

Martin McDonagh:' The Beauty Queen of Leenane'

One of the dominant modes of Irish drama has been a form of pastoral, with its reference back to a golden if oppressed rural purity, then further back to a mythical age of heroes.

Granted, in 20th-century drama that pastoral sometimes shows up in reverse, in images of failed idealism, debunking even the heroes of "The Troubles." But McDonagh goes further still. Much of his grim, zestful humor comes from standing pastoral on its head, turning it into a scabrous negative but setting it right in the holiest of romantic holies - the most primitive "Irish" countryside of all, the Aran Isles and Connemara, that rocky projection of County Galway where Gaelic remains native.

Whatever he does, it certainly works. In 1997, McDonagh had the distinction, matched by no one in history but Shakespeare, of having four plays running simultaneously in London. Chief among them was his Leenane trilogy, three independent but similarly grisly comitragedies set in the fictional Connemara town of Leenane. "Beauty Queen" turns on the power struggle between an aging mother and her caretaker daughter. "A Skull in Connemara" pits a man against the possibility that he murdered his wife. And "The Lonesome West" balances two feuding brothers with a randy 17 year-old girl and a desperate priest.

The Leenane trilogy premiered at the Druid Theatre in Galway and moved to London's Royal Court. Making its premiere at London's National Theatre was the fourth play, "The Cripple of Inishmaan," all about scheming to escape from the Aran Islands. That has now grown into another trilogy with "The Lieutenant of Inishmore" and "The Banshees of Inisheer," both on the verge of production in London.

Sounds pretty Irish, and yet you'd think McDonagh was a carpetbagger, the way I've heard his plays criticized as though they were a float in the Chicago St. Patrick's Day parade, more "Oirish" than Irish. Yes, McDonagh was born in London, but his parents were a construction worker from Galway and a part-time housekeeper from Sligo who both live in Ireland once more.

Though he grew up in ***working-class*** London, he was surrounded with Irish aunts and uncles and spent his summers in Connemara and Sligo. Anyway, the ironies of "Irish" proliferate. Irishman McPherson started his plays in London, but London-Irish McDonagh, in Galway.

As O'Toole says in the introduction to the Leenane trilogy, "McDonagh's London-Irish background allows him to hold in perfect tension an extraordinary range of elements from both sides of the Irish Sea." The family, church, long dreamed of Irish nation, memory, Gaelic past and even nature itself - nothing sustains. And yet McDonagh's vigorous language (which O' Toole likens to a blend of Pinter, Joe Orton and McDonagh's Irish predecessors) and his earthy melodrama join to create painful comedy and outrageous tragedy. "Dirty realism continually shading into heightened epic," O' Toole calls it.

No wonder how McDonagh's was "discovered" by his literary agent, Rod Hall.

"I was talking to the literary manager at the Bush Theatre," he told me, "and as an agent does, I asked if they had anything promising. There was a kind of a sigh, ' Well, we have one writer, he's kind of odd, but you might like him.

Hall did. But even though the then 25-year-old McDonagh was still unproduced, he knew he was about to make it, "so I had in a sense to woo him, because he wanted to do it all himself." Now that there are contracts with 38 countries to negotiate, the two are very busy together.

Although two of McDonagh's other plays have been off-Broadway, "Beauty Queen" is the one that's made it biggest in the United States. "I think it's a gem," says Hall. "Frankly, apart from the new ' Lieutenant of Inishmore,' I think it's his best."

Brian Friel and 'Faith Healer'

Of living Irish playwrights, Friel, 70, is the master, having earned that title with more than two dozen plays over 30 years. "Philadelphia, Here I Come!" (1964) made his early name, but the appearance of "Aristocrats," "Faith Healer" and "Translations," all in 1979-80, raised him to a higher level, and the luminous warmth and accessibility of "Dancing at Lughnasa" (1990) gave him broad popularity to match his well-established critical esteem.

Both "Translations" and "Lughnasa" have robust humor and a rich sense of colorful place, but within them lurk Friel's darker insights, which are even clearer in his much sparer mode, as those who remember his "Molly Sweeney" at City Theatre in 1997 will testify. "Faith Healer" is in this more abstract, inward mode, with a close-to-the-bone somberness that reminds us that Samuel Beckett was Irish, too.

As with many Friel plays, "Faith Healer" makes reference to Friel's favorite invented place, Ballybeg, a fictional town in his own county of Donegal, in the north of Ireland (which is not the same as Northern Ireland). In the past 20 years Friel has often put his artistry on the line in the interest of rejuvenating the demoralized north, joining with Stephen Rea and others to found Field Day, which has premiered many of his plays in the north.

One way to summarize Friel's blend of the political and individual - of sweeping social sensibility and individualized melancholy - is to call it Russian. He has shown an affinity for the great Russians who wrap broad compassion around personal tragedy, having adapted/translated four works by Turgenev and Chekhov for the stage.

It's always risky to allegorize dramatic stories. (I've seen an interpretation of McDonagh's "Beauty Queen" that turns it into the story of downtrodden Mother Ireland suffocating her young, which blunts its grim humor as well as missing the truth of modern Ireland.) But Friel's plays often do support mythic interpretations. From "Faith Healer" to "Lughnasa," they seem to have bones made of ancient ritual. In "Faith Healer," the central metaphor is that of the artist whose mysterious powers he cannot fully understand or control. You can see this as a meditation on the historically unhappy relationship between Ireland and its artists, but I think it goes deeper, right back to Orpheus, the artist destroyed by the subversive power within his own art.

Perhaps it is the natural condition of Irish artists to touch on this mythic level. Friel has himself connected that power to the language: The Irish, he has said, "are a spiritual people to the extent, I suppose, that our language is shot through with the language of spirituality and the language of the other world and the language of otherness."

The artist's lot is not an easy one. Friel knows this, as he shows in the published excerpts from his diaries, in which the struggle, tentativeness and general fear of failure involved in writing are made clear with unflinching honesty and dark humor. Our theater is fortunate to have Irish artists who continue to contribute their dark genius to a great tradition.

STAGE PREVIEWS 'THE WEIR'

WHERE: Pittsburgh Public Theater at the O'Reilly Theater, Downtown.

WHEN: 8 ;.m. Tuesday through Saturdays(except 7 p.m. April 4); 2 and 7 p.m. Sundays (no 7p.m.. performance April 9); plus 2 p.m. April 1,6 and 8. Performances run through April 9.

TICKETS: $ 15 to $ 40; 412-316-1600

'FAITH HEALER'

WHERE: Pittsburgh Irish and Classical Theater at Hamburg Studio, Bingham and 13th, South Side.

WHEN: 8 p.m. Thursdays through Saturdays; 2 p.m. Sundays. Performances run March 23 through April 8.

TICKETS: $ 14 to $ 18; 412-394-3353

'THE BEAUTY OF LEANNE'

WHERE: City Theatre, Bingham and 13th Streets, South Side.

WHEN: 8 p.m. Tuesdays through Fridays; 5:30 and 9 p.m. Saturdays; 2 p.m. Sundays. Performances run through April 9.

TICKETS: $ 13 to $ 28 (student tickets $ 12 and $ 14); 412-431-CITY.

**Graphic**

PHOTO 3, PHOTO: MARTIN MCDONAGH; PHOTO: CONOR MCPHERSON; PHOTO: BRIAN FRIAL

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[***ALONG THE WATER, DISASTERS WAITING FOR THEIR MOMENT BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ARE SPENT TO SUSTAIN EXPENSIVE PROPERTIES IMPERILED BY STORMS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:451N-24K0-0190-X270-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Thirty-eight years ago this week, the most devastating coastal storm in New Jersey history inundated Long Beach Island, drowning seven people, uprooting 600 houses, and tearing the slender barrier island into six pieces.

Along the Eastern Seaboard, from North Carolina to New York, the great Ash Wednesday Storm of 1962 killed 22 people, pounded 50,000 houses, and left $1.3 billion in damage.

So shocking was the destruction that state and federal officials suggested the unthinkable: restoring the vulnerable shoreline to its natural state - a buffer zone off-limits to risky development.

But no one listened.

Aided by generous disaster dollars, federal loans, and a grab bag of other taxpayer subsidies, beach towns built back bigger and closer than ever before.

Instead of a natural buffer, a barricade of pricey real estate now lines the nation's endangered coasts.

Today, Long Beach Island is crowded from dune to bay with vacation homes and investment properties worth nearly $5 billion. It is one piece of a building boom that has transformed the nation's shoreline from seaside hamlets to exclusive resorts worth an estimated $2 trillion.

The unchecked development of America's fragile coasts in the last half-century, a frenzy of building with little national forethought, has come at a hefty price.

The American dream of a house at the beach has turned into a taxpayer nightmare: billions of federal dollars to repair resorts damaged again and again. Billions more to monitor and fix environmental problems - water pollution, unchecked runoff, leaky sewers, vanishing wetlands. And still billions more in decades to come in an endless struggle to guard beachfront real estate from rising seas and inevitable storms.

"These are not random acts of God," said Gregory E. van der Vink, who teaches a course on disasters at Princeton University. "It's only when people build in dangerous places that it becomes a natural disaster."

To accommodate this risky development, the government has been forced into odd and costly roles: The nation's disaster agency sells flood insurance. The Army pumps sand on beaches. Through such policies, Washington lawmakers have painted themselves and the nation's taxpayers into an increasingly costly corner.

In New Jersey, where $34 billion of property lines the eroding coast from Sea Bright to Cape May Point, some state officials concede that efforts to control building have failed. "We had sprawl, sprawl, sprawl all over the place. There was no planning, really," said Judy Jengo, deputy commissioner for the Department of Environmental Protection.

To defend all this investment, state and local officials have erected a Maginot Line of seawalls, groins, jetties, sandbags and underwater reefs extending the entire 109 miles of developed coast. It is the state's counterattack against erosion and the natural migration of barrier islands. Before development took hold, these vulnerable sandbars were reshaped and re-formed by storms and rising seas, without economic consequence.

New Jersey also is home to the nation's most expensive beachfill, a $1.5 billion federally funded project - and officials in New Jersey and other states are lobbying for billions more for other shore projects.

Despite these costly and extraordinary efforts, taxpayer-funded disaster spending in coastal states is increasing dramatically. In the 1990s alone, more than $9 billion in federal disaster aid went to coastal areas, along with billions more in taxpayer-subsidized loans, flood payments and other assistance.

Often, the beneficiaries are seasonal vacation resorts where storms and flooding are as common as snow in Buffalo. Yet under the government's generous rules, man-made disasters are treated the same as natural disasters such as Hurricane Floyd that devastate inland towns where people live and work year-round.

Even modest storms can unleash a flood tide of taxpayer relief. The government has committed billions for roads, utilities, water systems, business loans, landscaping, ball fields, golf courses, marinas and Christmas decorations. It also picks up part of the bill when coastal resorts are forced to evacuate - whether a storm hits or not.

More than ever, the densely developed U.S. coastline stands at risk from rising sea levels, eroding beaches, and a growing number of destructive hurricanes and coastal storms.

For as busy as the 1999 hurricane season was, it did not produce the cataclysmic storm that weather experts say is all but inevitable. A major hurricane striking Miami or New Orleans would cost upward of $100 billion, with taxpayers shouldering much of the cost.

Over the next six days, The Inquirer will examine how government policies have encouraged and subsidized hazardous development at the coast, insulating resorts from the consequences of their risky building, and exposing the U.S. Treasury to huge losses for decades to come.

Item: An unparalleled building boom has placed billions in coastal property in harm's way.

Florida is especially vulnerable, with more than a half-trillion dollars of property and a population that has increased fivefold since 1950 - adding 4,000 people a week. All of this building occurred in one of the quietest hurricane periods in history. Florida has not suffered a catastrophic Category 5 hurricane in 64 years.

"We've got a policy in the state that says we won't encourage development in hazardous areas," says Ralph Cantral, director of Florida's coastal management program. "There's obviously a problem with the nomenclature, because most of the coast of Florida is a hazard."

Item: The United States has spent $140 billion on all forms of disaster assistance since 1950. Disaster spending by the Federal Emergency Management Agency alone has jumped 72-fold since the 1950s, adjusted for inflation. One hurricane, Georges in 1998, has cost taxpayers $2 billion. In the previous four decades, only one hurricane cost $500 million. Often, aid goes for cosmetic repairs, from street signs to tennis courts.

Item: The government's grab bag of subsidies has fostered an entitlement mentality among many beachfront investors, who often want the government off their backs - except when disaster strikes. The National Flood Insurance Program subsidizes the riskiest beachfront properties. Yet Congress has stopped the program from charging the owners of those properties a fair premium or building adequate reserves, relying instead on the U.S. Treasury.

Item: Investors building along vulnerable coastlines benefit from generous tax breaks. Heading the list: property-tax and mortgage-interest deductions for vacation homes. Owners of rental properties may deduct up to $25,000 in business expenses, from painting to landscaping to utility bills. And if they drive to the beach to check on their property, that's deductible, too.

By comparison, families paying college tuition bills or raising chronically ill children are allowed only modest deductions, with strict income limits. And if you drive to visit a prospective college, sorry, no deduction.

Item: These subsidies help prop up towns dominated by vacation homes, not towns where people live and work year-round. Many beach towns in New Jersey are empty eight months of the year, ghost towns that turn off the traffic lights after Labor Day.

In some towns, the already-tiny year-round populations are being driven out by soaring land values and larger and more lavish resorts. This trend toward upscale building is transforming the character and landscape of the coast from Nantucket to Key West to Seattle, pricing out middle-class Americans.

Competing interests

Many coastal-management agencies, issuing thousands of building permits, are virtually powerless to stop risky building and overdevelopment. That's because land-use decisions are made locally, and that authority is jealously guarded.

"I can tell you without a doubt that several developments we approved make no sense whatsoever," said Courtney Hackney, a member of North Carolina's Coastal Resources Commission, a rule-making body.

North Carolina and New Jersey have issued tens of thousands of coastal building permits since the mid-1970s, yet still cannot say how many beachfront houses line their shores, let alone the effect of all that building. "It would be something that would be useful to know," said Jengo of the Environmental Protection Department.

Regulators struggling to manage coastal development are hamstrung by weak and contradictory rules, legal decisions favoring property owners, and a nearly total breakdown in oversight. The federal Coastal Zone Management program, for example, has spent $1.2 billion since 1972 to help states, yet officials who run it say they have no data to measure its effect.

Today, many coastal programs are stalled in a regulatory gridlock of competing interests among local politicians, developers, environmentalists and state bureaucrats.

South Carolina adopted strict controls on beachfront building in 1988. A developer sued, contending that the rules prevented him from selling two lots on Isle of Palms, a resort near Charleston. The U.S. Supreme Court agreed, and the state had to pay the developer $1.6 million for the lots. The regulators then sold the same lots to builders to recoup their costs - in effect becoming developers.

A loophole in New Jersey's coastal management act allowed thousands of beach houses to be built without permits. In 1993, legislators narrowed the loophole, which had allowed developments of 24 or fewer units to escape scrutiny. However, they added a loophole: exempting storm-damaged houses from review if owners rebuilt.

That year, legislators ordered the Department of Environmental Protection to adopt stricter controls over coastal development. Seven years later, the agency introduced its rules, which were immediately attacked both by builders and environmentalists.

Jengo said rules eventually should do a better job of checking growth along the back bays. As for the barrier islands? It's too late. "They're already built out," she said.

New Jersey has a policy that it will not force property owners to move back as its beaches erode. "It's too late to retreat," says James Mancini, mayor of Long Beach Township for 35 years, and a former developer. "It's a pipe dream of these pseudo-environmentalists."

The coast has been built out, and is too valuable an investment to abandon. The government is stuck. Policies that helped spur development now serve to protect it.

To retreat, or rebuild?

The 1962 Ash Wednesday Storm was a defining moment in the history of coastal development. The nation had a unique opportunity to pull back from the dangerous shoreline. But instead of retreating, beach towns rebuilt. Ironically, storms offered a form of urban renewal, a pattern that was repeated with Hurricane Frederic in 1979; Hugo in 1989; Andrew in 1992; Opal in 1995; and Georges in 1998.

"The building and construction industry loves it," said Miles Lawrence, a 33-year veteran of the National Hurricane Center in Miami. "Let the hurricane tear it up. We'll rebuild it."

On Long Beach Island, the Ash Wednesday Storm did kill the real estate market - for all of three months.

"We wondered how we would sell another house on the island," recalled Herbert Shapiro, one of the island's pioneer developers. But by June of that year, speculators and prospective homeowners returned, looking for bargains.

Today, Long Beach Island is one of the country's most densely developed barrier islands, with shoulder-to-shoulder beach crowds and weekend traffic jams. Most of the $5 billion worth of property is owned by out-of-towners, many of whom were not around for the Ash Wednesday nor'easter.

One who was there was Joe Veitch, a 27-year-old first aid volunteer in 1962. On the morning of March 7, he watched as surging waves severed the island, trapping and drowning two elderly couples. "If we ever got another one like that, I don't think this island could take it," he said.

In the tightly packed village of Harvey Cedars, where the ocean poured into the bay in four places, the front line of 112 beach houses alone is now worth $59 million. That's more than the value of the entire town in 1962, adjusted for inflation.

In 1962, 18-mile Long Beach Island had $136 million of resort property. Today, the 1,064 houses lining the beach alone are worth $566 million. Long Beach Township had property worth $335 million in 1962; today, it's worth $2.2 billion. That's a gain of $944,000 a week for the last 38 years.

"These are just getting to be numbers anymore," says Janet Ford, who works in the Long Beach Township tax office. "It's not real."

Rising land values have made the Beach Haven bungalow owned by Joe Sprague, who has lived on Long Beach Island most of his 98 years, an endangered species - and also quite an investment.

Sprague bought his cottage a half-century ago for $350. Today, if a buyer were to erect a house on the land, the property would be worth at least $400,000 - a 1,143-fold increase.

Stunning recoveries

Like Long Beach Island, Sea Isle City was decimated by the Ash Wednesday Storm. It took out 30 blocks of beachfront homes and 10 percent of the tax base.

Like Long Beach Island, Sea Isle recovered. And then some.

In 1999, the town's assessed value was $1 billion - 42 times as much as in 1962.

The whine of circular saws and pounding hammers fills the air as the island reshapes itself from modest beach town to increasingly pricey resort.

"Sea Isle is hot," boasts Mayor Leonard Desiderio. "Sea Isle is on a roll."

That's a refrain heard again and again traveling the nation's fragile shoreline, as the equivalent of an economic trifecta - a surging economy, a robust stock market, and a tide of disposable income - combine to fuel an extraordinary building boom.

It is a remarkable, if uncharted, shift that takes many forms:

Nags Head, N.C.: In a town hammered by Tropical Storm Dennis in August, Malcolm Fearing, a developer, talks about a new generation of cottage. "I had one cottage that I rented for $600 a week. We tore it down and are building a new house with 5,200 square [foot] space, nine bedrooms, and we will rent it for $5,500 to $6,000 a week." He whistles for emphasis. "I don't know why they call it a cottage. It's a damn motel. It's just a pure, doggone investment."

Wrightsville Beach, N.C.: Real estate in the once-quaint family retreat there is worth $1.4 billion, more than double its value only eight years ago. "Wrightsville used to be a ***working-class*** beach town; people actually lived there," said North Carolina's Hackney. "Now [houses in] developments cost $500,000 to $1 million and nobody can afford to live there."

Folly Beach, S.C.: Property owners say Hurricane Hugo was the best thing that ever happened to the slender barrier island. The 1989 hurricane tore apart old homes and freed up disaster aid, sparking an economic rally. Says town building inspector Tom Hall: "Now it's almost impossible to find a vacant beachfront lot."

Destin, Fla.: Property values are rising so quickly that city employees cannot afford to live there anymore. Only a decade ago, Destin was a fishing village best known for pompano, mackerel, and the cobia run in the spring. Now, millionaire investors jet into a local airport and stay in gated villas. "Here, there are no architectural guidelines," says Robert P. Franke, the city's planner. "You have Federalist, Mediterranean and Cracker. . . . The state's mandate to cut back on sprawl, it's not taking hold here."

In Florida, coastal towns have to submit land-use plans to the state, but they are not models of restraint, said Cantral, the state coastal management director. Were all the planned development to occur, the coastal population would swell tenfold - to 90 million people, Cantral said.

Some resort towns now are as densely built as the nation's largest cities. Census data show that Wildwood is more densely developed than Baltimore; Margate than Newark; Surf City than Camden.

Houses are getting bigger, gobbling up more square feet than ever before and rising higher into the air. In many shore towns, it is nearly impossible to see the ocean, beach or bay because of the walls of buildings.

"Ocean City used to be a family resort," said Tom Cleary, who has lived on a modest rancher on Mariana Lane for 22 years. "People could come down here and buy a small home."

Now, developers are tearing down those homes and putting up duplexes, he said. Now, it's noisier and more crowded. Cars jam the streets. There's no place to park.

"Basically, it ceases to be a family town," he said. "It becomes a greed town. It's strictly greed, greed, greed."

Building bigger

One of the first things Dave Owens did when he went to work for North Carolina as a coastal regulator 20 years ago was take a ride on the beach. Owens, a lawyer and planner, was assigned to sort out development plans for the Currituck Outer Banks, then one of the country's most coveted stretches of virgin barrier island.

For more than a century, the unspoiled stretch of wild dunes, maritime forest and salt marshes had dodged development pressures that had overwhelmed such nearby towns as Kitty Hawk, Kill Devil Hills, and Nags Head. As recently as 1980, only a hundred or so people lived on the 23-mile barrier strip.

Owens faced a unique challenge: How to preserve the distinctive character of the Currituck Banks without closing the door on development for the cash-starved rural county that extends across the shallow sound.

On the makeshift beach road from Virginia to the Dare County border, Owens recalls, "I could drive at 30 m.p.h. and count every house."

Today, there are more than 2,500 houses on the Currituck Banks, 83 times the number two decades ago. Almost all are rental properties and second homes, some worth millions. The barrier island accounts for 62 percent - or more than $1 billion - of Dare County's tax base, but less than 5 percent of its full-time population. At 65 cents per $100 of assessed value, the county has one of the country's lower tax rates.

In summer, the population swells to 30,000 from 500 - even though developers, under pressure from environmentalists and state regulators, agreed to scale back densities. And Route 12, a winding, two-lane blacktop, can barely contain all the Range Rovers, Volvos and minivans carrying vacationers from a half-dozen states.

The county projects that by 2020 the number of houses on the Currituck Banks will more than double, to 6,000. The summer population is projected to swell to 70,000.

Developments such as Pine Island, an old hunting club on an isolated strip of wild dunes, now offer massive oceanfront houses that sleep up to five families and rent for $12,000 a week. Catalogs tout them as perfect for wedding receptions and corporate meetings.

"It used to be people would put a cottage down on the beach, even a nice one," said Currituck County Tax Assessor Tracy Sample. "Now they put down a mansion costing $1 million. It's crazy."

With land prices soaring, owners feel compelled to build bigger to justify their investments, especially if it's a rental property. And, says Bill Hollan, a Pine Island developer, "Part of it is just keeping up with the Joneses."

For planners, the boom has created a new wave of pressures. Route 12 is choked with traffic, as are rural highways carrying vacationers from the Virginia line to the Outer Banks' Wright Memorial Bridge.

In August 1998, when the county ordered an evacuation for Hurricane Bonnie, it took vacationers five hours to drive 12 miles from the county line to the bridge. "People were getting frustrated and driving on the shoulder. People were throwing rocks at them," says Jack Simoneau, the county planning director.

Rapid development may also be outstripping the area's water supply, a thin lens of freshwater that sits atop a lake of saltwater. Some private wells in the older Whalehead Division already have run dry or have suffered saltwater intrusion. The county plans to spend millions to build a desalinization plant, similar to one in the nearby Nags Head area.

Norris Austin, a lifelong resident, watches the breakneck development with a sense of irony. "They come from New York, New Jersey, and they say they like the remoteness of the area," he says. "But then they want to put a 7-Eleven on every corner."

Growing battle-weary

As development has exploded up and down North Carolina's barrier islands, from Currituck to Calabash, so has the toll of storm damage. In August, Tropical Storm Dennis tore up Hatteras Island, Nags Head, and other towns on the Outer Banks, undermining or destroying scores of houses and causing millions in losses.

Two weeks later, Hurricane Floyd damaged 600 homes on Emerald Isle, where property values had more than doubled in a decade. It took out 100 beach homes worth $27 million on Oak Island. And it exposed septic tanks and the stench of raw sewage at Holden Beach.

For battle-weary officials of North Topsail Beach, Floyd was yet another reminder of their vulnerability. The barrier island is a veritable punching bag for hurricanes, and is viewed by some as a national symbol of the futile fight against nature.

In 1996, it was slammed by Hurricanes Bertha and Fran, which washed away half the town's dunes, eroded 50 feet of shoreline, rendered 350 beachfront lots unbuildable, and erased $72 million of the resort's tax base.

More than $6 million in federal disaster aid poured in to rebuild dunes, roads, sewers, and damaged public buildings. The town spent $127,000 planting beach grass in an effort to reestablish its building line.

Two years later, Hurricane Bonnie washed away half of the rebuilt dune and beach grass. Last summer, Floyd finished the job. The storm surge overwhelmed the remaining dunes, cut channels across the island, sent waves crashing into condominiums, toppled mobile homes, and crumpled foundations of beachfront properties.

For town officials, the timing could not have been worse. That August they had informed owners of 30 oceanfront properties that they could rebuild on lots taken by the earlier storms. "Now they're probably unbuildable again," said Town Manager Charles A. Hammond.

In a Sisyphean effort, the town is rebuilding its dunes, and looking to the federal government for financial help. The locals vigorously defend the effort.

"This is a great place," said Scott Murray, a developer in North Topsail. "We just had a little setback."

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\* Inquirer researcher Frank Donahue contributed to this article.

**Notes**

Crisis on the Coast

The risky development of America's shores

First of six parts.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART

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[***Hell with the lid off;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NDJ0-0094-5194-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***150 years ago, a third of Pittsburgh went up in flames***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NDJ0-0094-5194-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Patricia Lowry, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

Her name, amazingly, is lost to history, and for her descendants it's probably just as well. Who'd want to claim as an ancestor the woman who started one of the most devastating fires in American history?

Not that she meant to, mind you. All she really intended to do was a little laundry. So around noon on a Thursday in April 1845, she started a fire under her wash kettle in the back yard of a house at the southeast corner of Second and Ferry (now Boulevard of the Allies and Stanwix Street) in Downtown Pittsburgh.

At the time, of course, Downtown was Pittsburgh, a densely built village of brick, wood and stone that had grown up helter-skelter, with houses, hotels, warehouses, factories, churches, schools and a university intermingled on a triangle of land. Rats, dogs and hogs roamed the often muddy streets, though on April 10, 1845, they were parched after several weeks without rain.

The day was a clear, warm, windy one, a good drying day, as our mothers used to say. The washerwoman fired up her kettle, and then, distracted perhaps, walked away.

The wind picked up the flames.

William G. Johnston, age 16, was standing in the doorway of Johnston & Stockton's bookstore on Third Street when he heard cries of ''Fire!'' He ran toward the smoke.

The fire ''was but a short way off, in a little hut occupied by an Irish washerwoman, who in building a fire to aid her in her day's work made more of a blaze than was intended. I found the roof burning, and can bear witness that a few buckets of water would easily have extinguished the flames,'' Johnston recalled in his 1901 memoir, ''Life and Reminiscences.''

But no buckets of water were thrown. Why put out a fire the old-fashioned way ''when an apparatus so superior'' was within hailing distance? Johnston and the other first responders ran in the direction of the Eagle engine house on Fourth Street. The hand-pumped engine already was on its way, a few men and scruffy boys dragging it by heavy ropes. The hose was connected to the fire plug, but the city's reservoir atop Grant's Hill was dangerously low. Out of the long, narrow nozzle came a ''weak, sickly stream of muddy water.''

Pittsburgh, or the best part of it, was doomed.

The flames spread next door, to Col. William Diehl's commercial icehouse and adjacent two-story home. Diehl's frame house gave fuel to the fire, which the west wind carried across Second Street to the Globe Cotton Factory, a steam-powered mill that made yarns. Near the cotton mill was the old stone house where Johnston's father, and presumably Johnston himself, lived. Its wooden roof caught fire. By the time the younger Johnston got there, neighbors had removed most of the furniture and smoke was filling the second floor, so he headed for the family's bookstore.

''Climbing to the roof I found the employees spreading carpets over it, and using salt freely; but it was soon apparent that all the salt of Sodom would not save it.''

Meanwhile, volunteer firefighters of the Eagle company concentrated their efforts and meager water supply on saving the Third Presbyterian Church at Third and Ferry, whose bell had sounded the alarm. When part of the wooden cornice caught fire, firefighters on the roof chopped it off, rescuing the church and the 163-foot steeple that dominated the city's skyline.

The flames and shooting embers traveled east with the wind, lighting on bone-dry wooden roofs. Over the next seven hours, the fire fanned out along First, Second and Third streets, past Chancery Lane, Market, Wood, Smithfield, Grant and Ross, turning the heart of the city's commercial district into hell with the lid off.

People saved what they could; ''drays, carts, furniture, horses and men … were running in all directions,'' attorney Robert McKnight wrote in his diary.

Warehouses along Water Street (now Fort Pitt Boulevard) were emptied as best they could be; supplies of iron, coffee, tea, sugar, nails, cotton and paper were piled on the Monongahela Wharf. Little use, that: The fire burned to the water line. Steamboats lined up along the Mon wharf dropped down river as far as the mouth of Saw Mill Run. At Smithfield Street, the fire reached the covered Monongahela Bridge, which burned ''like a straw rope on fire,'' recalled Judge Thomas Mellon in his 1885 memoir.

In the triangle, the fire raged on, crossing Ross Street into the suburb of Kensington or ''Pipetown,'' the ***working-class*** neighborhood laid out by Billy Price near his clay pipe factory. When the fire reached the side of Boyd's Hill (the Bluff), it burned itself out for lack of fuel. The holocaust was over.

That night, hundreds slept in the open air, ''whilst others, more fortunate in saving portions of their furniture, were compelled to watch it during the night, as the numerous thieves would otherwise have deprived them of what the element had spared,'' wrote J. Heron Foster in his account of the fire, published in a booklet three months later.

The next day, April 11, Pittsburghers took stock. The fire had engulfed 24 blocks on 56 acres and destroyed almost 1,000 buildings -- one-third of the city and two-thirds of its wealth.

Though newspapers for days after printed the names of people missing and feared dead, the fire claimed only two lives. On April 22, human bones found in the basement of a store at Second and Grant were assumed to be the remains of a Mrs. Maglone, who was last seen near that corner, wearing a flannel dress and hood bonnet. Early in May, the body of attorney Samuel Kingston was found in the basement of a house two doors from his home. He was last seen going toward his house to save a piano, and probably entered the wrong building in the confusion of smoke and flames.

The conflagration destroyed ''the best half of the city,'' wrote William Brackenridge, who had been staying at the Monongahela House, the city's most fashionable hotel, at Water and Smithfield streets.

It was lost in the fire, along with the Western University, the Custom House, the mayor's office in Philo Hall, the Bakewell, Pears & Co. glass factory, the offices of the Daily Chronicle, the engine house of the Vigilant Fire Co., Eagle Livery Stables, Merchants' Hotel, the Baptist Church, the Associated Reformed Church, the Dowlas Iron Works in Kensington, dozens of warehouses and 700 private homes. The new courthouse, built in 1842 of gray sandstone high atop Grant's Hill, was secure, but it would succumb to a fire of its own in 1882.

''The part of the city destroyed was the original town, the greater part of it held by the first settlers and their descendants … the oldest and most active business portion of Pittsburgh,'' Foster wrote.

On April 14, Brackenridge wrote a letter published in the National Intelligencer:

''The next morning I passed through the smoking ruins. So intense had been the heat that scarcely any appearance of wood was to be seen; even the ashes had disappeared. But for the smoke … it might have been taken for the ruins of some ancient city long since destroyed. … The reflection constantly uppermost with me was: Is there any hope that this ruin will be repaired? Can Pittsburg ever recover from this blow?''

It was a question, Pittsburghers knew, that the whole country would be asking. So as soon as the bricks had cooled, rebuilding began on the existing lots, sometimes on the existing foundations.

The Post reported on April 12 that on a tour of the Burnt District, as the area became known, ''we saw many busy with hatchets cutting the plaster from the fallen bricks, preparatory to rebuilding.'' By April 15, Johnston & Stockton had begun to rebuild its bookstore, and the Pattersons their Eagle Livery Stable. On May 5, the Gazette noted that 29 houses were either under roof or up one or two stories, and between 100 and 200 had foundations commenced.

Meanwhile, relief poured in from around the country and around the world, in the form of food, clothing, furniture and money. Cities, towns, churches and businesses took up collections. The Pennsylvania state legislature sent a check for $ 50,000; additional public and private aid added another $ 198,873.40.

Individual losses suffered in the fire ranged from the $ 15 claimed by Anne Collins, a servant, to the $ 35,000 claimed by James Crossan, proprietor of the Monongahela House. Commercial losses were much higher. Total damage estimates for the fire ranged from $ 5 million to $ 15 million, with the truth probably somewhere in the middle.

Few people were insured, and of the $ 870,000 in insurance claims, only $ 79,800 was paid, because most of the insurers were Pittsburgh companies that also lost everything in the fire.

The fire brought many changes, including an improved water system. But surprisingly, it would be 25 more years before the city established a municipal fire department. Until 1870, the city's dozen or so volunteer fire companies, paid mostly on a per-fire basis, continued to compete for fires, sometimes hosing each other away before turning their attention to the flames.

From the ashes, growth and prosperity

Looking down on the smoldering ruins from the Allegheny County Courthouse, Tom Mellon, then a young attorney, wondered if Pittsburgh could ever recover.

But, as Judge Mellon recalled in his memoir, the blaze proved to be a catalyst for new growth and prosperity.

''Instead of depression it gave an impetus to every kind of business, especially everything in the building line. Mechanics of all kinds flocked in from other places, and all obtained ready employment at better wages than formerly; and new life and increased value was infused into real estate, and rents were higher for several years.''

With investment capital from the East, businesses got back on their feet, and many, including Mellon, found opportunity in the rebuilding boom.

Scots-Irish immigrant John Dunlap had started his one-man tin shop at 26 Market St. in 1839; patrons were told to look for the Sign of the Coffeepot. The little shop was wiped out by the fire, but on the basis of his character, New York's Phelps Dodge & Co. gave him a new start, and his company grew into a huge factory with six warehouses at Second and Market.

For Saxonburg engineer John Roebling, designer of the Brooklyn Bridge of 1883, the destruction of the Monongahela Bridge gave him a chance to put to the test his ideas about building bridges using wire cables. The world's first suspension bridge was built on the piers of the fallen Monongahela Bridge.

Mellon, later patriarch of one of America's richest families, was among those whose income increased as a result of the fire, which spared the house he was building for his wife and child at the corner of Fifth and Wylie, near his law office and the courthouse. In 1846, he built 18 small dwellings whose rentals brought him a 10 percent profit on his investment.

Housing was a critical need after the fire, not only for those who had lost their homes, but for the construction workers who flowed into the city. Between 1840 and 1850 the city's population doubled, from 21,515 to 46,601, though how much of that is a result of the fire is unknown. And while the fire caused some people to move to outlying towns like Lawrenceville, East Liberty and Oakland, most Pittsburghers had to stay within walking distance of their jobs in the triangle.

A matter of style

In the rebuilding of the Burnt District, the existing grid of narrow streets was retained (Second Street wasn't widened into Boulevard of the Allies until 1922).

For the most part, Pittsburgh architecture after the fire looked much the same as it did before it, because neither building technology nor styles had changed much -- with one notable exception.

The Monongahela House, a Greek Revival building completed in 1840 during the height of that style, came back as a bellwether of another. With a heavily bracketed cornice and quoins (large stones outlining the building's corners), the Monongahela House completed in 1847 was probably Pittsburgh's first Italianate building -- a style that wouldn't reach full flower until the late 1800s.

The first Monongahela House was likely designed by John Chislett, Pittsburgh's premier architect of the Greek Revival. Its spare elegance has much in common with his Burke's Building at 209 Fourth Ave., just outside the Burnt District. Of Chislett's Downtown buildings (he also designed the 1841 Courthouse), only Burke's Building survives to this day.

Chislett's Bank of Pittsburgh, an 1835 temple-front building with a wide staircase leading to its six-column portico, was heavily damaged in the fire. Because of its zinc roof it was thought to be fireproof, but the heat melted the roof. All the woodwork was lost, but the vaults and stone walls held. The bank, which stretched from Third to Fourth streets, was rebuilt after the fire, only to be later demolished.

Most of the buildings lost in the fire or built soon after it were modest Georgian ones, many with Classical or Greek Revival details. Illustrations in the 1850 city directory show that even a humble building like the Pattersons' Eagle Livery Stable could be dressed in Greek garb, with Doric pilasters framing the facade.

One other notable structure was lost in the fire: Western University's 1830 stone building, a more obvious hybrid of the Georgian and Greek Revival, with a four-column, Ionic portico grafted onto a simple Georgian form -- a hip-roofed stone box with a cupola. Inside the building and also destroyed were the university's records, library and scientific equipment.

After the fire, the trustees sold the valuable land at Third and Cherry and erected a new building on the site of what is now the Lazarus department store. In 1849 it too burned, and the school changed buildings and locations several more times before moving to Oakland in 1909 as the University of Pittsburgh.

Unlike Philadelphia and Charleston, which have preserved the Colonial and Greek Revival hearts of their cities, almost all of Pittsburgh's early buildings have been lost, either to fire or successive layers of development.

Today, the site where the fire began is as anonymous and forgotten as the washerwoman who started it. Rather than a historical marker, an enormous billboard on the edge of a parking lot marks the southeast corner of Stanwix Street and Boulevard of the Allies. Surface parking now blights much of the Burnt District along First Avenue.

Of the buildings that replaced those lost in the 1845 fire, all that remains is a handful of small brick buildings near the corner where the fire began.

The best known houses Froggy's tavern at 100 Market St.; the interior's exposed brick walls and beams allow patrons to drink in mid-19th-century construction methods and materials along with their libations. Two of the buildings -- 121-123 First Ave. and 125 First Ave. -- have been nominated as city historic landmarks and are awaiting City Council's vote.

Together, those that remain constitute a little oasis of human-scale development in the midst of glass and metal skyscrapers -- a reminder that Downtown was once a mixture of such handmade houses and businesses.

Whodunit.....and who cares?

Who started the Great Fire of 1845?

In contemporary accounts, she is referred to only as a washerwoman or an Irish washerwoman, perhaps to spare her the ignominy. Then again, maybe her name spread so fast there was little need to print it.

In 1945, as part of its centennial commemoration, the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania asked Pittsburghers to solve the mystery. A $ 50 war bond would go to the person who could supply the woman's name, with convincing proof. Responses were printed in a special double issue of the magazine (Vol. 28, Nos. 1 and 2) devoted to the fire.

None of the respondents settled the question, but three were awarded prizes for brave tries, including William Brophy of Mount Washinton, who wrote that the story had come down in his family that the fire was started by a woman named Brooks, who was the mother of his aunt's husband, John Brooks. ''I have no record,'' Brophy wrote, ''it is purely tradition.''

From Maude Rombach, Saltsburg: ''I remember some of the older people telling me the lady's name was Mrs. Horne … I just can't remember her first name.''

Others sugggested different scenarios.

''The story told me when I was a little girl was that a tailor was dyeing some materials and forgot about them as he went to look at a parade.'' (Alice Brown, Oakmont).

''According to my father's story, which he certainly believed to be true, there was an engineer on one of the boats tied up at the wharf, who became annoyed at a large wooly Newfoundland dog which had become a pest … he became so riled at the dog one day that he poured oil over his shaggy coat and set it afire, the dog taking off and ran up Ferry Street and got under one of the many old buildings there at the time.'' (B. Frank Bell, Homestead).

Checking the names of the women mentioned above in city directories of the day and in the list of people who turned in loss claims after the fire provides no conclusive proof. Unless another contemporary account comes to light, Pittsburgh's anonymous washerwoman is likely to remain so forever.

Fifty years ago, the centennial of the Great Fire of 1845 and the city's recovery were commemorated with a parade, exhibit, lectures and a play, all sponsored by the Historical Society.

This year, the fire's 150th anniversary is attracting little attention. No lectures or programs are planned, but the story of the fire will be part of the core exhibit of the Sen. John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center when it opens in 1996.

Mark Johnson, national president of The Daguerrian Society, has been researching the fire for several years and plans to publish a limited-edition book of contemporary accounts gleaned from newspapers, letters, diaries and other sources. There are no known daguerreotypes of the fire or its aftermath, but Johnson, who lives in Dormont, has a long-standing interest in the event. He has created a database of the names of 1,400 people who suffered losses in the fire. People interested in learning if one of their ancestors is included or wish to contribute information to the book can call him at 341-1168.

The Historical Society's 1945 exhibit featured 80 portraits of men and women living in the city at the time of the fire. The exhibition list is an alphabet soup of prominent Pittsburgh names, from Arbuthnot to Wilkins. Also on view were furniture and other household goods of the period, including several items saved from the fire or salvaged from its ruins.

**Notes**

Monthly in the Sunday Magazine, stories by Post-Gazette staff writer Patricia Lowry feature Western Pennsylvania's evolving landscape, from architecture to atmosphere, as part of the Essentially Pittsburgh series. This story is based on her research as well as that of Mark Johnson, Verna Cowin, Joel Tarr and David Carr.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), DRAWING, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, PHOTO: Pittsburgh painter William Wall's print is based on a painting he made while viewing the ruins from Boyd's Hill, now the Bluff, a few days after the fire. The painting is on view at The Carnegie Museum of Art.; PHOTO: The first Monongahela House hotel, an elegant example of the Greek Revival, was destroyed in the blaze.; DRAWING: Illustration by Stacy Innerst; INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Stacy Innerst/Post-Gazette: (What was lost)

**Load-Date:** April 14, 1995

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[***AT LAST, A LESSON IN BEATING THE ODDS IN THE DISMAL LITANY OF PHILADELPHIA'S SCHOOL FAILURES, ANDREW JACKSON ELEMENTARY IS A SHINING EXCEPTION.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P770-01K4-93WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

As a boy visiting his grandmother in South Philadelphia, Angelo Milicia would while away the time on the tiny concrete playground at Andrew Jackson Elementary, just down the street at 12th and Federal.

He attended Catholic school, but the youngsters he met at Jackson weren't much different from himself: ***working-class*** sons and daughters whose parents cracked the whip over homework and preached the value of education. You learned to read and write and compute, or God save your hide.

How things have changed, in ways little Angelo couldn't have imagined in the 1950s.

Today, he's still hanging out at Jackson Elementary, but as its principal. The neighborhood has aged and has given up many of its remaining children to the parochial system. The school now draws much of its student body from the area of the Martin Luther King public-housing project several blocks north.

Jackson has acquired the adjective inner-city - and the whole kit and caboodle of troubles that phrase connotes. Between violence and neglect, joblessness and broken homes, there are reasons galore for most of its students to do poorly - to become part of the tide of low achievement that has swamped nearly all of Philadelphia's public schools.

But Milicia and his staff have, by one measure at least, managed to buck the trend. In numbers greater than conventional wisdom would predict, Jackson's children read at levels that meet or exceed the national average. The whys and hows cut to the heart of a challenge facing the entire country: the rescue of urban education.

A recent Inquirer analysis of the Philadelphia school district showed academic achievement to be almost inextricably shackled to poverty levels: The poorer the children, the lower their test scores. There were few exceptions to the rule. Jackson was one of them.

More than half of Jackson's students come from families on welfare - 54 percent, one of the higher poverty rates among city elementary schools. Yet 42 percent of the students were tested in 1992-93 as reading at or above the national norm. At most schools with comparable poverty populations, less than 20 percent - frequently far less - met the national average.

While its scores have fluctuated somewhat from year to year, Jackson has spent much of the last eight years among the highest-achieving schools with a majority of poor children.

Surprisingly, perhaps, Jackson is not a hotbed of educational innovation. Left to vent, its teachers emphasize their students' deprivation, not their achievements.

But a closer look reveals that Jackson is indeed different - in ways that, with the right mix of resources, planning and commitment, could be duplicated systemwide:

\* Jackson is small, with just 340 students and plenty of space. The average elementary school in Philadelphia has 750 students, often jammed into annexes and off-site classrooms.

\* The school goes from pre-kindergarten through eighth grade. Most city elementary schools end at fourth or fifth grade; from there, youngsters are shipped to middle schools that often are huge and foreboding.

\* While most poverty-stricken schools are racially isolated - with few, if any, white students - Jackson is relatively integrated. In large part, its student body mirrors the city's public-school population: 69 percent black, 20 percent white, 8 percent Asian, and 3 percent Hispanic.

\* The teaching staff is cohesive and experienced, with deep ties to the school and little turnover. That is unusual for city schools in poor neighborhoods, which often are characterized by revolving-door faculties and a succession of substitutes.

\* Although Jackson has substantial student turnover, it also has families who have attended for generations, giving it a "community school" feel.

\* Jackson has two programs focusing on students' mental health. One, funded by Hunt Manufacturing, offers after-school group therapy to children and parents. Another provides two full-time psychologists who counsel 24 at-risk students and are also available to anyone needing help.

\* Maybe most significantly, Jackson has smaller classes than most city elementary schools - the result, in part, of shrewd planning by Milicia.

There are other things: An adopt-a-student program, which matches each child with an adult in the school for some special attention. A project to train parent volunteers. A consistent school-improvement planning process, in which every staff member must serve on one of four committees to refine curriculum, community links, nonacademic student services, and discipline.

"I think these are some of the key characteristics of a successful school," said Philadelphia School Superintendent David Hornbeck, whose "Children Achieving" agenda includes many components already in place at Jackson.

"The concept of a small learning community, significant mental-health services. . . . These are what we have in mind for the rest of the city."

Together, they make for a pricey proposition. How to fund it is an issue that Commonwealth Court Judge Doris Smith will probably address in her ruling on a reform plan for the district - a decision that is expected later this month.

"I want only the funds necessary to create the conditions" for learning, Hornbeck said last week. "I don't want money just for the sake of money."

\*

When Milicia - a tall and stocky man with wavy black hair - takes his daily tour, his footsteps echo in Jackson's silent hallways.

At lunch, recess and dismissal time, there is no cacophonous burst from students anticipating their escape - only peace and quiet. Just the way he likes it.

Milicia stops at the door to Jennifer Ferrier's first grade. Before opening it, he's tempted to look around to make sure no one is watching, as if a budget maven from the district's central office will descend and remove one of his teachers.

Inside are only 18 children. "It's like a private school," Milicia boasts.

Philadelphia's official class size is the largest in the region, and among the highest in the country. Because the district is so financially strapped, the maximums specified in the teachers' contract - 30 pupils in kindergarten through third grade, 33 in all higher grades - have become the norm. This, despite the conviction among education reformers that students learn better and teachers teach better with small groups.

For the last few years, helped by a bit of luck, Milicia has been able to find a way around Philadelphia's typical full-to-the-brim classes.

At the start of the school year, for instance, Jackson had 47 third graders while other classes were undersized. Milicia dreaded having to create "split grades" - a common practice in which students of different grades are put into the same classroom to meet the maximum - that would wreak havoc with his educational program.

But when he added up all his students and divided them according to the district's teacher-allotment formula, he realized he didn't have to. He had one extra child - enough to warrant an additional teacher.

He also used half of the $126,000 Jackson receives annually from the federal government's Chapter One program to pay for yet another teacher. In a school so small, the results were dramatic:

Two first grades have 18 students each. There is one second-grade class of 26 students. There are two third-grade classes of 27 and 20, one fourth-grade class of 30, a fifth grade of 30, a sixth grade with the maximum of 33, a seventh grade of 30, and two eighth grades with 21 students each.

One way or another, Milicia has pulled off such class sizes for three years, particularly in the lower grades. In the days of "30 bodies and a teacher," he says, a lot of students were held back. "Now, there's less of a retention rate. And we have more children reading when they leave first grade."

Ferrier has the luxury of time to spend with her first graders. "I have a child in my class who never had kindergarten and doesn't know all his letters, so he's a priority," she said. "I also have a child who is reading already; she's a priority to be boosted even higher." In a large class, it would be impossible to focus on children at the extremes, she said.

Nor would it be possible to deal with high numbers of low-achieving children, as many Philadelphia teachers must do every day.

When Milicia split his third graders, he created one class for 20 students still reading at primer and pre-primer levels. And he gave them his new hire: David Campbell, fresh out of West Chester University.

One recent morning, the students were struggling to understand "The Story of Jam." It is a simple tale about a family with a plum tree that produces so much fruit that there is jam in every vase, in the teacups in the cupboard, on every piece of bread, and in their bulging stomachs.

Campbell organized the students into work groups of three and four to talk out concepts and help each other with vocabulary. It was a risky strategy, given the potential for disorder. But with the help of a reading teacher, he was determined to try it.

Campbell started with an easy question. "What did Mr. Castle do with the plums?"

Made jam, of course.

But it wasn't at all obvious to a good number of the children, though they had read the story several times. Campbell nudged them along.

"Is the answer to the question in the book or in your head?" he asked. "If it's in your head, that means you have to think about it. If it's in the book, all you have to do is find it written down."

Sharita, having trouble with "head" questions, was mired in copying from the book. Her seatmate, Nicole, on the other hand, got the point, even though her grammar and spelling were below par.

"How did the Castle family feel about eating so much jam?" Campbell asked.

"There was not a single potful left," Sharita carefully copied.

"Thay did not want no more," Nicole wrote.

Getting his students - who rarely read at home - to make progress with the written word would be impossible if there were more of them in his class, Campbell said. As it is, his goals are modest.

"I can't overcome all their problems," he said. "But at least they'll walk out of here feeling better about themselves and their education."

A reform panel appointed by Judge Smith has recommended that Philadelphia slash its class size drastically - to 20 students in kindergarten, 15 in first grade, 20 in second and third, and no more than 25 in the higher grades.

Research shows that nominal reductions in class size accomplish little, especially in schools with large poverty populations. But to reduce those sizes as sharply as the panel has suggested would require 92 new schools and 4,000 additional teachers, according to district calculations.

The cost: $1.9 billion in construction, $154 million a year in salaries.

\*

When Milicia arrived at Jackson seven years ago, he had serious doubts about trying to administer a school with children as young as kindergartners and as old as eighth graders. It struck him as unwieldy.

He has changed his mind. Keeping young adolescents in the structured setting of an elementary school is good for them, he has concluded.

"In some middle schools, they're overwhelmed," he says. At Jackson, "even the eighth graders are escorted to lunch and picked up afterward. And they like it."

Only 40 of the city's 171 elementary schools extend to eighth grade. For the most part, the district follows the classic elementary-middle-high school structure. The theory is that middle school - like junior high before it - prepares students for the greater academic and social demands of high school, introduces them to the concept of different teachers for different subjects, and gives them a taste of independence.

But several years ago, Philadelphia researchers found that eighth graders in elementary schools scored better on tests than their counterparts in middle schools - which in many cases are large, problem-ridden and unable to provide the nurturing the youngsters still need.

Most middle schools now are trying to restructure themselves into smaller, more intimate "houses" - in other words, re-creating the upper-grade atmosphere at Jackson.

Kathy Osorio, a reading teacher who came to Jackson this year from Sulzberger Middle School in West Philadelphia, is a believer in the K-8 structure. "Look at the neighborhoods where the K-8 schools are," she said. "Wherever people had clout, they chose to keep their K-8."

Indeed, such schools predominate in the Northeast, Mount Airy, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, and parts of South Philadelphia.

One oft-cited disadvantage to K-8 is the bad example that older children might set for little ones. And at Jackson, Milicia says, seventh and eighth graders do get into trouble - neighborhood fights, for instance.

But once students are inside the school, potential rumbles can be tamped down. For one thing, there are enough teachers and counselors to talk to the children and their parents; Milicia knows every student by name. For another, the school has a peer-mediation program.

"It used to be that students in the playground would stand around and cheer on a fight," Milicia said. "Now, there are always a few seventh and eighth graders who grab the kids and try to pull them back. That's something you can't measure, but you can see it."

\*

Built in 1925, the three-story brick school two blocks from Pat's Steaks still has Boys and Girls etched in the door arches.

Inside, the stairwells and hallways are wide. There are extra classrooms - enough so that the reading teacher, the part-time computer teacher and the psychology team can each have their own, peer mediation can take over another, and parent volunteers can train in yet another.

In several important ways, Jackson is an incarnation of the mantra chanted by cutting-edge school reformers: Small is better.

But the school is an anomaly in Philadelphia. As the people in its neighborhood have grown older or moved to the suburbs, its enrollment has declined. This year, Jackson is 100 children under capacity.

Meanwhile, district enrollment is rocketing upward. Overcrowding, especially in the area east of Broad Street, can overwhelm principals and faculties, reduce schools to factories of chaos, and bury the best efforts at reform.

Take William Cramp Elementary in North Philadelphia, a school with poverty comparable to Jackson's.

If anything, Cramp is more innovative educationally than Jackson; and its principal, Gaeton Zorzi, is every bit as dedicated as Milicia. Its teachers work long hours, with much of their effort directed toward increasing students' literacy.

The children write plays and act them out; their stories and artwork paper the walls. Zorzi, teachers and parents even raised money to convert an adjacent crack house into a community library this year.

Yet at Cramp, with 58 percent of its students on welfare, only 8 percent scored at or above the national norm in reading tests.

It's not hard to see why.

Cramp's name is apt: It is stuffed with 1,100 students in kindergarten through fourth grade. The crowding has forced some kindergarten classes into a nearby church.

Moreover, unlike Jackson, Cramp is "racially isolated." Virtually all its students are minorities, most of them Hispanic. Many do not speak English.

Like Jackson, Cramp gets extra federal money and uses some of it for additional teachers. But the school is too crowded for a few hires to make much difference. Besides, there would be no room to put them. Zorzi has therefore decided to use more of his money improving teacher skills than reducing class size.

To alleviate some of Cramp's problems, the district did promise to build another school in the neighborhood, but that move is years away.

In some ways, Milicia is almost apologetic about Jackson's progress. He knows there are teachers throughout the city who work just as hard as he does, with barely a fighting chance to make things better.

"I assume most people are searching for what works," he says. The best anyone can do is "look at where your children are and surround them with all the supports you can."

Milicia knows, though, that for many, the most effective supports are beyond their reach.

\*

On a sunny November morning, Marcus' face was a dark cloud. Pushing against a stairpost, the second grader was inconsolable because he wasn't allowed out for recess. He had been aggressive toward other students and so had to attend a special class in the gym instead.

Milicia talked soothingly to him until Susan Milgate appeared, took Marcus' hand and led him downstairs. In five minutes, she was back to inform the principal: "He's fine."

Milgate is one of two psychotherapists at Jackson, courtesy of the CATCH program - Citizens Acting Together Can Help. In addition to counseling, the agency provides homework help after school and "socialization trips" on weekends.

At Jackson, student psyches are tended to in smaller ways as well.

One recent afternoon, third graders Brianna DeMayo and Latesha Hill left their classroom at dismissal time clutching pencils and crumpled pieces of gold paper, on a mission to find music teacher Maurice Bartikofsky. They wanted his signature of approval so they could join the Golden Attitude Club.

A firm believer in clear punishments and rewards, Milicia established the club for children who have proved themselves to be reliable, responsible and respectful. To join, they must get 10 signatures from adults they come into contact with - cafeteria workers, schoolyard monitors, teachers, and, finally, Milicia. Members are treated to after-school movies, trips to the Vet, ice- skating outings.

Brianna, who had four signatures, and Latesha, who had three, found Bartikofsky at the schoolyard door, trying to move the classes out quickly and efficiently. "I'll be here Monday; I'll sign them then," he reassured them.

Milicia, who borrowed the idea from a teacher at Vare Middle School, has

put no limit on the application period. "I don't want to cut off any child

from the possibility," he says. "I want them all to know that they can join."

What he doesn't want to cut off is hope. That, he says, is the force that ultimately propels students to achieve - and that often is missing in their lives outside Jackson's walls.

"How can you expect children to concentrate on literature and math when they're coming with all this baggage?" he says. "What do we do - throw our hands up and say this is reality, they're destined to fail?"

Milicia neither answers, nor needs to.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. Head Start pupils at Andrew Jackson Elementary School spend every lunch

hour with Ken Brendlinger, head teacher for the program. Jackson serves

preschool through eighth grade - a vanishing setup that helps account for its

success, backers say. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, BONNIE WELLER)

2. Principal Angelo Milicia comforts Nicole Conti after a name-calling

incident in the cafeteria. Milicia says he knows each of Jackson's 340

students by name.

3. The two eighth-grade classes at Jackson Elementary have just 21 students

each, compared with a district average class size of 33 at that grade level.

The smaller classes at the South Philadelphia school give teachers such as

Asele Thomas more time with each student. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, BONNIE

WELLER)

4. As soon as lunch is finished, Nichole Potts, 4, is deep in a book.

Jackson's reading scores dwarf those of similar schools.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***DIGGING UP THE DIRT SINGEL AND RIDGE STAFFS AT WORK ON POLITICAL 'ATTACK ADS' THE CANDIDATES ON THE ISSUES HERE'S A GLANCE AT THE POSITIONS OF THE MAJOR CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR ON SOME KEY STATE ISSUES:***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P730-0094-52C7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** DENNIS B. RODDY AND TIM REEVES, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITERS

**Dateline:** HARRISBURG

**Body**

ABORTION -- RIDGE SUPPORTS LEGALIZED ABORTION, BUT SAID HE WOULD KEEP THE ABORTION RESTRICTIONS IN PENNSYLVANIA'S LAW. HE ALSO OPPOSES TAXPAYER FUNDING OF ABORTIONS. SINGEL SUPPORTS LEGALIZED ABORTION; WOULD ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE REQUIRED 24-HOUR WAITING PERIOD IN PENNSYLVANIA'S LAW; AND SUPPORTS TAXPAYER FUNDING OF ABORTION. INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE PEG LUKSIK AND TIM HOLLOWAY OF THE PATRIOT PARTY BOTH OPPOSE LEGAL ABORTION. LUKSIK HAS SAID SHE WOULD TRY TO EXPAND RESTRICTIONS. ASSAULT-WEAPON BANS -- SINGEL HAS TRIED TO LEAD THE CHARGE ON BANNING ASSAULT WEAPONS. RIDGE PREVIOUSLY OPPOSED A BAN, CALLING IT A ''FEEL -GOOD'' MEASURE OF LITTLE EFFECT, BUT HAS SINCE BECOME A RELUCTANT SUPPORTER. HE VOTED FOR A BAN IN CONGRESS AS PART OF THE CRIME BILL. LUKSIK AND HOLLOWAY BOTH STAUNCHLY OPPOSE A BAN. DEATH PENALTY -- RIDGE AND SINGEL BOTH SUPPORT IT. PRIVATE-SCHOOL VOUCHERS -- RIDGE FAVORS VOUCHERS, WHICH WOULD, IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER, GIVE PARENTS THEIR SHARE OF STATE EDUCATION FUNDING AS A CREDIT AGAINST PRIVATE-SCHOOL TUITIONS. SINGEL OPPOSES SUCH VOUCHERS BUT FAVORS CHOICE WITHIN THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL SYSTEM. RIVERBOAT GAMBLING -- SINGEL SUPPORTS ITS LEGALIZATION. RIDGE HAS EXPRESSED RESERVATIONS ABOUT EXPANDING GAMBLING, BUT HAS SAID HE IS OPEN TO LOOKING AT THE ISSUE. TAXES -- RIDGE AND SINGEL HAVE BOTH CALLED FOR FURTHER REDUCTIONS IN STATE BUSINESS TAXES. SINGEL HAS ALSO CALLED FOR A SLIGHT INCREASE IN AN ELECTRIC COMPANY TAX, AND NEW TAXES ON LOBBYISTS AND POLLUTERS, TO HELP PAY FOR SOME OF HIS PROGRAMS. TEACHER-STRIKE BANS -- RIDGE AND SINGEL BOTH OPPOSE TAKING AWAY TEACHERS' RIGHT TO STRIKE. LIB1

In offices here a scant three blocks apart, political staffers euphemistically known as ''opposition researchers'' have spent the summer writing unauthorized biographies of the two major candidates for governor.

Along the Susquehanna River, in the brightly lit basement offices of Republican Tom Ridge, the ''propellerheads'' -- so called for their capacity to churn through abstruse data -- are sifting through the history of Lt. Gov. Mark S. Singel. Their job: disregard the good, and underscore the bad -- and anything that can be presented as bad.

In a three-story row house on Second Street, members of Democrat Singel's staff are giving similar scrutiny to Ridge -- leafing through 12 years of congressional votes, culling the ones they think can depict the Erie congressman as a tool of the powerful and an enemy of the working people of Pennsylvania.

In a campaign where the two major-party candidates are in stunning agreement on a number of the flashpoint issues by which many voters do their initial sorting out -- death penalty, abortion, taxes -- one task for Ridge and Singel in the coming campaign, which traditionally begins in earnest today, will be to use that research to tear the opponent apart.

The political biographies Ridge and Singel write won't be printed on paper. They will be published 30 seconds at a time, in television ads soon to flood the commercial breaks of the 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. news. They are the so-called attack ads that everyone professes to hate, but that no candidate is willing to eschew. Because they work.

Using polls and focus groups

During the relatively quiet summer months, the Ridge and Singel camps have been collecting the stray facts around which to build those spots. They have tested their findings with polls and focus groups, trying to determine which of their findings most resonate with the electorate.

Are voters enraged when they learn that Tom Ridge missed nearly 30 percent of his congressional votes this year? Does their blood boil when they are told that Mark Singel cast a tie-breaking vote to send the state Senate on a five- month vacation, just so Democrats could stay in power?

Before it's over, a third video biography could emerge. It remains to be seen whether Singel, or, more likely, Ridge will feel compelled to go after Peg Luksik, the conservative, independent candidate for governor.

Ridge's campaign manager, Mark Holman, at this point figures that Luksik is better ignored unless she shows unexpected strength.

It's been 76 years since an independent or third-party candidate won more than 3 percent of the vote in a Pennsylvania gubernatorial election. If Luksik seems destined for similar irrelevancy, Ridge and Singel will ignore her, as they are certain to ignore the other minor candidates this year -- Tim Holloway of the Patriot Party and Patrick Fallon of the Libertarian Party.

But if Luksik picks up steam, look for Ridge to pick up his figurative pen, as Luksik's conservative, anti-abortion platform probably would hurt the Republican Ridge the most.

Absent that, the job of writing the nasty biographies is restricted to the Democrats and the Republicans.

Here are the early galleys:

Singel as lightweight 'frat boy'

It was 10 days ago, inside the Capitol offices of Republican State Senate President Pro Tempore Robert Jubelirer, that Tom Ridge's young staff took soundings on the subject of Mark Singel.

Mark Holman, Ridge's campaign manager, Stuart Stevens, his media consultant, as well as press secretary Ellen Yount and policy analyst Charles Zogby, listened attentively as caricatures of Singel were sketched by some of his Republican opponents in the Senate.

''Frat boy,'' said one.

''Immature,'' was the one-word summary of another.

Ridge's staff nodded as the partisan assessments flew, each one welcomed by a campaign eager to give Democrats a reason to abandon their party's nominee. The Republican's forays into negative advertising (the politicians prefer the more delicate term ''comparative'' advertising) are likely to echo the themes of that meeting -- characterizing Singel as an innately political creature with a flip-flopping record on crucial issues such as abortion and the death penalty.

Tom Ridge, a moderate Republican running against a moderate Democrat in a state with a 500,000 Democratic registration edge, would attempt to do what every politician tries to do: define his opponent in the minds of voters before Singel could do it for himself.

Mark Singel, in the Ridge strategy, will be depicted as a political lightweight whose major ambition has been for higher office, a great entertainer whose convictions shift with the polls.

Stevens, the Ridge media director, offered a visual metaphor for the way Singel will be depicted: ''I want to know which person on that staff is paid to put the weights in his pockets so he doesn't float to the ceiling.''

Leave the governor out of it!

In the early going, Ridge's staff has directed attention at two instances in which Singel has changed his mind on an issue: abortion and the death penalty. Going into office, Singel opposed both. Since then, he has changed, saying he would not support further restrictions on legal abortion in Pennsylvania and, in his stint as acting governor, signing an execution warrant for a death row inmate.

''Singel's flip-flops have been on the life issue and on the death issue,'' claimed Holman, sitting in a roomy basement office at Ridge's state headquarters in Harrisburg.

''On public policy issues, issues change with time. But the issues I've talked about are fundamental,'' Holman said. ''Singel's tenure as acting governor has given him what little credibility he has, and it's during that time that we'll focus on what he didn't do as governor.''

Another consensus that has emerged within the Ridge camp is to go after Singel for a 1986 campaign promise to create 150,000 new jobs each year in Pennsylvania. Job creation is notoriously hard to document.

But the 150,000-job issue points to a tricky area for the Ridge campaign: how to attack Singel's role in the Casey administration without attacking the governor too directly. Despite consistent polls showing that voters are dissatisfied with the way things are going in the state, Casey has enjoyed a surge of popularity, fueled at least in part by public sympathy for his battle against what was thought to be a terminal disease climaxed by his dramatic heart-liver transplant.

The theory so far in the Ridge camp has been to tie Singel to isolated matters connected to the Casey administration, but not in such a way to awaken the partisan anger of a retiring governor who, so far, has done little to help Singel.

''I can't imagine any circumstances where we would attack Casey,'' Stevens said.

He and his colleagues will have no similar scruples about Casey's former running mate.

Ridge as Washington insider

Singel's forays into negative campaigning are likely to ignore Ridge's personal history. That would be playing to Ridge's strength. Ridge's resume exudes accomplishment: born to a ***working-class*** Erie family; scholarship to Harvard; led a squad of men in Vietnam, won the Bronze Star and the Combat Infantryman's Badge; worked his way through law school; served as a prosecutor.

Instead, Singel's biography will fast-forward to another accomplishment: Ridge's election to Congress and his record in Washington, D.C.

These days, the Democrat's polls suggest, hailing from Congress is the political equivalent of having an anvil around your neck. Singel knows it. ''I don't think we need Washington solutions to Pennsylvania problems,'' he said of Ridge just hours after the primary election.

Singel will spend the next two months pouring light on isolated votes Ridge cast in Congress, seeking to portray him as an ally of the affluent and an enemy of working Pennsylvanians.

In his 12 years in Congress, Tom Ridge has compiled a moderate/conservative voting record, getting mixed ratings from virtually every interest group in Washington, from the ACLU to the American Conservative Union.

The independent Almanac of American Politics describes Ridge this way: ''He is not always market-oriented on economics, is sometimes dovish on defense and foreign policy, is liberal on some cultural issues and tradition-minded on others.''

In short, it's the voting pattern of a moderate Republican, the type Pennsylvania voters seem to feel comfortable with -- conservatively oriented, but not an ideologue.

Errand boy for the wealthy?

But while Ridge's congressional voting record may look moderate through a cumulative prism, and certainly through a Republican one, there are certain Ridge votes among the 5,000-plus he has cast that can be pulled out, left naked and made out to be a sustained attack on the hard-working people of Pennsylvania.

That's the story Singel will write.

Neil Oxman, a Democratic consultant who is not associated with the Singel campaign, put it bluntly: ''How do you define Tom Ridge? As a guy who has been screwing you for 12 years.''

Ridge voted against the family leave bill, a populist measure requiring larger businesses to give workers unpaid leaves to care for newborn or ill family members.

He voted in 1990 in support of President George Bush's capital-gains tax reduction, the keystone of Bush's economic plan. Democrats portrayed it as a tax break for the wealthy.

In 1992, Ridge voted with House Republicans in a procedural vote to kill an extension of unemployment benefits. He voted for the extension on final passage, but don't look for that to appear in Singel's biography.

Singel will also focus on Ridge's record as a member of the House Banking Committee, with particular attention to the bailout of the savings-and-loan industry, and the extensive campaign contributions Ridge has received from financial institutions.

''He consistently voted to let off the S&L crooks and stick taxpayers with the bill,'' asserts Ed Peavy, Singel's director of communications.

The potent absenteeism issue

Look, too, for Singel to hit Ridge hard on absenteeism.

Through the first half of 1994, Ridge missed nearly 30 percent of the votes in the U.S. House because he was out on the campaign trail.

Singel knows first hand how effective that issue can be.

Back in the 1986 campaign for governor, Casey and Singel were behind in the polls, trailing Republican William W. Scranton III and his running mate, Allegheny County state Sen. D. Michael Fisher.

Then Casey began running advertisements attacking Scranton's absenteeism. Scranton, who was lieutenant governor, had few formal duties except to preside over the Senate, yet had been regularly absent.

''How can you move Pennsylvania ahead if you don't go to work?'' Casey asked repeatedly.

Within weeks, the two were dead even, and Casey and Singel went on to win.

Singel has not forgotten that experience. His surrogates have already held two press conferences at the Capitol, calling attention to Ridge's absenteeism.

Of course, Singel spends as much time campaigning as Ridge. Maybe more. But Singel's job has few defined duties, while the House roll call votes serve as a public time clock for Ridge to punch in.

When Ridge doesn't vote, it's on the Congressional Record for all the world to see. If Singel is paying less attention to the Pennsylvania Energy Office, no one will know the difference. Lt. Gov. Mark S. Singel; Rep. Tom Ridge; John Beale/Post-Gazette photo: Mark Singel prays at his parents' home in Johnstown Saturday. The family gathered for breakfast to celebrate Singel's mother's birthday.; John Beale/Post -Gazette photo: Tom Ridge escapes a thundershower last Wednesday as he met with participants of Senior Fest at PPG Plaza.

FUMBLING THE KICKOFF BUT FOX'S CREATIVE TV CREW DOESN'T DROP THE BALL IN ITS DEBUT

For Fox Broadcasting, yesterday wasn't just opening day in the National Football League.

It was the upstart network's first shot at the big leagues.

Fox's game plan for the Steelers-Cowboys contest at Three Rivers Stadium, the network's first regular-season national telecast, was as intricate as the pass pattern for a flea-flicker.

Camera operators and videotape technicians had their own play book, detailing who covered what depending on whether it was short yardage, a nickel defense, a kicking play or a Hail Mary pass. Their ''coach,'' director Sandy Grossman, gave them a pre-game pep talk and discussed the strengths and weaknesses of the teams.

Just as NFL quarterbacks must adjust this season to radio headsets through which coaches call plays, the Fox crew -- mostly veterans who used to cover football for CBS -- were anxious to try out their new toys.

Instead of eight cameras for the game of the week, they had 12. There were eight videotape machines instead of six, four on-field parabolic microphones instead of three, and John Madden still going ''Bam!'' ''Pow!'' in the broadcast booth.

Except for the extra equipment, none of this was much different from the CBS days. ''Once you get to the site, it is exactly the same,'' producer Bob Stenner said. ''It's the same work schedule and a lot of the same people.''

But Fox's hype about a ''new attitude'' to covering NFL football has some validity, Grossman said.

''Some guys change teams, and even though they might be great ballplayers, sometimes they need a kick in the rear end. You feel you have to work a little harder. The new attitude is not so much from us as it is from the people we're working for.''

He finds a willingness at Fox to try things that might not have been approved at CBS, which had become entrenched after 38 years of televising the NFL.

''Instead of them saying, 'No, we can't do it,' they'll say, 'Let's try it or let's ask the league about it,' '' Grossman said.

Announcer Pat Summerall sees the enthusiasm among Fox executives, but for him and partner Madden, he said, ''This is our 14th year together. What we do is pretty much the same. The difference is in the graphics. But we've got the same statistician. I've got the same spotter.''

One thing was completely new for Fox's top dogs. ''John and I have never done a game together in Pittsburgh,'' Summerall said. ''The last game I did there was with Tom Brookshier.''

Madden, known for his excitability while describing games, isn't going overboard about Fox's ''new attitude'' campaign.

''I think change is good. I was reading something (Steelers linebacker) Greg Lloyd was saying, that he fears mediocrity. If you kind of accept mediocrity, if you think you can keep covering a story the same way, you'll slip.

''I think the NFL needed change and TV needed change. Maybe Fox will do some things people won't like, but it'll make them think. I think football is getting a little sterile,'' he said, pointing to the colorful atmosphere of the World Cup soccer games as a contrast.

But, he continued, ''The thing (Fox chairman) Rupert Murdoch paid a billion and a half dollars for is to cover NFL games. You can talk about more cameras, but I don't know if I can tell the difference. You can get some more isolations (replays focusing on a particular player). But you can still only put one picture on the screen.''

During the second quarter, Madden and Summerall went silent on a play, but the ambient sound was still there.

Perhaps the most noticeable change in perspective during yesterday's game was provided by one of Grossman's new toys, a camera high above the corner of the end zone that he used to cover kickoffs. The network offered several unique graphics, including a bar graph comparing the yardage gained by Emmitt Smith of Dallas vs. that of the Steelers' Barry Foster.

Grossman showed at least one replay after almost every play. Eight of his 12 cameras are used mostly for that purpose.

''Do you need that many cameras to cover a game? No. To tell all the stories you'd like to tell? Yes,'' Grossman said. ''My philosophy is to give the viewer 90 percent of what he wants to see and 10 percent of what he doesn't know he wants to see.''

George Rothweiler, who works the end zone super-slo-mo replay camera, said, ''We've got 12 cameras, so everyone tries to get a piece of the pie.''

Surprisingly, he and many of the other Fox crew members are on loan from CBS. You might figure CBS would no sooner do business with the network that outbid it for NFL football -- and, subsequently, wooed away several large- market affiliates -- than the emir of Kuwait would throw a birthday party for Saddam Hussein.

But the practice isn't that unusual, Rothweiler said. ''We don't work just for CBS Sports. We can do Dan Rather or David Letterman. Sports used us. But when there appeared to be not enough work for us, they started renting us out. Some of us do 'Geraldo!' We used to do 'Three's Company' for ABC.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), Darrell Sapp/Post-Gazette: William Thompson, of Irvine, Cal., who darted onto the field during a break in fourth-quarter action of the Steelers-Cowboys game yesterday, runs for daylight to elude would-be tackler Police Lt. William Bell. Thompson danced around players and sidestepped city and Port Authority officers for several minutes before he was caught. He was charged with disorderly conduct and defiant trespass.

**Load-Date:** October 14, 1994

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[***BY AYCKBOURN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42C5-V5B0-0094-53KR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***OUR MOST PROLIFIC PLAYWRIGHT STAGES 'BY JEAVES' AT THE PUBLIC WITH AN EYE TO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42C5-V5B0-0094-53KR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TAKING IT TO BROADWAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42C5-V5B0-0094-53KR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

To explain who he is, you're driven to make comparisons with Shakespeare, Moliere and Chekhov -- and he can actually measure up. He's a uniquely inventive, productive theatrical force. And he's been busy in Pittsburgh for a month, staging the musical comedy "By Jeeves" at Pittsburgh Public Theater. u This theatrical megaweight isn't the musical's composer, Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber, though he's a pretty titanic force, too. But the other "By Jeeves" all-star, the one you may not have heard of, is librettist-lyricist-director Sir Alan Ayckbourn, the first playwright to be knighted since 1971. He is the most prolific major playwright in the English-speaking world, author of 59 full-length plays and several dozen other entertainments, his work translated into 30 languages and produced worldwide. And all this has been a sideline to his full-time job as artistic leader of the theater in his adopted home of Scarborough, Yorkshire.

In Shakespeare's history plays, the north is where rebellion begins. So in an earlier age, you might imagine Sir Alan as a warrior, swooping down on London to plunder the West End, successfully scaling the heights of the Royal National Theatre itself -- as he has done. But his assault on the fortress of English theater has been a more gradual affair, not so much rebellion as colonization. Ayckbourn is no flamboyant aristocrat, as Lloyd Webber has become, but a consummate man of the workaday theater, a shirt-sleeves professional just as much at home in the bustle of the prop shop or rehearsal hall as in solitary negotiation with his producers or his muse.

You'd have to call him a throwback to Shakespeare and Moliere, who also were actors who wrote plays so their companies could work. For years Ayckbourn, 61, has considered himself a director who writes, not the reverse.

"He's kind, funny and organized," testifies Public head, Ted Pappas, working with him for the first time. "He loves actors, loves the theater and knows exactly what he wants. He's pristine about language and wildly imaginative about staging."

Pappas finds him rather shy, "surprisingly, considering how long he's been in the spotlight. He seems very private, but he's fun to be around because he's so funny."

Heather Ayckbourn, his longtime assistant and companion and his wife of three years, who's in Pittsburgh with him, agrees that he's a bit of a loner: "He likes to shut himself in to write or he goes off to direct."

Well, how do you write 59 full-length plays? One at a time -- briskly. Ayckbourn takes only a few weeks to write a play once or twice a year to fill production slots committed long in advance. For "Bedroom Farce," one of his biggest hits, he started writing on a Wednesday, wrote around the clock for three days, typed it on Saturday and gave it to the actors Monday, before sleeping for two days solid.

But 59 isn't all. Often he writes not single plays but clusters. An ingenious craftsman who rearranges space and time, confounding genres and audience expectation, he creates plays that are really two, overlapping, or with built-in alternatives that flower into four or eight. His inventiveness works against translation to TV or film, since his plays rejoice in achieving the believable while flaunting their make-believe.

So where does he stand in the all-time rankings? Frequent critical comparisons to Chekhov are an indication of how history may judge. As to quantity, in 1989 Ayckbourn passed Shakespeare's 37 and more recently, Shaw's 50-odd. The all-time champions remain pretty far ahead: Goldoni, who produced 16 comedies in one season alone, or Lope de Vega, currently credited with at least 314 of the 1,500 he claimed. But just as shooting your age is a dream of older golfers, who but Ayckbourn has the chance to write his age? -- to write as many plays as he is old, which, at his current speed, he should soon achieve.

And yet something has kept him from the American success you'd expect. Only four of his plays have made it to Broadway. Pittsburgh has had only a half-dozen professional stagings in two decades. So you are forgiven if Ayckbourn's significance has escaped you.

His current endeavor won't completely redress the balance, because "By Jeeves," based on the Bertie Wooster and Jeeves novels of ineffable humorist P.G. Wodehouse, is designedly very light compared to his probing of middle-class reticence and despair that fuels those comparisons to Chekhov.

But there's historical significance here. Neither Ayckbourn nor Lloyd Webber has ever had such a resounding dud as the original 1975 musical, then called "Jeeves." Neither was yet theatrical royalty, but it still rankled. So 20 years later they rewrote it from the ground up and presented it to varying degrees of acclaim in England and America. But it didn't go to New York, so they are still trying.

\*

In person, Ayckbourn matches expectation. A man used to the communal give-and-take of the theater doesn't stand on ceremony. One who more often has to take laughs out of his work rather than force them in, he is smart and witty. As we settle down in his office at the Public for a lengthy interview, he arranges for an assistant to check back halfway through.

"So if things aren't going well, he can get rid of me," I suggest. "OK, we'll use this banana as a signal," jokes the master of stage technique: "If you come back and it's pointing at him, get him out of here early." That reminds him of a story about English actor Tom Courtenay, who always fell in love with someone in the cast. So they invited Courtenay to auditions and developed a system of signals to ensure that any actress he fancied would not be hired, but it all came to naught, resulting in the expected melodrama, with an older actor complaining, "They're all crying backstage all the time."

It's an anecdote that could come right from his own plays -- possibly one of the "Norman Conquests" trilogy (in which Courtenay starred in London as the libidinous Norman).

For all his fluent talk and easy laughter, Ayckbourn lives up to his reputation for being shy. He looks off into the middle distance as he reminisces, checking back occasionally with a shrewd glance from beneath eyebrows which seem the bushier because of his sparse hair. But if he does not easily make eye contact with strangers, you hardly notice it amid his matter-of-fact garrulity, void of self-importance.

Ayckbourn has done theater in Pittsburgh before. In 1956, then 17 and in his final year of a private boarding school, he came here with a school tour of "Macbeth," playing that good man, Macduff. "We played in some sort of Gothic church," he recalls.

This time, he's in a more modern palace, the year-old O'Reilly Theater. He has his own office for the duration -- the office reserved for the Cultural Trust, whose building it is. Does this mean special privileges are afforded to playwrights? Or just to theatrical knights?

He has even reoriented the O'Reilly stage. Though his plays begin in-the-round at Scarborough, they're transposed to proscenium (picture-frame) stages elsewhere. In 1996, "By Jeeves" played on such stages at Connecticut's Goodspeed, Los Angeles' Geffen and Kennedy Center's small Terrace Theater. Pittsburgh is using those same costumes and the Kennedy Center set -- but it could do that only by converting the O'Reilly's thrust stage into proscenium. Of the three main stage configurations, Ayckbourn likes thrust the least.

\*

When Ayckbourn finished school at 17, he had no thought of university. "I wanted to go right into theater. My housemaster was almost hysterical." The teacher who'd gotten him hooked on theater gave him two professional contacts. The first was the grand old actor-manager, Donald Wolfit, who wrote back (Ayckbourn has the letter): "I will take the boy for 3 a week" for three weeks as assistant stage manager and bit actor at the Edinburgh Festival. The second got him a six-month, unpaid student gig with a provincial repertory company. He was on his way.

Fate brought him to Stephen Joseph, charismatic son of Hermione Gingold, who had discovered theater-in-the-round on a trip to America and became its most avid British proselytizer. Joseph led a company that toured until it found a permanent home in Scarborough, 200 miles north of London on the North Sea coast. When Ayckbourn joined, they were doing an eight- to 10-week summer season in a meeting room in the town library.

"It was an extraordinary training ground," he says. The theater was his university. He did plays by the dozens of all kinds, he acted, he did lights, sets, props, sound (still a favorite) and directed. And from the first, Joseph encouraged company members to write plays that would make vacationers laugh: "This seemed to me as worthwhile a reason for writing a play as any," Ayckbourn says. He had had four plays staged by the time he was 22.

At Scarborough he met his first wife, Christine Roland, with whom he had two sons, Steven, 40, and Philip, 39. Steven has made him twice a grandfather.

At first, employment at Scarborough was just seasonal and there was lots of touring, but they gradually added a Christmas season, then spring, then fall. From 1965 to ' 70, Ayckbourn took a job as drama producer for BBC Radio in Leeds, racing back and forth to Scarborough whenever possible. Then in 1970, his mentor Joseph having died, he became head of production in Scarborough, and except for a two-year stint as a director at the National Theatre from 1986 to 88, he's been there ever since.

In that time, he's seen the company through two moves. The performing space has remained in-the-round. To open the new theater in 1996, he and Lloyd Webber rewrote "By Jeeves," and to use the company's second (proscenium) theater in 1999, he wrote the intricately dovetailed "House" and "Garden" -two plays in separate theaters at the same time using the same cast, each actor exiting from one stage just in time to enter the other.

It's key to Ayckbourn's career that he's not been based in London with its attendant spotlights and pressure. In Scarborough, he had permission to fail, if not too often. "Yorkshire people are very laid-back about me and my success." And in the Scarborough theater, "everyone's within feet of each other. Nearly every day I walk through every part of the theater -- workshop, wardrobe. I love being part of the fabric of the building. Last summer, doing 'House' and 'Garden' at the National Theatre, I stepped into the prop shop and heard, 'Omigod, a director!' " He was about to retreat when he was welcomed: "No, come on, we never see anybody."

"I have no formal training," he says, "but I know a little about everything."

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The new theatrical age began in 1956, when John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" blew the dust off a theater of complacent nostalgia, historians say. Osborne led the way for a group of irreverent, innovative, often ***working-class*** (in sympathy, at least) new playwrights like Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, John Arden and Shelagh Delaney. English playwriting was revived, to be strengthened later by David Hare, Tom Stoppard, Peter Shaffer and Peter Nichols.

Although younger than Osborne, Ayckbourn's precocious start puts him in the same generation. But he didn't share that group's themes or politics, and it was a long time before he got serious critical recognition, mostly because he wrote comedies -- farces, even -- and so was condescended to as a commercial craftsman, not an artist.

It was many years before he would be recognized as "a dazzling comic writer who uses language with the precision, freshness and economy of Wodehouse or Pinter" -- a link, really, between what the angry young men disowned and what they pioneered, with his own adventuresome theatrical invention stirred in.

Given his full-time career running a theater (though he gave up acting in the 1960s), it's essential to his astonishing output that he writes fast. Initially it was at night, after performances. With a rehearsal every day at 10 a.m., he had to write quickly, because "if I did it for more than a week, I'd die."

Eventually he learned to set aside a few weeks to write. "I tend to carry a show in my head about nine months, getting ideas during boring technical rehearsals. Then I set aside three to four weeks, go incommunicado. … Sometimes the idea isn't as good as I think. But occasionally there's another idea sitting behind it: This is the one! Once I get there, it's fast, and I'll write it in less than a week."

"Heather [then Stoney, now Ayckbourn], my long-suffering partner, used to type the script. … I'd read it to her from my notes, some of it illegible even to me, improvising as we went. I did the whole 'Norman Conquests' trilogy that way. But one day I saw an early word processor." Suddenly he was using it himself, and Heather never did the typing again.

"I'll bang through a scene, full of mistakes. When I've shot my creative bit, I go back -- I love it to be tidy. I have backup disks which I hide and find years later in a book, labeled 'Henceforward' Backup 1."

The script written, he hands it to Alan Ayckbourn, director -- because he always directs his premieres, as well as transfers to London.

"As a director, I find it hard to sit through my work when directed by others. I have a much firmer sense of how my plays should be done." Mostly, he knows that "the comedy springs from the people, not from the lines." He has to remind actors, "Play it as if it were Arthur Miller. Trust the engine." He says good comic actors can always play tragedy but not always the other way around.

Over the years, Ayckbourn also has shown a sustained interest in children's theater. In the preface to a collection of five children's plays (Faber, 1998), he traces their gradual deepening: "I believe that now only a hairsbreadth separates my adult from my children's work."

Right into the ' 90s, when he wasn't staging one of his plays in London, Ayckbourn was directing a half-dozen or more plays a year at Scarborough. But in 1999, as he turned 60, "I said I wouldn't slow down, but I'd concentrate on what's exclusive to me, writing and directing my own stuff," leaving other plays to other directors. He's formed a tiny company within the main Scarborough company to do his plays, and to launch that this July, "I've written them two full-length plays that use the same size cast and same set."

That ingenious frugality is a symptom of economic hard times in British regional theater, but it's also a prime example of Ayckbourn's using external constraints to spur his creativity. He manages to set himself (and solve) problems that would baffle anyone else. In the "Norman Conquests" trilogy, he limited himself to the same six characters and two entrances, since that's what he had to work with, even accommodating one actor's late arrival for rehearsals by keeping him out of the first few scenes.

One constraint is theater-in-the-round, unparalleled for immediacy but limited as to sets. So in "Taking Steps," he wrote a farce without doors, coming up with the simple invention of setting all three floors of a house in the same space, on one level. As soon as the early scenes demonstrate the convention, the audience is happy to join his comic three-dimensional game, understanding easily that three people within inches of each other are "really" on three different floors.

A more famous Ayckbourn invention is in "How the Other Half Loves," in which one room serves simultaneously for two houses of different social status. At the climax, one couple is shown dining simultaneously in both houses on different days. Or "Communicating Doors," in which a hotel room stays constant through three different decades.

His structural interventions are legendary, but so are his plays in which variant scripts branch out from moments of indecision, turning one play into many. As Ayckbourn sums up, "The device has the effect of stimulating actors, irritating stage managers, and infuriating box-office staff," who have to explain it to ticket buyers and try to accommodate those who want to see the other variants.

He's had a recurring fascination with science fiction and musicals, but primarily Ayckbourn is master of the domestic sphere, the indoors landscape -a comic pessimist of modern marriage. He seems to have set a play in every possible room in the house, including the garage. On stage, he can make time stand still and double back on itself, make space overlap and intertwine. Can such a man not remake history and turn his and Lloyd Webber's notorious flop into a success?

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The next month is an important time in Ayckbourn's less than boffo relationship with America. "By Jeeves" here will draw a lot of theatrical interest, as much for him as for Lloyd Webber. And at the same time (Jan. 26-March 4), "House" and "Garden" have their American premiere at the dual auditoriums of Chicago's Goodman Theater.

The two plays were one of Ayckbourn's biggest London hits, playing eight sold-out weeks in the two big theaters at the National last summer. That meant 2,000 playgoers at a time, and Ayckbourn admits to "a real vanity moment, looking back up from the Thames, the terraces filled with happy audiences, thinking, 'They're all mine!' " Probably only Shakespeare could make the same claim, and he isn't here to enjoy it.

Among Ayckbourn's spatial innovations, the interlocking pair is a new high. "Usually someone says, 'Oh, that was done in 1926,' but not this time. It's a very stupid thing to do, really, but I did it specifically for Scarborough, to let people know there is a second theater."

If you want to see both, you have to come twice, but the actors do both every night. "Timing becomes terribly important -- the stage managers have to be in constant contact," to keep the two plays in sync. Even better, one cast produces two sets of box-office receipts! Given enough time, Ayckbourn may solve the theater's financial problems through ingenious playcrafting alone.

"By Jeeves" is practically earth-bound by Ayckbourn's standards, although he promises to use the O'Reilly creatively. "It's a 'Let's do the show right here' show. It should spring spontaneously out of the space."

His being here is a boon, because he's never directed a show so often. Not counting the first "Jeeves" or the initial workshop of this one, this is his sixth go. The attraction is doing it in a different space, with a cast half new since the three 1996 American productions. The leads are Martin Jarvis (Jeeves), a distinguished English actor who has worked with Ayckbourn before ("I thought it wise the most English character should be English"), and John Scherer (Bertie), a CMU grad who did the same role in 1996.

This version is "about 90 percent different" from the 1975 fiasco. Ayckbourn wrote his own story in a Wodehousean style. But "I had to remind Andrew that a lot of the original songs had already been reused. I couldn't see moving 'Another Suitcase, Another Hall' from 'Evita' back to 'Jeeves.' "

Their impromptu workshop was rapturously received, as workshops can be, but it was also a hit in Scarborough and then a popular success in London, although critics couldn't get over the earlier fiasco and kept measuring it against Lloyd Webber's epics.

In the United States, it did well at Goodspeed's small theater, and Ayckbourn had fun restaging it in Los Angeles and Washington, where it was "a big summer success. So Andrew rang up and said, 'It's really wonderful. Let's take it to New York.' " But Ayckbourn noted that the actors had other jobs scheduled and he wasn't free to direct for a year.

Three years later, Ted Pappas had lunch with Scherer and Goodspeed head Michael Price, and this revival was born. Price hopes that New York lies ahead, but Ayckbourn says, "Really Useful and Goodspeed have their interests, but I just direct it and then I go back [to England]. I have no idea." Pappas says, "If we find a suitable theater, there's more than enough interest to bring it to Broadway -- but it's very tight right now in New York."

If it does get to Broadway, it will be Ayckbourn's first there since 1979. A half-dozen have played off-Broadway with success, but even the brilliant 1988 "Woman in Mind" starring Stockard Channing couldn't make the move.

Why? There have been production blunders, such as what sank the original "Jeeves." And as Heather says, "Alan has no sentimentality in his plays, and Broadway doesn't half like a bit of that." But primarily it's because comedy depends so much on precise cultural nuance.

There's hope, though, in the comparisons of Ayckbourn to Chekhov, that since the great Russian's tragicomedies transcend cultural specifics. Ayckbourn's mature work -- light entertainments like "By Jeeves" notwithstanding -- shades comedy with tragic shadow. "Comedy and tragedy -there's an infinitesimal difference," says his wife. "The deeper you go into a character, the sadder the play must inevitably become," says the playwright.

Thankfully, he never did use the banana.

**Graphic**

PHOTO 6, Photo: Robin Rombach: Alan Ayckbourn, librettist-lyricist-director of "By; Jeeves," talks with actors during a break in rehearsal at Pittsburgh Public; Theater. The play opens in previews Thursday and runs through March 4.; Photo: Adrian Gatie: Twenty years after their original 1975 musical, then; called "Jeeves," bombed, Alan Ayckbourn, left, and Andrew Lloyd Webber rewrote; it from the ground up. They hope the new musical, "By Jeeves," makes it to; Broadway.; Photo: Alan Ayckbourn starred in the first play he wrote, "The Square Cat,"; in 1959. The most prolific major playwright in the English-speaking world, he; has written 59 full-length plays.; Photo: George Segal, left, and Judy Geeson starred in Alan Ayckbourn's; "Henceforward," which the playwright directed, at the Alley Theatre in; Houston.; Photo: Mark Portland: Sybil Lines, left, Jill Tanner and Denis Holmes starred; in the 1993 production of Alan Ayckbourn's "Absurd Person Singular" at; Pittsburgh Public Theater.; Photo: Carrie Lund and Robert Toperzer starred in Alan Ayckbourn's "Bedroom; Farce" at the Public in 1983.

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[***LABOR USES TV TO REBUILD ITS CLOUT< UNIONS ARE SPENDING ABOUT $20 MILLION FOR COMMERCIALS. REPUBLICANS,< WHO HAVE BEEN TARGETED IN THE ADS, HAVE COMPLAINED BITTERLY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CHR0-01K4-9536-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Bill Braman has one explanation for the political apathy of union members over the last two decades.

"The biggest culprit? A TV in every room in the house," said the union leader here. "You couldn't get members to a meeting. They were complacent."

But unions have been reaching those people - along with a lot of other voters - this fall. And they've been using television to do it.

America's labor movement, which has seen union membership fall to a historic low, is striving to rebuild its once formidable political clout.

Declaring the current Congress the most antagonistic ever toward workers, the AFL-CIO has poured up to $35 million into the fall campaign, much of it into congressional races such as the one in Michigan's Eighth District - where the Republican incumbent is seen as vulnerable.

The idea behind this effort, which AFL-CIO President John Sweeney describes as "educational," is to stir union members to vote the Democrats back into power on Capitol Hill.

"It's an open effort to buy and control the Congress," House Speaker Newt Gingrich said recently as he campaigned to protect his Republican majority.

It also is something of a gamble, one that labor, with its dwindling membership, felt it had to take.

Should the Republicans retain control of the House, labor will be portrayed, at least by its opponents, as ineffectual and irrelevant.

But should the Democrats retake control, labor will claim much of the credit. In political terms, labor will have a seat at the table.

Regardless of the outcome, labor has positioned itself to be an active and serious political player for years to come.

Not since 1984, when labor gave its wholehearted backing to Democratic presidential candidate Walter F. Mondale, have the unions injected themselves into politics in such a broad and intense fashion.

Roughly $20 million of labor's money is paying for television commercials such as the ones that have appeared all year in this district, where the voters include 60,000 union members, many of them state employees or workers at nearby auto plants.

The initial rounds of labor ads were devoted to portraying selected Republican House and Senate incumbents in an unfavorable light.

"Working families are struggling," began one. "But [your] Congressman . . . voted with Newt Gingrich to cut college loans, while giving tax breaks to the wealthy. And he voted to cut education funding for our children."

The latest batch are "voters guides" that compare the stances of the candidates on such issues as taxes, education and Medicare.

"Where do the candidates stand?" a voice asks. "[Your Republican] Congressman . . . voted to cut Medicare funding by $270 billion." His Democratic challenger "opposes those Medicare cuts. When it comes to Medicare, there is a difference."

GOP leaders have lambasted the ads as deceptive, irresponsible and blatantly partisan.

"They've been unmerciful," said Brett Buerck, a spokesman for the Republican Party in Ohio, home to several of the targeted districts. "The ads they're running are outright lies, saying that Republicans are trying to starve schoolkids and kill the elderly."

But Sweeney, who points out that the ads do not explicitly endorse any candidates, said the only reaction he cares about is that of his membership.

"We're not getting any opposition, any resentment [from members] about the moneys we're raising and spending," he said, "because people understand that if you're going to be effective, you have to use media and media's expensive."

In the Michigan commercials, the union federation has hammered GOP Rep. Dick Chrysler to the point that Chrysler, who was swept into office during the Republican congressional landslide of 1994 with a comfortable margin of victory, is fighting for his political life.

"The union bosses in Washington put this together," said Chrysler, a former unionized auto worker who became a millionaire running his own car-customizing company. "I don't know what other logical conclusion you can come to: They're trying to buy back Congress."

Added his media adviser, Mark Pischea: "If we lose on Election Day, will these ads be the reason why? Absolutely."

Chrysler is hardly the only Republican facing the onslaught.

In Portland, Maine, the labor federation is spending thousands to attack freshman GOP Rep. Jim Longley.

In Seattle, the unions are blanketing the airwaves to target Rep. Randy Tate, tagged by the state Democratic chair as "the poster boy of the radical right."

And in Montgomery County, Pa., Rep. Jon D. Fox has been the target - and Democrat Joe Hoeffel the possible beneficiary - of the labor offensive.

In a debate last week, Fox charged that should Hoeffel win, the sign over his door would have to read: "This office is paid for by the D.C. labor bosses. Come in and see the shop steward."

Replied Hoeffel, ". . . The working families [in this district] have every right to express their political views in this process."

In dozens of other races, from New Hampshire to Nevada, from Connecticut to Kentucky, the freshman class of GOP members of Congress is under fire from big labor.

The Republicans have responded by denouncing "Washington union bosses," demanding that television and radio stations not air the union advertisements, filing lawsuits and complaints with federal elections officials, and introducing legislation in Congress meant to thwart labor's efforts.

They contend the ads violate federal law by using dues to try to influence the elections. The GOP also wants to pass legislation barring unions from spending dues on politics without the written consent of the members.

Earlier this month, the party launched a wave of antilabor commercials in 25 cities.

"Seen these attack ads?" the announcer begins. "The big labor bosses in Washington are spending big money spreading big lies to buy their control of Congress. . . . The big labor bosses are tax-and-spend liberals. They fought welfare reform. Stopped term limits. Blocked a balanced budget. . . . The big labor bosses. Big money. Big Lies. Big Liberals . . ."

Corporate interests have put on their own commercials to counter what labor is doing.

"Anyone who thought labor was dead, they're wrong," said Frank Luntz, a Republican pollster advising the business groups. "They've had impact."

\* The impact comes by taking the $35 million, funded by a special assessment on the unions in the AFL-CIO, and spending it selectively. The labor federation has, at one time or another this year, purchased commercial time in about 75 congressional districts and put field representatives in 86 districts.

The districts include those represented by freshman Republicans or other GOP candidates whom labor views as vulnerable. Sway enough, union leaders hope, and the majority will turn in Congress.

"Two years ago, we lost 29 congressional districts to 'Newtie and the Blowhards' by less than 5,000 votes," Sweeney told a recent union gathering in Chicago, referring to Gingrich. "In those districts, we had two to three times that many union members who didn't even vote."

So this year, in addition to the advertising campaign, labor has mounted a voter registration drive. And now, as the campaign enters its final weeks, union phone banks will dial millions of calls.

This does not please Rep. Chrysler of Michigan. He and other Republican candidates say labor has done them wrong.

"If you're going to run educational ads, there at least ought to be truth in advertising," Chrysler said.

One union commercial that aired in Lansing earlier this year noted that the minimum wage hadn't gone up in five years - a period in which corporate profits and executive salaries were rising. During that same time, it pointed out, Congress had voted itself a pay raise. And the ad hit Chrysler for not supporting a minimum-wage increase and for voting to slash Medicare.

But that information, when put together that way, created an impression that was less than accurate.

For one thing, Chrysler has been in Congress only two years; the pay-raise vote was taken before he took office. So he had nothing to do with it.

Chrysler did vote against minimum-wage increases earlier this year. But he voted in favor of the final bill, which also included tax breaks for businesses.

And he didn't vote to cut Medicare. He voted in favor of a GOP plan that slowed the growth in Medicare spending by a greater margin than a plan proposed by the Clinton administration.

Chrysler said he could not match the money the AFL-CIO has spent on the commercials, which his media consultants estimate at more than $500,000.

Independent pollsters in Michigan say the advertising has helped keep Chrysler's popularity down, depriving him of the natural advantages of incumbency. The commercials have buoyed the campaign of his Democratic challenger, Debbie Stabenow, who did not begin purchasing her own ads until last month.

"The unions have never entered into this kind of activity in history," said Pischea, Chrysler's media adviser, echoing the complaints of Republicans throughout the country. "This has robbed us of any kind of conventional strategy. We have to climb out from these negative perceptions and start from scratch."

"What's really driven our ire," said Rep. John Boehner of Ohio, chairman of the House Republican Conference and the GOP's point man in its battle with labor, "is they're taking dues from all their members to support one party."

Republicans say the unions' efforts have been so heavy-handed that there will be a backlash on Election Day. They say they have polls showing widespread displeasure among the rank-and-file about what the leadership is doing.

"It's too bad we conservatives can't say: 'At least let us spend our share on who we want to support,' " said Tom Bush, a 34-year UAW member who is volunteering for Chrysler's campaign.

Said Sweeney, "We would never have taken this step if we weren't confident that we had the support of the membership."

Federal election law requires that the union campaign be independent from the Democrats' efforts. The law says that as long as the union commercials don't advocate voting for or against a candidate, they don't fall under federal spending limitations. Meaning labor can spend as much as it wants.

Democrats have welcomed the effort.

"Their constituency is the same as ours," said House Minority Whip David Bonior, a Michigan Democrat. "It's the people working every day and struggling."

\* The unions were way behind when they rejoined the political game this year.

In 1994, 39 percent of union members voted Republican. It was the biggest Republican vote from organized labor in congressional elections in nearly three decades.

That was alarming to labor leaders, most of whom believe that Republicans are far more likely than Democrats to act against the interests of working people in general and unions in particular.

And it underlined the fact that many union members had stopped thinking of union membership as their prime political identity.

They were getting their voting cues from other sources.

"Union members have a lot more faith in the other organizations they belong to," including the Christian Coalition and the National Rifle Association, said Republican Boehner.

Republican leaders and business lobbyists have geared up to match the union effort with their own counterattacks.

During the summer, House Republicans waged a fierce battle with the AFL-CIO over the union ads attacking a number of freshman members of Congress. The GOP succeeded in getting some television and radio stations to pull the ads - on the grounds of inaccuracy.

Earlier this month, the GOP went to court to try to force the Federal Election Commission to act on its complaint that the AFL-CIO advertising campaign violates election law by using union dues to influence races.

The counterattack continued in Congress, where Republicans introduced legislation to limit unions' ability to spend dues money on political activity and to require audits of union spending.

During the summer, House Republicans held hearings on allegations of union corruption and took up a proposal to eliminate the requirement that employers pay prevailing wages on federal construction projects, which unions hold sacrosanct.

Sweeney "declared war on the new Republican Congress and we have no choice but to respond," Boehner said. "We knew when Sweeney was elected that the face of the AFL in Washington was going to change. His campaign was about bringing back the radical image of labor."

The multipronged attack in Congress is being matched by a multimillion-dollar effort by corporate leaders, calling themselves the Coalition, who have their own television campaign.

One of its ads included this text: "Powerful organized labor bosses are taking mandatory dues from their own members to play national politics. Thirty-five million dollars of political TV mudslinging to throw their weight around Congress. Union members don't like it. They want to stop it, and working business men and women from Main Street America are coming together to help."

Steve Rosenthal, political director for the AFL-CIO, said such criticism is a measure of labor's success.

"The campaign is having an enormous impact on working people," said Rosenthal, "and that's why they're complaining as much as they are."

The Center for Responsive Politics estimates that when all political spending is taken into account - including money contributed by individual business donors and corporate political action committees - big business outspends big labor by 7-1. Despite complaints from Republicans about the new spending this year by unions, "business can match and outspend labor consistently," said Sheila Krumholz, a project director at the center.

Both sides expect that their battles will continue after the November elections.

"We will go where they go," vowed Dirk Van Dongen, president of the National Association of Wholesaler-Distributors, one of the Coalition's key players. "We will be where they will be."

There is another problem for labor and that is the Democratic Party itself. President Clinton and the party have been moving closer to the political center on issues such as a balanced budget and welfare reform. It was Clinton and a Democratic Congress that passed the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), which many unions loathe, and it was the Democrats who botched efforts at health-care reform, which many unions support.

"The Democrats didn't deliver," acknowledged Minority Whip Bonior. "They didn't represent working people. I think we're back to our roots" this year.

Labor's interests are still firmly grounded in the most liberal traditions of the Democratic Party. And unionists want to keep the Democrats loyal to their concerns.

"While there was strong resentment on NAFTA and welfare reform, our people also understand that there are other issues and the President has been good on other issues," Sweeney said. "They saw in the Republican primaries how Buchanan and even Dole raised some issues they knew hit some nerves with working people. Trade was one issue, wages another issue. Yet I don't see the Republicans coming up with any solutions."

\* Big labor's efforts began not long after Sweeney's election as AFL-CIO president a year ago. Within months, he had brought in seasoned political hands, including several who had once worked for the Democratic Party.

These political operatives started by lobbying against legislation in Congress proposed by the Republican leadership that union leaders said threatened workers, such as the proposal to repeal a law requiring employers to pay prevailing wages on federal construction projects.

Labor beat back virtually every proposal it took on, then went on the offensive: A year ago, an increase in the minimum wage seemed out of the question. Now, it's law.

"We went from being on the offensive to being defensive," said Karen Kerrigan, president of the Small Business Survival Committee, which opposed labor and which now compiles a weekly Labor Watch newsletter for 1,000 of its most active members. "I don't see them [labor] sticking their tails between their legs and going away."

On the electoral front, labor can already claim some success.

In January, Democrat Ron Wyden won a special election to replace Oregon Republican Sen. Bob Packwood. In that campaign, unions worked hard for Wyden, in alliance with environmentalists and abortion-rights activists.

"If the measure of success is that our issues are being debated, then we've already won," said Rosenthal, the AFL-CIO's political director.

But it's been more than that.

Union leaders have established the beginnings of a new grassroots network city by city, union hall by union hall.

\* That network is being built at places like the Communications Workers of America (CWA) Local 1122's headquarters, a low-slung, white brick building, within eyeshot of the Buffalo airport. Inside, the most prominent feature on the baby-blue walls was a color poster for the Clinton-Gore campaign.

On a recent Tuesday night, 15 CWA stewards who work for NYNEX and other businesses in upstate New York gathered for a political action session.

They were asked by the program leader to talk about what is right about America. They didn't have an easy time of it.

"I'm pretty pessimistic. Everything I see that's good is being torn down," said Mike McNerney, a cable splicer for eight years. "Everyone's scared about losing their job."

"Now, just to make ends meet, the average worker has to work 48 or 50 hours a week," said Mark Stolarski, a lineman for six years. "And that's on dual incomes."

"When I was growing up, you wanted to do better," said Jerry Stefanacci, a switchman for 27 years. "Now people are settling for less. It's like they're giving up."

It is this kind of anger and anxiety that union leaders hope to convert into votes for candidates sympathetic to working people.

An extensive poll and series of focus groups - including one in Philadelphia in the spring - that were conducted for the AFL-CIO have become the blueprint for labor's efforts.

In the poll, which sampled the general population, 58 percent said they were concerned about being able to achieve their financial goals in the next five years.

Only 41 percent offered a positive assessment of how the middle class was doing while more than three-fourths saw stockholders, large corporations and CEOs faring well.

The research, done by Peter D. Hart Associates and the Mellman Group, was presented to more than 50 Democratic congressional candidates who attended an AFL-CIO seminar last July in Washington. And it is being distributed to union leaders throughout the nation.

Many unions, including the CWA, have already undertaken their own research, and around the country this summer, unions held political sessions for their members in big numbers.

"The corporate agenda is being talked about everywhere. We need to get more people out talking about the things that affect labor," said Bob Chadwick, a political director for Local 1122. "Politics is union business."

The CWA's Northeast region has been one of the most aggressive areas for political education. Leaders from locals throughout New England and New York have undergone six hours of training sessions with a clear mission: Elect Democrats.

"Yes, this is about Clinton getting reelected," allowed Bob Masters, who developed the CWA program. "But we need to educate people."

The polling shows that union members want political information from their leaders, not political orders.

"Fifteen years ago, a United Auto Workers rep could knock on a door in Flint, Mich., and say vote for John Smith and John Smith would win. That doesn't happen anymore," said Gerald McEntee, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, who is chairing the labor federation's political efforts.

But while the political efforts are billed as education, the tilt against Republicans is pronounced. The seminars, like the one in Buffalo, are a deliberate effort to persuade members to look to the Democrats - at least as the lesser of two evils - and to embrace an agenda that encourages greater government regulation of industry and a strong safety net for workers.

Using statistics developed by the Economic Policy Institute, a liberal Washington think tank, the seminar leaders argued that workers are spending more time than ever on the job, that median family income is shrinking, and that the income gap is widening between the rich and the ***working class***.

Hearing those statistics, the stewards in Buffalo were quick to relate them to family life.

"Most social problems come from a lack of money," said McNerney, the cable splicer. "A guy I work with isn't coaching his daughter's softball team anymore because he's always working."

During the six hours of training, the union members worked through exercises on cutting the budget, discussed welfare reform, debated free trade, and focused on the fall campaign.

They stressed the need for a living wage for workers, trade protections, campaign finance reform and improved health care.

And they learned political nuts and bolts as well.

When the time comes to get out the vote, "we're not going to call all our members, we're only going to call those who vote the way we want," the CWA's Masters said. "That's hardball politics."

**Notes**

LABOR: NEW TIMES, NEW TACTICS

Last of three parts.

**Graphic**

CHART;

CHART (3)

1. Union Households Voting Republican for President

2. Union Households Voting Republican for Congress

3. A Page From Labor's Political Handbook (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CYNTHIA GREER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***MARYLAND'S EASTERN SHORE HARBORS INVITING COUNTRY INNS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KPH0-0094-52CC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Section:** TRAVEL,; AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND

**Length:** 3104 words

**Byline:** ASHLEY HALSEY III, KNIGHT-RIDDER NEWSPAPERS

**Body**

Why don't you just go ahead and say it?

Staying in a country inn seems about as appealing as a night in an igloo.

You need space. You need privacy.

And the notion of a country inn or bed and breakfast is more than you can handle, particularly the fear that you may have to be polite to strangers over the breakfast table.

For years I shared your country-inn phobia.

Get over it.

I ended up in country inns because the sleep-in-a-tent theory came into play. I will not sleep in a tent unless it's the only way to stay in a place I very dearly want to be.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland is just such a place, and there is no need to pack your air mattress and pup tent. There are dozens of country inns, most of them surprisingly delightful, and more of them open every year.

As a result of my need to revisit the Eastern Shore, I discovered that all my unproven notions about country inns were wrong.

If you are ready for something new and different, planning a trip that takes you to several country inns will make for a splendid week or two.

It would have taken a year of endless travel to visit all the inns on the Eastern Shore, so I sought out some of the most promising and found several that were well worth recommending. All of my visits, by the way, were incognito, so you may expect the same kind of treatment that I received.

Henry Royce once admonished the workers at his Rolls-Royce plant: ''Small things make perfection. But perfection is no small thing.''

I found these four inns very close to perfect. No small thing, indeed.

Osprey Point Yacht Club & Inn

As I made the final turn toward home, a projectile whistled by my ear and a small voice from the back seat said, ''Don't want home, want to go to the small hotel.''

The boy probably will grow up a perfectionist, if his ability at the age of 2 to evaluate accommodations is any indication. The small hotel that he preferred to home is wonderful, and here is why:

Imagine a bunch of ridiculously rich friends who got together and decided to build a spare-no-expense getaway for themselves on 30 acres on the banks of bucolic Swan Creek in the town of Rock Hall.

But, alas, once they finished the relentlessly elegant and comfortable knockoff of a Colonial Williamsburg mansion a few years ago, they discovered they were too busy doing whatever it is that ridiculously rich people do to make much use of the place.

So, it became the Osprey Point Yacht Club & Inn.

Open as an inn for three years now, the place remains true to its Williamsburg model without going overboard (nobody dresses like Jefferson's milkmaid).

The seven rooms in the floors above the bar and restaurant are beautifully appointed creations that look like they were furnished by people who planned to use them, because they were. The walls are white and the trim is in basic colors you never would choose for your own home, but the effect here will make you doubt your judgment.

Each has its own personality and is named after one of the yachts that defended the America's Cup in that bygone era when the local guys never lost.

There are bathrooms you will want to take home with you, four-poster beds you won't want to get out of, and a stated promise to ''create an atmosphere of peace, quiet and security.''

Four rooms are off the second-floor hallway, and the three third-floor rooms share a comfortable sitting room.

We awoke to the sight of a great blue heron skimming the pond outside our window. A buffet breakfast of sweet breads, fruit, bagels and cereal awaited in the first-floor lounge that doubles as a reading room. A huge fireplace takes the chill off during the winter.

During the summer, the big pool adjacent to the inn is a comfortable place to lounge. Bicycles are available, and the innkeepers will arrange for sailing, fishing, crabbing, horseback riding and tennis.

The people who run Osprey Point contribute mightily to the joy of the visit. Innkeeper Robyn Wendt's graceful presence is everywhere, and assistant manager Linda Joiner stocked our room with toys to delight a 2-year-old.

To our way of thinking, the inn's restaurant is an attraction second only to the tranquil surroundings.

With just a dozen tables, it makes sense to reserve early for weekend nights, because local gourmands are on to one of the best restaurants on the Eastern Shore.

The menu reflects the chef's talent and imagination, tempered slightly to suit the setting and clientele. Sitting beside the Chesapeake, people expect seafood, and he meets that expectation with ''Old Bay'' shrimp, crab soup and crabcakes.There is also tenderloin steak and rack of lamb.

Dinner for two, with one of the better bottles from a short but solid wine list, came to $ 92.

The Imperial Hotel

The room was lighted by candle, the Queen Anne chairs offered welcome with ornate polished arms, the monogrammed cutlery had the weight of silver.

The most modern thing apparent amid the Victorian perfection of the dining room was a palm-sized electronic baby monitor that piped in the silent slumber of he-who-one-of-these-days (just maybe) will sleep through the night.

The highlight of our stay at The Imperial Hotel in Chestertown, dinner from the kitchen of growingly renowned chef Rodney Scruggs, was about to begin. But no sooner had we toasted our good fortune than the small but insistent voice sprung from the monitor with news of his unexpected awakening.

Before the night was out, a 2-year-old in teddy-bear pajamas had dropped in on dinner, and the response of the restaurant staff to this apparition proved remarkable. The details can wait until later; first, let's explore the Imperial.

The 13-room inn to almost every detail re-creates what an Eastern Shore traveler would have found at the turn of the century. The transition from gas lamps to electric light was the only apparent concession made when the place was renovated six years ago to reflect its original 1903 splendor.

It sits a couple of blocks from the Chester River, with a quartet of pillars supporting big porches that open from long hallways on the second and third floor to overlook High Street. The matching hallway on the first floor separates two small dining rooms and passes by a cozy lounge.

The electronic gizmos that no hotel can live without are at the registration desk and in the elevator. It carries you up to rooms so faithful to the era that the telephones and televisions are concealed in armoires. There is nothing old-fashioned, however, about the bathrooms.

In addition to 11 rooms, there are a pair of suites: one on the third floor with a sitting room and small kitchen; the other in the carriage house, with a full kitchen and enough beds to make it an ideal family accommodation.

Two common areas in the Imperial are an invitation to conversation, private contemplation or relaxation with a book. One is a second-floor parlor, and the other is the beautiful brick courtyard out back, surrounded by a manicured garden and offering several tables with canvas umbrellas. There are jazz and cocktails under the stars on summer nights.

The saviors of the Imperial are Albert and Carla Massoni, who oversaw restoration of dog-eared property in 1990. The restaurant was intended as the crown jewel of their effort.

Chef Scruggs - who competes for honors with kitchens in the Washington and Baltimore orbit, delivers a cuisine to rival everything but the very best in the big cities just over the horizon. And the desserts are excelled in few places this side of Paris.

The wine list reflects the Massonis' passion and has won them ''Wine Spectator'' awards year after year. It is short on Bordeaux, long on the best of Burgundy and California. The dining room staff is knowledgeable and gentle in recommending the right bottle.

One of those waiters is David Massoni, son of the owners and an awfully nice guy to have around when your 2-year-old awakes upstairs crying for mommy 10 minutes into the meal.

He worked with the kitchen to slow down our dinner. When junior showed no sign of returning to bed, Massoni offered to set up a table for us in the lounge. By the time the little guy came downstairs, however, the dining room had emptied and he likely became the first child in pajamas to be seated in a Queen Anne chair beside the big picture window overlooking High Street.

Huntingfield Manor

A pair of sky-blue eyes popped up like the sunrise beside my pillow and a small voice intoned: ''Mommy has peacock poop on her pants.''

Poop happens, I suppose.

But peacock poop?

And before 7 in the morning?

I closed my eyes, hoping to drift from this ridiculous dream into a better one, but the voice persisted: ''It's yucky.''

Where on Earth was I to have acquired this now undeniable reality so early in the morning?

Huntingfield Manor, it turned out, ''in the heart of a 70-acre working farm,'' the brochure had promised. Peacocks on a working farm make as much sense as a plume on a pith helmet, but they were similarly frivolous and harmless, and the rest of the experience at this bed and breakfast added up delightfully.

The majestic mansion is on land that has been farmed since the mid-17th century. Built close to 150 years ago, the manor was a private home and a hunting lodge before its latest incarnation as a six-bedroom country inn. Somewhere along the line - probably in the 1950s - it was covered in regrettable asbestos shingles.

Typical of a surprising number of innkeepers, the current owners never planned to operate a bed and breakfast. George and Bernadine Starken saw a for-sale ad for the property a few years ago when they stopped for lunch at Chestertown, about a dozen miles up the road.

George was about to take early retirement after a career with a government contractor. They were scouting the Eastern Shore for a place to live, and the broad expanse of fields surrounding the manor made them feel as if they were in Minnesota, where they grew up.

It was 1992, and the place was a working bed and breakfast. They moved into one room a few weeks before making settlement, and by the time the deed finally changed hands, they were rethinking their plan to convert the place into their private home.

They decided, instead, to play innkeeper and put the profits into improving the place. They have taken advantage of the bizarre construction of the building to create a place that has far more privacy than many other small inns.

Most private of all is the small cottage where we stayed. Set just behind the main building, it is perfectly suited to a small family.

The cottage has a small kitchen, a dining area, and a large adjoining area with beds that can be configured into two king-size accommodations, four single beds or a combination.

In the manor house, the air of privacy grows from the fact that a building is just one room wide and has no hallways upstairs. Two of the four rooms on the second floor are reached by private staircases. The other two rooms are on opposite sides of a shared staircase.

One of those is a suite, with a double bed in one room and twin beds in the other. The sixth room is on the first floor, as is the room where George and Bernie live. Each room has a private bath; none has telephone or television.

The common rooms ooze an invitation to kick back and relax.

The long breakfast table in the dining room was heavy with fruits, several kinds of bread, cereals, juices and good coffee when we arrived. A kiddie seat at the table's head awaited our little guy.

And with George and Bernie hovering about to replenish the grub and converse on almost any subject (fishing? politics? physics?), breakfast stretched into the brunch hour and threatened lunchtime.

George has been busy building nature trails and bird habitats in the woods. The nine peacocks are fun (watch out for the poop). There is a huge brick barbecue pit out back. And it is a working farm - a fellow from down the road rents the fields to grow corn.

By all means, take your bicycles. Turn right at the end of the driveway for a spectacular six-mile ride down flat, lightly traveled roads to Eastern Neck Island's Wildlife Refuge, which is well worth visiting.

The Parsonage

We pulled into St. Michaels at the tail end of the April weekend, when winter finally was too weakened to launch another sneak attack.

The flowers and tourists had blossomed in tandem, gracing the quaint colonial village with a multitude of colors absent during the long winter. The most prominent hue that weekend was U.S. Treasury green - every single room in and around the town had been filled on Saturday night.

Almost two dozen small inns have opened in the past two decades with the growth of St. Michaels' popularity, and the one to which we were headed this Sunday afternoon often books two months in advance during the warmer seasons.

The Parsonage is an architect's delight. Perched at the west end of Talbot Street, the town's main thoroughfare, it was built in 1883 as the private home of Henry Clay Dodson, who owned a brickyard.

You own a brickyard, you can do nice things with brick.

Using intricate brickwork, he built a tower that supports a Victorian spire and attached a brick building that even the biggest bad wolf couldn't blow down.

Dodson's daughter gave the place to the Methodist Church, and it was used as a parsonage until Willard Workman and his son bought the place in 1985. The Workmans extensively renovated and restructured it to create the eight-bedroom inn.

The parlor just off the entrance hall is a tribute to turn-of-the-century grace (if you can excuse the intrusive television), with Queen Anne furnishings and a working fireplace. The parlor opens onto a dining room, where innkeeper Anthony Deyesu delights in serving a breakfast that will fuel you for the day.

On the subject of food, The Parsonage is next door to one of the truly fine restaurants on the Eastern Shore. Is is known simply by its address, 208 Talbot, and you should reserve a table well in advance.

We stayed in a two-room suite with a private entrance from the big, second-floor porch. The room has two brass double beds, a small sitting room and a separate bedroom with twin beds.

The littlest traveler didn't seem likely to sit through a meal at 208 Talbot, so we ordered a gourmet dinner just down the street at a restaurant called Morsels and enjoyed it at the picnic table on our deck.

For complete privacy, there are three rooms in an addition the Workmans' built on the rear of the house. Each has a private entrance.

All of the sights, shops and restaurants of St. Michaels - including the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum - are within easy walking distance, and the Parsonage has several nice bikes for its guests.

Serene Eastern Shore remains unspoiled

The Eastern Shore of Maryland seems unperturbed by the almost 1,500 seasons that have passed since the first settlers arrived here from Europe.

In a courtship that is closing in on a quarter century, I have grown to love the Eastern Shore. With each passing mile as I drive south, the urban trappings diminish and I shed the anxious baggage that they engender.

For centuries the peninsula known as the Eastern Shore hung in splendid isolation, a 200-mile-long finger descending from the untidy megalopolis of the East Coast. The broad expanse of Chesapeake Bay buffered it from urban encroachment to the west, and the Atlantic Ocean was a vast barrier to the east.

The Eastern Shore was hard to reach before the first steel suspension bridge to span the Chesapeake was built 43 years ago, and the evolution since then has left much of the distinct character intact.

Look closely and you will see that the old telephone poles now sag under the cable-television wire, but for every yard of new wire there are 10 yards of wooden fence in the fields below.

There are satellite dishes by the score, but they sit beside shingle houses with porch swings that seem uncorrupted by modern times.

Nature has been troubled by man's abuse, but the natural rhythms of the countryside continue unabated from one season to the next.

In spring, the crabs migrate up the bay.

By now, eagles, ospreys, and great blue herons have taken up summer residence. The oysters that once abounded have been killed off by disease, but a precious few of the majestic skipjack vessels built to harvest them remain.

As summer gives way to autumn, the migrating loons and great flocks of Canada geese will pass south along the Atlantic flyway, crossing over thickets of gum, loblolly pine and oak now speckled golden with the season's hues.

Winter's arrival is no creeping thing. It pounces suddenly from behind a gale that roils the bay to foamy white and when the wind quiets, the air has acquired a crisp cold bite that can belong only to one season. The stillness of winter is profound, with fields emptied and the crab boats silent at their moorings.

The people who inhabit the Eastern Shore are not all of the same mold. The old money lives in mansions set off the main roads, congregating around Chestertown, St. Michaels, Easton and Oxford.

The ***working class*** - farming families, the watermen, and those who do a little of both - is spread across the land in accordance with its vocation.

What they have in common is born of the relative isolation of their world: Rich and poor alike, they seem people of few words until they've had the chance to size up an outlander. Even then a measure of reserve lingers.

Things beyond its natural beauty endeared the shore to me. Coming from the city, it seems a simpler, safer, easier place that stubbornly persists in a world headed sharply in the opposite direction.

If you go . . .

By their nature, country inns don't have a lot of rooms, and they often book up many weeks in advance on the Eastern Shore. Advance planning is a must.

\* Osprey Point Yacht Club and Inn, 20786 Rock Hall Ave., Rock Hall, Md. 21661; (410) 639-2194. Weekend rates range from $ 157 for a suite to $ 117 for a room, $ 10 lower on weeknights. Be sure to make separate reservations for dinner.

\* The Imperial Hotel, 208 High St., Chestertown, Md. 21620-1633; (410) 778-5000. Separate dinner reservations are necessary, and book early for weekends, in particular. Weekend rates for regular rooms are $ 125, with the carriage house at $ 250 and the two-bedroom suite at $ 300. On weeknights, the rate for a regular room drops to $ 95.

\* Huntingfield Manor, 4928 Eastern Neck Road, Rock Hall, Md. 21661; (410) 639-7779. Rates range from $ 80 to $ 165.

\* The Parsonage, 210 N. Talbot St., St. Michaels, Md. 21663; (800) 394-5519. Two-night minimum stay on most weekends. Rates range from a low of $ 90 for midweek in the off season to $ 145 for a more elaborate room on an in-season weekend. Children are allowed by prior approval only.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), MAP, PHOTO: Ashley Halsey III/Philadelphia Inquirer: The Imperial Hotel in; Chestertown, Md., re-creates a turn-of-the-century comfort and elegance.; PHOTO: Ashley Halsey III/Philadelphia Inquirer: The Parsonage in St. Michaels,; Md., offers brass beds, Laura Ashley prints and privacy.; MAP: By Knight-Ridder Tribune/Post-Gazette

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[***Tug of war;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40KB-S2R0-00J2-31XM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Two teenage Somali girls face coming of age in a new world***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40KB-S2R0-00J2-31XM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Allie Shah; Staff Writer

**Body**

At gym time, teenage girls in the locker room strip off T-shirts and jeans and squeeze into tank tops and spandex shorts. Fartun Nur, 17, peels off layers of shiny fabric that shield her from the outside world.

     First goes the floor-length skirt. Then the long-sleeved shirt. She keeps the hijaab on, adjusting it to make sure it still hides her hair. Next, she slips on a knee-length tunic and billowy trousers and hustles to the "girls-only" gym class.

     Nimco Ahmed, 18, strolls into the locker room, her headphones completing her western look. She trades her boot-cut jeans for track pants, not caring, as other Somali girls do, if they're too revealing. With one last look in the mirror, she trots to the co-ed gym class.

   For Fartun (pronounced far-TOON) and Nimco, life is a daily test. Far from the civil war in their homeland, Somali girls confront a cultural war in a country so unlike their own.

     America, with its melting pot, equal rights, and obsession with sex and youth, beckons them at every turn. These new values collide with traditional Somali values that call for clear roles for men and women, respect for authority and an identity based on family, not self.

     Nowhere is this clash more visible than at Roosevelt High School in Minneapolis. Far from the days when Gov. Jesse Ventura and other ***working-class*** whites dominated the hallways, today's Roosevelt boasts the largest Somali student population in the city \_ and perhaps the nation.

    Nearly a third of the 1,550 students enrolled at the start of the school year were Somali, in part because Roosevelt offers special language services.

     Roosevelt, with its clangy school bell and yesteryear feel, is a haven for Somali girls. School is about the only place where they can roam free of their families' scrutiny.

     Somali families expect the females to carry the culture and maintain the family honor. So while Fartun's brother can blend in with male classmates who wear the same baggy jeans and T-shirts, she stands out in her Somali clothes.

     Sons may visit restaurants or hang out on the basketball courts, but daughters are expected to stay home, out of public view, protecting their modesty.

     It's at school, in the hallways, classrooms and cafeteria, where Fartun and Nimco confront America. Mingling with kids from Iran, Vietnam, Mexico, Somalia and the United States, they navigate the currents of the American mainstream.

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Nimco: Life in two worlds

     Like a turtle, Nimco has learned how to live both in water and on land. At home and at Roosevelt.

     In her mother's clothing and perfume store in Minneapolis' Phillips neighborhood, she speaks rapid-fire Somali, laughing and joking with her relatives. "Galab Wanaagsan. Seetahay?" (Good afternoon. How are you?) At school, she expertly shouts, "Whassup?" to friends from all nations. "I'm kinda international," she explains.

     Armed with a cell phone and a Discman, she weaves through the halls, waving and smiling at people who call her by name. "I like this guy. He is funny as hell," she says, passing an Asian boy with frosted hair.

     Spotting some Somali girls, she playfully charges into them. They push back and laugh, and she walks away, grinning. All the while walking and talking, she fishes a piece of gum from her purse and places it in a friend's outstretched hand.

     But for the transparent scarf wrapped snugly around her hair, Nimco looks like other American students. Same Mudd jeans and platform shoes. Multiple earrings on each lobe. A giant blue hair claw to keep loose strands in place beneath her scarf. She loves American fashions.

     When she first got to Roosevelt in 1998, after spending eight years in Germany, Nimco didn't wear the hijaab (pronounced HEE-job)\_ the Arabic word for "cover" used to describe the scarf Muslim women wear over their hair for modesty. The other kids saw her bare head and assumed she was Ethiopian.

     "I started feeling bad," she said.

     These days, she wears the hijaab, when she feels like it. She does it to let everyone know she's Somali, and so she can get used to the feel of the fabric tugging at her hairline, reminding her who she is, what she is. Somali. Muslim. Woman.

     Someday, when she's married with children, she'll add another layer to her modesty, she says. She'll wear the jalaabiib (pronounced Jawl-a-beeb), the larger head covering that resembles a nun's habit. It's the one her mother and Fartun wear. By then, Nimco will stop wearing pants, too, she vows.

     These changes she will make to set a good example for her kids and to raise them right in Islam, the Muslim religion. "I have a lot of respect for the religion," she says solemnly.

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Which rules to follow?

     Sitting in her bedroom, a pile of colorful scarves resting on her dresser next to a purple Minnesota Vikings cap, Nimco reflects on the challenge of living in two cultures. At school, she sidesteps the fistfights and verbal taunts that are common between Somali and American kids. "Some of them say, 'You smell bad,' " Nimco said. Some kids don't understand or flat out don't like Somali customs, such as washing hands and feet in the school bathrooms before praying.

     To visit the Roosevelt cafeteria is to witness the cultural apartheid. Somali girls gather on one side of the room, apart from the Somali boys, the Asian kids, the whites and the African-Americans.

     Immanuel Huggins, an African-American friend of Nimco's, counts Somali girls among his friends. "A lot of them are pretty," he said.

     Most of the tension between Somalis and other kids stems from misunderstandings about the Muslim religion and Somali culture, he said.

    "When you see a girl who wears the scarf, and she might speak another language, and then they think you're speaking about them, it starts making divisions.

     "Their culture is probably the farthest thing from our culture."

     At home, Nimco sometimes suppresses her outgoing nature to respect the reserved Somali tradition in which she was nurtured. She avoids eating at Somali restaurants and coffee shops, knowing that such behavior by a girl can set tongues wagging.

     After all, a girl's reputation is all she has, and it doesn't take long in this cozy Twin Cities Somali community before your business is everybody's business. "If I do something bad outside the house, it's going to be inside the house. Somebody's going to tell," Nimco explains. "My mom \_ she's not going to hurt me or anything \_ but she's going to feel bad. I don't want her to feel bad. I want my mom to be happy about what I'm doing."

    Therein lies Nimco's dilemma. How to live by American rules at school without upsetting her people? Sometimes, she finds, she must lie.

     A member of the Roosevelt track team, she runs in shorts, exposing her legs in public. The instant the race is over, she pulls on her warm-up pants. But if her mother knew she wore shorts, she'd disapprove. So would others in the Somali community.

     Once during track practice, a group of Somali men approached her, and panic swept over her and other girls at school. "What were those Somali guys doing here? Did they see her running in shorts?" they asked each other. Turns out the men just wanted to talk to Nimco about a summer athletic team they were forming.

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The dating dilemma

      In the perfect Somali world, boys and girls don't date. They marry. At school, Somali girls may disappear for a few days and return married to men twice their age.

     Dates and school dances are tricky in a culture that prohibits unmarried males and females from even touching one another. Some of the girls at Nimco's school have boyfriends who walk them to class and call them on the phone, but they do it on the sly. Some girls dance with partners, but only a few dare tell their parents.

     This year's prom proved to be more trouble than it was worth for Nimco. She'd planned to go with a friend, a Somali boy. It wasn't a date, she insists.

     A week before the dance, her friends warned her that it might not look good to have her picture taken, all dressed up, with this Somali guy. She didn't want people talking about them like they were a serious couple, so she backed out.

     On the day of the dance, Nimco stood barefoot with a curling iron in one hand and hair spray in the other, holding court before a small crowd of girls in the school locker room. Instead of going to the prom, she did hair for girls who were going.

     Nimco's friend, Ifrah (pronounced EE-fra) Mohamed, a very westernized girl who doesn't "cover" like other Somali girls, squirmed in the chair and eyed the hijaab-clad crowd watching her. "I can't believe your parents are letting you guys go," Ifrah said to them. "Every place I go, I'm the only Somali girl."

     Even Ifrah used to lie to get out of the house.

     "Last year I had to throw so many fits," she said. At last she told her father: "Dad, this is America. Just let me have one night."

     Nimco smiled understandingly as she twisted the curling iron. "Sometimes it's hard to follow the right thing," she said later. "We are different. We want to do everything that people our age here do. Most of them [Somali elders], they really don't get it."

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Fartun: Decidedly Somali

     For Fartun, the tug comes from another direction, from Africa. In Kenya, where she grew up, she made a conscious decision to hide her dark brown locks from public gaze. She was 14, the age when many Somali girls start wearing the hijaab.

     It was Eid, an important Muslim holiday, and her mother spread out an assortment of pretty scarves from which Fartun chose one. Admiring her new look in the mirror, she decided to make the hijaab a part of her permanent identity. Only at home among relatives or among women does she take it off.

     At Roosevelt, she wears the full jalaabiib in a rainbow of colors: turquoise, eggplant, mint green, lemon. There's an elegance about her that must have followed her from Kenya. Her family moved there before the Somali civil war broke out in the early 1990s. There, she had a nanny and a spacious house. She never lived in the refugee camps that housed so many Somalis.

     Her mother, Geni (pronounced GEH-nee) Nur, may speak of Somalia, but Fartun's memories of the country they left when she was a child are fuzzy at best.

     Her home and life in Kenya are what she misses, and she plans to go back there one day. In her poetry book, she records her longings, writing about "the country I'll never forget."

     "Kenya's where I grew up. . . . It's just not the same when you start another different life."

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'Things got changed'

    In the bustling hallways at school, Fartun's no social butterfly. Backpack in tow, she heads straight to class, her face expressionless. She takes her schoolwork seriously, following directions, working diligently whether she's solving a problem in math class or lifting weights in gym class. In history class, when other students debate a point with their teacher, Fartun listens silently.

     She wasn't always shy.

     Back home, she was a real "little devil." She loved to torment the nanny and play practical jokes on her friends. Everyone knew her then.

     Recently, one of her uncles said to her: "Is that you, Fartun? You're so quiet. What happened to the old Fartun?"

     "Things got changed," she replied.

     There are times, however, when she is laughing with her school friends or hanging out at the Mall of America when she feels American, Fartun concedes. But when she is home with her brother and sisters, playing a game of "Remember when . . ." she feels a gulf between herself and her classmates that's wider than the continent she left behind.

     "I lost my life, where could it be?" she writes in one poem that describes her painful "thunderous silence."

     When the bell signals the end of the school day, she threads her way through the throngs of students running and hollering outside the building. Not until she walks through the front doors of the Somali mall off Lake Street, where she is surrounded by other Somalis, does she start to relax.

     "When I'm here, I kind of talk a lot. I don't know why," she says, smiling.

     Fartun and her mother trade shifts at the 10-by-12-foot store where they sell scarves, long skirts, fabrics, shoes, international phone cards and other items. Inside the stall, Fartun greets customers and arranges the inventory. When it's slow, she does her homework or talks to friends who drop by.

     When her mother is working at the store, Fartun's at home in charge of seven of her eight siblings, ranging in age from 16 to three years old. "I'm like the supervisor. She's the manager," Fartun says. She puts the younger ones down for naps, cleans the house and whips up whatever's available for dinner. One day it was egg noodles and meatballs.

     The decor of the third-floor apartment across the street from Abbott Northwestern Hospital in Minneapolis breathes Somali culture. Large Persian rugs on the floor. Rich maroon curtains from floor to ceiling. The sweet, musky smell of spices and incense. Bunches of silk flowers hanging high on the walls.

     Even so, American culture infiltrates. The children sit in the living room, crowded around the TV set. They are captivated by "Passions," a daytime soap opera offering the typical fare of sex and violence. But when a Victoria's Secret commercial comes on showing leggy lingerie models, Fartun immediately changes the channel. With one eye on the TV, she plops on the couch, cradling her cousin. "We call her Maggie, like Maggie Simpson" of "The Simpsons" TV show, she says, grinning at the pacifier-sucking infant.

     The phone rings and Fartun shifts the baby and picks up the phone. "It's Daddy!" she announces happily, now talking in Swahili. She's one of the lucky ones. Many Somali teens are here without either parent, their families blown apart by famine or war. When Fartun's family immigrated to Minneapolis to join other family members, her father stayed behind with her baby sister. Fartun says he couldn't leave his truck delivery business, and he wanted his youngest child to stay in Africa, so that she would know where she belongs. Not since October 1998 has she seen her father, but she plans to visit him this summer.

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Both: Trying to hold on

     What will Nimco's future be like?

     Her mom doesn't know.

     But she is worried.

     Mohobo Hashi, 51, sits behind the counter of her clothing and perfume shop in Minneapolis' Phillips neighborhood and studies her feisty daughter. Nimco, clad in a flannel shirt, plaid pants and hijaab, squats beside her and translates her thoughts:

     "Here in America, to raise the girls, it's kinda hard. Back in Somalia, you can tell them what to do. . . . Here in America, the girls tell you what to do!" At this, she throws her hands up and shrugs helplessly.

    Earlier this year, a Somali man said he wanted to marry her daughter. Hashi laughed. Nimco has ideas of her own, she told him.

     In many ways, Hashi resembles Nimco. She has the same high cheekbones and cheerful smile. They both wear sandals that reveal lacquered toenails. Hashi's are ebony, the color traditionally worn by Somali women; Nimco's are a metallic pink, the shade worn by many American teens.

     As a teenager, Hashi's life was nothing like her daughter's. By the time she was Nimco's age, she already had two children. Her only education came in an Arabic school, where she studied the Qur'an, the Muslim holy book. There was no prom. No shopping at the mall. And certainly no dating. Islam prohibits it.

     Sometimes she wonders if coming to America was the best thing for her family.

     "I'm really worried about that \_ that our kids will change," she said. "They're really young, and they're around other [non-Somali] people all the time. They're not seeing every day their culture," she says.

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Wrestling with change

     There is some good coming out of the changes in the Somali girls, some say. At Roosevelt, the girls are working hard at their education, harder than the boys, said Abdirahman (pronounced Ab-di-rah-MON) Mukhtar, another friend of Nimco's. "Back in Somalia, most girls didn't go to universities; they were expected to marry," he said. "Right now, once they get the opportunity, they want to work hard. They want to develop new paths for Somali women."

     All the same, he and others share Hashi's concern that some girls and boys are changing too quickly, copying another culture and discarding their own.

     Girls who are so quick to change on the outside are probably not very strong on the inside, observed Muse (pronounced MOO-sah) Mohamed, past president of the Roosevelt Somali Student Association. He didn't interact much with the girls because he didn't think it was appropriate, but he noticed some were starting to wear pants.

     It is hard for Somali immigrants to swim against the current, Mohamed said. "It's like spilling a glass of water in the ocean."

     Hashi wants Nimco to have a good education and to be a good person, a Muslim, and a mother. For a woman, education is good, but, "The most important thing for a girl is to have children of your own blood," she says.

     Will her daughter make good on her vow to wear the jalaabiib, marry a Somali man, and raise her children properly in Islam?

     "Allah knows," Hashi says, pointing to the ceiling.

     Nimco knows the elder Somalis worry that the girls will forget their culture and take up the new one, but she insists that won't happen to her.

     "I don't want to have a problem with my family. I don't want it to be different," she said.

     When it's time to marry, and that time is drawing near, she says she'll choose a husband of her own, a Somali man who appreciates her independent spirit.

     Talk of marriage makes Fartun blush. She declines to discuss it. Like Nimco, she shares a passion for knowledge. Both plan to go to college after they finish high school in a year or two.

Where they'll be, who they'll be in the future, neither one knows. "It's confusing," Fartun says.

     Just before school let out for the year, Fartun and Nimco joined other Roosevelt students of African descent in celebrating their heritage.   With African drums beating, they stepped on to the stage in the school auditorium.   For once, they were hard to tell apart, not only from each other but from their American-born peers.

     A long white gown and hijaab covered Nimco. Fartun stood nearby, wearing a new bold grin. The drums picked up. The emcee introduced them by name.

     And just for a moment, Fartun and Nimco were the same. Somalis and Americans, too. Somali-Americans.

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       In the pages of her poetry notebook, Fartun Nur finds a place to express her innermost feelings. She wrote this poem in March:

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          "My Life"

         By Fartun Nur

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       I lost my life

       Where could it be?

       I lost my trust,

       All there's left is me.

.

       My thunderous silence

       hurts me so great.

       No matter how good I am

       I can't keep it straight

.

       I have let down my Lord,

       to what extent, I do not know.

       I stand out in red light but

       all I hear is go.

.

       When I laugh I suffer,

       when I stand I cry.

       I feel really bad

       I don't know why.

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     The Somalia-to-Minnesota migration, at a glance

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Q: Where in the world is Somalia?

A: Somalia is located on the Horn of Africa. It's slightly smaller than Texas and has the longest coastline in Africa. The land is mostly flat with hot, dry weather year-round. Temperatures in the hottest region reach 105 degrees in the summer.

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Q: Why are so many Somalis coming to the United States?

A: Civil war began in 1990, and then-President Siyad Barre was overthrown. A power struggle followed, setting off battles between rival families. Now there is no established government, and widespread rape and robbery make living dangerous. Thousands of Somalis fled to Kenya and neighboring countries, then came to the United States as refugees. A small number came as immigrants to join relatives already here.

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Q: What brought them to Minnesota?

A: A strong economy and good schools attracted the first wave of Somali refugees sponsored by social service agencies in the early 1990s. Minnesota law requires public schools to educate students until age 21. Relatives from Africa and other parts of the United States are flocking to Minnesota to be with the rest of their kin. Minnesota is now home to the largest population of Somalis in the country.

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Q: How many Somalis live here?

A: The Minnesota Department of Human Services's conservative estimate is: 30,000 Somalis in the United States, with 14,000 to 15,000 living in Minnesota. The vast majority are in Minneapolis, with smaller numbers in St. Paul, Rochester, Owatonna and Marshall.

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     A quick primer on traditional Somali culture:

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RELIGION

Virtually all Somalis are Muslim. The religion, Islam, is deeply embedded in Somali culture and affects many of the customs, values and personal conduct.

Different people have different levels of orthodoxy.

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Somalis believe in the five pillars of Islam:

1. Belief in Allah, one God

2. Regular prayer (five times a day)

3. Fasting from food and water from dawn to dusk every day during the holy month of Ramadan.

4. Giving to charity

5. Spiritual pilgrimmage to the holy city of Mecca, Saudia Arabia at least once in a lifetime

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FAMILY STRUCTURE:

For Somalians, the family is the ultimate source of personal identity. "Genealogy is to Somalis what an address is to Americans," one historian observed. "When Somalis meet each other they don't ask: where are you from? Rather, they ask: Whom are you from?"

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Familes are large. Aunts, uncles, grandparents, children, parents often live together under one roof. Family members are interdependent on one another.

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Polygamy is not uncommon in Somalia as Muslim men are allowed to marry up to four wives under certain conditions.

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A patriarchial society, men are the heads of the families.

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GENDER RELATIONS:

Islam requires men and women to dress modestly.

For many Somali girls, that means covering every part of their bodies except their faces, hands and feet.

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After puberty, relations between unrelated men and women is limited. Physical touch\_even a handshake\_may be considered inappropriate.

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Women typically don't got out to public restaurants or coffee shops, because it is considered immodest. The public arena has always been the man's domain.

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Dating in the western sense is prohibited, although it's common for young men and women to participate together in traditional dances at social events. Marriages typically were arranged by families, but that tradition is changing.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 26, 2000

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[***THE CLIENT...THE CONCEPT...THE CASTING CALL...THE CAMPAIGN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SYX-73Y0-0094-51JX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HERE'S HOW IT ALL ADS UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SYX-73Y0-0094-51JX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Unless you're dead or watch only PBS, you have probably seen I.C. Light's new TV commericals several times since they started running in early April.

Set in a trendy bar and gently playing off the never-ending war of misunderstanding between the sexes, they feature the usual collection of young-and-beautiful night people and a pounding industrial-rock soundtrack.

The 30-second ads, part of Pittsburgh Brewing Co.'s 1998 marketing and advertising offensive, were made by the Blattner/Brunner ad agency. The agency spent six month making three spots that would stand out in the national and local blizzard of TV advertising.

As this about the making of I.C. Light's ads shows, it's a lot harder than it looks. A ton of time, money, teamwork and creativity goes into the making of a TV commercial - even a relatively inexpensive local sales pitch made for a regional beer.

The whole process is like trying to make a perfect 30-second movie - except that what matters in the end is not whether you laugh or cry or roll your eyes in disbelief. It's whether it makes you buy an I.C. Light.

The Client

Pittsburgh Brewing Co. has a problem. It's the summer of 1997, and I.C. Light, the dominant light beer in Pittsburgh in the 1980s, is in big trouble on its home turf.

Sales have been in free-fall since 1992. In the light beer market - the major category in the beer industry that is growing each year - I.C. Light is getting clobbered by Coors Light. The privately owned brewery doesn't release sales figures, but it estimates that I.C. Light's market share is about 18 percent, compared to a 45 percent share for Coors Light. That's a big dip from the mid-'80s, when I.C. Light held a share of about 28 percent.

It's not that Pittsburgh beer drinkers have suddenly caught Rocky Mountain fever or have started hating I.C. Light, which in these parts ranks a distant second in sales to Coors Light and just barely beats out Bud Light. Beer drinkers just aren't thinking of I.C. Light much.

The main reason sales and visibility are in such bad shape is Pittsburgh Brewing's failure to aggressively advertise its products, while gigantic national breweries are inundating local eyes and ears with expensive TV pitches, everything from mountain-frolicking Generation Xers to wise-cracking amphibians.

The brewery's last memorable ad push was "It's a Burgh Thing," the 1992 campaign in which everyday Pittsburghers were asked to come up with their own Iron City and I.C. Light beer fantasies and act them out in TV spots.

It was a clever campaign that helped spike the brewery's total sales. But it didn't really separate I.C. Light - a modern, low-cal, young sophisticates'brew - from Iron City, the ancient ***working-class*** suds your granddad and Uncle Stosh drink.

In August, Pittsburgh Brewing makes a dramatic move. It switches advertising agencies, hiring Blattner/Brunner to create a new, $ 3.5 million, multimedia marketing/advertising campaign for Iron City, I.C. Light and I.C. Light Twist, its fruity beer.

Blattner/Brunner, one of the city's medium-sized agencies, is thrilled to land the job. Beer accounts are what ad shops covet. Beer ads are fun to make. They're high-profile. They're all about taking a basic product - beer - and branding it with a set of images that reflect the lifestyles and values of the people who drink it. Plus, beer ads give agencies a chance to strut their creative stuff.

But before the fun, first comes months of market research. After conducting one-on-one interviews, Blattner/Brunner's researchers find out several important things about what beer drinkers think and feel about beer.

They discover that few light-beer drinkers are able to pick their favorite brand during blind taste tests. They discover the obvious - that Iron City is a man's beer and is closely identified with sports and the city. And the less obvious - that men and women are equally likely to drink I.C. Light. They also discover that I.C. Light desperately needs an identity to call its own. As one beer drinker tells the agency during an interview, "Heck, we would be happy to drink I.C. Light. Remind us to drink it."

The Creative Team

The job of reminding beer drinkers that I.C. Light is worth remembering falls to Blattner/Brunner's creative team of Geoff Tolley and Don Kress.

They will have lots of help from co-workers, but the Pittsburgh Brewery account is basically Tolley and Kress'baby.

Tolley, 34, is the word and idea man. Talkative and outgoing, he went to the University of Missouri intending to become a journalist but came out an advertising copywriter and now wears the title of associate creative director.

Kress , 44, is also a creative director. Tall and quiet, he keeps his eye on all the visual elements - from the new I.C. Light logos and the color of the bar signs in the TV spots to the black-and-white photos for the Iron City billboards.

In late November, a big brainstorming session is held at Blattner/Brunner's Downtown offices to come up with the big idea that will shape the I.C. Light campaign. Tolley, Kress, agency President Mike Brunner and several others are there, including Ned Show, a Blattner/Brunner account executive who serves as a liaison between the agency and the brewery.

What about something like young sophisticates in dance clubs? No, that has been done in the old Preserve the Wildlife campaign. How about the hometown brew idea? Too obvious - it's like a 7-footer saying how tall he is. Forget frogs or other gimmicks. They have to establish what I.C. Light stands for before they get too clever.

Eventually it hits them. Why not make I.C. Light the only bridge in the great male-female divide? Why not make I.C. Light a peacemaker in the Gender War? Or, as someone writes on the chalk board: If there's one thing that men and women can agree on, it's I.C. Light.

It's a hit. Ideas ricochet around the room. Others are more serious: Men like to get going, women like to get ready. Women ask directions, men get lost. Women love a new pair of shoes, men love the remote.

They all howl in glee at their cleverness. But wait a minute, one says. We're all a bunch of middle-aged guys. What do we know about women? Will they think this stuff is funny or just offensive?

They run their innocent little male jokes past some of the women in the office. They laugh too. Phew! After years of having no I.C. Light image at all, the last thing they need is an offensive one. Tolley is so excited about the man vs. woman motif, after work he runs out and buys a copy of the book "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus."

Bottlecaps & Storyboards

Now the Creative Team needs to come up with a lot of small but important beer-selling tools - a memorable visual, a catchy slogan and storylines than can fit into 30 seconds.

Kress comes up with the visuals - a pair of I.C. Light bottlecaps with male-female symbols sketched around them. After rejecting such familiar phrases as "Let's meet again" and "Everybody wants it," the slogan they decide to build their campaign around is "Make that two."

As for the storylines, there are four. They've all been put in storyboard form by Kress. Three are set in the home and revolve around male-female cultural stereotypes - men hogging the remote, men not asking directions, women taking hours to get ready. The fourth is set in a bar, where attractive men and women meet awkwardly but find they have at least one important thing in common - a mutual affection for I.C. Light.

The stories based on gender differences ultimately are used for I.C. Light radio ads. For TV, the Creative Team wants something set in a bar. Someone throws out the idea of a gorgeous girl sitting at a bar being hit on by an insecure guy who stumbles over his words. Maybe an inner voice, like on the hit TV sitcom "Ally McBeal." Yeah, that's it.

They concoct two scenarios using the inner-voice idea. The one with a man trying to pick up a beautiful babe at the bar is christened Bar Talk. The one with an insecure woman approaching a handsome guy playing pool and fumbling with her cue sticks is called Pool Table - Minnesota Fats.

A third possible scenario, dubbed Sex Symbol, is totally different subtler and less talky. Set in a crowded bar, it will be powered by a throbbing rock soundtrack that is already being created to the Creative Team's specifications by a music production house in Nashville. It will star a female knockout and a male hunk who work their way through the crowd to the bar from opposite directions.

The Creative Team is confident they're on the right track. But what if the client hates it? Advertising lore is filled with would-be great commercials killed by unimpressed clients. But Tim McAleer, Pittsburgh Brewing's vice president of marketing, is so happy with what he sees that he wants all three to be made.

Now what the Creative Team needs is a good director and six good actors. Director Barry Dukoff, a veteran of such national commercials as Nike and Honda, is chosen after Kress and Tolley scan more than 100 videos containing the sample work of individual commercial directors. With his 25-year resume, he is a no-risk hire. Choosing six actors who have the right look and the right comedic skills is trickier.

The Casting Call

Jenny Martin has the look. Tall and leggy with a model's high cheekbones, she's standing in a tiny casting room in front of 14 strangers, including the Creative Team, several brewery reps and director Dukoff.

With her golden hair loosely swept up in a bun, and with everyone sizing up her every move and expression, she saunters toward the video camera. With a trace of nervousness, she says the lone female line in Sex Symbol - "Make that two."

It's fine. But something's missing.

Can we see you with your hair down?' art director Kress asks.

With a swift, confident motion, Martin yanks out her hair clip and unleashes a cascade of honey brown tresses that bounce and swing into place, draping her shoulders seductively.

Suddenly, Martin is no longer just another 22-year-old pretty face in a 44-per son parade of hopeful actors - some good, some so-so, some terrible that has filed in and out of the crowded room all day. She's on her way to local beer commercial fame. And every man in the room knows it.

"Do you want to try to read?" Dukoff asks.

"Sure. I can read," Martin says sweetly, flashing a flirty smile and smartly tweaking the old stereotype. "I went to school and everything."

Martin, who lives in Chippewa and drives one of those beeping carts at the airport, is soon put through her paces by Dukoff. Martin, who also models, will become one of six primary actors - one female and one male for each I.C. Light spot - chosen during the casting call in Downtown Pittsburgh.

Dukoff knows that Martin, though only a novice, will be able to handle the straightforward dialogue in Bar Talk. Later that day, Dukoff is thrilled to discover Brian Huchison, a Pittsburgh native now acting in New York City. Huchison, whose acting skills and ability to take direction quickly became obvious, is a hands-down choice to become the spot's male lead. He gets to stammer over Martin.

The Shoot

Geoff Tolley is wasted. It is Monday, March 23. His back aches. His contact lenses sting from clouds of fake cigarette smoke. He's physically and mentally exhausted after 13 hours of watching two beer commercials - mini-movies, really - being shot in Nick's Fat City, the South Side rock club that is strangled by wires and cables and crawling with dozens of technicians and actors.

Since 8 a.m., he and Don Kress have been at the shoulders and elbows of director Barry Dukoff during every scene, advising, kibitzing and conferring on everything from facial expressions to the lighting of the metal-like door used to open Sex Symbol. Tolley also oversaw the recording of the dialogue for Bar Talk in a makeshift sound studio set up on the club's third floor.

But Tolley can't rest yet. The clock is ticking loudly. More than 100 extras - attractive young men and women in trendy clothes - press against the bar of the dark club as Dukoff, who has already finished shooting the Bar Talk commercial, hurries to wrap up the final scenes of Sex Symbol by 10 p.m.

If he goes past 10, the advertising agency has to start paying the crew and cast overtime - a budget-killing possibility that has account supervisor Ned Show edgy. "The cash register is ringing in my head. Let's go. Let's go," Show say s to himself as he watches Dukoff shoot a scene of Sex Symbols stars Rona Yuvan and Roger LePage making their way through the crowd.

The last frame is shot at 10:10 p.m., close enough to avoid paying overtime. But Tolley, Kress, Dukoff and the rest of the crew can't relax for long. In 10 hours, they are back at Nick's Fat City for the filming of Pool Talk - Minnesota Fats. Tolley is so keyed up he only got two hours of sleep.

The Edit

The Creative Team is in Miami, but for all they know it is like Nome outside.

At 3 p.m. Friday, March 27, Tolley, Kress and Dukoff are holed up in a cool, dark, cozy editing studio at AFI Filmworks, where fre e-lance video editor Mike Coe is using a bank of high-tech gear and powerful computers to cut, shape and tweak Bar Talk.

The day before, they spent 12 hours in the same studio making rough cuts of all three commercials. They transferred the film shot at Nick's Fat City to videotape and then reduced the 105 minutes of footage to three 30-second spots. The spots are now contained in Coe's computers in digitized form and are totally at the mercy of his quick fing ertips. Sex Symbol has 20 different scenes or edits in 30 seconds. Each second of film contains 30 still photographs, and each frame can be manipulated in many ways, including contrast, color and focus.

To a lay person, Sex Symbol looks like it's 99 percent finished. But Tolley and Kress know it's barely 80 percent done. Colors must still be corrected. Special effects need to be added. Graphics and lettering, too. The final sound mix - the musical track which is still being synched with the visuals in Nashville - also must be laid down.

All that must happen in four days. It has to, if the commercials are to be completed in time for Pittsburgh Brewing to show them to beer wholesalers and distributors two days later at a meeting in Pi ttsburgh. The commercials are scheduled to start running during Pirates telecasts three days after that.

At 3:10, the studio phone goes off. Everyone jumps. It's time for the crucial three-way conference call: WHAT DOES THE CLIENT THINK OF THE ROUGH CUTS? HAVE THEY SPENT SIX MONTHS HEADED DOWN TH E WRONG ROAD? IS THIS STUFF REALLY GOING TO SELL BEER?

Tim McAleer, the brewery's marketing man, is in Annapolis at a wedding. Account supervisor Ned Show is in Pittsburgh. As Show 's voice leaks from the phone's speaker, Tolley, Kress and Dukoff nervously gather around. Unfortunately, the connection is so poor, McAleer can't hear Miami and Miami can't hear McAleer. Show must relay everythin g between them.

McAleer likes Spot No. 1, Sex Symbol, a lot, Show says. But can it end with the guy and the girl looking at each other instead of with an overhead shot of the bar scene? Kress says we'll try to do it.

As Show relays McAleer's requests for other minor changes, Tolley and Kress - who had been nervous and tense - are visibly relieved. The client has no major concerns .

Dukoff flashes a smile and a thumbs up.

All day Monday work continues, frame by frame, as Scott the video editor performs subtle tricks that only the soberest beer drinker will ever notice zooming-in, tilting individual frames, em ploying a vignette effect to darken the edges of each frame.

It just keeps getting better and better, says Dukoff, who is still chuckling at the ending of Pool Table even though he's seen the scene of actress Betsy Zajko fumbling with the pool cues hund reds of times.

Tuesday is another hard day. By the time they leave Miami, Tolley and Kress have spent a week cutting, tweaking, polishing and perfecting three 30-second TV beer ads that cost between $ 200,000 and $ 300,000 to produce but whose effectiveness may not be known for six months, if ever.

Epilogue

The first audience to see the three new spots is perhaps the toughest demographic of all - an assemblage of local beer distributors invited by the brewe ry to a Downtown hotel banquet room to hear its marketing plan for 1998.

After dinner and pep talks by present and past brewery execs, as Tolley, Kress and Show fidget like parents at their child's first violin recital, each 30-second spot is shown twice.

The reaction of the hardened beer wholesalers is - as had been predicted overwhelmingly unenthusiastic. A few chuckles. A little polite applause. The radio ads that Tolley wrote - which are bolder, clever and not so subtle go over better. People laugh out loud.

Tolley and Kress can't mask their disappointment at the tepid reaction to the TV spots, but they're not suicidal. As long as they think they'll sell beer, what the wholesalers thi nk of the ads is irrelevant. The audience that counts is people aged 21 to 49 who watch "Seinfeld," the Masters Tournament and Pens and Pirates games.

Since April 5, each member of that demographic will have seen an I.C. Light commercial eight times. It's still too soon to know what effect, if any, the ads are having on I.C. Light's ma rket share.

Mike Brunner is optimistic. Creatively, the ads were on strategy: They targeted the right audience. They gave I.C. Light its own brand identity. They've put I.C. Light into the consumers' consideration set once again.

Brunner knows these first three ads - and future ones sure to follow won't solve I.C. Light's problems alone or overnight. No matter what the end-of-summer sales numbers show, the agency's job is far from over.

I.C. Light's comeback campaign is just getting started, and it's still an uphill battle. As Brunner says, "We're fighting for market share one beer at a time."

And on radio . . .

The following radio commercial for I.C. Light is running now.

SPOT OPENS LIKE A RADIO TALK SHOW, AN INTERVIEWER WITH TWO GUESTS.

INTERVIEWER: Today, we'll explore the relationship between men and women. With me are two experts in the field. If you would please introduce yourselves. . .

MAN: John Williams. . .I'm from Mars.

WOMEN: Julie Boland. . .I'm from Venus.

INTERVIEWER: Very good. So tell me, John, what is life like on Mars.

MAN: Couldn't be better. We play poker all night, grill red meat all day. . .no one expects us to share our feelings. . .there's plenty of I.C. Light.

INTERVIEWER: And you Julie, how's life on Venus.

WOMAN: Wonderful. There's always a sale on shoes, every mirror makes you look like a size 4. . .lots of I.C. Light.

INTERVIEWER: Well. . .you two are worlds apart except for the I.C. Light.

MAN: I could use an I.C. Light right now.

WOMAN: Me too. Drop by. I'll rent a movie.

MAN: Perfect.

WOMAN: (excitedly). I'll get ''Little Women!''

MAN: How 'bout ''Dirty Harry'' or ''The Dirty Dozen'' or. . .

WOMAN: . . .''Dirty Dancing!''

MAN: Forget the move. I'll just bring the I.C. Light.

WOMAN: Venus is a long way. . .You need directions?

MAN: (pauses, then speaks very seriously) Where I come from, we don't ask for directions.

MUSIC COMES UP AND UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: I.C. Light. Make it two.

Bill Steigerwald and Cristina Rouvalis are Post-Gazette staff

writers.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (8), PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Director Barry Dukoff, left front,; consults with Geoff Tolley, right front, of the Blattner/Brunner advertising; agency, while watching actress Corrina Meyers audition for a new I.C. Light; commercial.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: The agency team of Geoff Tolley, left, and Don; Kress watches the the shooting of a new commercial at Nick's Fat City, South; Side.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Kress and Tolley work with Mike Coe in South; Miami, Fla., to edit a digitalized version of the film shot in Pittsburgh.; They'll then work with the digital version to creat the finished commercial.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Pittsburgh Brewing Co. displays its new TV ads -; actress Jenny Martin's on-screen close-up - to employees and beer distributors; at an unveiling dinner held at the Pittsburgh Marriott City Center, Uptown.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: From left, Geoff Tolley, Barry Dukoff, Don Kress; and Ned Show are well into a session of watching videos of actors and; actresses who answered their casting call for an I.C. Light commercial.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: Bottle caps are dropped under the camera lens; until they fall just right for a commercial scene.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: The view from above, during a shoot at Nick's; Fat City on the South Side.; PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette: From left, Tolley and Kress of Blattner/Brunner; and Tim McAleer of Pittsburgh Brewing Co. keep an eye on details from the; sidelines of the commercial shoot at Nick's Fat City.

**Load-Date:** June 19, 1998

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[***REALITY UNRAVELED HIS DREAM JACK BENNETT'S DRIVE TO GIVE ADVANCED WITH HIM, UNTIL IT WENT AWRY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C2C0-01K4-91DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Carol Morello, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER, Contributing to this story were Inquirer staff writers, Rich Heidorn Jr., Jere Downs, Nathan Gorenstein,, Walter F. Roche Jr., Daniel Rubin and Peter Dobrin.

**Body**

John G. Bennett Jr. believed dreamers have their place in this world, so long as that place is far away from money.

Only last year, when the image he had burnished over a lifetime still enveloped him, the consultant to philanthropists advised a group of fund- raisers from black churches to have an idealist as the frontman but keep a good accountant in the back office.

"I have found that the enthusiastic, visionary dreamer that excites people tends to be a rotten manager, a horrible administrator and can't deal with the nuts and bolts at all," Bennett told the Center for Urban Resources, a group he cofounded, in a speech that was taped.

"Often when you look at people, the reaction will be, 'Boy, this person really excites me, this is wonderful. But oh, I hope he's not running the place back there, because it's a disaster.' "

A lot of people sought out Jack Bennett's advice, but few heeded the one piece that in hindsight looks most prophetic. Not even Bennett himself.

The place that Bennett ran was the Foundation for New Era Philanthropy, and a greater financial disaster could scarcely be imagined. Almost every cultural institution in the city was attracted to his two-for-one pitch. Many of the nation's top evangelicals have lost money in the New Era failure, as have some of Philadelphia's most prominent philanthropists and Wall Street's most savvy investors.

Bennett flourished in a rarefied world inhabited by people with names like Rockefeller, Simon and Templeton. It is a world in which the rules of business are different. Entree comes through word of mouth, a pat on the back, the right friendships. People who want to do good donate thousands, even millions, based on trust, the way most rely on a friend to recommend a good doctor. Bennett got to know people who knew people, and they lined up to hand over their money. They were primed to trust, not to be wary.

So they gave their money to a man who had a measure of failure at almost every business venture he tried. He had tax liens against his businesses and his personal estate. Creditors had won judgments against him for unpaid bills. One financial consultant who talked to Bennett about New Era's investment policy was shocked by Bennett's financial naivete and cautioned his client to "be careful!!!"

His image was all. As he moved up, trading in his Mitsubishi for a British Sterling for a Lexus, he relocated from a nondescript office a few blocks from his house in Narberth to a tastefully decorated suite in Radnor. He lined the office walls with photographs of himself shaking hands with presidents and ministers and millionaires.

Bennett's New Era world was just a 30-minute drive from the ***working class*** neighborhood of Olney, where he grew up the son of a laundry truck driver and a nurse. When friends asked how he kept his ego in check while rubbing elbows with the rich, he told them he would drive back to Olney, park his car, and walk around to remind himself where he came from.

In recent years, one of the defining characteristics of Jack Bennett was that his first reaction to a problem was to throw money at it.

When Vivian Piasecki, heiress to the vast Weyerhaeuser paper fortune, told Bennett in December that her husband was ill, he expressed concern, then asked the woman who had been one of his most wealthy and reliable patrons, "Is there any financial problem?"

"It was odd," Piasecki recalled. "He almost reached into his pocket. I think he just got into the giving money mode, and couldn't get out."

With the collapse of New Era, many friends find themselves wondering whether they ever knew the man. Like a mirage, the sincere Christian do-gooder whom they imagined they knew has vanished and retreated under closer examination.

Yet they grieve for Bennett. Many say they still love the man federal and state investigators now characterize as a charlatan who engineered a massive con game.

Some wonder whether his giving was compulsive and seek a nugget of pure goodness in what he did.

"I think the man became so obsessed with giving and helping," said a source involved in the investigation. "It was a mission from on high. I think it's a tremendously intense feeling of good when he gives this money out."

If Bennett was a con man, then no one may have been more deluded by the facade than Bennett himself.

"To a degree, and I say this in a loving way, Jack has a messianic complex that grew more pronounced with all the adulation that came his way," said Thacher Longstreth, the city councilman who has known Bennett more than two decades. "He went from a little guy who had nothing to the most wined and dined and sought after man in town. I think a crack developed inside of him, and all the power and the fulfillment of his generosity just got away from him."

Bennett often invoked his upbringing in what he characterized as an "Archie Bunker" family. He said he grew up not knowing how to pronounce the word philanthropy, much less spell it.

He was born July 31, 1937, the third of four children of John and Evelyn Bennett. His mother was a nurse at the North American Baptist Home for the Aged on Rising Sun Avenue. His father, an immigrant born in Glasgow, Scotland, was a driver and salesman for Suburban Laundry.

Friends who grew up around the Bennett family rowhouse on the 400 block of Wellens Avenue remember the elder Bennett as a simple, earthy man who walked around with a half-chewed, unsmoked cigar hanging from his mouth.

At Olney High School in the '50s, almost every student participated in a string of extracurricular activities. Bennett played baseball and sang with the A Capella Choir, a tight-knit group that performed in concerts at churches and synagogues around the city. They practiced up to 11 hours a week. Bennett and three classmates also sang in local churches in a quartet called the King's Court.

His high school yearbook said he wanted to attend the University of Pennsylvania and become a popular singer or a Navy doctor.

Instead, he headed for Temple University. It took him seven years to earn a bachelor of science degree in secondary education, which he did in 1963. He

put himself through in part with a $3,500 interest-free loan available to members of the First Presbyterian Church, and in part by working for an airline. He told friends his job was to hire flight attendants.

While in college, in 1961, he married a girl two years behind him at Olney High. Joyce Cowdrick came from an equally modest background. Her father was an insurance agent, and her mother was a secretary.

Out of Temple, Bennett's first job was teaching chemistry at Agnes Irwin, the prestigious private school for girls in Rosemont.

In 1967, after four years as a teacher, he was accepted to Temple's medical school. At 30, he was the oldest in his class.

Classmates remember him as a pleasant guy, who stood out mostly for looking as if he came from another generation. In an era in which most students wore their hair hippie-long, his slacks were pressed, his white shirts were clean, and his hair stopped well above the collar.

He was not the best student. James P. Cain, a physician from Pottstown, remembers Bennett's troubles with basic anatomy, a course that makes or breaks many a first-year student. His cadaver-mates were three of the top students in the class.

"It's just pressure-packed," Cain said. "You're in class nine hours a day, and then you're back in the section lab, at night, for another four or five hours. You have an assignment for each day, and you would never have enough time to finish it. He had some difficulty. He never talked about it. He was working hard."

Halfway through the year, Bennett told his classmates he had Meniere's disease, an inner ear malady. Most people control their symptoms through diet and medication. Temple gave Bennett a second chance. He dropped out for good after his sophomore year.

Around his old neighborhood, Bennett was regarded as something of a failure.

"The story I used to hear was that Jack Bennett never achieved what he wanted to," said one former neighbor. "His mother said to my mother that he had wanted to go to medical school, but he didn't make it. It was always poor Jackie Bennett. He didn't make the grade."

He did make it to well-off Montgomery County. Commissioners worried about drugs from the city coming to the suburbs. They hired Bennett to run a small

drug-and-alcohol education program in Lower Merion Township.

In the early days of drug abuse counseling, it didn't take much to be considered an expert. Bennett became a superstar.

By the time he moved up to coordinate all substance-abuse programs in the county in 1972, he was considered one of the premier program managers in the state. Bennett proved his ability for hard work and his political acumen in trips to Harrisburg seeking state funds.

When he managed to set up seven local centers for drug-abuse intervention and education, he drew the attention of the folks in Harrisburg and was hired by the governor's council on drug and alcohol abuse.

As the '70s slipped into the '80s, Bennett started a series of nonprofit and for-profit companies in which he built on his experience in both substance-abuse programs and the arcane world of fund-raising.

One of his first enterprises was Nova Institute International Inc., set up to advise small nonprofits how to tap into donors. That was followed by the Center for New Era Philanthropy, a small consulting firm - two staffers and a secretary - whose clients were corporations, family foundations and wealthy individuals who needed advice on their philanthropic donations.

Along the way, Bennett was not proving to be an astute business manager. Montgomery County Court files contain records of a string of unpaid debts attributed to Bennett and organizations he headed. Some were unpaid business bills. Most were for unpaid taxes.

Between 1981 and 1983, there were six federal tax liens for debts against Nova Institute, of which Bennett was president. United Airlines and the state Department of Revenue lined up with liens and judgments. In 1984, the IRS filed a lien against Bennett and his wife for $29,250.

Bennett was living modestly. The four-bedroom, one-bath house in which the Bennetts had raised their two daughters was just a few blocks from his office.

To those in whom Bennett confided, he made much of his religion. Although he had grown up in a mainstream Presbyterian church, he had embraced the evangelical movement. While many conservative evangelicals believe their main role is to save souls for eternity, Bennett talked about doing "kingdom work" on earth.

"I thought that was one of the more refreshing characteristics of Jack when I first met him," said a close friend. "He sees his faith as real here and now. He thinks it is critical for everyone, Christians in particular, to have their faith make a difference in the world and the lives of hurting people."

He talked theology with Jim McCloskey, a Protestant lay minister from Princeton who works to free prisoners he believes are wrongly convicted. After being introduced in the mid-'80s by a mutual friend, Bennett helped McCloskey find sympathetic foundations with money to donate.

"Jack likes to see Christians roll up their sleeves and get involved in the world, and help change and reconcile and redeem here on earth," McCloskey said. "He said this is the work he appreciates and thinks is the will of God."

His expressions of religious beliefs rarely extended to churchgoing. He occasionally attended services at the Church of Our Savior, an evangelical church in Wayne that uses videos on stage to present its message. Bennett followed when the South African pastor, Raymond van Pletsen, left and founded another church down the road, Living Oaks Community Church, which meets in Conestoga High School.

Bennett was more a "deinstitutional religionist," said Tony Campolo of Eastern College, a member of a weekly Bible study and prayer group that Bennett used to join but stopped attending five years ago.

"He became more and more the Lone Ranger, more isolated, more alone," said Campolo of Bennett. "He made up his own rules."

The changes coming over Bennett were striking to old friends who had not seen him in a while. Some were superficial. His suits looked better, his nails were buffed, his hair more self-consciously coiffed. Instead of a belt, he sported suspenders.

"His new office in Radnor was decorated with Jack," said one friend who has known Bennett since the '70s. "Everywhere you looked, there were pictures of him with the powerful and wealthy of this country. The Reagans, Nixon, Billy Graham, Sir John Templeton, of course. It was the image Jack was trying to create.

"And when you talked with him, Jack made a point of letting you know two things: He was well-connected in the religious and political worlds, and his religious feelings were very important to him. In a manner of minutes, it would evidence itself. He was indebted to religion. It had helped him through some tough times. He had devoted the rest of his life to helping others. He wore his religion on his sleeve. And he dropped names."

New Era was expanding exponentially. In 1989, when first incorporated as a foundation, it took in only $306,000. By 1993, the annual take was up to $41.2 million. And it was gathering steam. In 1994, New Era reported $160 million in donations. And in the first four months of 1995, it took in $122 million - almost as much as it gathered in all of 1994.

He didn't wow anyone with his financial savvy. In a 1993 letter, Andrew R. Lowe, first vice president of investments for Prudential Securities, cautioned a client against investing with the admonishment, "Be careful!!!"

"Bennett's explanations to me of the investments made to generate income - zero coupon U.S. Treasury securities - indicate little sophistication on the part of the foundation as to the risks and ramifications of investing for the short term in securities which pay no interest," he wrote.

Bennett continued to dream in grand fashion.

Last year, he called McCloskey to come visit from Princeton. When they met in his office, Bennett announced a surprise. He said New Era had created a fellowship program modeled after the genius awards given by the John and Catherine D. MacArthur Foundation. New Era would pay McCloskey his salary for three years, as Bennett said it already was doing with a New Zealand environmentalist, a British social worker, and former Reagan aide Robert MacFarland.

"He said I was free to do with it whatever I wish," said McCloskey, who has received four quarterly checks from New Era but foresees no others. "It was in recognition of kingdom work. Jack said the fellows eventually selected are doing the work of God in the world and trying to do what God wants them to do in the world."

No detail was too small to escape Bennett's attention. Not even the Boy Scout troop he happened across in their broken-down bus stranded on the shoulder of the Pennsylvania Turnpike last August.

Bennett pulled up behind the bus and offered to help, then stayed to chat while they waited for the state police to arrive.

Troop leader Bill Kenny told him about the 20 scouts, all in wheelchairs or on crutches, from St. Edmond's Home for Crippled Children in Rosemont, and the mechanical problems that bedeviled the 18-year-old bus carrying them from summer camp.

Seven months later, New Era called Kenny. Only then did he learn who the Good Samaritan was. Bennett had earmarked $100,000 to buy the scouts a bus outfitted with lifts and extra-wide seat belts.

The check arrived May 1, even as Bennett teetered on the brink of personal and professional disaster that would drive New Era into bankruptcy two weeks later.

In retrospect, some realize there was a frenzy about Bennett in the final months.

"In recent years, he became so overwhelmed with his work and his crusade, and in his eyes it was a crusade; I didn't see him much," said Longstreth, who used to have lunch with Bennett once a month. "New Era simply ran away with him. He was driven to keep it going, knowing that he would fall from the heights at any minute.

"The pressure drove him, and the last few months he acted like a person demented. You didn't know it to talk to him. You didn't see a breaking point. His demeanor was always low key, charming, laid-back, friendly."

Few people can bring themselves to believe he acted out of malice. Many remain convinced, despite revelations that he may have diverted money from charities to his own account, that he was motivated by generosity, not malice.

"It's not so cut and dried as, 'here was somebody with a scheme.' " said one source. "The best thing I can guess is that at some point in time it seemed that doing good outweighed any of the consequences of what was going on. At some point he was able to justify what he was doing."

Campolo says Bennett's fatal mistake was that he shielded himself from boards, churches and other institutions that would have held him accountable.

"I think in the back of his mind he had a great plan to make it right," Campolo said. "Even when it was impossible to make it right. I think he got caught up in something and enjoyed giving help to groups so much, he didn't ask the kinds of questions he should have. Everybody needs someone who knows us, someone we can't bluff, to ask us hard questions about our lives. The church at its best is supposed to be that."

Maybe Bennett had a hint of foreboding when he gave his speech to the Center for Urban Resources last year and talked about "The Plan" involving three phases of any organization. "Phase one is the day you came up with the idea of what you wanted to do till the day that phase ends. . . . Every organization that got started has beautiful, beautiful stories of how they started."

The end of phase one, he added, is usually precipitated by a money crisis.

"Instead of jumping to phase two, jump to phase three," he advised. "Phase three is the future. It's the three- to five-year plan. Forget your problems. Forget your difficulties. Forget whether or not you've got the money or will ever get it. Get together as a board and staff and look at a plan.

"If, all things being equal, you had all the money in the world, what would you like to do with this organization. You dream dreams. It's a phenomenal experience."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. John Bennett filled his new office in Radnor with pictures of himself

shaking hands with powerful, wealthy people. Friends who hadn't seen him in a

while noticed subtle changes - better suits, more stylish hair. (For The

Inquirer, BRAD BOWER)

2. In his '55 Olney High yearbook, John Bennett said he wanted to be a

popular singer or a Navy doctor. He became neither.

3. FBI agents stopped last month at the Bennetts' home. Associates now see a

frenzy about John Bennett in the final months.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***JOE & the BOSS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-N9F0-0094-51YG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Joe Grushecky is poised to soar with his new CD, a collaboration with friend Bruce Springsteen***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-N9F0-0094-51YG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Scott Mervis, Weekend Editor, Post-Gazette

**Body**

''Why don't you give Bruce a call?''

It was just a suggestion tossed out by Joe Grushecky's wife, Lee Ann, as they sat around one evening almost three years ago in their Dormont home.

At the time, Bruce -- as in Springsteen, as in The Boss -- was on the ''Lucky Town'' tour, breaking in a no-name group in place of the beloved E Street Band. In December of '92, Grushecky visited his old friend backstage at the Civic Arena, and Bruce, ever spontaneous, lent the former Iron City Houserocker a guitar, went over some chords and told him to jump on stage for ''Glory Days.''

For a few moments, Grushecky was again a local hero to hometown fans. The next morning he went back to real life -- the day job as a counselor at an East Liberty facility for troubled teens, the night job as a tutor for adults earning their GED.

But the idea was intriguing. Your career is stagnating, Lee Ann said. Call Bruce. See if he has any ideas for you. Maybe he'd pitch in on a song for your next record.

So Grushecky called Jon Landau, Springsteen's longtime manager, the guy who accurately declared in '74 that he'd ''seen the future of rock and roll.'' I'll talk to him, Landau said, maybe Bruce can get back to you after his European swing.

Three or four months went by. Grushecky was playing an unplugged set at a Mexican restaurant, Margaritaville on the South Side, when the call came in.

Bruce was on the phone.

Now, after two years of frequent-flyer miles racked up by both musicians, Bruce is on the phone again.

This time with the PG.

''So what's up, dude,'' Springsteen says cheerfully, ''you wanna talk about Joe's record?''

Prisoners of rock 'n' roll

To Joe Grushecky, rock 'n' roll was Chuck Berry, Little Anthony, Wilson Picket, the Beatles and the Stones -- the music he banged out with friends in basement bands while growing up in Irwin during the late '60s.

So, he didn't want to have anything to do with what passed as rock 'n' roll in the early '70s -- the Olympian grunge of Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple or the glam-rock of Alice Cooper and Mott the Hoople. Pink Floyd? Forget about it. The Eagles? Nice beach music.

And then he heard Bruce along with the rest of us, singing ''I wanna know if love is wild, babe, I wanna know if love is real!''

The Jersey rocker was a greaser who wore a plain T-shirt and leather jacket and sang from deep down in his gut. Sure, there were traces of Dylan's poetry, but Springsteen's gritty morality tales, set in small towns and loaded with car and engine metaphors, spoke to folks who worked at mills and gas stations, as well as college kids.

Bruce introduced themes we could really relate to -- the bonds of friendship and family, and the struggle between responsibility and rebellion. Suddenly, the old theme of boy-meets-girl was expanded to boy-gets-girl-pregnant-and-now-what? And even Dylan had never spoken to issues of working people hard hit by the economy.

And it wasn't just a posture. Those values were visible on stage for all to see -- the genuine camaraderie within the E Street Band, and at center stage, the fierce look of a guy who came to play for three hours, or until he fell flat on his back from exhaustion.

Grushecky remembers first seeing Springsteen at the Syria Mosque just after ''Born to Run.''

''There wasn't a lot I could relate to in the '70s except the blues guys, and I was too young to be a blues guy,'' Grushecky says. ''When Bruce came along I said there's a regular guy playing rock 'n' roll, a guy you'd take notice of, like you'd take notice of Bob Dylan or Neil Young.''

A year later, in 1976, Grushecky formed the Brick Alley Band, which would evolve into the Iron City Houserockers. They were to Pittsburgh bars like the Decade what the E Street Band was to Asbury Park bars like the Stone Pony. The lineup was similar, except for one keyboard instead of two, and a harmonica, a la the J. Geils Band, in the place of Clarence Clemons' sax.

Grushecky, the son of a coal miner, also covered similar thematic turf, writing songs about war veterans screwed by the system or frustrated ***working-class*** characters trying to break loose on Saturday night. Like Bruce, he had a talent for taking down the beat and keeping fans rapt with a story. Though Grushecky never had the athletic stage presence that Springsteen did -- not that the tiny Decade stage allowed for it -- he played hard and you could see him sweat.

''Bruce taught a lot to people about how to treat your audience,'' Grushecky says. ''He didn't disdain his audience. There wasn't that big rock-star barrier. You looked at him and you could see yourself up there on stage.''

And, not surprisingly, some folks looked up at Joe and saw a guy trying to be Bruce. None other than Springsteen himself, who first saw the Iron City Houserockers in the early '80s at Clemons' club Big Man's West, disagrees that Grushecky was a knock-off. ''If you got past the initial similarity in themes and subjects,'' he says, ''you could see there was a depth to Joe's writing that immediately made that (claim) foolish.''

Without retelling the sad story of the Iron City Houserockers yet again, through four albums, one of which, ''Have a Good Time (But Get Out Alive),'' is considered by some critics a classic, the band reached a certain level of success -- American tours, a spot on ''Solid Gold'' and enough critical acclaim to fill several scrapbooks. Rolling Stone's Greil Marcus considered them, ''The greatest bar-rock band in America.''

That and a buck-fifty could buy Grushecky an Iron at the Decade, where the band found itself again after a bad management deal and the failure of MCA to market the greatest bar-rock band in America.

When the Houserockers finally split in 1984, half went on to their life's work. Grushecky, on the other hand, held stubbornly to his dream like a character in one of his songs. The dream was to quit the day job and win the recognition he swore he deserved.

On his first post-Houserocker's record, for Rounder, he delved more soulfully into his family roots. That didn't do it. Neither did ''Swimming With the Sharks'' or his acclaimed 1992 release, ''End of the Century.''

With his temples graying and his work stress rising, and as he settled into a home life with a wife and two lovely kids with allergy problems, Joe was clearly past the glory days and those dreams were looking a lot more complicated.

Beverly Hills bound

So anyway, back to that call to Margaritaville.

The Boss told Grushecky, ''Why not?''

And, looking back on it, Bruce didn't really know what he was getting himself into.

''Joe's relentless,'' Springsteen says with that infectious laughter that any of his fans would recognize a mile away.

''It started out, I was gonna play guitar … like, he said, 'Maybe you could play guitar on a song.' I said, 'Sure no problem.' I think I was out West at the time. So I said it might be just as easy for you to come on out, and we'll mess around. I have my studio here, and bring whatever you have with you. That's kind of how the whole thing kicked off.

''I was gonna just do a few songs, because he was looking for a record deal. He ended up coming out, and we came out with two or three songs. So we just had a good time. I had known him over the years, but just to say hello. When we'd come through Pittsburgh, we'd spend a few minutes and sit-in once in a while, and I'd come see his band if he came around Jersey way. So we sort of had an acquaintanceship, y'know. But when he came out, we really hit it off. We had a great time.''

The first meeting was in October '93 at Springsteen's studio, located on his sprawling grounds in Beverly Hills. It was two guys in their mid-40s sharing their love of rock 'n' roll and coming to grips with some powerful material that Joe had written. It was the first time that Bruce had gotten behind the board for someone else since '82, when he and E Street guitarist Miami Steve Van Zant produced a record for one of their R&B influences, Gary U.S. Bonds.

''I don't really produce,'' Springsteen says. ''Gary U.S. Bonds was a situation where I bumped into him in Jersey, and it was a way of saying thanks, and we did a couple records with him. But for the most part, it's hard enough doing my own records. It takes an enormous amount of effort to get involved in an entire project with somebody else, y'know? But it was a very valuable thing for me. I always liked Joe's writing, and thought we were sympathetic in that he wrote about a lot of the same topics.''

''He was great as a producer,'' Grushecky says. ''He has extreme powers of concentration, and he gets the maximum on each song. When you work with someone that good, you have to pick up your game.''

The first thing they recorded was ''Chain Smokin','' the most likely single when the record comes out in July. It's a simple tune about a break-up that moves in that minor-key groove Springsteen seems to favor lately. With ringers like guitarist Shane Fontayne and drummer Zachary Alford (from Springsteen's last touring band) and bassist Jerome Smith (from Keith Richards' Xpensive Winos), they also worked up a fresh version of the old Houserockers' ''Never Be Enough Time.''

Back in Pittsburgh, Grushecky went into his album-writing mode -- what Lee Ann calls his ''getting on his spaceship'' -- and penned the lyrics for ''Homestead,'' a historical piece that follows a Kentucky farmer into the mill and through the bloody labor strike. But the music didn't feel right to Grushecky, so he sent the words to Springsteen and asked him ''if he wanted to take a stab it.''

It was here that they crossed the line into writing together. ''I never wrote with anybody much at all,'' Springsteen says. ''Steve and I wrote for Southside (Johnny), but it was the kind of thing like, 'Hey, I've got this riff' and he'd take it and a song would come out of it. It was very loose. In Joe's case, we did a couple of things where he'd send me some words and I'd sit down and put my take on them, write the music, and so that was very unusual. I can't think of another time … and really when I wrote with Patti Smith (on 'Because the Night'), I had kind of a framework that she heard and she wrote a lot of the lyrics.

''At this point I'd be interested in writing with people a little more. This experience with Joe, it was fun, and it was easy,'' he laughs, ''you don't have to think of everything yourself.''

Meanwhile, in the two years of trying to record both in in L.A. and in Jersey, where Springsteen has a second home, and mixing with Bob Clearmountain in New York, they were, as Bruce says, ''operating on musicians' time.''

There were numerous interruptions, some welcome, others not. Springsteen was dealing with the L.A. earthquake; the birth of his third child; the Curtis Mayfield tribute; the writing of ''Streets of Philadelphia,'' which earned him both a Grammy and Oscar; and with the recent release of his ''Greatest Hits,'' showcasing four new songs recorded with a reunited E Street Band.

''I committed to finishing the three things we started. And then, slowly … somehow,'' Springsteen cracks up, ''he started to, he got me involved in doing the rest of the stuff. It's hard to explain it now, but he was very sort of relentless, like, 'C'mon, c'mon let's do this again.' ''

A rough tape from the sessions reveals why Grushecky was so eager. On what they call the ''more produced'' tracks, you can clearly hear Springsteen's magic touch. In fact, it's as if Bruce placed Joe smack in the middle of the glorious ''Darkness on the Edge of Town'' sessions. Springsteen's harmonica playing on ''Homestead'' even harkens back to ''The Promised Land.''

''With Joe's sound,'' Springsteen says, ''it was just adding slight melody embellishments, slightly different chord changes, slightly different rhythms. He'd have a song and bring it to me, and he'd have a certain rhythm that I'd be familiar with from his records, and I might slightly shift it to make it move a little bit differently. Really it was all very subtle things. The songs were all strong, and you didn't have to do much to them.''

Especially during a session last month when Springsteen spent a week basically capturing Grushecky and his current Houserockers live in the studio.

''I was a little nervous, and I think the guys were, too,'' says Art Nardini, original I.C. Houserockers bassist and Grushecky's friend since high school. ''You're always nervous making a record, because sometimes you make it up when you get there. When you're playing with Bruce Springsteen, you wanna play real good. So we were a little nervous, but Bruce did a good job of helping us relax. When we got there, he sat down with us and told us funny stories about meeting Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry.''

At one point in the sessions, Bruce and Joe told the band to take five, and went into a back room to finish writing the record's most powerful song, ''Dark and Bloody Ground.'' In this anthemic tune about a violent land dispute in turn-of-the-century Kentucky, Grushecky wails, ''If Jesus was born in Kentucky/they'd make him pay for his nails/Worse yet, he'd have to pay off his debt/down in this living hell/Where they pay you off in company script/And your life, it don't mean shit.'' Behind the vocal Springsteen is busy adding the most scorching guitar work he's done since ''Darkness.''

''It was just magical, you know,'' Joe says of the sessions. ''Like a fairy tale. Sometimes I can't believe it's happening. I told Bruce it was hard being in Beverly Hills on Sunday and having to be in East Liberty on Monday morning.''

The last shot

Despite the obvious fact that one of them lives in Beverly Hills and the other in a modest three-bedroom home in Dormont, one can sell out an arena in hours while the other sometimes doesn't fill a local nightclub, one has the privilege of leisure while the other awakes at 7 every morning to work two jobs, the two musicians share a set of deeply entrenched values.

''We're honest people, rootsy people,'' says Lee Ann. ''We go out of our way to help people. Joe always does the charity events. I mean, he founded the first food bank here. And anyone who can do those jobs … '' she trails off, ''Bruce can sense that in people.''

And so during the sessions, Joe and Bruce became close friends, while Lee Ann -- when she wasn't sitting at the board (Bruce joked that she should get a producer's credit) -- bonded with Bruce's wife and bandmate Patti Scialfa. On some visits, it was a full family affair.

After all, kids are something both musicians have not only worked into their lives, but into their music. ''It changes somewhat your outlook on the world, that you have a very physical and tangible stake in the future,'' Springsteen says. ''Your kids are going to be here when you're gone, y'know? And the direction that the world is moving in is going to affect them as deeply or more deeply than it will have affected you. And in that sense you may write with a certain sense of purpose, a kind of motivation.

''Joe's music has also contained an entire community, of women, children, men, work, Saturday night -- that was a common place that we were coming from. That's partly what made it so satisfying for me. When Joe brought in a piece of music, I could instantly relate to it, like, 'Whoa, that's a good line, I wish I had written that.' It was enjoyable working with material that I had a deep feeling for.''

What will become of The Boss Sessions lies in the hands of an upstart British label called Pinnacle, which owns the worldwide rights. The European label was chosen because of Springsteen's popularity in Europe, and because it offered Grushecky, who's now wise to the record business, the best package in terms of royalties and promotion. Pinnacle is currently marketing the project to American labels for its domestic release.

Grushecky's Jersey-based manager Bob Benjamin thinks Grushecky can make a go of it because on the new roots-rock, adult-alternative radio format. ''The last time Joe came out this was a radio format just being formed, and now it's a force to be reckoned with,'' Benjamin says,

Still, at 46, it's getting a little late for Grushecky to make his big break in a pop music world where even Springsteen has trouble competing with the likes of Pearl Jam and Green Day.

''It's funny,'' Springsteen says, ''there's a lot of talent, certain great songwriters, where the bridge to an audience didn't get made. And I don't know if it's the fault of the music business and the way it's set up, or not the right song at the right time. I don't know if there's an element of luck involved, but to get to the place where you have an audience that you sustain, and sustains you, that's sort of the make-or-break spot. Joe's a tremendous musician and writer, and part of our goal is to make that bridge and allow him to sustain himself with his music.''

Though he's been within arm's reach of stardom enough times to know how elusive it is, Grushecky refuses to give in.

''I'd like to make some half-decent money,'' he says. ''I'd like to be a little more well-known so it's a bit easier to play. I'd like to get radio play. I'd like to make a million dollars,'' he laughs. ''The same goals as always when I started. But the work is the important part, and I'm very proud of the work we do. When all else is said and done, you're left with the work.

''The other stuff I don't have control over. You can drive yourself nuts worrying about the other stuff, and I've done that many times.''

With his next and best shot pending, when he opened his set last Saturday night at Nick's Fat City with ''Not Fade Away,'' it seemed less an ice-breaker than a declaration of intent.

''Believe me, I'd love it to happen. If it doesn't happen, I'm not taking the bridge,'' Grushecky says. ''I'm basically a lifer. I'll always be playing music somewhere somehow.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), DRAWING, PHOTO: Neal Preston: Bruce Springsteen and Joe Grushecky, who collaborated for more than two years, relax at the New Jersey home of Bob Clearmountain, who did the mixing for the CD.; PHOTO: John Heller/Post-Gazette: Joe Grushecky warms up on harmonica in the basement dressing room of Nick's Fat City on the South Side last Saturday. The band's CDs (in front of Grushecky) are for sale after the show.; DRAWING: Illustration by Ted Crow: (BORN TO ROCK) (Drawing, Page G-1)

**Load-Date:** May 18, 1995

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[***BOOSTING GOVERNMENT'S IQ;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-K070-0094-54V5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***READERS OPPOSE DUPLICATION OF SERVICES; SOME WANT A BELTWAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-K070-0094-54V5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 29, 1996, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 3706 words

**Body**

The PG Benchmarks ratings on government and transportation, published Oct. 20, would have left Pittsburgh in good shape if we had just looked at the way we move people. In the percentage of commuters using mass transit (No. 1), average cost of owning and operating a car (No. 3), commuting time (No. 7) and airport activity (No. 8), our overall rank was high.

But on our government measures, Pittsburgh didn't do well.

We ranked last in the ''smart government'' category. Using indicators of progressive government drawn partly from a study done by the Committee to Prepare Allegheny County for the 21st Century, the PG Benchmarks ''smart government'' list hit a nerve with readers. They believed it outranked all other categories in importance, and many readers wrote about their frustration and sometimes their disgust with the numerous local governments and their inability to work together.

Other readers couldn't believe we rated high in transportation, particularly noting the lack of a beltway system.

Their comments follow.

SMART GOVERNMENT

Paul Dickman, Pittsburgh:

Pittsburgh and surrounding towns need to get their act together to improve key areas - 911 emergency services, race relations, traffic engineering, the arts, restaurants, hotels - all the regressive weak areas.

Our outlook is too local and insular. Those of us who didn't grow up here find the place friendly but often a little backward.

One of the best ways to do this is to regionalize and create a metropolitan government like Portland, Ore., and Toronto have done.

Roy C. Bowen and Jacqueline J. Weaver, Carnegie:

Under government and transportation, we feel that the lack of ''smart government'' affects all of the other areas in that category, and causes most, if not all, of the problems.

Martha Raak, Greensburg:

In my opinion, the single element that holds the region back (Pittsburgh is the linchpin of the region) is the many layers of splintered government entities and concomitant parochialism.

The first crack in this outworn system was the establishment of the Regional Asset District. We would use it as a model and have the legislature revamp/consolidate all these tiny towns. There would be fewer politicians to pay, fewer police persons, tax collectors, etc.

Also, our state Legislature is entirely too big and becomes more costly each year now that they have voted themselves an annual raise based on the Consumer Price Index. We need a referendum mechanism to change some of this stuff, as those in power are indifferent to change. Where are our progressives?

Todd Miller, Pittsburgh:

Your series has been most informative.

The challenge for those of us who choose to live in Greater Pittsburgh is to help create a business climate that is as attractive as the quality of life in this region.

Without smart government, economic improvement is impossible. The first place to implement smart government is in Pittsburgh City Council. Eliminate it, and all of the other borough councils in Allegheny County, and replace them with a county executive form of government in which an individual, elected as county executive, and six to eight individuals elected as county commissioners, are responsible for Allegheny County's fiscal policy and distribution of services, such as fire and police protection and refuse collection.

De-centralized government was feasible when big steel and the companies serving it created a tax base that could support every hamlet having its own governing body. The days of big steel dominance in this region are long gone, and the government entities they made possible should be too.

John and Valerie Goteskie, Pittsburgh:

The parochiality of this region is oppressive:

127 municipalities? 44 school districts? A government designed for the 17th Century with little or no regional coordination?

Ridiculous - I could go on and on.

Tom Langmead, Baden:

Smart government equals business vitality, which leads to better quality of life, which strengthens the population profile.

Having lived in Charlotte, N.C., and taken extensive business trips in Nashville, Atlanta and Houston, (I feel) Pittsburgh has a lot of work to do. Most of it must start with the consolidating of the regional government.

I'm terrified of the 911 system, the taxes are confusing and the maze of boroughs/separate communities are not user-friendly when a new arrival is getting utilities (etc., etc.).

Simple things like telephone books - we must have four or five, and none are complete.

All of these things add up to making life complicated compared to the thriving cities above.

The good side of Pittsburgh is real - the museums, the topography, sports, schools, ethnic diversity, regional pride.

But like most ''Rust Belt'' cities, we will have to work twice as hard and smart to compete with the newer growth areas south and west as they have one very important advantage - better weather.

JoAnn Holland, North Huntingdon:

I lived in Pennsylvania the first 28 years of my life. Then I lived in the state of California for 30 years. I moved back to Pennsylvania and have been here two years and Pennsylvania has been quite a disappointment, especially in the area of non-productive and inefficient, wasteful government.

There are many duplications of the same services that could save many, many dollars if effectively and wisely consolidated. I was only here two months and was already aware of the wastefulness of all these local governments that were funded and acting independently.

I am shocked that the residents cannot see this and think it through.

Michael Antonucci, Pittsburgh:

As a resident of the Pittsburgh area my entire life, I have always believed Pittsburgh to be a great place to live. I do not believe this to be true anymore.

After attending college and making friends with people beyond the confines of Pittsburgh, I have had the opportunity to visit other places. Pittsburgh, in my mind, is the most backward city I know.

It has many provincial outlooks in too many areas. Too much fragmentation in government leads to too many unprofessional people in government. We do not need so many mayors, police chiefs, city/borough/township councils, dispatch centers.

I believe these local governments are in place to serve the needs of a greedy few. I would like government to consolidate to create one large professional metropolitan government. We need this to attract business to this region.

John Brosnan, Pittsburgh:

Government and transportation: Consolidate governments to have one Allegheny County metro police, ambulance, fire and zoning and code enforcement with four central and four outer districts of input and service. Bite the bullet and build modern highways around metro - a minimum of one inner and outer beltway.

Gregory C. Sasse, Eau Claire:

On Smart Government: Single executive and single-elected leader - is this progressive? Look at Butler County, if you want to see an effective team of three commissioners who are instrumental in job and economic growth and tax cuts and budget surpluses, unlike the bloated bureaucratic mess of public employees and layers of paper and overlapping agencies like Pittsburgh city/county government.

The best standing committee on quality is at the ballot box - putting poor quality leaders and managers out to pasture.

I can in no way agree with all of your ''progressive'' but unworkable, unnecessary government ideas.

Bill Kinol, Coraopolis:

County government must be streamlined, simplified and made more efficient.

Vaughn K. Moreau, Coraopolis:

The lack of smart government in this region is detrimental to its growth.

Provincialism appears to be the standard by which we want to be measured hang on to what we have with very little consideration for growth in the future or for cooperative endeavors.

Ed Anderson, Pittsburgh:

I believe business vitality and government will play the major roles in determining Pittsburgh's future. Unless there are jobs for everybody willing to work and until Pittsburgh gets rid of the balkanized government the region is saddled with, any other improvements are baby steps when strides are needed. Good luck!

Cooperation between city and county government is a shambles - issues become too personalized and, as a result, the people in our community suffer.

Jan Steinhauser, Ben Avon:

Let's get county government to cooperate and get everyone to start pulling on the same end of the rope. We're 130 municipalities - so far behind, blinded by parochial and insular attitudes.

Stephanie Szakal, Pittsburgh:

Overall, I'd rate job growth, high quality job growth and smart government as the three most important issues. Unfortunately, the region reflects dumb government.

Robert Bizub, Monroeville:

I deplore the lack of cooperation between the mayor and the county commissioners and the mayor and council. It's a wonder anything gets accomplished.

Finally, it seems that the movers and shakers are content with the ordinary. With the exception of the new airport, nothing really exceptional that would attract tourists has been built. Hopefully, this will change, but when? It seems to take so long to get anything done!

Gopal N. Krishnan, Wexford:

Eliminate balkanization of the city by smaller boroughs and municipalities. E.g., my postal address is Wexford. The Wexford post office is in Pine Township. My municipality is Franklin Park Borough. The Franklin Park Borough office has the postal address of Sewickley.

We have water from West View, Power from Penn Power and phone service from North Pittsburgh Phone Co.

Pat Griffith, Bethel Park:

I think strong regional planning by the municipalities in Allegheny County and surrounding regions would greatly improve the area's status in critical indicators. We waste time, money, brains - everything - by our lack of municipal cooperation.

Frank G. Jr. Hall, Bethel Park:

Smart government is the key to almost all of the other categories I checked.

(TV reporter) Beth Dolinar, before she left Channel 11, began a survey of government workers - city, county, federal - related to one another by blood or marriage. This is the region's biggest ''business'' and its fatal illness.

Mary Lou Magfe, Warrendale:

The city government must have been asleep on the job for many years. Where has all the tax money gone? Allegheny County taxes are out and out robbery! What do we get for it? We pay and pay and still a big mess exists.

All these little local bureaucracies should be shut down. We pay again there - for what? We get ''0'' there too.

Our family has lived other places and believe me this is a rip-off big time here. Why are people here so complacent and accepting of mediocrity, staleness and ugliness? We need zoning, we need building codes enforced and we need lower taxes. We need accountability of city and local government.

P.S. - McKnight Road should be flooded and a big lake made where all the current eyesores exist.

Lee Brown, Pittsburgh:

Pittsburgh seems to collect the largest taxes for the least amount of services. City and county governments need to combine services inclusive of all 129 municipalities - a function of bringing this to fruition is the formation of a new alliance that will bring great pressure for modern management in place by the beginning of the 21st Century.

John Eikenberg, Nevillewood:

Area/city needs:

1.) County executive government instead of three commissioners. I'm a Republican.

2.) Municipality consolidation(s) for operating efficiencies.

John Droney, Pittsburgh:

Would like to see smarter government, like how they plan to do something with our pro sports program.

Roads around Pittsburgh suck. We need better, safer roads. Also, a beltway around the Burgh.

We need to start development on our riverfronts. This would make Pittsburgh more attractive to others to come.

Change our Parkway West (Routes 22, 30 and 60) and make this road an interstate. This should be from the Fort Pitt Tunnels to New Castle. People get lost coming in from Ohio and they stay on Route 60, so they get off at Route 60, Routes 22 and 30 inter-change.

Marcia Hall, Butler:

Background of me: I grew up in area. Left to Michigan after college. Lived there for 30 years. Returned to area in May 1996.

Roads are terrible. Talk of corruption at all governmental levels is bad. I thought all of that was ended in the '60s. It seems Pennsylvania still operates in the old ways - kickbacks, payoffs, etc.

Also, in the '60s, ***working class*** citizens were working to ''move on up.'' Now, the attitude from those same workers seems to be ''don't expect much. I'm just a blue collar guy.'' Also a ''them and us'' attitude is pervasive. Never a ''we'' attitude.

Pittsburgh area seems to be locked in the 60s, with little attitude change.

Bob Henninger, Pittsburgh:

I feel Pittsburgh needs to better hold and keep companies; a much better road system (beltways, interstates, throughways etc.); a better approach to regional government, not each little community looking out for itself.

Ross E. Johnson, Pittsburgh:

Reform in govenment: Pa. statehouse is second highest cost in the USA and they permit among the highest utility costs in the country. Pittsburgh and Allegheny County need to get back to a two-party system. Good transportation will make Pittsburgh a larger market for sports teams, industry, tourists Gateway to the South.

Job growth, startups, population age, population growth: Which comes first, the chicken or the egg?

Lois S. Mitsch, Munhall:

I think the present county commissioners are a bunch of two-bit politicians who are not mentally capable of running the county.

The rich are getting richer - banks, executives, etc. But the little guys are getting poorer. Executive pay and sports stars' pay are obscene, while young people are running drugs, flipping hamburgers and getting nowhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Morris, Pittsburgh:

We must face the future instead of living in the past.

Family life must be strengthened to show children how to choose a proper path of life.

Local governments must be able to live harmoniously. Give the citizens their dollars worth of services, instead of padding political payrolls.

Ken Palmer, Pittsburgh:

Although many entities are working on economic development, better coordination of efforts is needed. We need one super-coordinator (individual or agency) to pull things together on a more comprehensive basis.

Somebody must be able to provide answers to those businesses considering Pittsburgh. These people should not be shunted ''from pillar to post.'' We must dismantle the regulatory and financial obstacle course now impeding progress.

While we all know Pittsburgh is no longer the Smoky City, much of the outside world does not know this. I would like to see a continuous and sustained advertising program directed to business leaders in such publications as Business Week, Fortune and others.

We should not expect quick results from this. It takes years to create awareness and change attitudes.

John Raget, Greenfield

Pittsburgh, aka "Death Valley."

Small business cannot exist with no business and there's plenty of that in Pittsburgh.

Politicians - mayor and company - do well with their greed and stupidity. A trip to Japan and not one Japanese restaurant.

With the unions running the movie business out of Pittsburgh, why would other companies come? They cannot make money here.

If you want young people to stay here, you must give them factories to work at, not "hamburger factories."

Cleveland, Virginia and West Virginia are the future. The mayor should visit there, but that's not a $ 10,000 or $ 20,000 trip.

I could go no with more, but I'm running out of paper.

TRANSPORTATION

Ross E. Johnson, Pittsburgh:

Pittsburgh has old-fashioned transportation planning.

We need a circumferential highway. As it stands, Pittsburgh is a congested hub. Even the latest proposal on the Mon Valley (Expressway) takes traffic back Downtown. That's not the only destination most people have.

It's disgraceful that people can fly out of Cleveland cheaper than from Pittsburgh International Airport. Transportation to the airport by highway only is ridiculous and the USAir monopoly and non-competitiveness is deplorable.

We need a mass transit system from Ohio, West Virginia, Wheeling area through Pittsburgh to Monroeville area for connection with fast trains to get to East Coast with consideration of intra-state (Pa.) transportation.

Kim Rhule, Allison Park:

I work too hard for my dollars to go to a state that can't keep decent roads, or think into the future (in a realistic way). I-279 was outdated as it was being built. Traffic here is the worst.

Jeffrey Skundrich, Parker:

It is time for Pittsburgh to wake up. We need better roads, lower property taxes and good paying jobs to start. How can we expect growth when we have the worst road system in the country. Legalized gambling would be a good way to raise money for our roads, instead of raising the gas tax even higher.

Michael A. Jones, Pittsburgh:

I hope they take a look at expanding the maglev (magnetic levitation train) to the airport and to the suburbs, north, east, south and west. Not everyone likes traffic or can afford a car. Take a look at Atlanta and change this mom and pop image.

Joseph A. Enzerra, Pittsburgh:

If Pittsburgh's public transit is No. 1, I'd hate to live in any other. They have reduced many routes. They don't operate before 8 a.m. or after 6 p.m. Many routes don't operate at all on weekends or holidays. Some routes run every hour, hour and a half, or even two hours. Some areas and streets have no public transit whatsoever, while others have too much, as many as six or seven routes running on the same street.

The Port Authority should get a county map, and reroute the whole system, so that there is a sensible balance. And construct as many LRT routes as possible. (example: LRT could share existing railroad tracks along the Ohio River, allowing more frequent service for the 1 6/1 8A bus routes).

Also, further reducing congestion, there should be more direct inter-community routes.

Richard Foltyn, Pittsburgh:

The new busway is a red herring of the first degree. Rapid rail or maglev transportation methods should have been instituted as first priority instead of busways, causing more pollution.

Richard Crasner, Pittsburgh:

Pittsburgh is a second rate city with little hope of changing.

Businesses are reluctant to move to Pittsburgh because of the workers, corrupt city/county government and terrible roadway system. Case in point: the Mon Valley Expressway has been discussed for years. Everyone knows Route 51 is bad, not only in the amount of traffic, but in road condition.

Most cities the size of Pittsburgh have some type of a ''beltway'' system to move traffic around the city. Pittsburgh doesn't even have a plan for a beltway.

The area's reliance on tunnels continues to constrict traffic when the hills should be opened up to create wider roadways.

My company is looking to leave the Pittsburgh area within the next 6-10 months.

Charlotte Donley, Neville Island:

Why are pedestrians in Pittsburgh not recognized in crossings? Police, taxi drivers, PAT drivers, as well as cars, refuse to acknowledge a person in the crosswalks - almost running a person into the pavement.

Joyce Kehoe, Pittsburgh:

Pittsburgh needs a subway. The congestion in this city is atrocious. A subway would be an excellent investment in the city's quality of life. Spending hours of time commuting to jobs could be eliminated so that more time could be spent with families. Rush hour could become a thing of the past.

Gopal N. Krishnan, Wexford:

The roads and road signs in and around Pittsburgh are bad and need improvement for Pittsburgh to attract new businesses and people. %BC% The Benchmarks Staff %EC%

Bill Pliske, 31, is deputy graphics editor of the Post-Gazette, and has designed the last three Benchmarks sections, including this one. He joined the newspaper in 1994, and has been design director of the Sunday Magazine since its inception in 1995. Before joining the Post-Gazette, he was graphics editor of the Victoria (Tex.) Advocate and the Pasadena (Tex.) Citizen. He has won several awards for his work, including a first place in feature page design in the 1996 Keystone Awards contest for Pennsylvania newspapers.

David L. Michelmore, 49, is business editor of the Post-Gazette. He joined the newspaper in 1979 after working in the Middle East for five years. At the Post-Gazette, he also has served as assistant managing editor for news and a reporter specializing in computer-assisted research. In 1990, he taught journalism at the University of the Punjab in Lahore, Pakistan, under a Fulbright Fellowship. Michelmore has overseen the preparation of statistics for the Benchmarks series. Ted Crow,, 41, is an editorial artist at the Post-Gazette. He joined the newspaper in 1993, and worked previously for the Pittsburgh Press, Birmingham Post-Herald and New Philadelphia (Ohio) Times-Reporter. He has won several awards for his work, including a 1994 national award from the Society of Newspaper Design for an illustration on a story about daredevils. Crow has prepared the graphics for all the Benchmarks installments. Mark Roth, 49, is assistant managing editor for projects at the Post-Gazette. In that job, he oversees many of the newspaper's major project stories and multi-part series. Besides the Benchmarks series, Roth in the past year has managed project stories describing: the replacement of hospital nurses' with unlicensed nurses' aides; day care in the U.S. and overseas; the sale of the Pittsburgh Pirates; and problems in the federal witness protection program. He has worked at the Post-Gazette since 1982 as a reporter, science editor, city editor and assistant managing editor for news.

Douglas Heuck, 34, conceived PG Benchmarks and has worked on it full-time since late 1995. A Pittsburgh special projects writer since 1988, he has penned series on the homeless, AIDS and, more recently, Sheraden fifth-graders and Jonas Salk. The winner of three first-place national writing awards, he also has twice won and once placed second in the Keystone Distinguished Writing Award contest, given each year for the best newspaper writing in Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association has given him its highest public service honor.

GOVERNMENT AND TRANSPORTATION

**Graphic**

PHOTO, CHART (3), PHOTO: Photo illustration by Ted Crow/Post-Gazette; CHART: Post-Gazette: (Two more views of the rankings); CHART: American Chambers of Commerce Research Associates: (Cost of living); CHART: Post-Gazette interviews: (Smart government index)

**Load-Date:** December 30, 1996

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[***A FIFTH AND FORBES FORUM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YKH-T5P0-0094-528J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 14, 2000, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** TABS,; THE STAKEHOLDERS

**Length:** 4342 words

**Body**

In the spirit of dialogue some prominent Pittsburghers, many of whose organizations would be affected by Fifth and Forbes redevelopment, were asked for their thoughts on the plans. Here's what they wrote.

TOM SOKOLOWSKI

Director, The Andy Warhol Museum

As the current tenant of the "rehabbed" building at 117 Sandusky St., I am eminently aware of the positive value of historic preservation in the life of a city neighborhood. The opening of The Andy Warhol Museum over five years ago provided the architectural and spiritual catalyst to the revitalization of the North Side. And, lo and behold, Alcoa, PNC Park, and many others to come, joined our "tent city" along the banks of the Allegheny River. A great building can live again! However ...while those many feet that trod through the door of the museum may cherish fond memories of youthful days spent humming and drumming through the aisles of Volkwein Bros., nary a one recalls the original owners of the property, Frick & Lindsay, even though their names are prominently carried in a cartouche over the front door.

The owners, the nature of their business, and even the architect all have been lost in the shadow of history. I would posit the thought: Does it really matter?! History is strangely subjective. All that truly matters is that No. 117 remains a vital structure in the community in year 2000, even if the purpose for which it was built has been changed. Who knows who will hold the lease 100 years from now? In our justifiable anger over the tyrannical hold of political ambition, let us not fall victim to the easy fascism of local nostalgia. Every bit of stuff is not worth saving! As one who has chosen to make my home Downtown rather than in the neo-suburbs of the sainted East End, I encourage all to come shop where they have only chosen to shout. While there are many mysteries of our city that need to be unearthed, Pittsburgh's glories, I hazard, will not be found under a pile of discarded candy wrappers or wallowing under a glorious mess of chipped ham!

REBECCA FLORA

An urban planner and, Green Building Alliance

As I have observed the divisiveness of the Fifth and Forbes fiasco, I find it hard to support any current plan - either the city's that was created in a vacuum, or the alternate one that was created to slow down the train of progress. What is the hurry? Why at this point in time, when we are in a stronger negotiating position than ever, would we rush in to demolish buildings and make a mega deal?

Many have pointed to the example of the South Side. The South Side community provided me with an "in the trenches" education, from which I would like to share these lessons:

(1) Effecting positive change and gaining buy-in is a hard, slow process that, when well executed, provides massive returns on investment;

(2) A plan is only as good as the strength and unity of the people who are behind it and implementing it;

(3) When historic preservation and economic development are merged, they create a multiplier effect for the community;

(4) High quality, contextual design is essential.

Ultimately, we must invest in a "real" planning process, derive objective market data, implement physical improvements, and promote the positives. The market will take over from there.

STEPHEN KLEIN

Managing director, Pittsburgh Public Theater

Some background: I was born in Cleveland, educated in Boston, and in my working and family life have been variously a New Yorker, a Denverite, and a Washingtonian.

So what of it? Well, my love of Pittsburgh is mixed with the objective eye of an outside observer.

Anything that brings more people, more business, and more excitement to the city center needs to be supported. A vital, world-class commercial district appealing to natives as well as out-of-town visitors will be a place where people want to frequently visit, adding to Pittsburgh's growing national reputation as a progressive, destination city.

I took a stroll down the corridor in question a few days ago and really took a hard look. I don't know which facades and buildings are worthy of preservation or what types of shops, specifically, should be developed but let's face it: Something has to be done.

Due to hard work and planning, the city has a great opportunity to revitalize this key Downtown district into a major regional asset. Following appropriate, constructive and open community input, we should leave the specifics of the plan up to proven experts and go for it.

FRAN FREDERICK

Executive director, Associated Artists of Pittsburgh

Creating an urban mall in the name of "revitalization" ignores the unique character and real value of Downtown and may destroy it for a poor alternative. Urban Retail Properties' plan targets upper-middleclass consumers by placing "upscale" national chains in primarily new buildings. Will they be sufficiently attractive to entice suburbanites to drive Downtown when they can conveniently shop and attend mainstream movies closer to home in strikingly similar surroundings?

As for cultural tourists and conventiongoers: they seek unique souvenirs visual, mental and material ones - not readily available back home.

Viable existing businesses currently serve middle- and ***working-class*** people who work Downtown and those who live in adjacent neighborhoods. Moving them out to replace them with upscale shops is exclusionary and economically risky. We can improve the look of older buildings with financial and architectural assistance to owners.

Sophisticated empty nesters returning to inner cities are seeking urban variety and release from dependence on the automobile. Young people are attracted to lowcost and serendipitous adventure. Let's create a lively Downtown with affordable housing, diverse businesses and entertainment within distinctive buildings, enhanced by inviting public spaces and public art, accessible by well-run public transportation - for all of us. BETH MARCELLO/CAREY HARRIS President, South Side Local Development Co., and executive director, South Side Local Development Co. The South Side is tangible evidence that the long-term preservation of irreplaceable architectural character is of great economic benefit to an urban community. Fifteen years ago, South Side's East Carson Street was actually worse off than the Fifth and Forbes corridor. Not only were our buildings blighted, 40 percent of our retail space was vacant. All that has changed. We currently have the lowest vacancy rate in the history of our effort - 7 percent. More than 170 facade restorations and more than $ 50 million of private investment on East Carson Street alone have revived the neighborhood.

More and more high-quality retailers - including those "national" names, like Starbucks - are locating here. As a result, the business district now meets the needs of residents and suburbanites alike.

The first and most important thing South Side did to turn things around was apply for historic district designation. And then we convinced business and property owners that restoring their buildings would pay them a return in terms of increased sales and property values. In the process, we created a destination, a unique shopping and social environment that people flock to the South Side to experience. What worked for us can work for Downtown. The South Side did not have to sacrifice historic preservation for economic development. We got both, and so should Downtown.

JEANNE PEARLMAN

Executive director, Three Rivers Arts Festival

When I received my invitation to comment on the Market Place plan, I hesitated because lately much of our public dialogue seems to sink predictably into the realm of caricature. We read about the wicked, bigcity developers riding into town to pull a fast one on our naive, uninformed selves. Or perhaps you've heard tales of wild-eyed preservationists clad in tie-dye T-shirts and Birkenstocks flinging themselves in front of the wheels of progress. Bunk! The issue at hand is not whether to develop or to preserve, but rather to test the idea that the vitality of a city depends as much on the ability to imagine the future as to remember the past. In August, the mayor took the members of the Riverlife Task Force on a boat ride along the three rivers. From that vantage point, we were able to envision a city where arts and culture, flourishing green spaces, centers of innovation and technology, affordable housing, sports and recreation, and outstanding educational institutions are woven into a regional fabric of accomplishment and achievement. In this holistic view of the future of our city, even I, a person who thinks the term "recreational shopping" must be an oxymoron, could imagine a role for a retail district that contributes to a vibrant and prosperous Downtown. To avoid polarization, we must focus on creating a vision that captures our aspirations for the future of the region. Then we can encourage our leaders to continue their efforts to bring that vision to life through a plan that's reasonable, democratic, realistic and swift. MAXWELL KING Executive director, The Heinz Endowments In all the cacophony of complaint swirling around Mayor Murphy's plan to improve the retail environment along Fifth and Forbes, there is one hard fact that stands out: Something has to be done to improve this area. Tom Murphy has been right about that from the beginning - with no intervention to improve this increasingly shabby sector of Pittsburgh, it will eventually threaten the economic health of the Golden Triangle.

So if the mayor is right, why is everyone lining up to throw sand in his eyes? Two reasons: The mayor's administration did all its planning in a fashion that seemed secretive and elitist; and the administration fell into that old urban-renewal trap of clear-cutting everything in sight and sweeping history away with it. The fait-accompli plan that the Murphy administration finally unveiled seemed to its critics to do almost nothing to preserve Pittsburgh's rich Downtown history.

Is it too late to correct these defects and save the plan? Of course not.

All it takes is a willingness on the part of the administration and its developer, Urban Retail Properties of Chicago, to meet with City Council, Pittsburgh History and Landmarks and other critics. The goal: Fashion a compromise that can preserve a strong renewal plan while involving local merchants and saving historically worthy structures.

Such meetings should start right away. The Heinz Endowments stands ready to fund and facilitate them. Meanwhile, everyone should stop throwing sand.

Tom Murphy is a committed, hardworking leader who is pursuing a goal we all share- the continued rebirth of this beautiful city.

GORDON NELSON

A business consultant for B.G. Nelson, LLC

A brilliant master redevelopment plan for Fifth and Forbes is essential to the region's future. Pittsburgh's dirty little secret is that our city looks great from a distance, but its street level is blighted. Big change is needed.

Some merchants, tenants and landlords are going to be pushed in uncomfortable ways, which will make them unhappy. Fact is, in the Fifth and Forbes corridor most of the buildings and stores are decrepit. Their owners and tenants need to be richly compensated and given relocation assistance. And then all of them and all of us need to get over it.

What we don't need is an urban shopping mall. We have that in all too repetitive abundance at each point in the city's compass. Another Banana Republic or even worse, late-stage Planet Hollywood is so much suburban garbage, certain to make our Downtown ordinary. What we do need is great architecture, preserved and created.

Shopping center developers are not known for the longevity of their architectural vision. A great and varied architectural palette will excite retail, entertainment and housing possibilities and get people with imagination to take risks.

Fifth and Forbes deserves to be unique to Pittsburgh - not a lowest common denominator suburban redevelopment. It should not be left in the hands of a shopping center developer. And it doesn't need to happen all at once.

EDWARD K. MULLER

History professor, University of Pittsburgh

I am not optimistic about the long-run success of the City of Pittsburgh's planned redevelopment of the Fifth-Forbes Downtown shopping district. The plan to turn over a large area to one developer, demolish 62 buildings, and replace most extant businesses with new ones, including national chains, goes against accepted views of what makes downtowns work. Despite the city's remonstrances to the contrary, this plan resurrects an urban renewal kind of redevelopment which fell out of favor nationally by the 1970s.

Most urban experts agree that successful downtowns have a diversity of activities, a dense and varied building fabric, and a distinctive niche in the metropolitan region. Homogeneous architecture, national chain stores and entertainment found in suburban malls, and coordinated streetscapes do not encourage the intensity of street life which makes downtowns distinctive, exciting, and therefore a destination point for metropolitan consumers. The arrival of national chains in successful urban districts often threatens the very intensity and attractiveness which makes such districts successful.

The city should nurture the rehabilitation and redevelopment of individual buildings and businesses as well as the streetscape in an incremental, small-scale, and architecturally sensitive manner. Preserve Downtown's distinctive landscape, nurture an exciting street life, attract small, unique activities that aren't found in suburban malls, and above all be patient.

DAVID LEWIS

Architect and urban designer

Perhaps I'm wet behind the ears, but it seems to me that before we can comment on which proposal is better we need to have a vision of what "better" is.

Every city has a metaphor of its own becoming. Pittsburgh, with its hills and majestic rivers spanned by bridges, is physically unique among American cities. But it's unique in other ways too. A city of immigrants, Pittsburgh is a cluster of communities, each with its special history, ethnicity and character. The tradition of our Downtown is to be the head of this family of communities.

Ours is one of the few metropolitan downtowns in the nation that's walkable. From side to side in any direction it's about 10 minutes across. It could be - no, perhaps should be - a pedestrian's heaven of corporate towers rising above treeshaded streets, squares, restaurants, bakeries and small shops, reflecting the magical diversity of its communities.

We are moving rapidly as a region from heavy industry to a new and diverse economy based on technological creativity. To become an attractive home for new industries and research, we have to rely more and more on the distinctive qualities of life our city has to offer.

Perhaps our Downtown should set the pace in livability, by using its heritage of historic buildings to develop a vibrant texture of housing and offices and shops in human scale and with all the color and density of street life.

One of the aspects of national chains is that they are the same from city to city in form and ownershop and merchandise. They divest us of the richness of individual opportunity and local character. If we want to be distinct from other cities, should we not want to move in a direction different from this and establish our own voice, our own metaphor, based on who we are and where we've come from?

KATHERINE HENDERSON

Chairwoman of the board of directors, Pittsburgh Downtown Partnership

From the outset, the Pittsburgh Downtown Partnership's board of directors has offered conditional support for the proposed Market Place at Fifth and Forbes development. If done right, we believe it could prove to be an important building block toward developing Downtown Pittsburgh into a vibrant "24-hour" Downtown. A "street-oriented" development housing a multiplex theater, "one-of-a-kind" retailers and additional parking will go a long way to help Downtown successfully compete into the future.

However, we believe that several issues need to be addressed before this (or any) proposal moves forward. These include the need for building upon (as opposed to drastically altering) Market Square's unique urban character, ensuring that reasonable efforts are made to assist the relocation of existing businesses to other Downtown locations, ensuring that streets generally not be closed to vehicles and accommodate as many local businesses as possible in the final development.

The Pittsburgh History & Landmarks Foundation alternative plan has several elements that warrant serious consideration (such as their proposed "New Street"). However, we have serious concerns with the idea of inserting a building in the midst of one of our city's most important open spaces. Market Square is an important public space - our "town square" - which hosts numerous outdoor concerts and rallies.

Both plans have generated passionate debate by Pittsburghers about what we want our Downtown to be. For this we are grateful. We look forward to ongoing constructive dialogue in the months ahead.

SEDON BENNINGTON

Chairman, Pittsburgh Downtown Plan Urban Design Taskforce

I write as one who, with my family, has chosen, in a number of cities around the world, to invest, live, work, shop, and participate in the heart of the city. Vibrant downtowns offer unsurpassed cultural diversity, textural richness, and quality of design, both old and new.

Too often in American cities, good-intentioned efforts at urban renewal have destroyed what turned out to be the very fragile relationship between the downtown physical environment and its social, spiritual, and economic chemistry. Thriving cities evolve in surprising ways, and their buildings give evidence of this process. New architectural expression is important, but needs historical context to avoid predictability.

Discriminating preservation of what is distinctive and worthy of a place is essential to revitalizing the spirit and economy of this fine city.

We live in a new "experiential" economy. People are drawn to downtowns because they desire a distinctive, out-of-theordinary, sometimes quirky, experience. Public investment in thoughtful, adaptive reuse, erring on the side of preservation, combined with replacement and new architecture with attention to design and detail, combined with equally thoughtful new construction, can build a city of charm and vigor, one with the greatest chance of attracting people to live, work and spend their money there.

This is a time when Pittsburgh's leadership must draw on the professional talent and experience that has stepped forward to define publicly a clear, distinctive, and ambitious vision for this downtown corridor, then engage the investors, stakeholders, and community to realize the achievement and fruits of this vision for us all.

JOE MASSARO III

President, Pittsburgh's Next

At Pittsburgh's Next, our mission is to educate and inform the next generation of Pittsburghers about the critical issues affecting the future of this region and to motivate all of us to play an active role in this region's future. We ultimately want to make Pittsburgh a place where young people would actually choose to live and work. Therefore, we generally support plans to redevelop Downtown. Our support, however, is conditioned on three criteria.

First, the plan should include housing. We do not believe that retail, restaurants and theaters alone will bring people Downtown. We believe the contrary to be true. Once enough people are living Downtown, retail establishments, restaurants and movie theaters will follow. Developers need help, though, because the cost of redeveloping existing buildings is prohibitive. With some public participation, however, we could provide sufficient incentive for private developers to build lofts, apartments and condominiums.

Second, the plan should address transportation issues such as how the Golden Triangle will be linked to the North Side, the airport and Oakland. One of the advantages to living Downtown is ready access to all of the amenities our great city has to offer. If such access is not available, people will be less likely to live in town.

Third, and most importantly, the process must include the public. As long as the public is being asked to subsidize the private market, the public has a right to be heard. In the end, if the project proceeds but the public has not been asked to participate, it will not realize its full potential.

LARRY J. SCHWEIGER

Western Pennsylvania Conservancy

The historic structures along Fifth and Forbes avenues conjure fond memories of Christmas shopping with my grandmother in the late 1950s. Back then, we had to press our way through throngs of shoppers on crowded sidewalks as packed streetcars rumbled by on cobblestone streets squealing their wheels and spitting blue sparks from overhead lines. Serving a city population of 670,000 residents, Pittsburgh had an exciting Downtown shopping district with unique specialty shops and well-stocked department stores.

The streetcars are gone, half of the city's residents have moved to the suburbs and most of the weekend shoppers have been shortstopped by suburban malls. The storefronts look worn. Merchandise displays are uninviting and the district's vibrancy is missing. Few can argue the point that something needs to be done to rejuvenate the commercial district to attract shoppers back Downtown.

To pull shoppers away from suburban malls and outlets, the proposed redevelopment needs to rise above the bland architecture and boring sameness of the common stores of suburban malls.

The redeveloped Fifth and Forbes district needs to be transformed into a magical place worthy of a trip Downtown. This district should strive to preserve its structural charm while attracting unique shops, hip fashion and popular designer stores. To be sustainable, the redevelopment must attract after-hours shoppers, youthoriented entertainment and quality dining. Greater attention needs to be given to transportation, parking and perceived safety issues to successfully compete with the convenience of the free parking at the suburban malls.

Can compromise produce a redevelopment project with significant gravitational pull to attract enough distant shoppers to produce a net economic return to the city taxpayers? I hope a solution can be found that will reinvigorate my favorite childhood shopping district while moving the city forward.

MICHAEL W. HENDRICKSON

Senior vice president, Grubb & Ellis Co.

As a proponent of the mayor's plan and a professional in the commercial real estate business with a focus on the retail specialty, I would offer the following observations:

Central business district redevelopment projects such as the one proposed by the mayor have proven to be successful in larger metropolitan markets, i.e., Chicago, Boston, as well as smaller ones, i.e., Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland. It is clear, however, that to be successful, a significant critical mass of unique retail, restaurant and entertainment users must be assembled. The overwhelming challenge is to create a "sense of place"that will encourage people to either stay in town after business hours and/or come back in town to meet with friends to shop, eat and/or in general be entertained.

Although housing in the central business district is an important element over the long term, the additional housing units proposed will have little or no affect on the project's initial success. The key will be to maintain leasing discipline in developing a unique retail tenant mix not found in our suburbs.

Although it would be wonderful to preserve as many of the historic buildings as possible, the tenants which need to be attracted to make this project a success have stringent prototypes relative to size and economics and, correspondingly, significant preservation may prove to be physically and financially prohibitive.

CLAUD WESTBROOK

Vice president, First Friday's Ltd.

I find the Fifth and Forbes plans proposed by both the mayor and the preservation group to be ambitious, risky and refreshing. These are attributes that have not always been associated with Pittsburgh and the region. Operating from that premise, it is encouraging and stimulating that there has been an identification that there needs to be change and revitalization.

However, if this project is to take Pittsburgh into the next millennium, then the two aforementioned groups cannot be stubborn concerning their agendas. There needs to be a process of collaboration and inclusion whereby not only the two groups are involved but some of the stakeholders of the area, including existing business owners, future business owners, average citizens and investors. Only with total involvement of these stakeholders can we ensure that there will be participation of both the majority and minority communities.

GLORIA FOROUZAN

Executive director, Pittsburgh Urban Magnet Project

Since PUMP's first forum on the redevelopment of Fifth and Forbes last November, the issue has grown in importance among our membership.

To better gauge our members' views on Downtown redevelopment, we sent them an e-mail survey last week. Our response rate is over 30 percent.

A resounding majority of members feel that redeveloping the Fifth and Forbes corridor is very important and would significantly increase their use of Downtown. They sited the most important components of any project as ethnically diverse restaurants, shops, parking, clubs, music venues and housing.

The majority of respondents feel that not reaching consensus and having redevelopment die would be the worst-case scenario.

PUMP will continue to hold forums with key players in the Fifth and Forbes issue. Our effort remains to educate our members and to participate in the planning. PUMP will work to ensure that our members' input is included in redevelopment efforts, because, in addition to being an important target market for the project, they will be affected by it well into the future.

SHOPPING IN THE SHADOWS OF HISTORY

**Graphic**

PHOTO 2, PHOTO: Post-Gazette Archives: The sidewalks of Fifth Avenue and; Smithfield Street swell with patrons lining up to see Disney's "Peter Pan" at; the Warner Theater in February 1953.; PHOTO: Post-Gazette Archives: In the summer of 1963, an open air market; selling fresh furit and vegetables lined a corner of Market Square.

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[***MOM AND POP GROCERIES IN THE MARKET OF BEING NEIGHBORHOOD ANCHORS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KY40-0094-53MS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** STORY BY DIANA NELSON JONES

**Body**

There was always something intensely personal about stopping in at Bart and Harriet Lorentz's plank-floored market across the West Fork of the Mon in Enterprise, W.Va. They were the grandparents of my friend, Ann, but it was more than that.

It was the understanding that you were exchanging more than money for food and getting more than food for your money. And it's all the stronger today when you step inside little markets like the ones you will visit in this story.

They are among the ones that remain, unlike the Lorentz's market. But the staying power of little groceries is not as phenomenal as it might seem in this world of Wal-Marts. In fact, the neighborhood market has a sturdy niche.

And though some of its most eloquent advocates have reduced the notion of walking to where you can shop to a romantic concept, it is a true and stable practice still.

A diverse America makes a place for the well-managed little markets that are high on service and tailored to their neighborhoods.

Jim and Patty Scott live two blocks from Ruggeri's Food Shoppe in Squirrel Hill. It has for 14 years been a thumbnail in a handful of little shops around the corner from Shady Avenue on Northumberland Street.

Ruggeri's has exactly three carts. It defies the stocking-up mentality. As to a European market, many shoppers go daily for that day's big meal.

Overlaying its function is the store's personality, and this is a universal among little stores that continue to stay afloat: The owner knows his inventory. Between customers and phone calls, he may be lifting the tomatoes to make sure none has a mushy spot. He knows his customers by name, usually first names. At none of these places is a teen-aged girl popping gum and pushing purchases down a roller mat as if they were burning her hands.

John Ruggeri, a handsome man of 42, wears a starched white shirt and tie every day and whistles along with oldies on the radio. He is waiting on a woman named Nancy when another woman, pushing a stroller, enters the store.

''Hi Marybeth,'' he says to the new customer as another asks, ''John, what do you do with roasted red peppers?''

''Ask Nancy,'' he says, and there are introductions, then laughter and gushing about the merits of roasting peppers with goat cheese.

''It's almost like a meeting place, a social spot,'' Patty Scott says, and indeed, one afternoon, people trickle in and out, past a case of fancy marmalades near the check-out counter, past the biscotti on it, as if at a party.

A toddler stands alone on the Turkish rug at the front of the store, near the fresh roasted gourmet coffees, as her mother disappears into the prepared-foods section. Ruggeri smiles at the child, who grins back.

He and his brother, David, followed their father, James, in the market business; the elder Ruggeri started a grocery store in Blawnox in 1948. The family once owned a Foodland, but ''it was too impersonal,'' Ruggeri says. ''Here, I've seen all the little kids grow up.''

There has been a market in or near the Northumberland location for as long as Jim Scott can remember, ''a good 25 years at least.''

The Scotts don't do all their shopping here, but for ''the better cuts of meat, the better sauces, the mustards and the meals that Alan Smith, the chef, makes, we depend on John,'' she says. ''And if you're making a dinner and need to know what goes with what, he is totally kowledgeable.''

Brian Hannan, a 25-year-old apprentice meat cutter, grew up across the street and was attracted to the store after school as a youth. He says Ruggeri's is ''a fun place to work. Actually a blast. People have a good time coming here.''

The good-time atmosphere is actually a niche that's been carved more adroitly by the upscale neighborhood than it has by the low-key Ruggeri. His shoppers value the acquaintanceship that all little-market loyalists do, but Ruggeri's are especially high on the aesthetic of a beautiful shop. It is appointed with hanging plants and a dhurrie or kalim rug that changes on a rotating basis from a shop up the street. The fruit sits clustered in little baskets, like in a scene from Country Living.

One day in May, Ruggeri's shoppers got a practical surprise: a pint of raspberries was $ 1.99, a dollar less than at Giant Eagle. It was a little gift they wouldn't normally expect. Ruggeri acceeds that almost never can he compete on price, ''so we have to make sure the quality and service are above average.''

''What would happen if you mixed ice cream with sorbet?'' a woman asks Ruggeri. ''Would it be too sweet?''

''Nah,'' he says, ''I don't think it would.''

''Could I call you tonight if it doesn't work out?'' She laughs, clasping his arm with her hand. ''I'm having people over.''

\*

John Ruggeri and his brother, David, who runs the family's second store on Craig Street in Oakland, have proved that, in a picture that got big, there's still room for the little guy.

In Brighton Heights, at the corner of a modest row of businesses on California Avenue that include a branch bank and a pizza shop, Tom Friday is proving it, too, mostly with an industrious full-service meat counter.

Friday's father started the family's market on East Street, North Side, in 1955 and moved to its current home in 1971. Tom began as a teen-ager in the business that would see him through generations of customers.

''I was 15 when I started waiting on her mother,'' he says to Olga Husak, who has lived on nearby Grenada Street for more than 30 years and shopped at Friday's since.

She says there's nothing she can't find at Friday's, though sometimes she has her daughter or niece run her to a super store, ''if they're going when I'm running low.''

She says this apologetically, though Friday, 40, is magnanimous about the situation he is in. His walk-in customers are increasingly elderly and ***working class*** with less work. But his niche is having a full-service meat counter, with full-time cutters who stand on flattened boxes that paper towels come in and make the sausage and all the sandwich spreads from scratch and take their cuts from fresh carcasses hanging in the freezer. Friday's does volume business with large orders, especially from restaurants.

One day, some minutes before noon, longtime meat cutter Joe Zupsic, a big man with a big, stolid face who had asked me earlier, ''Want a cup of coffee, Suzie?'' folds his apron and slips out to confession. An elderly woman clutching her purse against her ribs passes him as she stops to look in at the slabs of meat, the pink ham salad and the spiral of orange sausage. She says to Don Woessner, one of the three other meat cutters, ''I wanna make a pot roast. What meat do I need?''

''A nice chuck roast?'' Woessner says and cuts her 2 1/2 pounds. He hands her the package, adding, ''Some carrots, onions around the side? Some potatoes?'' His face is pink, smiling.

''Mmmm, sounds wonderful,'' she says, taking the package and picking her steps carefully on pipestem legs.

Friday is at the checkout, bagging a 5-pound sack of potatoes for a slim woman in a red raincoat who has just said something about paying taxes and paying the cleaners . . . ''It's just awful.''

''Yeah, it costs a lot to live these days,'' he says, adding. ''Say, you have a communion coming up.'' As the woman elaborates on who's having it and when, men come through the door wheeling boxes on dollies.

Anna Hipps comes in ''three or so times a week'' and has off and on for eight years. On this day, she has her grandsons in tow and lets them buy a doughnut each from a tray that shares the counter with Beeman's, Clove and Teaberry gum.

Though young and middle-aged shoppers patronize Friday's, it's the elderly women, many of whom don't drive, who reiterate how necessary a store that they can walk to is; the alternative would be catching a bus into Bellevue . . . or to call Friday's for delivery.

''Friday's,'' says Friday into the phone when it rings. ''Yes. Uh-huh. You like it a little thicker? The corned beef too?'' He hunches his shoulder against the phone, ''OK,'' and writes, in the cursive hand of his school days, the words he repeats to the caller, ''sliced heavy.''

When the phone rings again, it's Sister Dolores from the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity, a North Side convent. She calls in an order once a month. Friday writes, ''20 lbs. gr. chuck, 20 lb. sirloin tip roast, 12 lb. beef stew, 15 lb. pork roast, 20 lb. pork steak, 30 pork chops.''

Sister Dolores, later on the phone, says, ''I have 15 sisters to feed twice a day.'' At a large supermarket, ''they'd open a box. Friday's cuts them up to your order and they deliver.''

\*

Historically, the small grocery has been an anchor, whether in a city neighborhood, as a market in a small town or the general store at a crossroads.

Gerald Carson, in his 1950s-era book, ''Old Country Store,'' refers to ''talk fests'' and ''stove-top congresses'' that the small grocery engendered. Despite change - including the disappearance of heat stoves - the small market does go further in the spread of community than large stores can.

At Schwartz' Sanitary Market, a storefront icon of Pittsburgh's old Uptown days, Habib Naviwala has created an Uptown oasis of community in a neighborhood that is largely carless and getting by on small incomes and welfare.

''Oh my yes,'' says Pearl, who has lived in the area for three years, ''I need this place. I shop for seven of us. If this wasn't here, I'd have to haul bags on the bus.'' She shakes her head.

Two other groceries, both much smaller, also exist within walking distance, but she is loyal to this one, loyal specifically to Naviwala, as many people seem to be. Children come here after school to pick out ice cream bars from the front cooler, and some adults who can't pay for groceries pay with service to the store or pay when they can.

The store faces Fifth Avenue where it meets Miltenberger, its peach-colored Cararra glass facade carved with lettering from when the store opened in 1941. It was one of seven Schwartz markets that is now one of three. There is no longer a Schwartz family association here.

''I think I maybe should call it Habib's Store,'' says the erstwhile owner, who owned it, sold it, got it back, then sold to a friend and now manages it for him. There's no question it is Naviwala's store, though. It's been in his blood for 10 years.

He believes he is stemming the tide of recent business woes associated with the hiatus he took in its ownership: ''I got the store back in 1993. I'm building back up.''

Habib's Store is bigger than the thumbnail ma-and-pa, though the sparse inventory makes the long store look even bigger. The lighting is uneven because some of the flourescent bulbs are burned out, and the ceiling has stains.

''I used to get things like this fixed,'' he says, pointing up, adding, ''Maybe soon.''

Pearl - who would give no last name - is at the checkout counter with, among a few other things, 3 pounds of top-grade, sliced slab bacon for $ 4.69. A woman walks in leading a child, asking, ''What do you want? candy? ice cream? potato chips?'' as the child points at each one. Naviwala comes out from behind the counter, places his hands gently on the child's head then cradles her neck and says into her plaited hair, ''my baby.'' The woman slaps him playfully and says, ''my baby.''

While Carmella Saunders finishes ringing up Pearl's items, Naviwala stands beside Pearl and says, ''I have loyal customers. If I were hungry, I wouldn't go to Wendy's, I would call her. I know her family.

''If I'm little bit sick, my customers worry.''

Naviwala started a delivery service last year. Having just four employees, all part-timers, he makes them himself. Ruggeri and Friday both hire delivery men, averaging 10 and 30 deliveries a day, respectively.

What would seem an arcane service in the '90s, deliveries are actually a dramatic way the little guy can compete. Even more arcane is the line of credit. A very official system at Ruggeri's, which has 300 credit-line customers, it is done on a ''can I pay you Thursday, maybe Friday?'' basis at Habib's.

Friday's used to carry customers but is taking no new creditors.

At Habib's Store, which is what all his customers call it, the margin of business reflects the margins of life - one customer can't pay today, says she can pay on Thursday. Naviwala says to me later, ''I don't worry about that.'' When pressed as to why on earth a barebones little business would find that practical, he shrugs. ''I get it back. We help each other out.''

\*

The one place the traditional American grocery store has no roots is in what William Whyte calls a ''spread city'' in his 1968 book, ''The Last Landscape.''

Cranberry, one of the fastest growing townships in the state, typifies this concept, of which Whyte wrote: ''Not a true city because it lacks centers, nor a suburb because it is not a satellite of any city, nor is it truly rural because it is loosely covered with houses and urban facilities.''

In a spread city, Whyte wrote, ''you have to use a car to use any part of it - but it is indicative of the direction we are headed in.''

The growth of Cranberry and spread cities like it indicate a dramatic broadening - some might say diffusion - of the concept of community. Twenty-eight years ago, some ideamongers considered cities too far gone to fix. They were on the brink of inventing new cities, start-overs from scratch - domed in some cases, self-sufficient, bland, planned goodness - but the idea didn't take hold. The sprawling of development did, however, and therein lie your Cranberrys, places without sidewalks, without town centers and certainly without ma-and-pa groceries.

The concept of hub or center is as old as the first civilizations, in which all the peripheral living faced toward the middle, where there was commerce. The trend toward outerness dissipates the focus of commerce without limiting it, so that it's everywhere and nowhere.

America may actually identify the little grocery most strongly with small towns than with cities, but the small town has been most vulnerable to the encroachment of the superstore. Whole little towns have eroded in coincidence with mall developments.

Small towns are microcosms of city neighborhoods, but they don't have the city's layers to buffet them. A city neighborhood the size of Oakdale would be surrounded by other city neighborhoods that might influence its economy. But Oakdale depends pretty much on Oakdale.

On State Street in this borough off Route 60, that is one of the blessings for SIL's Market, even though some customers come in for nothing more than two hot dogs for a dollar and a Giant Eagle is just five miles away.

SIL's - which stands for the initials of the owners, Sylvia and Irwin Lederstein - occupies an old building that has housed a grocery store for most of this century. A corner store that has, besides regular groceries, a bakery, videos, gifts and cards and a hot-lunch service, it is covered on the front and one side with brown Insul-brick and looks like an old house.

The Ledersteins bought it in 1970 at a bankrupcy sale, at the urging of a former owner of the store. Lederstein was working at his father's packing house at the time.

He added a pie-shaped wedge on one side in the early '70s. Its concrete-block wall runs along one sidewalk. This year and next, he plans to renovate the outside. The kitchen has been upgraded recently.

Sylvia Lederstein says sales dipped when Giant Eagle extended its hours to Sundays, and people's eating habits have changed the nature of what SIL's does sell: ''Used to be in the summer we couldn't keep baked beans on the shelf.''

Now, the lunch rush consists of working people who stop in for a hot sandwich.

''We aren't making the money we did 15 years ago,'' Sylvia says, ''but the business is supporting two families now.''

Gary Lauderbaugh, who married Kim Lederstein four years ago, is a partner in the business as well as the store's baker.

Sylvia attributes much of the store's staying power to her husband's ''terrific personality,'' and customers bear it out. Everyone through the door beams when he sees Irwin and sings out greetings to him.

Carl DeCarlo, a volunteer firefighter, says when the VFD needs food for social functions, Lederstein comes through with a generous deal.

DeCarlo stops in several times a day when he's in town between commutes to work out of town. Mostly for coffee, he adds, ''but if you need a loaf of bread, it's easier to get it here than to drive out to the'' Giant Eagle. ''Besides, I like to direct my business to the local guys. I grew up with Gary and Irwin's been here all his life. He's a terrific guy.''

Lederstein has a customer who likes overripe bananas whom he saves them for. Another customer is happy to buy cereal a few days past the stamped date for half the price. ''I hate to waste things,'' says Lederstein, who is 57. Another customer will buy sausage after it's stopped looking bright in the meat case. Until that person comes to get it, Irwin tucks it in the back of a freezer.

The store used to deliver to scores of customers a day, but now a few elderly delivery customers remain.

''I'm thinking about starting deliveries back up again,'' Lederstein says.

Demand for earlier hours led the Ledersteins to start opening at 5:30 a.m. The coffee and doughnuts crowd was waiting. Of a morning, they stand, often with Irwin in the middle, talking about their families, the town's news and sports scores.

''When I bought this, Victor (Schiffrin, a long-time former owner) told me, 'Just remember, keep the place clean, keep the shelves full and be nice to people and you won't have anything to worry about.' ''

''That's it? It's that simple?'' I asked, and he smiled.

''Yeah, plus the seven-day week. But I knew that going in. I was always used to work, and this was a lot easier than the packing house.''

He said he'd do it over again, even though, had he not paid off his house and secured his family with some investments in the first 15 years, he might have faced trouble in the last 10, leaner years. ''This is a fun business to me.

''That loaf of bread,'' he adds, pointing to a loaf of Schweibels, ''is the same here as anywhere. But when you walk through the door, someone here will say hi.''

\*

The daily scene - the urbane conversations at Ruggeri's, the more fundamental conversations at Friday's, the bantering and teasing at Habib's, the gossip and small-town pleasantries at SIL's - belies the effort it takes to stay in business. For some, it's constant, groaning strain. For other, lucklier ones, it is merely constant work.

Friday was willing to detail some of his costs as an example.

He pays $ 740 rent each month. His electric bill is a whopping $ 1,400 a month, owing largely to the compressors for cold food storage. Insurance - for the delivery van, liabilities, fire and workers comp - is about $ 700 a month. The gas bill is usually $ 100. ''And that's just the beginning,'' he says. ''Employee salaries are the biggest.

Not even the smallest are things like freezer paper - $ 31 a roll. Friday's goes through at least that much a week.

On $ 1,000 of sales, Friday's gross profit is $ 200.

''Selling to restaurants is how we keep volume high,'' Friday says, ''but we depend on the business of people who want home delivery. And we depend on walk-ins. You can't do without any one of those things and survive. A little store has to be very diverse.''

The little guy may only have one brand and size of cat litter. His prices may not compete with the superstore's in every category, though in many he keeps pace. It is unlikely he stocks both goat cheese and Spam. And if he has olive oil, it may be one brand in a bottle smaller than the size you want.

But the big stores don't have anything the small stores can't get for their customers, except maybe videos and flowers.

''If Mrs. Klein wants asparagus,'' says Friday, holding up an order form, ''or streudel or fresh raisin bread? All she has to do is call. A day ahead is all. We will get it.''

Diana Nelson Jones is a staff writer for the Post-Gazette

**Graphic**

PHOTO (5), PHOTO: David Ruggeri hugs Susan Blinn at the front of Ruggeri's Food; Shoppe in Squirrel Hill. The store is noted for its personalized service and; attention to customers.; PHOTO: Photographs by Andy Starnes/Post-Gazette: Habib Naviwala bags groceries; for Christine Zafutta at his Hill District store, Schwartz's Sanitary Market.; PHOTO: Bill Strong, a part-time meat cutter at Schwartz's, prepares a; customer's order.; PHOTO: John Ruggeri rings up a sale at Ruggeri's Food Shoppe in Squirrel Hill.; PHOTO: Bill Strong bows toward Mecca during a prayer session in the backroom; of Schwartz's.

**Load-Date:** May 29, 1996

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[***New gains by a new Wellstone;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-9BK0-002B-H1RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***'Mellow now,' he emerges as a force to be reckoned with - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-9BK0-002B-H1RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

**Correction Appended**



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**Body**

Love him or hate him - and many Minnesotans feel that strongly - Paul Wellstone is emerging as a force to be reckoned with.

Two years ago, this career protester barged into Washington flouting all the rules. But he has slowly begun to abide by Senate canon and decorum, and now is building solid relations with key colleagues and finding some success in influencing federal policy.

What's more, this once solitary figure, designated by the left-leaning magazine Mother Jones as "the first 1960s radical to be elected to the U.S. Senate," has some company. The traditionally liberal Nation magazine last month noted with satisfaction that "rabble-rouser" Wellstone has been joined by at least four other "progressives."

Back home in Minnesota, aware that his upset of Rudy Boschwitz in 1990 was viewed as a fluke, Wellstone never stopped campaigning. He has been on a nonstop mission to convince citizens that his system-rattling politics are in their interest, or, failing that, to get them to at least like him as a person.

Meanwhile, he has made all the right moves to consolidate his position as the leader of the DFL Party, which controls the legislative branch and most of the elected offices in the state. Already, he is arguably the most influential politician in the state; Minnesota's other top officeholders, Sen. Dave Durenberger and Gov. Arne Carlson, are much more isolated and hold no similar prestige or power within their Independent-Republican Party.

Although Wellstone objects to any suggestion that he's a political boss, his power within the party has been greatly enhanced by the creation of the Wellstone Alliance, a potent organizing machine that already has demonstrated its clout. It proved critical in the come-from-behind victory of Rep. Dave Minge in November and in several legislative races.

Wellstone's progress, after a disastrous first few months in early 1991, has been a three-front battle. He's fought to control his own energy, passionate idealism and sensitive ego. He's struggled to accomplish something in the Senate without selling out. And he's tried to keep in contact with his liberal-labor coalition in Minnesota while winning over other Minnesotans.

The battle within

Wellstone says he has a New Year's resolution for 1993. He's really going to try not to go ballistic the next time he's criticized by the media or anyone else. "If I disagree with a particular story, even if it's profoundly unfair, I'm just not going to get too excited about it," he said.

"I'm mellow now," he said, playfully, and not very convincingly.

Wellstone's biggest problem right now - and it's hardly a crisis situation - involves the scuttlebutt that he's something of a brat. There are stories told of tantrums and tirades, directed at staff members, journalists or colleagues. He's developing a reputation among many insiders for thin skin, a short temper and intolerance of criticism. At the same time, Wellstone is always seeking media coverage, and he tends to bristle when he doesn't get enough coverage or if he takes a hard shot.

Wellstone acknowledges that a little bit of this criticism is fair, but he says that much of it is exaggerated or isn't true at all and that all of it is related to the intensity and passion and idealism that got him where he is today. And some of it, Wellstone contends, comes from the interests he threatens, including those within his own party. "If you take on power, you have to expect that it's going to be used against you," he said.

Wellstone's style continues to grate on some Minnesotans. His arm-waving, shouting, gyrating performance on election night struck many TV watchers as unsenatorial and self-righteous. Still others felt that Wellstone was taking credit for the victory of a presidential candidate whose message and style were significantly different from his own.

Wellstone is aware of these unfavorable reactions and offers an explanation. "I am an emotive politician, I have a lot of passion. And I always have a problem with television. It's a cool medium and it's something I have to keep working at." He noted that many of the people in his audience that night were young people who had worked on his campaign and that the victory of Bill Clinton and other Democrats, for which he worked very hard, opened up "enormous possibilities for progressives that simply didn't exist before."

Unlike many in the nation's capitol, Wellstone lives the politics that he talks. For 20 years Wellstone was working picket lines and organizing poor people, farmers and environmentalists in one cause after another. His political strength is drawn from thousands of activists who know him that way and see his image quite differently.

The battle on the Hill

In his first months in the Senate, Wellstone created a stir in a committee hearing by insisting on reading a statement over the objections of the chairman of the Energy Committee. People shifted in their seats, coughed and looked uncomfortable as Wellstone detailed his opposition to the chairman's bill and its accommodations to oil companies. Some senators began to snicker. The experienced Washingtonians in that room knew that you cross the chairman, Sen. Bennett Johnston, D-La., at your peril.

Some of Wellstone's friends were worried, said Don Hellmann, chief lobbyist for the Wilderness Society. "We knew that here was a senator who gave a commitment to help us on our priorities and, right off the bat, the chairman was upset with him."

Two years later, Hellmann worries no more. Wellstone, he said, has established himself as an effective environmentalist. At a cost, of course. Wellstone's relations with Johnston were so poor until recently that Wellstone at one point believed he had to look for another committee assignment. Another senior Democratic senator was so annoyed with Wellstone that he refused to recognize him during a party caucus.

But Wellstone's relations with his colleague are improving. And he has begun to learn to work the levers of power. In October, he and Sen. Herb Kohl, D-Wis., blocked passage of a bill that would have opened up Glacier Bay National Park for commercial fishing. Earlier, Wellstone was one of five senators who led the way in blocking a bill permitting oil drilling on fragile arctic land.

Such accomplishments would have been inconceivable two years ago, when Wellstone became the butt of jokes for his bombastic opposition to the popular Persian Gulf War (he chased an irritated President Bush around a White House reception to tell him his views and predicted in shrill voice elsewhere that the war would result in "world disorder.")

That foray sent Wellstone's approval rating in a Star Tribune/WCCO-TV Minnesota Poll to a rock-bottom 35 percent, and Washingtonian magazine's highly subjective poll of Senate staffers in 1991 rated him among the worst in the Senate.

At the end of 1991, things got worse when a New York Times article quoted Wellstone's top campaign adviser as saying that Wellstone was obsessed with his news clippings and quoted his former chief of staff as saying that the senator seemed "lost . . . desperately trying to find himself."

Wellstone turned things around because he is doggedly persistent and personable.

To become effective on the inside, Wellstone did three crucial things: He established friendships with key Democrats; he mastered Senate procedure; he moderated some of his behavior. All in all, he compromised, a little.

Wellstone established a friendship with Majority Leader George Mitchell, D-Maine. But Wellstone also can be seen conversing on the Senate floor with Wendell Ford, D-Ky., who fervently represents tobacco interests. Wellstone also counts among his friends Jake Garn, the archconservative Utah Republican.

Overall, Wellstone staffers say their boss has learned to evaluate the impact of any statement or action before undertaking it. He hired as legislative director Mike Epstein, a former aide to Sen. Edward Kennedy who advises Wellstone on how far he can go in pursuing a legislative goal and what the consequences might be.

In his first days in Washington, Wellstone said he "despised" Sen. Jesse Helms, the right-wing North Carolina Republican. Today, Wellstone will not vilify Helms or any other senator, accepting one of the basic tenets of the Senate code. He now says that he despised Helms' views - not his person.

Strangely, more than one Senate insider has suggested that Wellstone's style in the Senate may be closest to that of Helms. Like Helms, Wellstone has established cordial relations with key members of his own party. Both are known as men who fight hard on principle and use Senate procedure, politely, to their advantage.

In 1991, Wellstone threatened to use the filibuster when he felt his colleagues were not sufficiently ready to fight an amendment by Helms that Wellstone believed would have undermined the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Some Democrats were ready to compromise, but Wellstone felt that no compromise was in order and wanted a floor vote. He threatened a one-man filibuster - a favored technique of Helms and civil-rights opponents - if necessary. The vote was never called because, for other reasons, Helms dropped the proposal.

But, judged by his own priorities two years ago, how has Wellstone fared?

Before coming to Washington, he pledged to fight for national health insurance, tougher environmental protection and energy conservation laws and campaign finance reform. He can claim an effect in these areas in his first two years, but he also has to admit to shortcomings, particularly on campaign reform.

Wellstone last year reintroduced a bill setting up a Canadian-style health system, in which the government acts as a giant insurance agency paying the bills for all citizens. The idea, popular among liberals in the 1970s, would nationalize the health insurance industry, but not any other parts of the medical field.

The Canadian-style system isn't expected to succeed, at least in the near future, because Clinton favors an approach more acceptable to insurance interests. But Wellstone has played the role of broadening the debate in Washington, and he did manage to pass an amendment that would allow states to experiment with the Canadian approach.

The reaction by outside activists is typical of what Wellstone sometimes hears from fellow progressives frustrated with the pace of change in Washington.

"I found it difficult to see his amendment as such an important thing," said Dr. David Himmelstein, a Harvard professor and cofounder of Physicians for a National Health Plan.

Himmelstein believes in a more aggressive approach and sometimes criticizes Wellstone for cooperating with those advocating plans that he believes will not yield meaningful reform. "But I'm not inside the Senate and that's a very difficult position to be in. I won't stand in judgment," Himmelstein said.

Wellstone's record on energy and the environment showed more clear progress. In addition to the protection of Alaska wilderness that so irritated Johnston and the oil interests, Wellstone wrote amendments to halt construction of a nuclear reactor and to review current energy subsidies. The energy industry did not get what it wanted in last year's massive energy bill, but environmentalists were also disappointed that the bill did not move dramatically toward renewable resources or conservation.

For Minnesotans who saw Wellstone lead the charge in 1990 against the corruption of politics by money, his follow-through has thus far been a disappointment, although he promises real action this year.

In early 1991, the Working Group on Electoral Democracy was thrilled to be contacted by Wellstone about the possibility of a bill that reformers could rally around. While their plan to offer public financing of campaigns had little chance of Senate passage, Wellstone's bill would push the limits of the debate, something Wellstone set as a goal for himself.

But Wellstone dropped the ball, and for a time his reform-hungry allies were steamed. He did it in late May 1991 at the end of a campaign reform speech so stirring that it brought praise from both Republicans and Democrats. With lines that could have been uttered by Jimmy Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," Wellstone blasted "auction-block democracy" that caused the American people to feel that the Capitol "belongs to people with big bucks."

But after this ringing speech, Wellstone announced that he would support one of the mainstream Democratic Party bills, a measure that met few of the goals of the reform group that Wellstone had met with and offered support to.

"We were disappointed," said Randy Kehler, a member of the reform group. Kehler said he believed that Wellstone dropped the reform bill out of a desire to go along with his colleagues and that none of the reformers - including Wellstone - had realized how difficult it would be to draft a bill.

Wellstone maintains that campaign finance reform remains a priority and that now, when there is a real chance of passing a bill, he will be ready with a proposal.

But even after all his railing against the money in Washington and the unholy power of lobbyists, Wellstone went out and got some from them. A fund-raiser in late 1991 at a tony French restaurant netted him $ 55,000 from political action committees (PACs). Now, for the time being at least, Wellstone will accept no contribution of more than $ 100, and none from PACs.

Wellstone entered the Senate imagining that the most powerful forces he faced were those of money and corporate influence. He found, instead, that the most powerful forces in the Senate are human relationships. "So much of the Senate is personal relationships, and that's a form of pressure. . . . If you like people, you almost want to help them," Wellstone said.

At the end of the last session, when Wellstone put a hold on a bill to permit oil drilling in Alaska's Glacier Bay, he was surrounded by hostile Democratic senators concerned about the deadlock Wellstone's move had created at the end of the session. He refused to budge - and ultimately won the day.

"I think he's doing all right," said Kentucky's Ford, asked to assess Wellstone's status after two years. He said that other senators "do get a little frustrated now and then" about Wellstone's tactics. "Paul has made it inconvenient sometimes." But, Ford said, senators are getting used to Wellstone's insistence on a roll-call vote on all major spending measures.

The battle in the state

One afternoon last month, Wellstone dropped in on a meeting of Minnesota's medical establishment that was trying to sort out how the state's landmark health-care bill should work. He wore, as usual, a clean but decidedly casual long-sleeve shirt, open at the collar, no tie and a high school letter jacket (Class of 1991, Northfield, obviously belonging to his son Mark).

Among all these insurance executives, doctors and hospital administrators, Wellstone alone was dressed informally. After listening for half an hour, Wellstone got up and gave a half-hour presentation on his health-care reform work, outlined how his plan differed from theirs and promised to keep everyone informed about developments in Washington. Most in the group sat with arms folded and were obviously unimpressed.

Wellstone is keenly aware that a lot of Minnesotans, especially the most affluent and influential, don't like him. "Somebody once told me in Washington that I generated stronger emotions, pro and con, than anyone they had recently seen. That bothers me to no end . . . not just all the letters to the editor, not just the issues, but the people that hate me to death."

His solution: "I'm just very determined to meet as many people as I can. I feel if I can touch and be touched by people, figuratively, then I will do really well."

That explains why Wellstone leads a frenetic schedule back home, scheduling every conceivable kind of public appearance, from town meetings to Rotary Club lunches, Senate hearings, sporting events and regular call-ins to radio stations across the state. He has moved his residence from Apple Valley to a condominium in the Commodore Hotel in St. Paul, just a couple of miles away from his state headquarters in an office building in the Midway area. In both Washington and in St. Paul, Wellstone lives just minutes from his office.

Meanwhile, Wellstone's wife, Sheila, now that all three Wellstone children are grown, has been carving out a full-time cause for herself as an advocate in the battle against family violence. She is a fine speaker in her own right, with a low-key style that contrasts sharply with her husband's.

Dakota County Sheriff Don Gudmundson said Sheila Wellstone has become a front-rank player in the cause. "She has the gift of instant rapport with people, all people, victims, even perpetrators," Gudmundson said.

Wellstone's unceasing person-to-person campaign appears to be working, if slowly. The "Impeach Wellstone" bumper stickers have mostly disappeared, and polls last year showed that about half of Minnesotans approved of his job performance, up from a third during the Gulf War.

And perhaps of more importance, he retains the fierce loyalty of most DFL activists and of the coalition that put him in office - union members, peace and justice advocates, environmentalists, leaders of minority groups and others.

Wellstone took criticism last month from Rep. Tim Penny, a DFL moderate, who said that the Wellstone Alliance's activities could lead the party too far to the left and potentially create a division within the party. But Sarah Lewerenz, a DFL national committee member, said Penny's remarks bombed with the rank and file. "The vast majority of [DFLers] are much more comfortable with Wellstone than with Penny," she said.

Similarly, DFL Chairman Todd Otis strongly defended Wellstone's organization, calling it a "reinforcing and reinvigorating" agent for the party. Otis said that more-centrist Democrats are welcome to form their own grass-roots organization to help build the party.

Some observers say the Wellstone Alliance, which is concentrating its efforts on turning out large numbers of progressive voters in the precinct caucuses, will continue to grow in influence.

Bob Meek, a media consultant and veteran DFL activist, said he believes Wellstone is "perfectly matched to the spirit of the times. Everybody who hates politicians generally likes Wellstone." Meek said that Wellstone may be best situated among DFL politicians to win support among the "up for grabs" electorate who have no allegiance to either party.

On his home turf - labor halls, rallies for various causes, ***working-class*** cafes - Wellstone often gets a hero's welcome. At the State Fair, people line up for blocks to shake his hand, hug him, tease him about his height or tacky clothing, and treat him in general less deferentially than most other politicians.

Wellstone constantly prowls coffee shops and goes looking for minimum-wage employees wherever he visits, as he did in the campaign, something that sets him apart from other politicians. Few politicians in recent times, even in Minnesota, have identified so clearly with the nonelite. Wellstone says he tries to reach out and touch business groups and various interests who are not natural allies, but his distance from them is obvious. And this proletarian image does irritate those who want him to act more like the success that he is.

Wellstone claims to represent all Minnesotans and often tells the story about a man in St. Paul who approached him outside a restaurant there. "This man reached his hand out and said, 'Senator, I didn't vote for you,' and I waited, and he said, 'But now you're my senator and I wish you well.' " That moment convinced Wellstone that he had to broaden his contacts and try to represent the entire state.

He insists that business groups are always surprised to find common ground with him - for instance, that he is on the small-business committee and favors new incentives for capital formation and technology development.

But when it comes right down to it, there's no doubt about which side Wellstone is on:

"I do think that populist politics sends a signal to people who have a lot of economic clout and who therefore have a lot of political clout . . . that I am threatening. My politics has been based on the feeling that too few people have too much wealth, power and say in the United States and too many people have been left out of the loop.

"I feel that way and I never said I was representing people at the top. I'll do my best to do well for everyone, but my heart and soul will be with the people who have been left out, and I happen to believe they make up the vast majority."

**Correction**

Don Gudmundson was incorrectly identified as the Dakota County sheriff in an article on Page 12A Sunday. He is Lakeville police chief.

**Correction-Date:** January 12, 1993

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** January 11, 1993

**End of Document**



[***USA TODAY's 2003 All-USA Teacher Team***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49SR-7270-010F-K2RG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Great teaching thrives everywhere, as USA TODAY's 2003 All-USA Teacher Team demonstrates. The 16 individuals and four instructional teams featured on these pages unlock minds across the country. Each teacher receives $ 500, and the 20 members each share $ 2,500 cash awards with their schools as representatives of all outstanding teachers.

To nominate a teacher for the 2004 All-USA Teacher Team: allstars.usatoday.com

Team members are unranked; bios are numbered for photo identification only.

Karen Dawson

Washington (Mo.) High

Art, leadership, grades 9-12

Years full-time teaching: 30

She: Coaxes both art and leadership students beyond the borders to see life a different way, stressing goal-setting, creative problem-solving, vision. Had 192 applicants for 20 slots in this year's leadership class; chooses students from different social groups who average around 100 service hours per year. Renowned nationally for inclusive approach and service learning projects, including a senior citizen prom that draws 250 senior citizens; Circle of Friends, pairing leadership and special ed students; numerous food, coat and blood drives. "People come to us and they know we'll help them out," says Kristina Ohse, 17. Works through teen posturing to create an environment of acceptance and respect: "There are no masks in here." Nicknamed the Glitter Queen because she uses glitter liberally and brings sparkle to her work. Mixes up seating assignments to avoid cliques and push students outside their comfort zone. Has leadership students study crime by riding along with police,

learn about prejudice from a Holocaust survivor. Brought student council membership from 10 in 1979 to current 104. Co-hosting 2005 National Association of Student Councils conference, a staggering commitment for a small-town school of 1,350 students. Graduated from Washington High. "I truly believe a student who learns to give will be a giver all their life."

Nominated by: Diane Dryer, colleague

Adkins' Primary Team

Karen Adkins, Roy Adkins

Millard Elementary School, Pikeville, Ky.

Kindergarten-grade 3, full inclusion

Years full-time teaching: 15 (Karen), 13 (Roy)

They: Draw 31 special ed, regular ed and gifted students throughout the county to their classroom, where they keep students four or even five years. "We have kids with IQs from 44 to 144," some with physical disabilities, Roy says, but no labels are used with children. Eloped when Karen was 16 and Roy was 20, working low-wage jobs for 12 years before going back to school. Believe their past gives them empathy and purpose in this insular Appalachian coal county with a per capita income of $ 14,005. Started collaborative classroom 10 years ago after finding Roy's special ed and Karen's multi-age students both benefited from inclusion. Base classroom on John Dewey and Foxfire philosophies, which say education should reflect society. Scale down Mini-Society economics curriculum, in which students devise currency, get paid for showing up and working, buy and sell wares on Market Days. Had students brainstorm grant proposal ideas for a coal education unit, which they won. Sort

students into groups for tiered instruction; have three aides and one sign-language interpreter help with groups in hands-on learning centers. Test students individually to pinpoint what they know and how they learn: "I have a mental IEP (Individual Education Plan) for every child," Karen says. Write grants to subsidize annual out-of-state overnight field trip. Send postcards from summer travels to all students to expose them to the outside world. Eat lunch with students. Their love for all children makes it work, says nominator David Slone: "There's such a special aura about them. You see them and they're genuine. It goes much further than academics."

Nominated by: David Slone, principal

Nancy McClintock

Center for Creative Learning, Ellisville, Mo.

Gifted students, grade 4

Years full-time teaching: 15

She: Teaches semester-long SPLASH! (Students Problem-solving and Learning through Aquatic Systems and Human interaction) and several shorter courses to gifted fourth-graders, who come to CCL from across the Rockwood School District once a week. "Nancy epitomizes what we're trying to teach here. She doesn't teach the environment -- she is an environmentalist," says gifted-program coordinator Linda Smith. Has each SPLASH! class work with a different professional mentor to study the water system; the five classes conduct field investigations and share findings at a symposium and with the community. Burns the midnight oil choreographing hands-on lessons: "99.9% of everything I do in SPLASH! is for a reason." Packs every moment with learning, teaching even on field-trip bus rides. Brings the outdoors into her classroom, with a stream table, turtle pond, fish aquariums, Madagascar hissing cockroaches, a millipede and a chinchilla. Got into gifted education after raising three gifted

kids: "Any problem any parent has, I've already dealt with." Spent two summers accompanying gifted middle school students to the Amazon rain forest for soil and water research. Spends recess sorting recyclables with student volunteers. Organizes school's outdoor classroom, including composting bins and rotting log station. Attends students' sports events, concerts, recitals: "Socially, emotionally, you have to look at the whole child." Says nominator Mary Kay Finholt: "Nancy gets the big picture, but she knows that God is in the details. She gets the details, and that makes all the difference."

Nominated by: Mary Kay Finholt, colleague

Ron Borkowicz

Port Washington (Wis.) High

Health, grades 9-12

Years full-time teaching: 33

He: Marries technology, advanced training and prolific curriculum-writing to encourage healthy lifestyles and expose students to health careers. Wrote district's K-12 health curriculum, used statewide as a model. Created courses for students interested in health careers that include field trips to university labs, funeral homes and hospitals; hands-on experience; job shadowing and apprenticeships. Had one class witness an open-heart surgery. Developed "senior seminars" with guest speakers on health topics like AIDS prevention. Trained more than 5,000 students in CPR, 6,000 in basic first aid and about 100 students and staff in defibrillator use. Earned a Ph.D., multiple health certifications; held five externships, including one as a trainer for the Milwaukee Brewers baseball team. Used $ 34,000 Christa McAuliffe fellowship to incorporate technology, including heart monitor use and computerized nutrition program, into a cardiovascular disease prevention unit already noted as a

top curriculum idea by the *American School Board Journal.* "It could be real easy to sit back and do what works or what feels comfortable," says principal Duane Woelfel. "But Ron constantly pushes himself to look for things to make things better for his students."

Nominated by: Jan Krueger, colleague

Chris Laster

Richard B. Russell Elementary School, Smyrna, Ga.

Science, grades 4 and 5

Years full-time teaching: 11

He: Wrote grants to develop school's Science Lab, where he teaches all fifth-graders once a week, fourth-graders once a month, with hands-on experiments and quantitative analysis. Designed Russell Space Center program, in which students train for nearly a year for a 27-hour simulated space shuttle mission; five students and a teacher live inside a mock shuttle while other students run Mission Control. "In my heart, I feel like one day we will have an astronaut." Runs the Sci-Tech Safari Camp, in which students conduct field studies at barrier islands, caves, canyons and other sites. Specializes in reaching the school's many at-risk kids, inspiring more of them to take advanced science courses in higher grades, says nominator Judith Lindsay. Won grant to go on university research fossil dig in Mexican desert. Starting Science Blasters, in which students write, direct and produce short science videos, to be shown on school's daily closed-circuit TV. "I like everything about

science lab," says Ebony Thompson, 10. "He's very creative."

Nominated by: Judith Lindsay, principal

Rosemary Fryer

Heritage High, Vancouver, Wash.

English, grades 10 and 12

Years full-time teaching: 23

She: Traded the comfort of 13 years at another high school for the challenge of helping open Heritage five years ago, quickly becoming the backbone of an interdisciplinary team-teaching approach for underclassmen that's the ***working-class*** school's hallmark. Partners with biology and social science teachers to teach 90 sophomores three hours a day, allowing teachers to get a fix on individual needs: "With 2,300 students, we have to work hard to make sure that no one is invisible." Focuses on life lessons, from having students create personal school-oriented agendas to imparting the importance of reading through the prison revelation passages in *The Autobiography of Malcolm X.* Turned one English class into a Poetry Slam coffeehouse, complete with tablecloths and candlelight. Designed a program to help colleagues teach and grade writing assignments in all subjects. Created business field experiences for seniors in which groups work with businesses to solve

problems; one helped Boise Cascade sort the pros and cons of having an in-house day-care facility. Often the first cited by graduates as the teacher who best prepared them for college. Says nominator Nancy Bush-Lange: "Besides being a great teacher, she's fun to be around, so no one hesitates to ask for help. She's salt of the earth."

Nominated by: Nancy Bush-Lange, principal

Michael Corcoran

Dickinson High, Jersey City, N.J.

Science research, grades 10-12

Years full-time teaching: 31

He: In 10 years, turned an inner-city school with limited resources into a science fair powerhouse. For the past eight years, his students have won more than half of all the medals at the regional science fair. Guided one duo to $ 100,000 top team prize at the 2002 national Siemens-Westinghouse Competition despite underdog status: "I'm sure other schools said, 'Forget about them. You don't have to worry about the people from Jersey City.' " Attracts students citywide; many from underprivileged backgrounds move on to the Ivy League and medical careers: "We have admissions officers call and question their applications: 'They really did this?' " Requires an interview to enter his three-year program. "It's not just about instruction," says principal James Burke. "It's about getting kids motivated." Uses no tests, no exams, no textbooks; evaluation is by research log and oral presentation. Lets classroom discussion veer from science to religions (there are five among a group of 18)

to Diana Ross: "Whatever the topic, the method of argument is beneficial to what they do." Says colleague Barbara Baletti: "He's like the maestro. In that little room, as small as it is, from that little nucleus, it's amazing what comes out of it."

Nominated by: Ellen Deutsch, former supervisor

Jerry Robertson

Forest Acres Elementary, Easley, S.C.

Students with learning disabilities, grades 3-5

Years full-time teaching: 14

He: Gave up lucrative floral business at 40 to teach kids with learning disabilities after struggles with his special-needs son. Draws 14 students countywide for hands-on skill-building, from mail delivery system to opening a card shop: "There's potential for a lesson in everything in the world, and standards are there in everything we do." Has students run a "Chowabunga Canteen" to sell to other kids and to construction workers at school; kids earn money for field trips while learning math, responsibility and social skills. Won $ 6,000 grant for greenhouse; started environmental and recycling clubs drawing 35% of the school and integrating his kids into the student body. Won statewide acclaim for schoolwide recycling program: "We got down from about 18 bags a day to about six pieces of paper. The custodians loved us." Works on social skills and has his students join other classes on overnight field trips. Stays cool and constantly improves: "I go back every evening and

reflect on what should I have done differently. I think we have to meet children where they are. We're the adults." Says colleague Stacy Bullard: "He's positive, and he's a go-getter. He's always willing. Anything you ask him to do, he'll find a way to do it. He'll find the money. He'll find the means. The people he needs to contact, he makes those contacts. He's one of those that if he says he'll do it, he means that."

Nominated by: Betty Randolph, principal

Charles Boucher

Burrillville High, Harrisville, R.I.

Bio-tech, engineering, animation, grades 9-12

Years full-time teaching: 19

He: Took a two-thirds pay cut from industrial engineering to return to teaching and never looked back: "I love bringing something of value from my experience in industry." Created 11 courses, including animation, computer-assisted design and biotechnology, plus culinary arts and arts-and-entertainment academies, building his school's industrial arts program into a state model. Spends each summer designing new courses, soliciting the top professionals for advice and class participation: "If you show professionals that you're serious, they become vested in your program." Has computer-design students learn by doing; they've won state and national competitions and have built sculptures for the Mohegan Sun Casino in Connecticut and a winning July 4 parade float for the U.S. Postal Service. Stresses practical applications with such projects as designing the school's baseball dugouts, designing solar panels to help power the school building, building playgrounds and adaptive

equipment for special-needs students: "The most important job is not to teach your subject matter, but to teach them the application." Comes full circle from former Burrillville High student-athlete to technology club adviser and coach of archery, baseball and soccer teams. Sends dozens of former students on to careers in engineering, computing, construction and medicine: "They have to be turned on; the way you can do that isn't a mystery."

Nominated by: Barbara VonVillas, superintendent

Anne MacLeod Cognard

Lincoln (Neb.) High East

English, grades 9-12

Years full-time teaching: 23

She: Teaches Advanced Placement English, Shakespeare and British literature, but extends efforts to at-risk students, whom she includes when arranging dual-enrollment college courses. Wrote grants to create a program for ninth- and 10th-graders with reading and writing deficiencies, rotating them between teams of top teachers and challenging them with non-remedial work: "The kids don't know they can't do it. Nobody says, 'Gosh, you're an at-risk kid. We can't teach you this stuff.' " Tailors each class to student capabilities: "There's a line between holding kids accountable and not pushing kids over the edge, and she knows how to do that," says principal Mary Beth Lehmanowsky. Spent the bulk of her $ 28,750 Christa McAuliffe fellowship grant on computers, books and other materials directly benefiting students. Produced online textbook (ehs.lps.org/ academics/McAuliffe/Default.html) incorporating literature in honors writing instruction, and is starting a hard-copy writing

textbook. In Russia now as one of 25 teachers selected by the State Department to teach, speak and meet with government officials; also going to Japan on a Fulbright. Holds doctorate in English, as does her husband and her two daughters. Her students "come out of there independent learners. They're ready to go on their own," nominator Doug Christensen says. "She teaches them how to learn, how to judge their own learning, not to accept shallow work. It's probably the best preparation for post- secondary (education) that anybody can get."

Nominated by: Doug Christensen, state education commissioner

Betty Brandenburg Yundt

Walker Intermediate School, Fort Knox, Ky.

Grade 5

Years full-time teaching: 21

She: Guides fifth-graders into sophisticated thought through a year of change, physically and intellectually, at a Department of Defense school with an annual 40% mobility rate, where parents can be deployed on a moment's notice. Quiet voice and serene demeanor set a reassuring tone; though students' lives may be chaotic, "all is peaceful and calm in Betty Yundt's classroom," says nominator Betty Lou Williams. Has students cut out "Flat Stanley" dolls, based on a flattened storybook character who has world adventures, to mail to or send with friends and family around the world; the common project takes on uncommon dimension schoolwide as students who leave mid-year take a Stanley to maintain connection, and parents in war zones use Stanley's letters to articulate fears in a non-threatening way. Maintains world map charting the Stanleys' travels; at Fort Knox, "Send me a Stanley" means "Help, I'm being deployed." On team that won $ 32,000 Christa McAuliffe grant to implement and

study a program helping students identify and harness their different learning styles. At the center of school's literacy and writing initiatives and district's "Mastery Learning" initiative, allowing students scoring below 80% on any test a chance for more instruction and retesting. "Whenever we talk about changes in American history, we bring it back to the changes they are seeing in themselves. Change is our theme all year long."

Nominated by: Betty Lou Williams, school counselor

Be Janet Teng

Hightower Elementary School, Plano, Texas

English for Speakers of Other Languages, grades K-5

Years full-time teaching: 11

She: Draws on experience as refugee airlifted out of Vietnam in 1975 to connect immigrant students and their families to community resources and demystify American culture: "They remind me of myself 28 years ago. So when I think of that, what can I give back?" Fluent in Vietnamese, Cantonese, Mandarin and English and is learning Spanish. A master at identifying individual strengths and weaknesses and developing strategies to teach her 30 students, who speak 10 different languages. Teaches not just language but culture: "I really stress Thanksgiving. I am touched by the story of the Pilgrims, who come to this country and build a new life and take time to be grateful. It's a fine line we walk to retain our own culture and learn a new culture." Facilitates cultural adjustment in both directions, speaking to immigrant and community groups. Co-chairs school Multi-Ethnic Committee and encourages immigrant parents to join the PTA, volunteer at school and get their kids into scouting

or sports. "Her outreach extends to everyone -- students, parents, the custodian, the lunch room staff. She wants to bring out the best in you," says colleague Lisa Veteto. "Janet is really a student of teaching, always looking for something to do better."

Nominated by: Sandra Wysong, principal

VES 6thgrade.net team

Michelle Evans, Shirl Weight, Carolyn Hogge

Valley Elementary School, Huntsville, Utah

Grade 6

Years full-time teaching: 17 (Evans, Weight), 9 (Hogge)

They: Clicked when they teamed up six years ago, injecting humor, theatrics and community involvement into immersion learning methods. Won more than $ 130,000 in grants to fund their visions, including student-run nature center and computer and science labs. Started EconoMe, a society with jobs, pay, businesses, insurance and calamities, teaching math and money management to students in Weber County, which has one of the highest bankruptcy rates in the country; math scores rose and a survey showed an 88% increase in family budgeting and financial discussion. Launched community-wide "Read for the Gold," a four-year, Olympic-themed reading program, in 1998, offering ring pins to readers who completed annual goals, including personal reading and reading to others. Have students dress up as medical staff to revive "Mr. Blue," who ails from weak verbs and needs stronger ones to feel better. "The kids are more likely to pay attention if something humorous comes along," Weight says.

Cobbled together grants to build 10-seat computer lab spaceships; Valley's science scores have become the best in the district. Says principal Tommy Lee: "They're innovative, complement each other well and are absolutely dedicated to their students."

Nominated by: Christine Hirst, parent

Judy Faye Peebles

Ida B. Wells Academy, Memphis

Special education enrichment, grades 7-8

Years full-time teaching: 26

She: Teaches at alternative school for students at least two grade levels behind or who have had too many absences, suspensions or conflicts; 95% qualify for free or reduced-price lunch. Persuaded school to change class name to "enrichment" from "special education." Analyzes assessments to craft individual plans; last year, her students gained 10%-15% on state tests. Gets apathetic readers to research, write, illustrate and bind their own books; students' work has been published in the local newspaper and national publications. Starts each year by "Celebrating Me," having students set academic, behavior and attitude goals, identify people who can help them, write their "biopoems": "When students know who they are, they do better." Devises math problems using stats from the local NBA team after each game: "Most of my students are boys who love sports. They look at it as talking about the Grizzlies, not doing math." Has students read at Head Start programs and do weekend service

activities. Asks each parent to sign a pledge to read 30 minutes each day with their child; wrote guide for parents to help kids read. Won $ 43,000 Scholastic Read 180 grant, providing eight computers, software and books. Uses electronic portfolios; gives year-end CD to parents. Breaks the cycle of negativity: "No putdowns allowed. After they master self-esteem, they can master anything." Holds "Peebles' Idol" every six weeks, with students singing karaoke and explaining song meanings, an upbeat spin on *American Idol*: "There are no Simons here. Everyone must be Paula."

Nominated by: Stephanie Dawson, colleague

Classroom of the Future

Allison Curran, Christene Alfonsi

Fairfield (Ohio) High

Interdisciplinary English/social studies, grade 10

Years full-time teaching: 9 (Curran), 6 (Alfonsi)

They: Bring complementary talents and a shared passion for inspiring students to think critically into a classroom that runs as quickly and intricately as a volleyball match. Teamed five years ago even though 10th-grade curricula (Alfonsi's English literature and Curran's world history) aren't an obvious fit, to build circles of belonging and intimacy for their sophomores, the youngest in a large suburban high school. Finish each other's sentences: Curran starts, "We try to find . . . " Alfonsi finishes, " . . . the less obvious connections." Vary topics from the environment to values to "reform or revolution" to cover the breadth of the curriculum: "We take an idea and trace it from ancient to modern history through literature and then into the students' lives now," Alfonsi says. "We ask, 'What does it mean to you today, and how do we face the future?' " Provide multiple formats for expression, including provocative discussion in a Socratic

Seminar, time capsules, portfolios, essays and student-initiated community activism; one student's project landed him on a city subcommittee planning a skateboard park. Require students to write a paper explaining the three-hour daily class's goals and methods to parents. Says Juan Guerra, 16: "They teach what everyone else teaches, but they give an extra spice to it. It looks crazy, but we get a lot done."

Nominated by: Kim Young, colleague

Elisabeth Hadley

Haw Creek Elementary, Asheville, N.C.

Grade 2

Years full-time teaching: 23

She: Organizes her "Planet Octmar" classroom around a *Star Wars* theme, with each child a "Padawan," or Jedi Knight in training, honing a Jedi's most powerful gift, the gift of knowledge. Padawans hold Jedi Council meetings to work out differences and celebrate successes; a large, paper lightsaber grows with students' academic, emotional and social gains. Meticulously studies specific needs to tailor instruction: "Before I even meet the children, I look through their cumulative folders and take notes on home situations, number of siblings, parental education and health issues." Uses lots of movement, hands-on learning grounded in child development: To study pioneers, pupils build log homes, write with quill and ink, make butter and cornbread, measure Conestoga wagon dimensions. Presents annual kindergarten readiness workshop for parents at a local day-care center. Incorporates Spanish to make up for classes lost to budget cuts. Wears fanny-pack First Aid kit:

"I'm also their mom, their nurse, their psychologist, their social worker." Says principal Linda Ferguson: "She has the ability to look at each child and call forth what is best . . . and to inspire a child to try things that seem like they may be too difficult. And she does it in a way that makes a child willing to try and try again."

Nominated by: Cathy Burton, parent

Wendy Nelson Kauffman

Bloomfield (Conn.) High

Social studies, grades 10 and 12

Years full-time teaching: 12

She: Turned to teaching in 1990 after finding TV journalism unsatisfying. Has students write autobiographies each fall, keep journals all year and write position papers on historical questions to help her better understand them, help them understand the importance of personal history and sharpen their writing and thinking. Brings history to life by having students research and do dramatic role-playing; they've put Socrates on trial and visited Ellis Island, returning to act out immigrant experiences in a schoolwide performance. "She makes everything like you are really there (in history). She listens to you; she makes you want to think," says Krystal Powell, 17. Had students interview retirement home residents about fashion, World War II and the Depression for an oral history book. Has students at 90% black school hold a "town meeting" to resolve issues during Reconstruction; they also argued a debate set in the 1850s illuminating the role of the North in maintaining slavery.

"Certain skills they have to learn: writing, critical thinking, class participation. If you mix that with something that's fun for them and plays to their strengths, I think it makes it easier for them to do the hard work in class." Assigns political cartoons, songs, posters, but also is an incisive writing instructor; 100% of her former students who are seniors this year passed the state writing exam. Mentors new teachers and is at the center of efforts to improve academics. " I want them to feel safe, I want them to take risks, I want them to become who they want to be."

Nominated by: Luzviminda Antonio, administrator

Kinder Country Team

Steven Hicks, Candace Baker

The Accelerated School, Los Angeles

Kindergarten

Years full-time teaching: 16 (Hicks), 19 (Baker)

They: Spent a year teaming informally before launching Kinder Country last year at a South Central L.A. charter school that's 100% black and Hispanic, with 90% eligible for free or reduced-price lunch. Splash their room, in a rented rec hall, with color, student artwork, maps and signs. Make home visits, often for dinner, to connect with the families and better understand the home environment. Enlist four student teachers, two bilingual aides and a volunteer "foster grandmother" to individualize instruction for 40 kindergartners, six hours a day. "I do a lot of the art and social studies and work with the ESL families. He's the chop-chop man, keeps things going. He does the science. He keeps up with the educational research," Baker says. Divide students into groups of five for an "eight-ring circus" of learning centers for intensive tiered instruction, unstructured free play and individual assessments. Have students count and sort M&M's onto colored shapes and record their

totals, typical of their "saturation" approach incorporating colors, shapes, numbers and writing into math. Teach English by immersion to their many immigrant students. Get kids to write from the start, whether they're fluent readers or kids learning to form their first letters; by the first year-end "authors evening," all could write words and read. Says parent Michele Wolfe: "It's not a 'stay in the lines' kind of place. I have a creative kid who looks at things a little differently, like a fly on the ceiling, and they nourished his creativity."

Nominated by: Johnathan Williams, school co-founder

Melissa Rooney

Vineyards Elementary, Naples, Fla.

Students with autism, grades 3-5

Years full-time teaching: 11

She: Volunteered two years ago to teach the most severely autistic children at the school. Got a black eye her first day of class from a boy with many behavioral problems; now he takes Accelerated Reader tests, is starting to write and do math and uses words to express anger. Collaborates with parents, aides and therapists to develop individual plans for four to eight students, breaking down behavior and communication goals into tiny incremental successes. Draws from a huge repertoire of methods, including music, dance, sign language, Applied Behavior Analysis behavior modification, peer interaction: "You don't know what's the special key that unlocks the door." Got some students going on field trips and to mainstream art classes; one moved out of self-contained classroom. Trains regular-ed volunteers: "If one of the special-needs students has a bad day, the other kids don't stand and gawk. They just roll with it," says nominator Robert Spano. Knew "reverse mainstreaming" was

working when regular-ed kids started spending recess with her students. Chairs school's major fall fundraiser, which has earned $ 30,000 in two years. Interest in children with disabilities began when she was a child and saw "children who looked different" being led to the classroom under the stairs. "It's not about Melissa Rooney; it's about a team and how we collaborate together."

Nominated by: Robert Spano, former principal

Timothy Flay Jr.

Hialeah-Miami Lakes High, Hialeah, Fla.

Theater arts, grades 9-12

Years full-time teaching: 7

He: Rescued drama program from three small classes in 1997 to 200 students in six classes; the drama club is up to 60 from seven. Brings humor, energy and experience as an actor and director to inner-city school of 3,350, many of them immigrants. Directs 20 student performances a year, from musicals like *Guys and Dolls* to think pieces about social problems. "I teach them trust, that what happens in here stays in here. They have to leave their 'cool' outside the door." Emphasizes communication and critical thinking, crucial for standardized tests and life: "When kids analyze a character for a play, they go outside the text. They're thinking outside the box." Takes Shakespeare's *Othello* to English classes, making student-actors stay in character as fellow students probe character and motivation. Designed handbook and workshop to help other Florida theater teachers boost graduation exam scores. Requires advanced students to run their own

company. Takes students to state competitions; one girl's screenplay was turned into a movie that aired on Showtime. Emphasizes academics, monitoring progress in all students' classes; counsels some through crises like drugs or parental death. "He's more than a teacher to us," says Masbelis Perez, 17.

Nominated by: Marteen Longo, assistant principal

Honorable mentions

\* Steve Armstrong, Adlai Stevenson High, Lincolnshire, Ill. AP history, AP government.

\* Robin Beamer, Ceres Elementary School, Bluefield, W.Va., library/media.

\* Peggy Campbell-Rush, Union Township School, Hampton, N.J., kindergarten.

\* Vickie Lynn DeBruin, Uthoff Valley Elementary School, Fenton, Mo., fifth grade.

\* Marzet Farris, Conackamack Middle School, Piscataway, N.J., industrial arts/technology.

\* Linda Fonner, New Martinsville (W.Va.) School, fifth-grade science.

\* Coleen Hughes, Space Coast Jr./Sr. High, Cocoa, Fla., physical education (now assistant principal at DeLaura Middle School, Satellite Beach, Fla.).

\* J.D. Hughes, Mirror Lake Elementary School, Villa Rica, Ga., physical education.

\* Cynthia Jesup, Spruce Creek High, Port Orange, Fla., visual art.

\* Jeremy Kessenich, Mount Horeb (Wis.) High, math.

\* Ken Montgomery, Rancho Bernardo High, San Diego, speech, American literature.

\* Kathleen Hess Osborne, Richlands, Cedar Bluff and Raven elementary schools, Richlands, Va., gifted education.

\* Jerry Parks, Georgetown (Ky.) Middle School, social studies.

\* Barry Sprague, Park View Elementary School, Washington, D.C., science.

\* Kathy Virdin, Valley Point Elementary School, Dalton, Ga., science, social studies.

\* American Studies Team (Penny Ferguson, Mark White), Maryville (Tenn.) High, honors American literature and history.

The judges

\* Carol Antes, 1998 All-USA Teacher Team

\* Betty Bigney, 2000 All-USA Teacher Team

\* Penelope Earley, American Association of College for Teacher Education

\* Segun Eubanks, National Education Association

\* Richard Flanary, National Association of Secondary School Principals

\* Gary Galluzzo, George Mason University

\* Candice Johnson, National Association of Elementary School Principals

\* Janie MacIntyre, 2001 All-USA Teacher Team

\* Tim McDonough, American Council on Education

\* Robert Thornton, Housatonic Community College

\* Phyllis Toy Wong, National Middle School Association

Reported by:

Olivia Barker in Jersey City; Ron Barnett in Easley, S.C.; Fred Bayles in Harrisville, R.I.; Jacqueline Blais in Bloomfield, Conn.; Barbara Blake in Asheville, N.C.; Larry Copeland in Smyrna, Ga.; Marco R. della Cava in Vancouver, Wash.; Marilyn Elias in Los Angeles; Jefferson Graham in Huntsville, Utah; Cathy Lynn Grossman in Fairfield, Ohio, and Plano, Texas; Michael Lindenberger in Fort Knox, Ky.; Dennis Moore in Memphis; Martha H. Shad in Port Washington, Wis.; Deborah Sharp in Miami; Steve Wieberg in Lincoln, Neb.; Pam Witmer in Naples, Fla.; and Tracey Wong Briggs in Ellisville and Washington, Mo., and Pikeville, Ky.

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**Section:** FEATURES BOOKS; Pg. Q03

**Length:** 4368 words

**Byline:** Carlin Romano INQUIRER BOOK CRITIC and Michael D. Schaffer,, INQUIRER BOOK EDITOR

**Body**

AMERICAN FICTION

Charming Billy by Alice McDermott (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $22). Winner of the National Book Award for Fiction, a story of a lovable Irish drunk and the woman he could never forget. "An astoundingly beautiful novel about the persistence of love" (Susan Miron).

The All-True Travels and Adventures of Lidie Newton by Jane Smiley (Random House, $26). Pulitzer Prize-winner Smiley gives us tall, plain Lidie Newton, who loses her abolitionist husband to pro-slavery violence in the Kansas of the 1850s. "A memorable book, a refreshing concoction of imagination sure-handedly blended with history" (Denise Gess).

Birds of America by Lorrie Moore (Knopf, $23). A wondrous collection of stories populated with sharply drawn, quirky characters. "Should establish [Lorrie Moore] as one of America's best short-story writers" (Susan Miron).

Cities of the Plain by Cormac McCarthy (Knopf, $24). The final volume of McCarthy's "Border Trilogy." "Soars as few American novels have in recent years" (Tim Warren).

A Man in Full by Tom Wolfe (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $28.95). A sprawling, rollicking tale, set in Atlanta, of real estate, race and big-time college football. "Too accomplished to miss, the capstone of a man whose vanities produce triumphs, not bonfires" (Carlin Romano).

I Married a Communist by Philip Roth (Houghton Mifflin, $26). Roth takes on McCarthyism in his latest novel featuring alter-ego Nathan Zuckerman. "What Roth does superbly is to give a literary spin to love and betrayal, blacklists, and naming names" (Sanford Pinsker).

Kaaterskill Falls by Allegra Goodman (Dial Press, $23.95). A lovingly told tale that evokes both Cynthia Ozick and Anthony Trollope as it depicts a community of Orthodox Jews and their summer retreat in the Catskills. "As broad and sweeping as a 19th-century panoramic novel" (Karen Heller).

Marchlands by Karla Kuban (Scribner, $23). A dramatic debut novel that astutely chronicles a young woman's coming of age in the west. "A novel of strength, with the vision of dreams and the endurance of hope" (Peter Landry).

Park City by Ann Beattie (Knopf, $25). In a collection of 36 stories dating back to 1976, Beattie probes, sympathetically but unblinkingly, the unhappiness of a feckless cast of characters. Beattie "discovers and reveals why the richest, most liberated nation in the world is so chronically unhappy" (Roland Kelts).

A Patchwork Planet by Anne Tyler (Knopf, $24). Another extraordinary look at ordinary people - this time, the black-sheep son of a prominent family - by a writer both precise and compassionate. "So wonderfully readable that one swallows it in a single gulp" (Lelia Ruckenstein).

The Poisonwood Bible by Barbara Kingsolver (HarperFlamingo, $26). A family of Georgia Baptists carries the Gospel to the Congo in 1959, with consequences they never expected. "Haunting, sad, poetic" (Georgia Jones-Davis).

A Widow for One Year by John Irving (Random House, $27.95). The popular storyteller's ninth novel, about a writer marked forever by her dysfunctional family. "Intricately plotted, startling, sentimental and addictive in the grand Irving style" (Peter Landry).

Revere Beach Boulevard by Roland Merullo (Henry Holt, $23). First of a proposed trilogy on Italian-Americans in a down-at-the-heels, ***working-class*** Massachusetts town. "A portrait of caring people quietly coping with their troubles" (James Polk).

Thirst by Ken Kalfus (Milkweed Editions, $16). A witty and delightful debut collection of short stories by a Philadelphia author. "Slyly subversive" (James Held).

The Girl in the Flammable Skirt by Aimee Bender (Doubleday, $21.95). Debut story collection in which a man experiences reverse evolution, a returning soldier loses his lips, and a librarian checks out every man who approaches her desk. "A wild imagination, full of bikini-bold sexiness and brute deformity, shaped into art by the sure hand of a fabulist" (Carlin Romano).

Two Cities by John Edgar Wideman (Houghton Mifflin, $24). A love story set against the gritty urban background of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. "An intricate and moving story about courage, love and survival in a world that is seemingly coming apart" (V.R. Peterson).

The Voyage of the Narwhal by Andrea Barrett (Norton, $24.95). A finely crafted tale of 19th-century exploration, of Arctic seas and of the human character. Barrett's novel is set partly in Philadelphia and partly in the Arctic. "Sails into our imagination and conscience, a journey of true discovery" (Sandra Scofield).

Damascus Gate by Robert Stone (Houghton Mifflin, $26). A half-Jewish, half-Catholic journalist gets embroiled in Middle East politics in Stone's "eerie, exhilarating" sixth novel. "A stunning achievement" (Lisa Zeidner).

The Paris Years of Rosie Kamin by Richard Teleky (Steerforth, $24). First novel about an American-Jewish woman, in self-imposed Parisian exile, whose French lover is dying. "A powerful, poignant novel rooted in the multicultural Paris of today, not the impressionist fantasy of yesteryear"(Carlin Romano).

FOREIGN FICTION

Blindness by Jose Saramago (Harcourt Brace, $22). A man stops at a traffic light and finds, to his surprise, that he has gone blind. Soon, the whole country is blind, with disastrous results. A parable of civilization's fragility from the Portuguese author who won this year's Nobel Prize. "Philosophically serious" (Melvin Jules Bukiet).

Death in Summer by William Trevor (Viking, $23.95). One of the greatest short-story writers of our day turns his hand to a novel, with stunning results. "Dissecting, probing, and revealing without a wasted word or effort" (Peter Landry).

The Love of a Good Woman by Alice Munro (Knopf, $24). Canadian short-story writer Munro gives us eight tales of oddball characters seeking their own kind of happiness. "Munro's clarity is refreshing, her simplicity beguiling" (Lionel Shriver).

The Museum Guard by Howard Norman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $24). Canadian novelist Norman tells the strange story, set against the looming clouds of World War II, of a woman who imagines that she is the subject of a painting by an obscure modern Dutch artist. "Norman has figured out how to write a truly literary story, rich in language and character, that is also incredibly dynamic and cinematic" (Georgia Jones-Davis).

Soft! by Rupert Thomson (Knopf, $24). A subliminal marketing scheme for a new British soft drink leads to deadly results. "Perceptive, entertaining and confidently written" (Lionel Shriver).

Once Upon the River Love by Andrei Makine (Arcade, $23.95). A story of awakening passions by the Russian-born, Paris-based winner of the Prix Goncourt for Dreams of My Russian Summers. "A vivid portrait of Siberian life that is crude, harsh and unforgiving" (James Polk).

Tivolem by Victor Rangel-Ribeiro (Milkweed, $24). Memories of old Goa in a prize-winning novel by an Indian expatriate. "Gently evokes the well-made fiction of an earlier age" (Vrinda Condillac).

The File on H by Ismail Kadare (Arcade, $23.95). Two Irish-American "folklorists" arrive in a small Albanian town, and therein lies a tale. "Dark and penetrating in the manner of Samuel Beckett's fiction" (Paula Friedman).

Secrets by Nurrudin Farah (Arcade, $23.95). The Somalian novelist and dissident serves up a dysfunctional family in Mogadishu on the eve of civil war. "Prose that is as fluid and ornate as calligraphy on parchment" (T. Obinkaram Echewa).

Nike by Nicholas Flokos (Houghton Mifflin, $20). An ancient statue and a modern corporate brand clash in this first novel evocative of the Greek islands. "Packs the punch of four ouzos" (Merilyn Jackson).

BIOGRAPHY

Anne Frank by Melissa Mueller (Metropolitan Books, $23). Journalist Mueller's account fills in some of the details of the doomed diarist's life and reveals how close she came to being saved. "Ably celebrates what it calls 'a life of singular intensity' " (Julia M. Klein).

Victor Hugo by Graham Robb (Norton, $39.95). Winner of England's prestigious Whitbread Award, a comprehensive life of the immortal French novelist. "Stands as a model of what the modern biography can accomplish" (Wendy Smith).

Stephen Sondheim by Meryle Secrest (Alfred A. Knopf, $30). Life of the foremost contemporary lyricist and composer for the Broadway musical theater. "A remarkable job on integrating the life and the work" (Clifford A. Ridley).

Ethics Into Action: Henry Spira and the Animal Rights Movement by Peter Singer (Rowman & Littlefield, $22.95). Biography of the founder of the animal rights movement, by the philosopher who inspired him. "An admirable case of philosophy paying homage to action: a brilliant portrait of what ethical revolution looks like while still struggling uphill" (Carlin Romano).

Dawn Powell by Tim Page (Henry Holt, $30). An illuminating account of novelist Dawn Powell (1896-1965), whose work is being rediscovered in the 1990s. Page's "research and analysis are models of the biographer's art" (Wendy Smith).

A Hope in the Unseen by Ron Suskind (Broadway Books, $25). The inspirational account of a poor but determined black teenager's road to the Ivy League. "A remarkably intimate work" (V.R. Peterson).

Irving Howe by Edward Alexander (Indiana, $35). Portrait of the widely admired democratic socialist, literary critic, and secular Jewish scholar. "Studiously avoids both undue sentimentality and overly harsh censure" (Sanford Pinsker).

The Man Who Loved Only Numbers by Paul Hoffman (Hyperion, $22.95). Paul Erdos (1913-1996) was one of the most respected mathematicians of the modern era, and one of the strangest. Paul Hoffman tells an entertaining story of flawed genius. "A good job of presenting the image of a paradox: a man who couldn't stand physical contact with others, but who touched everyone who knew him" (Charles Seife).

N.C. Wyeth by David Michaelis (Knopf, $40). Comprehensive life of America's premier illustrator and founding father of an artistic dynasty. "Splendid" (Edward J. Sozanski).

Anton Chekhov by Donald Rayfield (Holt, $35). Based on new research, life of the "infinitely contradictory" Russian doctor and writer who died, at age 44, at the height of his career. "A gargantuan achievement" (Clifford A. Ridley).

A Slant of Sun by Beth Kephart (Norton, $23). Local author Kephart writes movingly of her young son's developmental problems. "Intimate and moving" (Gloria Hochman).

Titan by Ron Chernow (Random House, $30). A richly detailed life of John D. Rockefeller Sr. "Rockefeller has been scrutinized by dozens of biographers, but none has been as skilled, or as exhaustive, as Ron Chernow" (Steve Weinberg).

The Unfinished Presidency by Douglas Brinkley (Viking, $29.95). An account of former President Jimmy Carter's extraordinary activities on behalf of peace and social justice since leaving the White House. "Comprehensive" (Larry Eichel).

King of the World by David Remnick (Random House, $25). New Yorker editor Remnick's account of the rise of Muhammad Ali focuses more on Ali's predecessors as heavyweight champion than on Ali, but introduces him to those too young to remember when he ruled boxing. "A gifted writer viewing familiar terrain from a fresh perspective" (Elmer Smith).

Mary Baker Eddy by Gillian Gill (Perseus, $35). First full biography of the founder of Christian Science by a non-Christian Scientist scholar. "An amazing life, superbly researched and understood" (Carlin Romano).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Still Me by Christopher Reeve (Random House, $25). Actor Reeve, paralyzed in a riding accident, recounts in harrowing detail the challenges of life as a quadriplegic in an age of managed care. "A major contribution" (Suzanne Gordon).

Will This Do by Auberon Waugh (Carroll & Graf, $24). Memoir by the English literary critic, son of novelist Evelyn Waugh. "From first to last, heartwarmingly politically incorrect" (Frank Wilson).

A Transatlantic Love Affair: Letters to Nelson Algren by Simone de Beauvoir (The New Press, $27.50). A best-seller in France, more than 300 letters written in English over 20 years, from the French philosopher and novelist to her great American love. "Enormously eye-opening about the woman once seen mainly as Sartre's high priestess of existentialism" (Carlin Romano).

America, Day by Day by Simone de Beauvoir (California, $27.50). The French novelist and philosopher's diary of her four-month journey across America in 1947. "Like her letters to Algren, raw, exact, blunt and often wildly funny - what became of the broken-Sartred when she traveled on her own" (Carlin Romano).

Birthday Letters by Ted Hughes (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $20). The late poet laureate of England's final testament on his relationship with Sylvia Plath. "Incandescent and profound" (Lisa Zeidner).

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS

Cold New World by William Finnegan (Random House, $26). A sobering view of the cold, hard world of American teenagers, told through the lives of four teens. "Astonishingly intimate and evocative portraits" (William O'Brien).

Created Unequal by James K. Galbraith (The Free Press, $26). A widening pay inequity among the various sectors of the American economy threatens to undermine our middle-class democracy, according to the author. "Galbraith's painstaking and brilliant analysis has far-reaching philosophical implications" (James North).

An Empire Wilderness by Robert D. Kaplan (Random House, $25.50). Journalist Kaplan peers into the 21st century and sees a greatly changed America in which the gap between haves and have-nots will make certain parts of the country resemble the Third World. "Stimulating" (Warren Leon).

To End a War by Richard Holbrooke (Random House, $27.95). Diplomat Holbrooke tells how he brokered a peace settlement in Bosnia. "Easily the best book of recent years on how to carry off a diplomatic negotiation" (Craig Eisendrath).

The Overspent American by Juliet B. Schor (Basic Books, $25). The competition to stay one up on the neighbors is more intense than ever, according to Juliet Schor. "An engaging book that will cause readers to look afresh not only at their society but also at themselves" (Warren Leon).

Reeling in Russia by Fen Montaigne (St. Martin's, $24.95). Journalist Montaigne fishes his way across Russia, exploring the country's vast rural reaches and looking for the soul of post-communist Russia. "Entertaining and thought-provoking" (Martha Brill Olcott).

Surviving the Silence by Charlotte Pierce-Baker (Norton, $23.95). A compelling account by a rape survivor that begins a conversation about the painful reality of rape for black women. "Compelling and vital" (Alexis Moore).

A Tribe Apart by Patricia Hersch (Fawcett Columbine/Ballantine, $25). America's teenagers have been left alone far too much for their own good, writes Patricia Hersch in her study of eight teens in Reston, Va. "A contemporary masterpiece" (Steve Weinberg).

We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed With Our Families by Philip Gourevitch (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $25). New Yorker writer Gourevitch takes us on a tour of genocide in Rwanda. "A staggeringly good book . . . reportage of the highest order" (Tom Engelhardt).

A World Transformed by George Bush and Brent Scowcroft (Knopf, $30). President Bush and his national security adviser outline the foreign policy of the Bush adminisration. "Reveals . . . a wealth of detail about the main lines of U.S. foreign policy at the highest level during a most portentous period of our history" (Adam Garfinkle).

Bitter Pills by Stephen Fried (Bantam, $24.95). The prize-winning investigative reporter for Philadelphia Magazine examines how dangerous drugs are tested. "Fried not only raises questions, but also suggests solutions" (Mark Taylor).

Cyber Rights by Mike Godwin (Times, $27.50). The state of free speech on the Net, by the staff counsel for the Electronic Frontier Foundation. "Often reads, as Godwin intends, as a handbook for free-speech activism" (Reid Kanaley).

Beyond the Godfather Edited by A. Kenneth Ciongoli and Jay Parini (New England, $24.95). Essays by Italian American writers on literature, politics and "the people and relationships behind the stereotypes." "Easily the most sophisticated, thoughtful collection of pieces ever gathered on the Italian American experience" (Carlin Romano).

Spin Cycle by Howard Kurtz (Free Press, $25). Inside the Clinton propaganda machine with the Washington Post's media reporter. "Engrossing" (Ross Baker).

HISTORY

Slaves in the Family by Edward Ball (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $30). Winner of the National Book Award for Nonfiction. Ball, the descendant of South Carolina slave owners, traces his family's intimate connection with the people his family once owned - and their descendants. "A compelling, unblinking history" (Eric Wilson).

The Good Citizen by Michael Schudson (Free Press, $27.50). A history of American civic life, by a leading scholar, arguing that our concept of the "good citizen" has changed several times. "Shrewd research, solid storytelling and an enlightening thesis" (Carlin Romano).

Many Thousands Gone by Ira Berlin (Belknap/Harvard, $29.95). History of North America's first two centuries of slavery by arguably the greatest American expert on the subject. "A wonderful book reaching beyond stale and stiff views of an unchanging slavery" (Edward Baptist).

Berlin and Its Culture: A Historical Portrait by Ronald Taylor (Yale University Press, $39.95). A chronicle that spans seven centuries. "A useful overview of the culture of one of the world's fascinating cities" (Edward Dimendberg).

The Chan's Great Continent by Jonathan D. Spence (Norton, $27.50). Yale historian Jonathan Spence traces the West's fascination with China, dating to the time of Marco Polo in the 13th century. "A refreshingly readable treatise from a prominent scholar" (Lara Wozniak).

Israel and the Bomb by Avner Cohen (Columbia, $27.50). First detailed history of Israel's nuclear weapons program. "Unprecedented research into an officially suppressed subject - like a bomb itself, dropping on a shrouded corner of modern Israeli history" (Carlin Romano).

1898: The Birth of the American Century by David Traxel (Knopf, $30). Traxel argues that the 20th century really began in 1898, the year the United States became a world power by winning the Spanish American War. "Traxel identifies critical turns the country took in 1898 that changed who Americans were and determined what they would become" (Robert Schmuhl).

King Leopold's Ghost by Adam Hochschild (Houghton Mifflin, $26). A sobering account of attempts to end the horror of colonization in the Congo, Belgian King Leopold's private fiefdom, at the end of the 19th century. "Hochschild's great achievement is his ability to reduce the story to people" (James Zug).

The Story of American Freedom by Eric Foner (Norton, $27.95). Foner examines the various ways Americans have looked at freedom in the two centuries since the American Revolution, and how the concept of freedom continues to develop. "An insightful and provocative treatment of how we define ourselves as a nation" (Robert F. Engs).

The Children by David Halberstam (Simon & Schuster, $29.95). The stalwart journalist's massive account of eight young civil-rights activists and their later lives. "An enormous, ambitious undertaking, and it's mostly successful" (Tim Warren).

The Rape of Nanking by Iris Chang (Basic, $25). Unsparing look at the 1937 massacre of hundreds of thousands of Chinese by Japanese troops. "Compelling account of a horrendous episode" (Leonard Boasberg).

SCIENCE

Annals of the Former World by John McPhee (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A boulder-sized book on geology, from one of America's finest nonfiction writers. "Everywhere in this book one finds the joy not just of geology, but of what language can do with rocks and the study of rocks" (Rob Laymon).

Zen and the Brain by James Austin (M.I.T., $40). A neurologist and Zen practitioner explores how recent brain research squares with Zen experiences. "A unique, courageous attempt to explain the influence of physiological mechanisms on Zen states, and vice versa" (Carlin Romano).

Wild Thoughts About Wild Places by David Quammen (Scribner, $25). Selected pieces by Outside magazine's nature columnist, dwelling on species near and far. "Each is a well-crafted whole, packed with information as well as the excitement of discovery and thoughtful reflection" (Michael Zimmerman)

Central America: A Natural and Cultural History edited by Anthony G. Coates (Yale, $35). Essays on the scientific and cultural history of Central America. "An excellent introduction" (John R. Alden)

Making Sense of Illness by Robert Aronowitz (Cambridge, $29.95). A Philadelphia-area doctor and medical historian probes the social construction of diseases. 'Should be read by everybody who cares for the future of medicine" (Guenter Risse).

Other Worlds by Michael D. Lemonick (Simon & Schuster, $25). Time magazine science writer Lemonick tells the story of the search for extraterrestrial life. "An admirable guide to astronomy's newest mission" (Charles Seife).

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

The Lustre of Our Country by John T. Noonan Jr. (California, $35). History of religious freedom in the United States, by the magisterial scholar who is also a judge on the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. "An enormously learned study that daringly emphasizes our freedom to be religious over our freedom from religion" (Carlin Romano).

Decadence and Catholicism by Ellis Hanson (Harvard, $45). A meditation on aesthetics and spirituality that tries to make sense of the connections among decadents, homosexuals and Catholics. "A high-octane mix of the sacred and profane, likely to offend the orthodox of all stripes" (Frank Wilson).

The Art of Living by Alexander Nehamas (California, $29.95). Essays focused around the idea of Socrates as a model for later thinkers from Plato to Foucault. "Wise, undogmatic explorations of what it means for philosophy to be a way of life" (Carlin Romano).

Aesthetics and Ethics Ed. by Jerrold Levinson (Cambridge, $54.95). Essays by distinguished thinkers about the rights and duties of artists, the morality of censorship, and other issues where the two subjects clash. "In the era of NEA decency standards and Marilyn Manson antics, a needed spotlight on an increasingly controversial crossroads in modern thought" (Carlin Romano).

Consilience by Edward O. Wilson (Knopf, $26). The distinguished Harvard entomologist ponders whether the unity of knowledge is possible. "Wide-ranging and very ambitious" (Sanford Pinsker).

The Sociology of Philosophies by Randall Collins (Harvard, $49.95). A University of Pennsylvania sociologist's titanic effort to write a history and analysis of global intellectual life and influence. "Stupendous in ambition, rich in erudition, its attempt to explain the history of philosophical public relations should help undermine ahistorical visions of the field" (Carlin Romano).

CULTURAL CRITICISM

Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human By Harold Bloom (Riverhead, $35). The Yale scholar's unbrief brief that Shakespeare made us who we are. "The longest and most recklessly personal book that Bloom has ever produced" (Gregory Feeley).

Cultural Calisthenics by Robert Brustein (Ivan Dee, $26). New essays from the controversial director and theater critic. "Almost alone in our time, Brustein upholds the tradition of incisive theater criticism, and not mere reviewing, as essential to a serious culture" (Carlin Romano).

Why Sinatra Matters by Pete Hamill (Little, Brown, $19.95). Journalist Hamill, a Sinatra friend, explains how the skinny kid from Hoboken made himself an American legend. "Among this book's assets are Sinatra's own words on his early years and formation of his iconic persona" (Dan DeLuca).

Escapism by Yi-Fu Tuan (Johns Hopkins, $28). America's most eminent philosophical geographer ranges from ancient China to contemporary theme parks, arguing that human beings are "congenitally indisposed to accept reality as it is. . . . More original work from a scholar who escapes cliched approaches in every book he writes" (Carlin Romano).

Confederates in the Attic by Tony Horwitz (Pantheon, $27.50). Journalist Horwitz, who has covered wars himself, tries to figure out why Southerners keep fighting the Civil War. "A compelling, information-rich travelogue through the states of the Confederacy and through the state of mind that makes the war, for many Southerners, an unclosed chapter of American history" (Michael D. Schaffer).

The Practice of Reading by Denis Donoghue (Yale, $30). Fifteen essays, by the Irish critic who teaches at N.Y.U., that make the case for a "disinterested" approach to literature. "Even those not especially attracted to Donoghue's brand of literary/cultural conservativism will find themselves in his debt" (Sanford Pinsker).

PHILADELPHIANA

A Prayer for the City by Buzz Bissinger (Random House, $25.95). Philadelphia in the age of Mayor Rendell as a microcosm for the problems of big-city America. "An eyewitness account of the grim, funny, daily experience of trying to govern the ungovernable city" (Colin S. Diver).

Building Little Italy: Philadelphia's Italians Before Mass Migration by Richard Juliani (Penn State, $50, $19.95 paper). Philadelphia's first Italians - musicians, ice-cream salesmen, philosophers and more - reclaimed from history. "Sheds much light" (Albert DiBartolomeo).

From Immigrant to Ethnic Culture: American Yiddish in South Philadelphia by Rakhmiel Peltz (Stanford, $49.50 cloth, $18.95 paper). The director of Columbia University's Yiddish Studies program recalls the Yiddish-speaking community that he discovered as a young researcher. "From the specialized writing comes forth fierce emotion" (Kathryn Hellerstein).

Being Red in Philadelphia by Sherman Labovitz (Camino, $22). Memoir of the McCarthy era by a retired Stockton College professor who was convicted under the Smith Act in 1954. "An engaging, well-documented account" (William Smith).

Rebecca Gratz by Dianne Ashton (Wayne State, $39.95). Life of the beautiful daughter of a Jewish Philadelphia merchant who pursued a renowned career in charity work, and on whom Sir Walter Scott reportedly modeled Rebecca in Ivanhoe. "We are fortunate to have this first modern biography" (Susan Sklaroff).

**Graphic**

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PHOTO

"A Man in Full" looks at the morality of the '90s.

A biography examines math genius Paul Erdos.

Muhammad Ali is contrasted with his predecessors.

A noted short-story writer essays a novel.

"Soft!" a novel, deals with a deadly marketing campaign.

Assessing the West's 700-year fascination with China.

The actor recounts the challenges of paraplegia.

A "compelling" account by a black rape survivor.

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[***CRITICS WRONG; DIXON WAS PITT'S BEST CHOICE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48D8-42Y0-0094-50FP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Why is it that all the so-called Pitt fans and the media wanted the men's basketball head coaching job to go to Skip Prosser, John Calipari, or some other supposed big time coach? Because you lived in Pittsburgh, that makes you more qualified? Where were these individuals four years ago when the position was open and Ben Howland got the job? Many of these same people thought that was a bad choice.

Isn't it funny that Pitt went further in the tournament than any of these teams with their great coaches, and with losing only three seniors probably has a better returning team than they have?

Pitt and its fans talk about loyalty. Isn't it about time we showed some? The choice for coach was a no-brainer.

Even though they played for Ben Howland, Jamie Dixon recruited most of the players. Let's not forget the great job Ontario Lett, a Dixon recruit, did in only two years. And as Ben Howland once said, he's the only coach in the country with an all-conference player coming off the bench in Chevon Troutman, another Dixon recruit.

I am a big Pitt fan in most every sport, and I think that it is a mistake not to give Dixon a chance. He's been a part of the best recruiting classes ever to come to Pitt. The records the past two years prove this and they are only going to get better.

So let's stop worrying about who lived here before and what he did before.

After all, none off these people did these things with and for the University of Pittsburgh. Jamie Dixon did.

ROBERT HALL

McKeesport

You missed one, Danny      It's a shame Pitt hired its new basketball

coach, because Danny Nee could have completed the PIttsburgh trifecta and coached at Pitt. He was so darn good at Robert Morris for a year and has helped Duquesne grow greatly. At least he said so. Perhaps bringing in this out-of-touch man would've helped.

STEVEN BLOOM

Friendship

Say it ain't so, Mario      I have been hearing comments on certain sports

talk shows about the possibility of Mario Lemieux playing for another team in the NHL next year.

What in the world could have spawned this blasphemy? If it does happen, how could this franchise ever expect to sell another ticket in this city? As a dedicated fan of the game and of Pittsburgh sports, I have come to realize what I think most Pittsburgh hockey fans already know. I am a Mario Lemieux fan first, and a Penguins fan second. A heartbreak of this magnitude, however, would probably leave such a sour taste in my mouth, I couldn't possibly bring myself to buy another ticket for a Penguins game. Watching Lemieux play in another sweater would be like watching your faithful wife of 20 years have an affair on national television.

I thought it was great when Lemieux won the gold for Canada. I had no problems there. But this would be inexcusable. I don't care if he traded himself and brought millions of dollars to the ailing franchise. It's just not worth the pain.

ZACHARY MAZEFSKY

Squirrel Hill

Bully for you       Thank you, Gene Collier! Dale Petroskey, president of

the National Baseball Hall of Fame, is an absolute embarrassment, and I appreciate Collier's insight into this issue. I fear for an America that rewards Petroskey and his ilk for defining the parameters of responsibility, thus undermining the freedom that they pretend to love.

KEN CONNORS

Jacksonville, Fla.

A big whiff        In response to Gene Collier's recent column concerning

the National Baseball Hall of Fame, I guess the easiest way to sum up my feelings is to say: Stick to sports.

Sports writers should stick to sports, actors should stick to acting and businessmen, like myself, should stay with our area of expertise. You should not criticize Dale Petroskey, president of baseball's Hall of Fame. He is at least adept enough to realize that some people have the ability to make their opinions known on a larger stage than most, even if they have no particular expertise in the area on which they wish to vent.

Collier is doing the same thing. I highly doubt he is privy to sensitive information in regard to the safety of this nation, or has any formal training politically. So, once again, I must assert: stick to sports reporting.

CHRIS KOHAN

Carnegie

War reference bombs      In Mark Madden's recent column, the analogy of the

Bataan Death March and Arnold Palmer is reprehensible and totally void of any sensitivity for the occurrence and the people who perished or survived this horrific experience.

Perhaps Mr. Madden should approach his computer or a library and do a little research before trying his hand at analogies such this in an effort to produce this kind of "humor" in an attempt to extract a laugh or a smile.

Events such as this during World War II are the reason that Mr. Madden has the opportunity to author this type of despicable writing. In addition, he should apologize to Arnold Palmer for involving him in such a statement.

TOM WILEY

Glenshaw

JoePa's only human      Why is it that some deservedly proud and loyal Penn

State fans can't seem to grasp the concept that Joe Paterno is not perfect. Paterno has crafted and maintained a football program in Happy Valley that all blue and white followers should be proud of and grateful for.

Paterno has been a great college football coach. However, if any justified criticism of this demigod in the eyes of his faithful followers occurs, it is due to biased media or jealous Pitt fans. The brighter you shine your own halo, as Paterno is prone to do, the closer people will look to see if you practice what you preach.

If you are a thin-skinned blue-and-whiter, perhaps you should move to Centre County where Paterno is above reproach. There, you can read the Centre Daily Times, kiss Paterno's statue and not have to hear that the rest of the world doesn't suffer from hero worship of Joe Paterno or believe that the earth's axis doesn't spin on his imaginary eminence.

HOWARD CADE

Falls Creek

There is no defense       Joe Paterno has once again shamed himself, as well

as his program, by his handling of the situation involving defensive back Anwar Phillips. At the pre-spring practice press conference, a visibly unnerved Paterno defended the integrity of his program by deflecting inquiries as to why Phillips was allowed to participate in the Capital One Bowl by noting the school's impressive graduation rate. Phillips accepted responsibility Dec. 12 for the Nov. 12 sexual assault of a female student.

Paterno, as well as the university, has tarnished the school's reputation by allowing Phillips to participate and by the shameful two-semester suspension (one being the summer semester) that was handed down.

Penn State students should feel safe that a self-admitted sexual predator will walk among them next fall.

PATRICK KENNELL

Wilkins

Anthem serves a purpose      The playing of our national anthem at athletic

events has a rich tradition, demonstrating our patriotism and love of country. The people who protest, boo, or turn their back when the anthem is played, are socialist and hate America and what we stand for. Their goal is to change this nation into one of their liking. When you acquiesce, guess what you have just done? It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure that out.

BOB SHOUPE

Salina

More from the club wars      I have followed the Martha Burk-Augusta

controversy closely and yet one question remains unanswered: Who, exactly, is Burk fighting for? I am a 35-year-old male and I, like 99 percent of all American men and women, have no chance of ever becoming a member at Augusta.

Does Burk actually believe that by allowing a wealthy socialite to play gin and smoke cigars with the good old boys at Augusta that she somehow achieves a sense of equality for a ***working-class*** mother of three in middle America?

I support equality in all its forms; however this fight falls under the category of class war, not gender war. The middle-class men and women whose only chance to play Augusta is vicariously through Tiger Woods for one week every April are being used as pawns in an upper-class chess match.

Burk's latest quote -- "Broadcasting the Masters now and showcasing a club that discriminates against women is an insult to the nearly a quarter million women in the U.S. armed forces" -- shows how shallow and misguided her views are. What she has become is a modern-day Susan B. Anthony to every blue-blood debutante in America.

The women who chose to serve in the military, have a career or care for their children don't need a country club membership to validate their worth to society. They are already stronger than any member of any club.

ROBERT WAGNER

Harmony

Letters should be addressed to Sports Mailbag, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, 34 Blvd. of the Allies, Pittsburgh PA 15222. They may also be sent by fax at 412-263-1926 or by e-mail to [*sports@post-gazette.com*](mailto:sports@post-gazette.com). All letters must include signature, address and phone number for confirmation and are subject to editing. The Post-Gazette cannot acknowledge all letters received. Preference will be given to letters 250 words or less.

I found it most amusing that Chuck Finder offered several memorable quotes regarding the media and how they operate in discussing Bonnie Bernstein. Was she right or wrong in asking former Kansas Coach Roy Williams about the North Carolina coaching position immediately after his team's loss against Syracuse?

Finder first wrote, "These are questions the public wants us to ask," in reference to Bernstein's query of Williams. Really. And you know this how?

Finder is guilty of one thing and that's assuming. He assumes that people need to know, so it's OK if the media asks over and over and over.

Finder's second offering: "Remember, we work to provide answers to readers, viewers and listeners," in reference to the job of the media is another assumption.

Yes, the media is responsible for providing answers. But once again, Finder assumes that everybody in the media (print, television and radio) works and abides by the general principals of journalism. Get real. There are plenty of columnists, talk show hosts and other commentators who have an agenda. I guess Finder feels the need to pull the wool over people's eyes regarding this issue as well.

In short, Bernstein did her job. She asked Williams if he was leaving and he didn't answer. What Bernstein failed to do was prepare herself for a more thorough follow-up. The end result was an embarrassing moment for all involved.

JOHN PHILLIPS

Monroeville

Please forgive my inability to generate any genuine happiness that Ben Howland has finally found his dream job.

While I don't begrudge his right to change jobs, I can't help but feel deceived about Howland's desire to go back home as his reason for making the change. If that's the case, then go for less money.

No wonder Howland didn't seem to upset after the loss to Marquette. The Pitt season was holding up his interview process with UCLA.

I guess I'm just naive enough to think that a person would means something. In this day and age, I shouldn't be shocked, but I am.

Thanks for the wake up call. You think I would have learned the lesson from Johnny Majors, Jackie Sherrill and Jim Leyland.

The grass may look greener everywhere, but as a Pittsburgh native, I think it's just fine here.

VICKI FASSINGER

West Mifflin

Won't the Pirates ever learn? The Kenny Lofton situation is the Derek Bell situation all over again. Do the Pirates have excess money they don't know what to do with? If so, they can send some to me.

No other club wanted Lofton. That has to tell you something or the Pirates crystal ball is really magic. The invest in power in Matt Stairs and now it's on the bench. Also Adam Hyzdu, who contributed much last year and is a favorite of the fans, is now the odd man out. What kind of message does that send to your farm clubs?

FRANK P. POPIES

Murrysville

After reading the letter from Sandra L. Stewart in last weeks Sports Mailbag, I felt the need to respond to her ignorance.

I attended the game and sat next to two Mount. Carmel coaches in section 109. They had coached many of the Trinity players. We watched the first period and came to the same conclusion; the referees were letting the game get out of control. One of the coaches told me, he had coached for over forty years and never seen a dirtier coach than Trinity's. This was well before any fights broke out.

As to Ms. Stewart's remarks about Coach Minear lacking class and character, she is way off the mark. Coach Minear goes the extra mile for these kids. Most of the kids in Sto-Rox come from one of the four federal housing projects in that district. Minear is sometimes the only father figure these kids have. He helps them deal with life's everyday problems. I'm sure Ms. Stewart was unaware of this before writing her letter.

Ms. Stewart is correct in saying that Sto-Rox fans stormed the floor, but again she doesn't have all the facts. I was sitting in the section where most of the fans rushed the court. I can tell you that there were just as many Trinity fans that ran out on the court from that section. There was no security in place to break up the fight on the court. So fans from both teams went out to break it up. I did not see any fans throw punches, and I watched the tapes.

PIAA Executive Director, Brad Cashman, needs to take the blame for why fans felt they needed to intervene. Sto-Rox fans had watched their players get blasted with Hershey Kisses by Aliquippa fans just a couple of days prior. Nothing was done by the security at that game either. Cashman should have thrown both teams out of the arena that day. It's suppose to be about sportsmanship, neither team had any that day!

JOHN LYNDON

Hopewell

The Pirates just don't get it. Organizational barnacle Lloyd McClendon returns for another season to lead the Pirates through a long, suffering, dreary, losing season.

I can't wait to see what underachieving moment McClendon breaks out the champagne bottles for this year. Perhaps he will bring them out the 50th time Jason Kendall chokes in a clutch situation. Better yet, McClendon could stage a competition between Kevin Young and Kendall to see which one stands the most runners in scoring position.

What am I thinking? With McClendon managing the team, there won't be any runners in scoring positions. The Pirates made many changes in the off season, but nothing will help as long as McClendon is managing the team.

LOUISE BRADLEY

McCandless

Recently, the Pittsburgh Steelers decided to award a contract to replace the turf at Heinz field. I was upset to hear that they intend to award the contract to a Cleveland firm who installed the last two disasters as opposed to a professional Pittsburgh company who bid $ 50,000 less.

The reasoning they used was that the Cleveland company was familiar with the job as they did it before. The fans of the Steelers deserve better than this after pumping lots of local tax dollars into Heinz Field. The Steelers organization should keep their dollars in Pittsburgh whenever possible. The local taxpaying fans deserve nothing less.

TOM LINK

Lower Burrell

Great way to support our troops in Iraq and all over the world Ron Cook. People die for that flag. The flag represents the freedom that most of us take for granted.

Maybe Cook just doesn't get it. Some people would be content to live in Nazi Germany, North Korea or perhaps Cuba. At least they you won't any American flags.

I have disagreed with Cook on a number of occasions before, but I have never been so disgusted as I wasn't when I read his column about removing the national anthem and flag from sporting events.

WALLACE IAN DEVEREUX

Millvale

Ron Cook recently suggested that we do away with the national anthem and the American flag at sports events and stated the flag and national anthem were "politics."

Perhaps Cook is not aware, but ther is a great difference between politics and patriotism and symbols. The American flag is a symbol of our great country. If it was not for our patriotism in all of the wars which resulted in a free country, Cook would not be able to express his opinions in the Post-Gazette.

For Cook to make an ignorant comment such as he made in this stressful time for out country is inexcusable. The American flag serves as a symbol of American pride and history. The flag is the embodiment, not of sentiment, but of history.

It represents the experiences made by men and women, the experiences made by men and women, the experiences of those who die and live under the flag. We should be proud to display the flag and sign the national anthem no matter where we are.

HARMON J. THOMAS

McKees Rocks

I would like to point out to all Pitt fans that Penn State's record over the last three years, minus bowl games, is 19-16. Pitt's record over this time is 20-14. I am not sure how that makes Pitt a superior football team.

It is also obvious that Pitt has benefited from the number of bowl games that exist. Before the NCAA fell victim to corporate sponsorship, Pitt would have never of made tradition filled bowl games like the Insight and Tangerine Bowls with 6-5 records like they did in 2000 and 2001.

I would also like to point out that over the last three years Penn State has had strength of schedule that has been ranked higher than Pitt's every year especially in the 2001 season where Sports Illustrated had Penn State's ranked second in the country before the start of the season.

Pitt fans should also be aware that Penn State has very little interest in renewing our "rivalry" with them. I was a student at Penn State during the final series and can honestly tell you that there was no more excitement about playing Pitt than there was when we played Louisiana Tech. Pitt fans need to get over the fact that Joe Paterno is going to retire with a 23-7-1 record against Pitt. You had your chance to make sure these two teams would play every year and you turned it down. That is your fault not Paterno's.

Finally, I would like to remind all Pitt fans that Penn State finished ahead of their team in both the Associated Press and USA Today/ESPN polls this past year as well as played in a New Year's game, which is something that Pitt hasn't done since 1984.

JENNIFER DRUCKENMILLER

Penn State

So the Penguins are disappointed that they're not getting that many fans to the games recently. How can they possibly be disappointed? They may be the most boring team in hockey to watch.

They can't score, they never ever make a big hit, and they don't fight. They're not even entertaining. Who's going to pay a ton of money for entertainment that is not entertaining?

Along these lines, how can they expect fans to show up when the Penguins are continually flat? How can you continuously come out flat game in and game out? They average $1.6 million, but can't find the energy to come out with some passion. I can't imagine why fans aren't showing up.

LUKE CHAL

Bridgeville

I have been a Mark Madden listener for years. and I find his style entertaining. However on Feb. 3, he finally crossed the line with me.

Madden was discussing Pitt basketball with a caller. Naturally, they had a difference of opinion. Madden's reaction to this, after hanging up on the caller was to tell the caller to, "Wreck your car and die."

I know Madden is entertaining and gets great ratings, but at what point does ESPN Radio, ABC and Disney say that ratings aren't everything? The day they take him off the air is the day that question gets answered.

KEVIN MASON

Finleyville

Baseball is, once again, going to prove itself the joke that everyone knows it is.

The ever incompetent Bud Selig is ready to allow Pete Rose back into baseball once he admits to betting on baseball.

Does this make any sense at all? That's like allowing the murderer out of prison after he admits to the killing.

The only reason Selig is going to do this is to get some "feel good" public relations for baseball, not because it's the right thing to do. It isn't.

Everything major league baseball does, it does for all the wrong reasons.

GLENN RATNER

Baldwin

In the future, the Post-Gazette should establish an employment policy that no sports writer will be hired whose weight exceeds is I.Q. by a factor of three or more.

Mark Madden's comment that Pirate fans should get over something or other and erect a statue to Barry Bonds because he was the greatest Pirate and maybe baseball's greatest player ever, is a risible inanity equaled by the writer's ignorance of baseball history.

In my opinion, Bonds has never achieved anything historic as a Pirate while Honus Wagner and Roberto Clemente did. And the title of greatest player belongs to a man who never heard of steroids, saved baseball and built a house by the name of Babe Ruth or a pitcher named Satchel Page, depending on the criteria.

WALLY BURCH

Newell, W.Va.

What makes Pete Rose so exceptional that he should be inducted to the baseball hall of fame? There have not been any newscast, newspaper articles or editorials that mention the following facts or statistics to why he should not be inducted.

In 1911, the Chicago White Sox's "Shoeless" Joe Jackson batted an astounding .408. IN 1919, Jackson was barred from the game for merely associating with team players who were fixing and betting on games. That was 83 years ago and he was never reinstated despite a lifetime batting average of .356 versus Rose's life time average of .303.

Let's compare Rose's average to Ty Cobb's. Rose was at bat 2,624 more times than Cobb. That is equivalent to five more season of play or 500 more times at bat than Cobb. Subsequently, at the end of Rose's career he had only 65 more hits than Cobb and it took him five more years to do it.

Rose admitted to gambling on football and horses, denying wagering on baseball and the commissioner has absolute proof, along with Rose's bookmakers that he did.

The law is the law in baseball. If Bud Selig even considers Rose's induction, it only shows he is a puppet for the owners as he was an owner himself.

LOUIS DEFAZIO

Verona

I have a problem with the talks between Bud Selig and Pete Rose. Pete Rose signed a lifetime ban from baseball for gambling on baseball, and now he wants back in. How is it that this guy signs a paper stating that he accepts the lifetime ban from baseball, but it could never be proven if Shoeless Joe Jackson threw the game along with his other team mates? I think that it is wrong that the league even allowed him to throw out the first pitch last year. It is almost like the league is trying to get all the fans on his side by having him do public appearance like that. I feel that if Pete Rose is allowed into baseball then so should Shoeless Joe Jackson.

DAVID HAGUE

North Hills

In 1966, the Pirates were still playing in Forbes Field and I, a high school student at the time, was enjoying a game between the Pirates and the Reds from the bleachers. Pete Rose was in the visitor's bull pen with an injured hand that kept him from playing that day. It was near the end of the season and Rose was battling Matty Alou for the National League batting title. One of my less courteous companions on that day decided to razz Rose, calling out to him, "You're not going to let Matty Alou beat you out for the batting title, are you?" The bleachers were close enough to the field, and to Rose, that he heard. Rose put his baseball glove over his mouth as if to shield the volume of his response from others, but not so much that my friends and I would not hear. What he said shocked all of us: "I'm not going to let that beat me out of that title."

Now being a Pirates fan I was no fan of the Reds nor of Rose. But I remember how shocked I was at Rose's response. I will never forget my only personal experience with him. To think that he is being considered for the Hall of Fame is something like giving consideration to admitting Trent Lott or Strom Thurmond.

ALAN KUBRIN

Regent Square

The organization itself has been in shambles for the last decade or so. The scouting department has failed consistently even though it has drafted in the prime positions for years. The draft can be a crap shoot, but if you look at Montreal, Minnesota and Oakland it can also be a way to compete and the Pirates have failed miserably.

A manager can only compete with the talent he is given, and we neither have the players or money to acquire that talent. So where does that leave players like Brian Giles and Jason Kendall? Playing hard, busting their tails, trying to lead by example is what they do but is the team needing more? Obviously the team needs what Giles referred to as a "Dave Winfield, Eddie Murray, Orel Hershiser" type who can vocalize some wisdom to these younger players.

If winning creates leadership as it says in the article, bring someone in that has the talent and knows how to win. Not losers with attitudes and guys having another "bad year". Does it come back to the money issue again? Was PNC Park and all the new stadiums, the big lie that all the critics say they were ? Was the settlement just a band-aid for the bigger problems that baseball has?

Lots of questions for leaders of a team and a sport that needs answers.

JOE HAID

Scott

Why do all the Mark Madden haters seem to know all the details of his columns and his talk shows? Hey, this is America. You have the right to your opinion? But you need to get a life if you spend your time reading and listening to a guy you can't stand.

BRIAN GRAHAM

Brentwood

If I am to understand this the drill goes something like this; Millionaire sports team owner requests/demands public funding to provide new venue so that his team can generate more revenue and consequently "remain competitive". Which is to say that we the people are supposed to provide hundreds of millions of dollars so that we can have a new arena where we can throw yet more money at our malcontent athletic heroes.

This begs two questions; First of all, why don't we just give the money directly to the team and cut out the middle man. What can a new arena generate for a team? Five million a year, maybe 10? If that's the case why not just give them the money annually and build something that actually benefits the entire population -- a park, a library, a school, a shelter, whatever. Or how about we build nothing and use the money to attempt to make Pittsburgh a place where someone might come to do business?

The second question is why doesn't anyone demand that hockey get its house in order before any more is invested? Where is profit sharing or salary caps in hockey? Has anyone noticed that there are definite haves and have-nots? Has anyone noticed which group Pittsburgh belongs to?

JACK BOVA

Pitcairn

While we're still in the planning stages, perhaps The Lemieux Group should consider "super-sizing" the ice surface in the proposed arena. Watching the skating action on display during the 2002 Olympics in Salt Lake City was thoroughly enjoyable and provided insight into how different a wide-open skating hockey game can be.

Having the only Olympic-sized ice surface in the NHL would provide Pittsburgh with a unique arena that would rapidly become the envy of the hockey world. The media attention the rink would get would remain unequalled until another one was built in an NHL city. It would also potentially provide the following advantages:

\* Games played in Pittsburgh would be different than those played on any other NHL ice surface (more skating; less hitting). Home-ice advantage would take on a whole new meaning for the Penguins.

\* European players would look forward to every opportunity to play in Pittsburgh, either as a visitor or as a member of the Pens, since many more European players are used to playing on Olympic-sized ice.

\* The Pens arena would become the location-of-choice for North American tournaments or exhibitions featuring European teams (although we shouldn't expect any Canada Cup games here).

\* Other events, such as concerts and NCAA basketball tourneys, would be able to offer more high-priced seats on or near the floor.

The uniqueness of an Olympic-sized ice surface at least deserves consideration, while there's opportunity to do so.

LARRY SWEENEY

Verona

The Penguins would be much better of with a new arena. Build it and they will come! The AHL Wilkes-Barre/Scranton Baby Penguins are still thriving at the box office despite a poor team record. The First Union Arena at Casey Plaza, opened in late fall of 1999, in Wilkes-Barre, has strengthened the local economy. Face it, Mellon Arena is old. It's time for a change.

MATT ENGEL

Wilkes-Barre

I'm a long time Pittsburgh sports fan. Born and raised here and love the city. I've had great experiences and enjoyment surrounding all the teams in Pittsburgh, past and present.

I enjoy differing opinion. I relish passionate discourse on all aspects of sport.

Mark Madden and his hot air pollution is an embarrassment to you and Pittsburgh. I've tried to listen and understand his ravings and outbursts. If provocative is your marketing ploy you've lost this boy. I'm no longer interested in the abuse of the Howard Stern of sports.

I'm "turning off 1250 WEAE-AM and hope to see him absent from your paper soon. Do the right thing and pour some disinfectant on this virus.

JOSEPH E. KERIN

McMurray

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**Body**

Their eyes are filled with pain as they talk about the years of abuse suffered at the hands of their husbands and boyfriends.

They are four, middle-class suburban women who, out of fear, embarrassment, intimidation and eroded self-esteem, found themselves mired in mental, emotional or physical abuse.

As the nation's attention focuses on the O.J. Simpson murder trial, women everywhere are awakening to the chilling possibility that domestic violence can be deadly.

Domestic violence is frequently considered the dirty little secret of the ***working class***. But the Simpson saga has brought to light that it is the leading cause of injury for all women in the United States, according to statistics compiled by the Pennsylvania Coalition Against Domestic Violence and the National Clearinghouse for the Defense of Battered Women. Annually, 4 million women are battered, and 2,000 to 4,000 of them are beaten to death.

In Pittsburgh, Chief City Magistrate Donald E. Machen has made domestic violence ''a No. 1 priority.'' Already the court's caseload is 25 percent above last year's total of 5,703.

Although no laws mandate record keeping of domestic violence calls, the city of Butler has been keeping track of them, recording 225 between Jan. 1 and July 31 this year, down from 241 for the same period last year.

Capt. Frank Dalcamo, a 23-year veteran of the Butler Police Department, says he doesn't know why the number has dropped, but there is one thing he does know:

''They are from any and every walk of life -- doctors, lawyers, policemen, firemen, businessmen.''

Indeed, one would never suspect that Deborah, a refined 50-year-old woman from the North Hills, had been severely abused at the hands of her executive husband.

She and another abused woman, Jane, agreed to tell their stories in hopes of spurring others to get out of similar situations.

They're using fictitious names to protect their identities. Deborah, well-off financially during her marriage, and Jane, whose husband was a laborer, each kept the abuse private, feeling ashamed about it and afraid of what might happen if she left home.

However, through the counseling and support of the Women's Center & Shelter of Greater Pittsburgh, they are coming to terms with how they ended up in such debilitating situations. And they're learning to make choices that enhance their lives, whether it's divorce or reconciliation coupled with ongoing counseling for them and their mates.

They realize that anger has nothing to do with the way their men treated them. Experts say it's a question of control, and that abuse -- whether physical or psychological -- is the way these men chose to control their partners.

Experts also believe that women are ''socialized'' to be passive and, therefore, accepting of the abuse they receive.

''They don't think they should fight back and, more importantly, their self-esteem is worn down so they think they have no options,'' said Leonarda Obarski, training and education specialist at the center for Victims of Violent Crime in Pittsburgh.

Lynn Hawker, a psychotherapist who practices in Aspinwall and the North Hills, agrees. She says many women stay in abusive relationships because the violence evolved so slowly that the relationship didn't appear dysfunctional until the abuse became physical.

''It doesn't start out as physical abuse,'' says Hawker. ''But there is a long-term, on-going, degrading, criticizing, undercutting, lowering of self-esteem that goes on. Often a man will say, 'You can't do anything. You're stupid. … Nobody would want you.'

''In conjunction with that, he also isolates the woman by criticizing family and friends or acting in a way that embarrasses her so much she doesn't have people over anymore. And that combination often means that she, even a well-educated, competent woman who can be very successful in the business world, believes that of herself.''

Friend says get help

Married for 20 years, Deborah, met her husband through friends. Throughout their courtship, he used profanity when referring to women, and jokingly called her names she didn't like. Still, she married him.

During the marriage, however, the profanity worsened, and soon was accompanied by slapping, kicking and punching.

''I'd go to work after being slapped around and called every name in the book, and I'd act like nothing happened. He'd come home at 1 a.m. I'd be in bed hiding. Would I question him? No way. If I asked a question, I'd get my head blown off. There was no rhyme or reason to any of this.''

Shame and embarrassment kept her lips sealed about the abuse, she says.

''I didn't want anyone to know I'm living with a man who hates me,'' she says. ''I wanted everybody to think, this guy loves me and everything's OK. People won't support you when you're being mistreated.''

Deborah says the tumultuous home life affected their two teens.

''The children were afraid. They lived in fear. Their school grades dropped tremendously. … They couldn't concentrate. … They wanted to sleep with the lights on.''

A worried friend advised Deborah to get help from a women's shelter.

''I said, 'Why? I'm not abused,' '' recalls Deborah.

Many women don't recognize the abuse, experts say, because they and their batterers come from homes in which violence is a natural occurrence.

Deborah says her husband ''grew up with it.''

''His parents didn't have respect for each other, and yet they stayed together,'' she says. ''He figured he could do the same thing to me. I kept thinking it would get better. But it got so bad, I thought my life was in danger. I didn't get protection until it was way, way out of hand.''

Eventually, Deborah sought counseling from the Women's Center & Shelter, and moved to another area with her children. Although her husband is in counseling, she says she will not go back to him. Her children are relaxed now, no more sleeping with the lights on and their grades have improved.

''As for me, thanks to the shelter, I've learned I don't have to be beaten, hit, kicked, smacked, punched. I don't have to live that way,'' she said.

Physical, subtle abuses

That's a lesson more women must understand, experts say.

''Men beat up their wives because it works,'' says Perry Bicehouse, who counsels batterers. ''It's about male privilege. Batterers think, 'She's my wife, therefore, I have a right to do whatever. If that means hitting her to reinforce that, then that's OK.' ''

Bob Foster, director of the Domestic Abuse Counseling Center for male batterers, agrees.

''A man could get enraged with his partner in a shopping mall, but he'll wait until he's in the car or at home behind closed doors to terrorize the victim. That's choice. That is not loss of control.''

He says his program teaches batterers how to stop their abuse. He holds group sessions in several areas, including the North Hills, Tarentum, Mount Washington and McKeesport.

''Physical violence is the easiest thing to stop,'' says Foster. ''It's the subtle abuses, the subtle comments, the taking away their partner's self-esteem and self-worth through verbal, emotional, financial and sexual abuses that's the hardest things for men to stop.''

Foster says abusers must admit that they are abusive, that they alone are responsible for their behavior and that when they abuse it's because they choose to do so.

'He let the kids witness'

Pam is hoping her husband has learned those lessons. He's being counseled for battering, a step he took after she left their home with their son.

Pam, 43, of the northern suburbs, says her life is back on track after 14 years of domestic violence.

Hers was a live-in relationship with a wealthy divorced father of two for whom she bore a son. They wintered abroad and in various parts of the country.

Pam says her abuse was mental as well as physical.

''No matter what, everything was my fault. In the beginning, I thought I'd done something wrong. If something wasn't just the way he liked it, he'd be angry, he'd be screaming, he'd push me, knock me down. He never beat the kids, but he let them witness what he did to me. We always walked on eggshells. We were so afraid.''

When she called police for help, she was told, ''It's his house. If you don't like what's going on, leave.''

Pam says her sister took her to the Women's Center & Shelter after a beating landed her in a hospital emergency room.

She stayed for three days before moving to her mother's home. She got a protection-from-abuse order from the courts and received counseling.

Meanwhile, Pam's partner entered a program for batterers, and she is contemplating a move back to the home that they once shared. There is even talk of marriage.

''So far, so good,'' says Pam. ''He hasn't yelled or screamed, and he's been extremely kind. It's like it always should have been. There are all new rules … no raising of the voice, no swearing, no belittling women. It's just not tolerated. I have my life back.''

Do counseling or do jail

Machen, Pittsburgh's chief city magistrate, says three years spent presiding over domestic violence cases made him vow to put this issue at the top of his agenda.

''I saw the beaten, abused, women -- spouses, mothers, daughters, children -- that came into court after the abuse. I saw how it changed their lives. I could see they were truly victimized.''

In the past, convicted batterers had up to 30 days to report to a domestic violence center for counseling and 90 days before a review of his progress took place.

Since March, Machen says, all convicted batterers have been required to attend a domestic-violence program within 15 days of the sentencing, with review of his progress taking place in 30 days.

This change, says Machen, has brought the compliance rate from 20 percent to 90 percent.

''Nine out of 10 batterers are now going to counseling,'' says Machen. ''You don't go to counseling, you go to jail. It's that simple. The program is extremely successful.''

Help for abusers

Jim, 46, of Monroeville and Ralph, 45, of Ohio, are examples of executive-types who tried to control their wives through abusive behavior. Both voluntarily entered counseling at the Domestic Abuse Counseling Center, and are now examples of how abusive behavior can be changed. They agreed to talk, using fictitious names.

Married 30 years, Jim began exhibiting abusive behavior about two years into his marriage. When things didn't go his way, he threw furniture at the walls. It didn't happen often, Jim says. But five years ago, a dangerously violent episode brought him to his senses.

''She'd been out all night for reasons I wasn't aware of. I wanted to talk with her. … I grabbed her from the vehicle. … she was on the ground and I was on top of her. … I don't remember much, but when I saw what I was doing, I froze. My hands were around her neck. … I became numb, I broke out in tears and left.''

Jim says he suffered a bout of depression, sought help from a priest and eventually was referred to the center.

Ralph says problems didn't surface until midway into his 20-year marriage.

''If my wife went somewhere, I'd ask her where she was and who she was with. I'd accuse her of things she hadn't done. She used to handle my paycheck. I stopped that. When those things didn't work, I got physical -- pushing, shoving, grabbing, slapping. … She'd call police. I'd talk my way out of it, turn things around, blame her. She didn't do what I wanted her to, so it was her fault. I believed that at the time.''

Ralph sought advice from his friend, Foster, the center's director. He sat in on weekly DACC group sessions and slowly began coming to terms with his abusive actions.

Both men say they are back home with their families and their marriages are working and happy.

''I used to think a woman was supposed to be at my beck and call 24 hours,'' admits Ralph. ''I grew up with that. I witnessed it not only in my family but in others. Now, I have no such expectations of my wife. I'm a lot different now. I believe in equality in a relationship. I know I have to allow a person to be who they are, and not who I want them to be -- that I don't have control over anybody, only myself.''

Men who find themselves out of control should seek help, Jim says.

''There are places that can help,'' he says. ''But no one can make the choice except the man himself. Men can change. I'm proof of that.''

'I believed what he said'

Carrie's family was fairly well off. The 45-year-old woman's husband was foreman of a construction outfit, and saw that his family lived a good upper-middle-class life in Pittsburgh's western suburbs. In fact, he refused to permit her to work, insisting her place was in the home tending the children and occasionally entertaining friends.

But there was a sinister side to the couple's 24-year marriage. Carrie often endured name-calling, pushing and shoving, arm-twisting and hitting in the privacy of their home.

''For no reason, he'd tell me I was worthless, useless. He'd say, 'Nobody would want you.' He knocked my self-esteem down so much. I believed the things he said. I'd have dinner ready. … Instead of eating, he'd go out and mow the lawn. Sometimes, I didn't even know he was home until I heard the lawn mower.''

Eventually, Carrie says, she rebelled and got a job. That precipitated even more violence.

''He was checking the mileage on my car. He tried to keep me from my job. … And he told me, 'If you ever leave me, you're dead.' ''

But when her husband expected her to do heavy-duty cooking and cleaning after she'd undergone surgery, Carrie says, ''A light bulb went on.''

''I suddenly realized I was being abused. I hadn't realized it before. I was busy pretending we were the perfect family. It's so sad.''

Feeling trapped and hopeless, Carrie called the Women's Center & Shelter. With one-on-one and group counseling, she was able to walk away from the abuse and has filed for divorce.

12,000 served a year

The Women's Center & Shelter is part of a comprehensive program for women who are victims of domestic violence. The agency serves all of Allegheny County and, at times, ''Anyone who needs help anywhere in the country or world.''

''The center functions like triage in a hospital,'' says Marty Friday, executive director of the center. ''People in the most immediate crisis are referred to the shelter. People in the next level are referred to the nonresident counseling. Others are counseled on the phone. A woman can be in one or the other at any point in time.''

Other services include a legal-advocacy program that helps more than 4,000 women a year, as well as programs for children who have been in abusive situations.

Friday says more than 12,000 women are served annually.

By July, the center will be moved into space three times its current size. The expanded quarters will allow for handling a larger caseload of nonresidential counseling, prevention programs and children's programs.

Probable-cause arrests

In Westmoreland County, Murrysville Police Chief Craig Thompson, a 22-year veteran of the force, says too many women are unaware of laws on the books to protect them.

''It used to be that if a husband was beating his wife and there was no tangible evidence, our hands were tied,'' says Thompson. ''The law at that time stated we had to view the misdemeanor crime. … And of course, a man is not going to assault or threaten a woman when police are there.

''Now the police have the power to arrest even if we go there and there is no physical altercation going on,'' Thompson says. ''If the woman has evidence of cuts, bleeding; if she says he did it and there's other evidence -- smashed furniture, glass broken, all those things -- we can arrest even though we didn't see the actual misdemeanor occur.''

Police got that power through the Probable Cause Arrests in Domestic Violence Cases Act, said Ann Hazlett, legal systems advocate for the Women's Center & Shelter. It complements the state Protection From Abuse Act, which has been in effect since 1976.

That act can do several things for the woman, Hazlett points out.

''It orders the defendant to stop abusing the plaintiff, it can evict the defendant from the residence. It can order the defendant to have no contact with the plaintiff anywhere, and it orders the defendant not to harass or stalk the plaintiff.

''It also can grant temporary custody to the plaintiff, order payment of temporary support and can also order the defendant to pay attorney fees and court costs. And there can be criminal consequences if the defendant violates the order.''

He came home drunk

Divorce is the route 43-year-old Jane took to get her life back on track.

Married for 10 years, Jane and her husband were a fun-loving couple who lived in the eastern suburbs.

The abuse did not begin until her fourth year of marriage. The first incident occurred, she says, when her husband, a laborer, came home drunk after being away for four days.

A bitter argument ensued, and Jane's husband physically assaulted her. He apologized, but the drinking and physical assaults become more frequent.

''What scared me,'' recalls Jane, ''was the last two months he stopped apologizing. He wasn't sorry anymore. He said I deserved it.''

Jane left their home, but returned when her husband entered an alcohol-treatment program.

He stayed sober for a year, but lost his job and began drinking again.

''He'd go out and stay until midnight,'' Jane recalls. ''I never knew what kind of mood he'd be in when he came home.''

In early 1990, his violent behavior drove Jane away for good.

''He came home at 5 a.m.,'' she recalls. ''He started ranting, raving; he pushed me up against a wall and threatened to beat my brains out. He wouldn't let me go to sleep.''

Jane went to work the next day, still shaken by her husband's drunken rage.

A co-worker suggested she call ''one of those women's shelters.''

''I was shaking so much, he had to dial the phone for me,'' Jane says. ''I couldn't even do that.''

Jane went to live with relatives, and is now divorced.

''I know I did the right thing,'' She says. ''I'm happy. I don't know why anybody should have to live like that.''

The following information is used by the Women's Center & Shelter of Greater Pittsburgh, and is reprinted from ''The Battered Woman,'' by Lenore E. Walker, a nationally known psychologist/author.

Ask yourself about signs of violence, mistreatment

Experts say men don't become physically abusive of women overnight. Their mistreatment often starts out with verbal potshots before developing into a full-blown pattern of physical assaults.

When abused women review the early days of their now-sour relationships, they realize there were hints of the trouble to come.

Here are some questions domestic violence experts say women should ask themselves to see whether the relationship could turn violent:

-- Does he become enraged when you do not listen to his advice?

-- Is there a sense of overkill in his cruelty or in his advice?

-- Does he expect you to spend all your free time with him or to keep him informed of your whereabouts?

-- Does he lose his temper frequently and more easily than seems necessary?

-- Does he commit acts of violence against objects and things rather than people?

-- Do you get a sense of fear when he becomes angry with you? Does ''not making him angry'' become an important part of your behavior?

These clues are certainly not definitive signs that a man is a batterer -- only that he has the potential to become one.

Where to turn for help

Every county in the state has some sort of domestic-violence program to help victims of abuse. Here is a geographic listing of programs in the Western Pennsylvania area that have 24-hour service:

ALLEGHENY COUNTY: Womens Center & Shelter of Greater Pittsburgh. Call 687-8005. Also see McKeesport and North Hills, below.

ALLE-KISKI: Alle-Kiski Area HOPE Center (serves parts of Allegheny and Westmoreland counties). Call 224-4673 in Allegheny County or 339-4673 in Westmoreland County.

BEAVER COUNTY: Womens Center of Beaver County. Call 775-0131.

BUTLER COUNTY: Volunteers Against Abuse. Call 1-800-400-8551.

FAYETTE COUNTY: Fayette County Family Abuse Council. Call 439-9500.

McKEESPORT: Womansplace. Call 678-4616.

NORTH HILLS: Crisis Center North. Call 364-5556.

WASHINGTON COUNTY: Washington Women's Shelter. Call 223-9190. Or 1-800-791-4000.

GREENE COUNTY: Greene County Women's Shelter. Call 852-2463.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY: Women's services of Westmoreland County. Call 837-9540.

Those who live in areas not listed here are advised to call police or the program in the closest big city.

**Notes**

In observance of October as Domestic Violence Awareness Month, the Post- Gazette has taken a close look at a problem that plagues many women. Though our stories focus on the abusive relationships of middle-class suburban women, domestic violence cuts across racial, religious and economic boundaries. The effort here is to tell the stories of those men and women who were embroiled in violent relationships in hopes of better understanding the issues and possible solutions.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, DRAWING, V.W.H. Campbell Jr./Post-Gazette: The Women's Center & Shelter of Greater Pittsburgh, directed by Marty Friday, above, functions like ''a triage center in a hospital. People in the most immediate crisis are referred to the shelter.''; By Stacy Innerst/Post-Gazette

**Load-Date:** October 21, 1994

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[***WHAT'S IN STORE FOR THIS OLD HOUSE?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHY-VV10-0094-5197-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE CORNER OF PLUMMER AND 45TH STREETS IN LAWRENCEVILLE MAY LOSE THE STEADFAST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHY-VV10-0094-5197-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***STRUCTURE THAT HAS HOUSED THE HOPES AND DREAM OF MANY FAMILIES SINCE IT WAS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHY-VV10-0094-5197-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***BUILT IN 1884.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHY-VV10-0094-5197-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

At a crossroads, in the Lawrenceville flats, in a neighborhood that likes siding, 146 45th St. clings to its vintage like a Victorian woman still wearing side-button boots.

In 1984, the old red-brick three-story with two-over-two windows and a mansard roof passed the century mark. It was built as a grocery store with living quarters in the floors above. It was built to last, for the common man, with an aesthetic that believed in him and his endurance. The seamless identity it enjoyed for nearly 100 years took only a decade to lose, like the industrial heritage it mirrored.

Pittsburgh faces its future still staggeringly rich in 19th-century gems, but barely still. This anonymous building is a symbol of the many in disrepair that have come due en masse. Too hard to heat, too expensive to rehab and too urban for a dwindling urbanity, it is as vulnerable as a dune to the tides.

Set against this pattern of change is the tale of a system - a young man who does not keep up with the demands of property ownership, a neighborhood diminished by such failure and a bureaucracy that's designed to plod.

The law cannot compel people to treat buildings with respect.

On Flintstone wheels, justice moves on property owners to "abate" things like jagged window glass and falling walls, but the glass does not have to be replaced with glass. A piece of plywood will do. As long as it is deemed safe, a wall can look like hell. The issue is safety when it comes to the building code.

But when it comes to a neighborhood, more is at stake.

"Whadda yunz doin', restorin' it?"

The voice comes from a man bounding across the street to the corner where architect Bill Joyce and house historian Carol Peterson have been admiring the cornice brackets beneath 146's box gutter.

He is built like a laborer. His arms pump as he moves, and his face glows with hope. He says he lives across the street.

"Coz if you could do something about it, it'd be nice," he says. "Coz there's rats in it. This neighbor begins telling what the owner has "gotten away with" over the years. His words tumble out. Other people head toward us, a woman holding a child, another man. Each one jumps on the chance to tell what their collective energy has assembled into a black-and-white tale: He's a bad guy; Why won't the authorities do something?; He must have an in with someone down at the city.

The truth is, he's not a bad guy. The truth is, the authorities have been working on this problem diligently for years. And if the system has given Ken Marinack more breaks than seems fair to the neighborhood, it is because this is America.

"No matter how much the system responds, we will not satisfy the neighborhood with the changes we can make," says Magistrate Irene McLaughlin, who presides over the city's Housing Court. "Taking private property is totalitarianism. It's easier to take someone's children. In "How Buildings Learn," Stewart Brand, author of the award-winning "Whole Earth Catalog," writes that each next owner of an old building finds "a new level of surrender." After nearly eight years of violations, citations, fines and warrants, even several hours spent in jail, it would seem that Ken Marinack, a likable 36-year-old fireman and father of five, has found his.

In November, after creditors voted against his reorganization plan, the bankruptcy protection he was granted last spring was converted to liquidation: 146 is available for sale.

One neighbor has been trying to buy it for years, to tear it down so her family can have a little side yard. Peterson and Joyce, who live in the neighborhood, say it would be heartbreaking for a building this handsome to get away from us.

But the long neglect has upped the restoration cost in a neighborhood that considers $ 425 a month pretty high rent.

This is a neighborhood of ***working-class*** rowhouses, old homes whose people have worked hard to update them. They have sided, facaded and replaced big old windows with small ones. During a spate of suburban consciousness, landings the size of twin beds appeared as front porches. Inside, the neighbors paneled plaster walls and carpeted wood floors. Like senior citizens who learn to line-dance, these buildings sidestepped their age.

For this building to regain its authenticity, it could cost $ 200,000 to $ 300,000, said Joyce: "I think you could dump $ 100,000 just into the outside, buttoning it up," he said, placing the toe of his shoe against a tuft of weeds and litter. A scrawl in pink paint on a boarded window along the side reads, "Rats Lives Here."

"If this building were half a block off Carson, someone would probably be looking at it. It should be saved. A different opinion, from some in the neighborhood, is that this building is worth more dead than alive.

Ken Marinack turns the key and opens an unlikely front door. It's a 1970s door, with a stingy little window at eye level.

In the first-floor darkness, the mind wants to hear the intermittent rumble of an old ice box, but the diffuse daylight suggests storage - boards, pasteboard boxes, building supplies and the carcasses of birds. Along one mint-green wall, you can see the lines where shelves used to be. The steps that lead up from a side door are now exposed; Marinack tore out the interior walls in the late '80s.

He has to grab your hand on the staircase because a few of the steps move like piano keys.

"They'll hold you, though," he says. "They hold me. A tall, strong man, Marinack grew up in Lawrenceville, had lived away only while attending the Air Force Academy in Colorado. He wanted to be a pilot but settled for self-employment. This first floor was to have been the office for his insulation business. He would rent the upper floors as apartments.

"The best-laid plans of mice and men," he says now, 11 years later, knowing that his name sits prominently on thick files in the city's Bureau of Building Inspections and in Housing Court.

Upstairs, the windows reveal the day, and the day reveals panels of color on the walls - a mint green panel, a deep yellow panel and a blue one, each in a different room when there were interior walls. The rafters look as solid as railroad tracks.

Marinack spent part of his early ownership tearing off sand-based plaster to expose interior brick walls. At the same time, he was piling up personal debts.

In the early '90s, city building inspectors began getting calls from 146's neighborhood. Over the next several years, they would cite Marinack for weeds, a loose hatch door, debris, fallen glass and graffiti. But nothing was more indicative of the system's purposeful plodding than when 146's rear, double-brick wall bowed in 1991. It should have been Marinack's Waterloo, the neighbors said. The city should have given him one deadline for fixing it, after which, if he failed to comply, it would condemn and tear down the building.

The neighborhood was thinking big picture while the city was waiting for an engineer's report. The neighborhood had not altered its vision but was angrier by the time the building was finally posted for condemnation early in 1993. The year before, Marinack had hurt his back in a construction accident. Overextended in his lifestyle, playing catch-up with nearly all his bills, he says his life began a downward spiral.

This is not the only building he owns that's been cited for violations, but he insists he did not set out to be a scofflaw.

"My aspirations," says Marinack, "were honest and fair and hopeful. I was trying. I wanted to restore it. That's why I bought it and held onto it for so long. Marinack says he believes in this building: "It is not falling down. It can stand another hundred years." He points up the street, to the corner of 45th and Butler, where he sees what he thinks his building could become - the transformation of a former eyesore called Sharp's Bar.

Lee Gross, a developer, restored it in 1996 and now rents the first floor to Pizza Outlet, the upper floors to residents. Gross has restored and renovated a number of old buildings in Lawrenceville and the South Side. He is high on Lawrenceville, he says, and has looked at 146, but he declined interest because it is off the main drag.

Phil Marcus, the real estate agent in charge of selling the property, chose an asking price of $ 15,000: "I thought it was low enough so as not to discourage an offer but high enough to reflect what I think it's worth."

He said several people have looked at it but he is waiting for a serious offer. He admits, "That building needs someone to fall in love with it.

A deed search has to it a vague feeling of time travel. It takes you from today, from computers, backward to canvas-covered 20-pound slabs with leather spines and bone-white paper filled with flourishes once known as penmanship.

Before the War Between the States, acres of greensward rimmed by low stone walls and dabbed with willows and grazing horses covered the land that's now Lawrenceville and the Strip District. One man's country home sat on a rectangle of land that is now bounded by Penn Avenue and Butler Street north to south and 34th and 36th streets east to west. Another estate was so big, it consisted of the land of Allegheny Cemetery and more.

As small oil companies merged into large ones in a decline that shadowed the rise of steel, foundries crowded along the riverbank as if for the front-row view of a parade. In response, spacious properties began giving way to the vertical density of city life.

Prominent landowners became developers, selling off lots they called plans and named after themselves. In Richard L. Ewalt's plan, plot 86 became the property of Michael Theobald in 1878. Six years later, at the corner of what would be 45th and Plummer streets, a grocery store rose into the gray winter sky. Contractor George A. Bauerlein, the second son of a German immigrant, a volunteer fireman and the father of three daughters, created a grocery store that would last through the next century.

Between 1884 and 1916, the store was caught in a tangle of foreclosures, sheriff sales, liquidations and liens.

In 1916, the building was liquidated when the insurance company that owned it went under. A 50-year-old Polish immigrant named Alex Mularski and his wife, Rosalia, signed the deed with Xs and moved their grocery business from Harmar Street in Polish Hill.

The upstairs living quarters would accommodate eight members of their family, including a son who worked in the mills, a son who baked and a saleswoman daughter. Another son, another daughter and a grandchild also lived upstairs in a space that, today, would be considered too small for three. But the Mularskis made room for other Polish immigrants as well - a car repairman and a laborer.

It would be a crowded residence all through the '30s, when about 20 people lived on the second and third floors and shared use of one claw-footed bathtub.

The neighborhood, which had been German and Irish, was becoming increasingly Eastern European. People who did not work in the foundries and the mills were day laborers, mechanics, seamstresses, brewers, cigar-makers and, several to a block, butchers, grocers and dry-goods salesmen. Next door to the Mularskis lived a Croatian butcher who sold fresh lamb. Elderly people still recall the squeals that emanated from the butcher's doorway.

It's only an assumption that the Mularskis were illiterate. Maybe they were hobbled only by English. Of the building's many owners before them and since, the Mularskis were among the few whose parting from 146 appears to have been noble. And no owner since has made a greater profit from selling it. In 1920, four years after they bought it for $ 5,500, they sold it for $ 8,500.

It isn't known why the Mularskis gave up their grocery, but they remained in the neighborhood for several years before their name disappears from the census and city directory altogether. They may have moved back to Ohio, where three of their children had been born.

Their grocering tenure was brief enough to have skipped the notice of Mary Hollingshead, who moved to the neighborhood from Titusville in 1902, when she was 4. Her father took a job at the nearby Waverly Ore Works. She often carried her mother's grocery list to Reuben Adelman at 146 45 th St. Adelman grocered on 45th Street in the '30s. Owners came and went - families named Szolis, Stroemer, Witcak and, later, Plucinski - but the grocers are the men the neighbors remembered.

The Western Pennsylvania Historical Society notes that grocery and saloon enterprises made a number of Polish immigrants successful in Lawrenceville in the days when city neighborhoods were so densely populated and so thoroughly used, there was no room for neglect. The days of citations for missing rear windows, weeds, loose railings, eroded mortar and rotted trim were a long way off.

"Oh my God," said Ed Ostrowski, who one afternoon recently peered through the small window in the front door, his hands cupped like parentheses around his eyes. "I can't believe it's gotten this bad. Ostrowski, whose dad was a boiler man in the mills, lived in this neighborhood from childhood until last year, when he and his wife moved to an eastern suburb. Now an ATM serviceman for Mellon Bank, Ostrowski rented the store space from Pearl and Chester Plucinski for 10 years, through the '70s.

He inherited the old wood-block meat counter and the walk-in cooler, "a big old wooden thing with brass handles, had to be 50 years old when I got it." He sold the meat counter to a farmer and bought a stainless steel replacement. He recalls porcelain sinks and a wood-burning stove that was greasy and old-fashioned, the height of awful in 1969: "I got rid of it. I wanted to modernize, make it clean. He remembers the mint-green paint on the walls, the little store chandelier, wallpaper in the back rooms and his choice of brown exterior trim that is still there, flaking away. The Hare Krishnas used to walk over in their peach-colored gowns to buy bananas, he recalls. They had a headquarters on Plummer Street. One of his regular lunch customers was a city policeman, he remembers.

"They must have torn the shelving off," he said, peering again through the little panel of window in the door. Shelves lined the walls from top to bottom when it was a market. From as far back as people can remember, the grocer filled everyone's order, using a long pole with pinchers on the end to nab the top-row items.

"People would stand and talk when they came in, but it wasn't a hang-out place like in the movies."

Although neighbors considered the Plucinskis conscientious owners, the era of neglect began when Ostrowski turned out the lights on the grocery store. Near the end of his run, he depended on a dwindling work force to stop in for lunch: "I had two customers for every five I once had. I made hoagies. I also supplied a little preschool. He moved to a smaller space across the street in 1979, but within two years, "it was over," he said.

"I had always wanted to be in business for myself." He shrugged. "I liked grocering. I really did. Lisa Barbus Duncan, now of Shaler, lived one block away and worked for Ostrowski at the store when she was a teen-ager. "We had a little bit of everything. It was tiny but organized. The shelves went up forever. Paper towels were at the top. That was my favorite thing to get for customers. Ed had an old-fashioned cash register. You had to learn how to make change. Bob Malcomson, now a CPA who lives in Florida, goes further back, remembering the neighborhood during the Depression.

"Mr. Adelman used to hold up cans of tomatoes to ask me what they said, because I was learning to read. The store was narrow, deeper than wide. My mother sent me to the store with a note. Mr. Adelman entered what you bought, and you paid on it weekly. Even further back, Mary Hollingshead, who was then Mary Carroll, remembers the men from the neighborhood going off to World War I and the cardboard pieces people would put in their shoes when the soles got holey. Through rationing and shortages, the '36 flood, the Spanish flu and the smallpox epidemics, the store opened every morning.

From her wheelchair on a recent visit to the neighborhood, she pointed out the house where she grew up. Now sided in white, her old house was originally red brick, as almost all were then.

The middle of 13 children, Hollingshead recalls that the streets teemed with children playing and women visiting on their stoops while smoke poured from the workplaces along the river. "All our fathers got their hands and overalls dirty."

At Halloween, the kids would run through the streets hollering "Shell out!" and it was the merchants, not the residents, who threw candy onto the sidewalk.

Her mother paid the grocer every Friday, and the bill would be $ 6 to $ 8: "Everybody struggled. Hollingshead, who now lives in Delmont, points out the barber shop where she voted for the first time, the building where wedding receptions were held, the butcher shop that is now the home of Cecilia and Jim Edders right beside the old store: "It doesn't look like a butcher shop now, does it?" she says of the stone facade and small picture window with plants in it.

"Boy, I can't get over this store," she said, turning her attention to 146. "How dilapidated it is.

Richard Bruce nods knowingly at the mention of Marinack's name.

"He has learned to tiptoe between the raindrops." Bruce is the assistant chief for code enforcement at the city's Bureau of Building Inspections. "Many people have learned how to do that. "He wouldn't be one of our Dirty Dozen would he?" a staffer asks.

"No, I don't think he would be," Bruce says. That's the bureau's in-house list of worst scofflaws.

When inspectors told Marinack in January 1993 that the building was being posted for condemnation, he rallied some friends who helped him build a new wall of single bricks. The building was removed from the condemnation list. Marinack made s poradic, partial payments toward his pile of overdue fines. He swore in writing that he could not pay more and requested more time. He regularly missed appearances in court.

One day, at a neighbor's request, Rep. Don Walko, D-North Side, confronted Marinack in front of the building. Walko has authored several bills addressing urban blight, including one that would give citizens more power against negligen t landholders. Already beleaguered with responsibilities he could not meet, Marinack felt bullied.

He admits, "If I was living next door to this, I'd be upset. But my situation has been frustrating enough not to have people treat me so arrogantly. Last summer, the neighbors say, someone from the neighborhood threw a brick through 146's front window.

When he filed for bankruptcy last spring, Marinack was hoping for a little breathing room, hoping the time would bring him the insurance settlement he says he expected for his back injury. Last year, he completed fire school and is working a s a city fireman.

In 1993, a year after he hurt his back, when he was struggling to afford repairs on 146 45th St., he began making $ 461-a-month payments on a leased BMW 325i. He reneged on that agreement and also had to stop construction on a house he was bu ilding in Hampton.

Whatever money the trustee can generate from his properties will probably not come close to reimbursing all his creditors. He owes the city alone $ 20,000 in fines. Among those served with notices about his liquidation were 10 lawyers and 60 people and companies whom he owes. Taxes get paid first, then larger creditors, like banks.

But whatever the results might be, liquidation represents movement the city often doesn't see.

"I would be ecstatic if our interest in this case brought this about," said magistrate McLaughlin, who believes the city is as diligent as it can be in holding people accountable for their properties.

The process is as frustrating to the officials as it is to the neighborhood, Bruce said. When complaints come in, he sends his inspectors out promptly; neighbors confirm this. They write reports and cite neglectful property owners when they break code, but, as one inspector wrote in the complaint box of one report, "the wheels of justice move slowly. Bruce says the summary offenses that plague the lower rungs of the justice system are underrated in their impact on the well-being of a city neighborhood: "I've been doing this for 29 years, and if you don't deal with the small stuff when it's still small, it becomes a cancer. Cecilia Edders, perhaps the most frustrated neighbor, owns several properties that she rents, all within walking distance of her home next-door to the old store. She would like to have this one, to demolish it.

"I have gone to three sheriff's sales on that property, and every time, it gets pulled. I've even offered to rip it down at my own expense. It is totally frustrating.

"If I could have bought that place the first time I tried, I might have been able to do something with it. She says she believes the building should not sell for more than the cost to tear it down, which is about $ 5,000, but when she submitted her most recent bid of $ 2,000 to Marcus, the liquidation Realtor, he countered with a sum Edders calls "r idiculous. "No one is going to pay $ 15,000 for that building," she said. "They would have to be out of their mind.

Six years ago, Carol Peterson bought a late-19th-century house a few blocks away. She tore out the paneling, the carpets, the acoustic tile ceilings and funky linoleum, under which she found Polish-l anguage newspapers from Detroit and old Sun-Telegraphs.

Her efforts revealed the original wood flooring, pocket doors and plaster walls. She has since bought and restored a smaller, frame home near hers. That house, which is on a corner, was also once a bane to the neighborhood, she says: "A corner should have a building on it. Peterson moved to Pittsburgh from New Jersey to do graduate work at Pitt in 1983 and chose to settle in Lawrenceville because she wanted to restore an old home. "I knew this housing stock, architecturally speaking, was tremendous."

An architectural historian for Michael Baker Co., she does house histories in her spare time. She has done 40-50 in Lawrenceville, some 700 in all. Compelled by curiosity, "the chance to play detective," she says one of h er earliest memories was visiting a dress shop with her mother and asking the proprietress, "Did this building used to be a house? After doing a house history on 146 45th St. for the Post-Gazette, Peterson calls it "not quite monumental," but with her druthers and a winning lottery ticket, she would save it. "That building has a lot of meri t.

Diana Nelson Jones is a Post-Gazette staff writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (6), PHOTO: Pam Panchak/Post-Gazette; Pittsburgh City Photographer; Collection, Archives of Industrial Society/University of Pittsburgh: (For two; photos) Mary Hollingshead who moved to Lawrenceville in 1902, when she was 4,; recalls when 146 45th St. held a lively residence and grocery, as it did when; the photo at left was taken in September 1936. Visiting recently with her; nephew, Ray Carroll, from her home in Delmont, Hollingshead said, "Boy, I; can't get over this store. How dilapidated it is."; PHOTO: Cecilia Edders, a neighbor to 146, is frustrated: "If I could have; bought that place the first time I tried, I might have been able to do; something with it."; PHOTO: Pam Panchak/Post-Gazette photos: Diane Kolczynski, a Lawrenceville; resident who lives nearby, walks by the vacant and deteriorating building at; 146 45th St. to get from work to shop at Giant Eagle.; PHOTO: A detail of the staircase leading up to the third floor.; PHOTO: Owner Ken Marinack was in the process of rehabilitating the property; before financial and physical problems set in.

**Load-Date:** April 24, 1998

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FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Byline:** STORY BY TONY NORMAN

**Body**

Butch and Leslie Perkins' Perry Hilltop home sits near the bottom of Osgood Street, a gently sloping diagonal in the heart of the racially mixed neighborhood.

The exterior of their two-story wood frame house is dark brown and dignified -- like its owners -- who work hard to maintain it amid the shifting fortunes of the ***working-class*** communities on the North Side.

Dozens of jazz enthusiasts, friends and relatives were invited to an Easter soiree at the Perkins' in honor of trumpeter Wynton Marsalis. Perkins has known Marsalis for 10 years, going back to the days when Perkins was a promoter and radio personality in Pittsburgh.

Finding a parking spot on the narrow, cobblestone street felt like a good omen, not to mention unbelievable luck.

Even the clouds that had earlier threatened torrential showers defied the Accu-Weather pundits with light rain of no consequence.

When the sun emerged, the smell of Easter soul food and wet grass filled the air, a sign that spring was finally arriving after the city's long winter.

Several clusters of black people stood on the front porch resplendent in Sunday finery, some laughing, some nodding their heads profoundly over plates of collard greens, corn bread and ham in one hand, forks in the other.

The atmosphere was relaxed and friendly; a round of discreet nods greeted me as I approached the front porch.

A lone white man fidgeted with a camera in front of the door and didn't notice me. Was he from a rival newspaper or some national magazine working on its own Wynton story?

Once inside, I navigated slowly down a hall toward the kitchen through a gauntlet of big shoulders and smiling matrons, self-conscious men and budding young women who smelled so good that it was tempting to ask what fragrance they were wearing.

Butch Perkins stood at the dining room entrance across from the kitchen, directing guests to make more platters of Easter turkey, and potato and macaroni salad, while pointing to the well-stocked bar in the corner.

''Glad you could make it,'' he said, shaking my hand when I ambled over. He was dressed casually, in a knit pullover sweater that looked too hot for the occasion.

''Have you met Wynton yet?'' he asked, getting straight to the business at hand.

I explained that sneaking up on a subject and observing him for a while was my tactic of choice. It was better to let these things evolve naturally, since the most common reaction upon meeting a reporter is suspicion, if not hostility.

''Yeah, I have a feeling this is going to be a good story,'' Perkins said. He was somewhat distracted; he took the responsibility of entertaining 100 people seriously.

Marsalis, dressed in dark slacks and a blue hooded pullover, stood several feet away in the dining room, signing autographs for a tight circle of young admirers. Several members of his band huddled around him, too.

Despite my wish to remain unobtrusive for a while, Perkins guided me closer to the group. There was no point in resisting as he introduced us.

''This is the brother I was telling you about,'' Perkins said.

''He's writing a story about all of this.''

''Yeah, cool,'' Marsalis said, shaking my hand and sizing me up quickly.

''I hope you don't mind me eavesdropping a bit,'' I said. ''I'm looking for color, something atmospheric, so I'll be jotting things down.'' I held up my reporter's pad.

Marsalis looked at me again. ''It's cool, man,'' he said before returning to his conversation.

His brusqueness meant he was determined to keep his distance until he could get his own fix on the situation. I scribbled a few notes just to show that I wasn't going to be at the mercy of celebrity mood changes.

I suppose it was reasonable for him to think I was just another music writer out to deflate the Marsalis reputation -- something he's grown accustomed to in his 11 years on the scene. He's been one of the most widely quoted and, if you believe him, misquoted jazz musicians of recent years.

As an articulate spokesman of what some reviewers call the Neo- Traditionalist wing of modern jazz, Marsalis has been a vociferous critic of what he considers the shabby musical values and bad faith that dictate the form of not only jazz, but much of popular music today.

Insisting that an understanding of blues as a feeling and an intimate knowledge of jazz history is fundamental to advancing the form, Marsalis has fashioned a movement of like-minded musicians who are attempting to lead by example.

Consequently, there is no shortage of critics who whine about Marsalis' formalism and aesthetic fervor, two aspects of the trumpeter's personality considered too conservative for mainstream musicians who often base their careers on the myth of jazz musicians being self-destructive and wholly intuitive.

''Wynton's tone is too icy,'' critics shout. ''He's all technique and no soul,'' as if the trumpeter were force-feeding them virtues no longer considered relevant for our times.

Some of his lazier critics consider his deference to jazz history a defect roughly analogous to forcing art students to learn about anatomy, color theory, composition, art history, materials and techniques to the exclusion of individual expression. This is the false dichotomy that Marsalis spends most of his waking moments refuting.

Pianist Marcus Roberts is the most prominent of his allies, who include all the permanent members of the Wynton Marsalis Septet -- tenor and soprano saxophonist Todd Williams, alto saxophonist Wes Anderson, trombonist Wycliffe Gordon, bassist Reginald Veal, drummer Herlin Riley and pianist Eric Reed.

Gordon and Veal were easy to recognize, but there were many other vaguely familiar faces from other half-forgotten social contexts, newspapers and magazines.

It was too risky to say: ''Hi, how're you doing, and what's your latest project?'' and find out you were talking with the brother of the cousin of the road manager.

So, after introducing myself to Leslie Perkins, it was time to browse and mingle.

Music from tiny speakers hooked up to a CD player filled the dining room, but I couldn't place it. Working with the assumption that at this particular party, Marsalis' music would be the most logical soundtrack, a game of name that tune was unavoidable.

At first I thought, incorrectly, the music was from ''Black Codes (From the Underground),'' Marsalis' 1985 Grammy award-winning album that first captured my attention -- three years after the rest of the country had already decided he was a phenom the likes of which hadn't been seen in a generation.

Providing some valuable clues and sitting above the bar, still swaddled in the dusty shrink wrap of their day, were several vinyl album covers from Marsalis' 30-plus recordings.

The accelerated trumpet lines and elegant piano arrangements didn't sound like ''Volume 1'' or ''Volume 2: Intimacy Calling'' of the three-volume ''Marsalis Standard Time,'' series, two of the four album covers represented there. Nor did it sound like his 1982 self-titled album that put the then 20-year-old trumpeter on the pop culture map.

The only album on the bar I wasn't familiar with was ''Hot House Flowers,'' a record several influential jazz critics scared me away from in the mid-'80s, when my discretionary dollars were scarce.

And this wasn't exactly a party where one could walk up to someone and ask what was playing, at least not within earshot of the trumpeter, whose disdain for the ignorance of music writers is legendary.

Later on, I found out that the songs had been classic recordings by Duke Ellington and Clifford Brown, so my guessing was off by a generation, anyway.

Leslie Perkins allowed herself the luxury of enjoying her party. All the food had been prepared that day with the help of her grandmother, Elizabeth Alexander, her mother, Patricia Kelly, and sister, Lisa Kelly. It was Southern-style cooking-by-the-book; it was also a process she enjoyed.

''Butch said to expect 25, so we know that means 100,'' she said with a laugh. ''We actually have enough food for 200 guests.

''I don't know all that's here,'' she continued. ''All I know is Wynton. We had our own family dinner before this; then we cleared them out to get all this ready.''

Asked what she and the other women had prepared, she reeled off the list in no particular order:

''Ham, turkey, fried chicken, potato salad, candied yams, macaroni and cheese, green beans, collard greens, corn bread, homemade rolls, hot rolls, dinner rolls, stuffing, relish trays of cranberries, pickled beets,'' she said, apologizing for forgetting some things.

''It was 16 hours of hard work,'' she said. ''I didn't get any sleep until 5 this morning.''

She smiled as people helped themselves to seconds and thirds of the enormous meal.

''It just feels good to cook,'' she said.

Young Dean Alston, the 16-year-old trumpet-playing nephew of Jimmy Ponder, talked shop in the center of the dining room with Marsalis as Westinghouse High School music teacher Calvin Stemley looked on.

Drummer Joe Harris made the rounds as did Robert Edwards Jr., a Perry High School tenor saxophonist looking for tips from the master.

Drummer and vocalist David Moore was there, as were Thil and Judy Dunham, old friends of the Perkins' and devoted jazz fans. The Dunhams also had the distinction of being the only white couple at the party.

Scattered in piles on the dining room table were stacks of fliers advertising Sala Udin's run for the late Jake Milliones' District Six city council seat.

''Sala Udin was Jake's right-hand man,'' Perkins said later. ''I told him to bring some literature along.''

John Uddstrom, the photographer who had been fidgeting with his camera earlier on the front porch, was now inside schmoozing. The owner of a hair salon, Uddstrom photographs musicians whenever he can. He also makes lithographs based on his photos.

Respected jazz critic and author Stanley Crouch held court on the opposite side of the dining room from Marsalis. He'd flown into Pittsburgh to catch the Marsalis Septet's performance at the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild the evening before.

Though his book of essays and reviews, ''Notes of a Hanging Judge,'' is combative to the point of distraction at times, Crouch's excellent liner notes on Marsalis' albums are insightful studies on the trumpeter's musical evolution.

''We're working on a miniseries about the music,'' Crouch said of a PBS project tentatively called ''Jazz: The Music, The People, The Myth.''

Crouch proved to be as engaging and irreverent as his prose, systematically deconstructing black pop music, the welfare state, liberal pieties and what he called faddish nationalisms and intellectually bankrupt trends.

''African-American culture remains influential because it is a truly original vision of modern life,'' Crouch said.

''As for Afrocentricism, I saw that in the '60s,'' he said. ''It won't be long before some of those folks get into careerism. Then you'll begin to see red, green and black Mercedes.''

A young tenor saxophonist named Todd Ledbetter questioned Crouch closely about his ideas and his disdain for youth-oriented music like rap, but Crouch was merciless and wouldn't consider the possibility that much of pop music could be redeemed.

''The only thing you can hope for is a structure to help you combat corruption,'' Crouch said. ''When you're in the middle of modern life, you've got to face that. Your ideas have to stand up to real life.''

I keep saying the same things I've said before,'' Marsalis said, gesturing to his heart. ''It just resonates now. I haven't backed off or changed my mind about anything.''

Marsalis didn't appear the least bit flattered by the suggestion he had mellowed or that his reputation as a dogmatic purist was in danger of softening.

''In all those early interviews -- in '82 and '83 -- I was sabotaged by writers,'' he said bluntly.

''It takes a lot of integrity to present an interview with an artist whose views are antithetical to (the questioner's).''

Marsalis was just warming up. Everyone on the front porch listened with rapt attention.

''Now, even though I knew the writers were setting me up, I would go through with the interviews anyway and in doing, sacrifice my position (a bit),'' Marsalis said.

Despite his reputation, he feels his views, which are actually more withering and critical than reported, have never been seen in the national press.

''So even though they would (mess) my stuff up, all that was just a part of being out there,'' he said, indicating that it didn't really bother him.

He suggested a rationale for his lower profile of late: ''Sometimes you have to retreat just to attack again.''

Probably the most incongruous image of the evening was his statement that he was willing to lay down on the ground to trip his enemies as they walked away.

''These writers,'' he said with a laugh, ''they just aren't gracious.''

It was shortly after this conversation, after the third and fourth platters, that the woofing started.

''Who wears 9 1/2 tennis shoes?'' Butch Perkins shouted suddenly.

''We got to get some sneakers on this brother,'' he said, referring to Marsalis, who at first pretended to ignore him.

''Even though I'll have to whip your ass,'' Marsalis said finally, ''it won't keep me from graciously accepting this fine meal.''

There was a round of laughter and ooooooohs at that one.

''I have to get some shoes for this brother,'' Perkins said, shouting his request again.

''He's really holding court about this hoop (thing),'' Marsalis said with some amusement. ''Somebody tell him to chill before I have to put a serious hurtin' on him.''

''Naw, I think not,'' Butch said, laughing and jumping in Marsalis' face, even though the musician was half a head taller.

''My brothers have been witness to this scene many times,'' Marsalis said, referring to his band mates who had gathered around the two. ''You don't want this, Butch, I'm telling you. Please, somebody tell this brother what's up.''

''Let's just take it to the court, man. This ain't no horn, this is b- ball,'' Perkins said, clutching a slightly deflated basketball.

It was soon agreed that Marsalis and several band members would return to their rooms at the Vista International Hotel, Downtown, suit up and return for a game of hoops to be played at the Fineview Projects basketball court several streets from Osgood.

''You gonna regret this,'' Marsalis said as he lead his entourage away. ''Every city I go into, I end up having to prove something to somebody. When (folks) gonna learn that this is my game?''

Easter was as good a time as any to uphold one's honor, especially when the weather is nice and a b-ball court is a few blocks away.

Basketball has evolved into a rite of passage, with the same metaphysical implications as baptism and being born again for some devotees of the sport.

One's proficiency or lack thereof in b-ball is considered a fairly reliable indication of one's place in the world and the next life, possibly.

No black man can easily back down from a challenge even if the odds are clearly unfavorable.

Perkins, at 40, is nine years Marsalis' senior, but he is wiry and possessed of a steely self-confidence, a quick wit and loads of determination. He refused to consider a Marsalis victory a foregone conclusion.

''I used to play pick-up games with Maurice Lucas and Ricky Coleman,'' Perkins said. ''We were classmates at Heron Hill.''

''Butch is a half-assed promoter,'' said Tom Kelly, Perkins' father-in-law. ''Ever since he was with 'YEP, he'd keep in touch with musicians and have a little thing going here at the house. He's always into something with these guys.''

The Fineview Projects court was unlit and in no better condition than the basketball. At 8:15 p.m., shadows were everywhere and the one-on-one confrontation had evolved into two three-man teams.

Marsalis was all business in a shiny blue sweat suit with a black and white lightning bolt across the chest and stomach. His black sneakers looked as expensive as the sweat suit. He didn't bother stretching or loosening up before launching several well-aimed shots toward the basket.

''Time to get hot,'' Marsalis said, missing several easy layups. ''What kind of ball is this?'' he asked incredulously.

''Man, this light is bad,'' Perkins complained in turn after missing a couple of base-line shots. ''Let's go down to West Park.''

''No, man. It doesn't matter where you get beat,'' Marsalis said. ''I could beat you in the dark if I had to.''

After the dust settled, trombonist Gordon and bassist Veal were on Perkins' team, while Leslie's cousin Rob Dorsett and Marsalis' road manager, ''Chumney,'' rounded out the trumpet player's roster.

''Don't worry, Butch,'' Marsalis smirked, ''this game won't go on forever.''

With both sides playing a very aggressive game, the insults between the two captains never let up. Marsalis and Perkins provided running commentaries at every opportunity.

''This ain't no thang,'' Marsalis said after establishing a comfortable lead. ''This is just a workout for me.''

Marsalis was insistent that the score be recorded accurately. ''Tell the truth,'' he said several times, pointing to me.

''Don't even talk about this being a close game. This is a blowout.''

The first game's lopsided 11-6 score failed to convey how close and intense it actually was most of the time, but Marsalis saw it only as vindication.

''What did I tell you?'' he shouted to Perkins. ''You were too busy talking when you should have been taking care of business. You got to be serious when you step up to me.''

''Let's take it to West Park,'' Butch said again. ''They have a lit court down there. I can't see in the dark; I'm not a damn bat.''

Mindful that Perkins might be able to claim his team lost due to adverse playing conditions, Marsalis agreed to the change.

Once more, we piled into two cars and headed down Federal to West Park court, next to Divine Providence Hospital.

''I'm going to get him next time,'' Perkins said on the ride down. ''I'm going to prove to this guy that I ain't no chump.''

Marsalis followed with his team in another car, arriving at West Park seconds after we did.

The second game started off fast, with Marsalis' team leading early on, but Perkins' responded with some fancy shooting and a sky hook that momentarily stunned Marsalis, who absent-mindedly congratulated him.

''You ain't seen nothing,'' Perkins said immodestly, as his team quickly erased a six-point deficit. Marsalis responded by gunning the ball more, an impressive effort, but one that failed to turn the tide.

Perkins' team won, 15-13, with Marsalis insisting on one more game to end all games.

''Not bad for an old man,'' Marsalis said as he and Perkins embraced. ''But I'm going to have to pour it on now that you tasted what victory is like.''

The third and last game was even more dramatic than the first two, with both teams alternating the lead. The pace was stepped up with even the heavyset Chumney doing layups. Marsalis was especially impressive as his team overcame another six-point deficit to beat Perkins' team, 16-14.

With the games behind them, Perkins and Marsalis cooled their rhetoric a bit.

''You all right,'' Marsalis said, ''but this ball is ridiculous. Where'd you get this piece of (crap)?''

''You're not too bad yourself,'' Perkins said in return. ''But if we'd had a real ball I would've crushed you. And if I hadn't had arthroscopic surgery on my knees … ''

Marsalis sighed and threw his hands in the air.

Duke Ellington is the most modern of them all,'' Marsalis said back at the house when asked what modernist composers he liked.

''I listen to music in terms of what universe it operates in,'' he said.

''Listen to 'Anatomy of a Murder' or 'Far East Suite.' This stuff is out there as well as being harmonically sophisticated. Duke, Monk and Jelly Roll are the real modernists as far as I'm concerned.''

Marsalis was showing his old form as everyone in the room ceded the floor to him. Wiping his brow and drinking a tall glass of ice water, he continued expounding on the state of what he calls ''the music.''

''You want to know what the biggest tragedy is?'' he asked. ''Jazz musicians aren't supported by black people. I can turn on black radio anytime of day and hear Kenny G.

''Now I don't want to disrespect the man, but what he does isn't the real thing. We black folks have to get our cultural priorities right. But I'm not worried. All you need is one or two people playing something and its not lost.

''As for critics,'' he said looking in my direction, ''they kick you in the ass because you challenge their authority. Just one time I wish one of these critics would ask me what the hell I was doing instead of telling me. That's just a lack of humility, man.''

Asked if he considers himself a rebel in the system or a conservative, Marsalis toweled his face and smiled.

''It's possible for you to rebel yourself out of being you,'' he said. Everybody laughed.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), (No caption), Al Fuchs/Post-Gazette: There is no rest for the famous, as international jazz superstar Wynton Marsalis listens intently to young Pittsburgh trumpeter Dean Alston, who tries to learn from the master. (Cover photo), Al Fuchs/Post-Gazette: Butch Perkins, center, makes a joke at the expense of Wynton Marsalis, left. At right are teacher Calvin Stemley and alto saxophonist Wes Anderson.

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[***REMNANTS OF THE PAST SURVIVE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FSV0-0094-210V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***LIVING THE COMPANY LINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FSV0-0094-210V-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** STORY BY KEVIN KIRKLAND PHOTOS BY DARRELL SAPP

**Body**

Hannah Morgan, 92, can look down the connected row of two-story houses on 17th Avenue in Munhall and remember when they looked exactly alike, same white paint, same porch posts, same wooden siding -- as identical as the steel plate their occupants turned out at Carnegie Steel.

''You took what they gave you. We didn't care that they looked the same,'' she said.

Morgan still lives in the company-built rowhouse her family moved into on the eve of the Homestead Lockout and Strike of 1892. Her father was in charge of the storeroom at Carnegie's Homestead Works. She says he never missed a day of work during the bloody uprising that left at least 10 people dead and broke steel unionism for decades. He told her most of their first neighbors were replacement workers brought in by company chairman Henry Clay Frick to break the strike.

''A lot of people didn't want to move here at first. 'You're the scabs,' they said. But that went away after the strike.''

By 1908, there were long waiting lists of steelworkers for four- and five- room homes like those that still line Munhall's 17th, 18th and 19th avenues. With running water, they were a bargain at $ 11 a month, about half of what comparable rental homes went for.

Morgan, who was then 8 years old, shared the two-bedroom house and outhouse in the yard with five brothers and her parents. One brother worked in the armor-plate division.

''I was the only girl. I slept downstairs in the living room 'til I got married,'' she said.

A tiny, cheerful woman, Morgan tries to give a tour of her house, whose inside looks much as it must have then, with small pictures on thick plaster walls, colonial-style woodwork and mantels, and many of the original electrical fixtures installed by the company. She has trouble with steps, so Mark Doyle, her nephew who lives across the street, has to show the upstairs.

A poster on the wall of a bedroom declares,: ''Are you ready for Jesus? I am.'' Doyle shows where a small upstairs bathroom was added by cutting the back bedroom in half.

Morgan says the neighborhood used to be a close-knit mix of mostly skilled millworkers. The families were much like hers -- American-born, English, Scottish, ''many Irish -- that's what we were,'' she says proudly. ''No ethnic. And I've never seen them yet.''

She doesn't know her neighbors anymore. They're mostly ***working-class*** young people, some of whose parents and grandparents were ''ethnics'' or ''foreigners,'' what older generations called Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Croatians and other Eastern Europeans. No blacks live on her block.

Her neighbors' houses today are as varied as their backgrounds. The rows are a patchwork of multicolored siding, Insulbrick and shingles. Like other company housing throughout the area, they wear different colors, perhaps a new porch or windows, but they still carry the family resemblance, like aging brothers and sisters.

That family resemblance shows up in pockets of brick or wooden company houses throughout Southwestern Pennsylvania. In the uniform rooms, you often meet second- and even third-generation descendants of the workers who first rented them. These people watch as their towns struggle to survive without the industries that built them, asthe occasional yuppie ''rehabs'' the old executives' homes, as other ethnic groups move into homes their grandparents had been barred from by the company or by tradition. Some don't want to move; others do but can't afford to.

Long after the company is gone, the houses and people it shaped remain. From 1880 to 1920, thousands of miners, steelworkers and other industrial workers moved into company houses in the region, mirroring a trend across industrialized America.

By 1916, more than 1,000 companies ranging from Southern textile mills to New England bearings makers to Western mining firms provided housing for their workers.

Most built housing to attract workers and reduce turnover. As a 1917 U.S. Bureau of Labor study concluded, ''A housed labor supply is a controlled labor supply.'' Limited transportation meant homes were needed within walking distance of mines or mills.

For these reasons and in the spirit of ''paternalism'' and ''welfare capitalism,'' industrialists like George Westinghouse, Andrew Carnegie, James Laughlin, James Ellsworth and others built neighborhoods or whole towns of rowhouses, duplexes and single-family homes for their workers, and more elaborate homes for foremen and superintendents.

Coal towns sprang up practically overnight alongside mines in Washington, Fayette and Greene counties, and were given names like Marianna, Cokeburg, Bobtown, Grindstone and Isabella. In the Pittsburgh area, whole neighborhoods were built within a few years in places like Munhall, Clairton, Wilmerding, East Pittsburgh, Leetsdale, Stowe, Aliquippa and Hazelwood in the city.

Though most houses were rented at reasonable rates, companies also sold some homes to workers and held the mortgages. In both cases, payment was taken out of workers' paychecks. Companies supplied workers' coal or electricity, ran stores, paved streets, built libraries or auditoriums and maintained everything. Employee-tenants often had only to call up the company maintenance department for home repairs and improvements, and their homes were repainted every few years.

In his autobiography, Carnegie boasted of offering workers savings accounts and creating a trust fund to lend them money to buy homes. ''I consider this one of the best things that can be done for the saving workman,'' he wrote.

Westinghouse, the father of Westinghouse Air Brake and Westinghouse Electric, reportedly said:

''I want the men to feel they're working with me, not for me. Treat your men right and they'll treat you right!''

On the darker side, companies brought in their own police forces -- the renowned Coal and Iron Police -- to intimidate and sometimes evict workers who tried to organize unions or took part in strikes. Coal mine owners and coke operators in particular were known for evictions. In 1922, during a coal strike that united miners from across the country, several thousand were evicted.

''I've seen pictures of people with their stuff piled outside their homes,'' said Bill Keyes of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

Henry Clay Frick, who first made his reputation in the coal fields of Fayette County, continued this practice when he became chairman of Carnegie Steel. During the Homestead Strike of 1892, at least 70 families were evicted from company homes in Munhall and Homestead.

The worst of the company towns were the rural ''coal patches'' -- isolated grids of streets near the mines. Families of miners, many of them Italians, Slovaks, Croatians or Eastern European immigrants brought to this country as unskilled workers, lived in drafty wood-frame duplexes and singles with four bare rooms and no indoor plumbing.

In the rural, black-veined valleys of Washington, Fayette and Green counties were found a repeating pattern of hurriedly built towns whose fortunes rose and fell with those of the mines they surround. Many sit quietly today, almost perfectly preserved by economic downturn, loyal subjects of the deposed King Coal.

Two Washington County coal towns stood out for what their creators aspired to. Ellsworth, built in 1899 by Chicago businessman James W. Ellsworth, and nearby Marianna, built several years later by the Jones family of Monongahela, are some of the only coal towns built from brick.

Ellsworth, who helped finance and plan the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, constructed in his namesake town Georgian-style public buildings and brick miners' cottages modeled after ones he saw on a trip to Wales. The Joneses, owners of the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Co., a mining and brick-making company, built everything in Marianna, including the Roman Catholic church, of yellow refractory brick.

More representative of the look of the traditional coal patch is nearby Cokeburg, which was also built by Ellsworth. Although Cokeburg was built only a year after Ellsworth, it has none of Ellsworth's ambitious public buildings or brick cottages. Its streets of identical two-story wood-frame duplexes curve away in neat rows from the former mine entrance, the red-brick company store and the remains of the ovens that helped process coal into coke, which was used to fuel steel mills.

Helen Magera, 59, grew up in one half of a duplex she now shares with her husband, Frank. Her father came from Czechoslovakia to work in the mines alongside Croatians, fellow Slovaks and Italians. She remembers sharing the four-room home with her parents, three brothers and sisters, her grandfather and a friend's father.

''Eight of us lived in one half,'' she said. ''We had a rooster and an outdoor bathroom. … I just bought the other half a year ago. We could have used it when I was younger.''

She said Bethlehem Steel Corp., which bought the mine in 1922, took care of the houses. Like other mine companies, Bethlehem brought in the hated Coal and Iron Police to patrol the town and intimidate union organizers in the '20s.

Mafalda Sabolsky, Cokeburg's tax collector and lifetime resident, said people remembered the company police with bitterness and ''a lot of fear.'' Her husband's parents were evicted from their company home for several months during a strike in the '20s, she said. They went to work and live near another small mine in Bethlehem Township, then were allowed back in their house when the strike ended.

Magera's husband Frank is now a foreman for the 84 Mining Co. in Eighty Four, several miles away.

''My husband is the only one on the street still working in the mines,'' Magera said. ''Unfortunately, a lot of people aren't working.''

Beyond the few rarities like Ellsworth and Marianna, coal towns vary little from each other -- wooden single-family homes and duplexes in straight rows. Architecture students call their design ''vernacular'' -- a catchall word for common houses of no particular style.

''After you've seen about 10 coal towns, you know what to look for -- gable roofs, wooden boxes with two little porches, two rooms upstairs, two rooms down,'' said Terry Necciai of Monongahela, Washington County, a historic preservation consultant who worked on the Historic Site Survey of the Greater Monongahela River Valley.

For the 12-month survey, a team from the Historial Society of Western Pennsylvanis visited, researched and rated the historic ''integrity'' of housing, churches, millsites and other structures relating to industry in Southwestern Pennsylvania. The $ 90,000 project, which was finished in November 1991, was funded by the National Park Service as part of an effort to create an as yet undesignated state and national industrial heritage region.

When the team reached Allegheny County, it found company housing in general to be slightly bigger, and with good reason. Most Pittsburgh-area industrialists did not build homes for their unskilled workers, many of whom were blacks or recent immigrants from Italy or Eastern Europe.

They were increasingly replacing American-born workers and earlier immigrants in the most menial jobs at steel mills and factories. Many paid a few dollars a month to board with fellow immigrants or lived in filthy, crowded ''courts'' near mills in Lower Homestead and Duquesne or the brick rowhouses in Braddock. There, more than 100 people might share two water pumps and one large outdoor ''water closet'' while living amid the nearly 24-hour din and smog of the mill.

Skilled workers got the company houses, which were generally a little larger and better equipped than those in the coal towns, with foot-thick walls, simple woodwork, heavy wooden floors and running water.

One of the area's best remaining examples of an industrial company town, and one in which housing was provided for both skilled and unskilled workers, was built by George Westinghouse in Pittsburgh's eastern suburbs. When his locomotive Air Brake company outgrew a plant on Pittsburgh's North Side in the late 1880s, he hired architects to design a model industrial community -- the borough of Wilmerding.

Behind the new factory on the bank of Turtle Creek, he first constructed four streets of sturdy, three-story wood-frame homes, completed in 1890. Over the next 30 years, his company built much of the town.

Among the first workers to move in was Philip Schultheis, a foundry molder from the North Side whose parents had come from Germany. In a tall house on Welsh Avenue, he and his wife, Regina, raised seven children, including George, 81, its current resident.

''My mother had the company do everything on this house,'' he said. ''And if your faucet leaked, you just called the home office.''

The rent on the eight-room house, which was originally $ 12 a month, went up to a still-reasonable $ 18 several years later because of improvements his mother demanded, like a front porch and modern bathtub (without clawfeet).

When the company began to sell the homes in the 1940s, one of those who bought a home was, Matt Wojton, 76, a retired Air Brake rate calculator who grew up among Polish and Italian immigrants in smaller company housing built just for them.

His father immigrated from Poland to Wilmerding in 1908 because there wasn't enough work on the family farm. He found a home in a boarding house along with many new immigrants. But several years later, he got a shot at a company house -- one of the last group built by Westinghouse.

In 1918, Westinghouse built Mellon Plan on Boyd Hill, which overlooks Wilmerding but is now part of Monroeville. In one spot, the company built 75 1 1/2-story wood-frame houses with four, five or six rooms.

''Our whole side was Polish Row,'' Wojton said. ''Most of the ethnic fellas ended up working in the foundry. That's where the company put 'em.''

Across a ravine, ''but occupying a site equally as attractive as the larger houses,'' according to a 1920 Westinghouse brochure, the company built 25 more three-, four- or five-room bungalows. Black employees, who were also relegated to the foundry, were offered these, and many of their descendants still live there.

Jefferson Palmore, 84, has lived in his house on Woodlawn Avenue in the Mellon Plan since he was 9 years old. Like many Southern blacks, his father came North from Macon, Ga., around 1910 for ''better opportunities.'' He eventually found work in Westinghouse Air Brake's foundry and sent for his family two years later.

Jefferson joined his father in the foundry at age 15, setting cores in molds and making $ 2 for a 10-hour day. He shared the three-room house with his parents and sister. Shortly after his father died, the company began to sell off workers' homes. Palmore said it was ''a little tough for me,'' but he managed to pay off a $ 1,300 mortgage with Westinghouse over several years. The soft-spoken man retired from Air Brake in 1973 with 50 years' service.

He and his wife, Sophie, raised five children here and added two rooms -- a sitting room and small bedroom onto the original kitchen, bedroom and living room. During a visit, he showed the original thin fiberboard walls that still divide the dining room and bedroom. He looked proudly around the sitting room he had built, with its swirled green plaster walls, faded but comfortable furniture and photos of their children.

His next-door neighbor, Robert Bryant, 27, said his family has stayed in the house for three generations mostly because, ''We can't afford to live nowhere else.'' He said a nearby house that needed work recently sold for about $ 4,000.

Some companies built whole towns with neighborhoods segregated by race, ethnic group or job, just as their workers were segregated on the job. One of the best-known examples of this is Aliquippa, built by Jones & Laughlin near its Beaver County steel mill in the early 1900s. Blacks and workers from different ethnic groups were divided into 13 ''plans,'' each with its own church. Plan 11 had a mixture of Italians, and Eastern Europeans, while Plans 6 and 12 were reserved for foreman and managers.

In Clairton, U.S Steel built as many as 50 three- or four-room brick rowhouses on Lincoln Way, not far but isolated from larger homes built for other workers and foremen in the Wilson section. Today, about half of the Lincoln Way homes remain, split into clumps of twos and threes by empty lots and abandoned units. Most are badly deteriorated, though some residents try to spruce them up with paint and tiny gardens. All residents are black.

Companies began selling all of their housing to tenant workers in the 1940s amid rising maintenance costs, increasing grumbling from workers over rent increases and the widespread use of automobiles. Workers tried to make them their own, painting them bright colors, and putting on siding, awnings, additions and porches. Outside the coal towns, it's often difficult to distinguish company houses from homes built privately around the same time.

But it's hard to individualize brick. One of the best examples of brick company housing built with flair for skilled workers, foremen and middle managers is the ''Newtown'' neighborhood of Clairton's Wilson section.

With varying shades of red and yellow brick in Colonial Revival style, the homes show attention to design and detail. Bricks are laid in geometric patterns or built up to form cornices. Some porches are still surrounded by a wooden railing with a repeating ''keyhole'' pattern, a design that Carnegie also used in houses built in East Pittsburgh for middle managers at the Edgar Thomson Works.

In Clairton and other mill towns, the foremen, assistant superintendents and superintendents got the very best houses, with high ceilings, hardwood floors and moulding, and leaded-glass windows. Residents of Duquesne and North Braddock remember how steel company managers moved to increasingly bigger and more luxurious homes as they moved up the corporate ladder.

David and Deborah Levy live in one of two Colonial Revival homes Carnegie Steel Co. built nearly 100 years ago on Munhall's 11th Avenue for assistant superintendents at the Homestead Works.

Since buying the house for under than $ 100,000 less than three years ago, Levy, the owner of a Pittsburgh advertising agency, has replaced the 40-foot front porch and the furnace, refinished hardwood floors and moulding and plastered and painted throughout the huge house.

T. J. Stefanic's brick-and-terra cotta tile house on West Lehigh Avenue, Munhall, is one of dozens built by Carnegie Steel in 1918. Since he bought the house in 1983 for $ 55,000, Stefanic has gone room by room, repainting and re- wallpapering, refinishing doors and woodwork, restoring and replacing light fixtures -- everything to make his house look as it looked when it was first built for a steel company middle manager. He has filled each room with furniture from the 1920s and early '30s.

Owners of more ordinary company housing say the buildings are well-made but nothing special. Some of the younger homeowners say they would move out if they could. The older ones, like Hannah Morgan in her Munhall rowhouse, never thought to leave.

''We're like glue,'' she said, chuckling.

Company towns in Western Pennsylvania

Other good examples of company housing and the businesses that built them:

Allegheny County:

Homestead -- c. 1890. Carnegie Steel Co.

West Homestead -- c. 1900. Mesta Machine.

Hays neighborhood in Pittsburgh -- c. 1900. Harbison-Walker Refractories Co.

North Braddock -- c. 1890. Carnegie Steel.

Braddock -- c.1900. U.S. Steel Co.

Duquesne -- c.1910. U.S. Steel.

Library in South Park -- c.1910 and 1920. Original company unknown; became part of Pittsburgh Coal Co.'s Champion Mine Division.

Coverdale in Bethel Park -- c. 1910. Champion Mine Division.

Axelton in Forward -- 1903. Liggett Spring & Axle.

Presston in Stowe -- c. 1900. Pressed Steel Car Co.

Leetsdale -- c. 1910. Riter-Conley Steel.

Hazelwood in Pittsburgh -- c. 1919. Jones & Laughlin Coke Works, division of J&L Steel.

Greene County:

Mather in Morgan -- c. 1915. Company unknown.

Nemacolin in Cumberland -- 1918. Buckeye Coal Co. of Ohio.

Bobtown in Dunkard Twp -- 1924. Jones & Laughlin Steel Co.'s Vesta Mine Co.

Washington:

Granville/Minersville in California -- c. 1880. Company unknown.

Daisytown, partly in California -- 1905. J&L's Vesta Mine Co.

Cement City and other parts of Donora -- 1900 and 1915. American Steel & Wire.

Muse in Cecil -- c. 1910. H.C. Frick Coal.

Vesta 6 in Centreville -- c. 1915 J&L's Vesta Coal Co.

Fayette:

Leisenring in Dunbar -- 1880. Connellsville Coke and Iron Co.

Star Junction in Perry -- c. 1890. Washington Coal and Coke Works.

Whitsett in Perry -- c. 1890. Company unknown.

Smock in Franklin, Grindstone in Jefferson, Rowes Run in Redstone -- c. 1900. Pittsburgh Coal Co.

Isabella in Luzerne -- 1907. Hillman Coal.

Allison 1 and 2 in Redstone and Luzerne -- 1907. W.J. Rainey Coke Co.

Westmoreland County:

Vandergrift -- c. 1895. Apollo Iron & Steel.

Yukon in South Huntingdon -- 1908. Magee Coal Co.

Beaver County:

Aliquippa, originally Woodlawn -- 1907. Jones & Laughlin.

-- from The Historic Site Survey of the Greater Monongahela Valley, prepared by the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (7), George Westinghouse's dream of a company town was realized in Wilmerding, the Turtle Creek Valley town built for workers of Westinghouse Air Brake. In a recent photo, homes on Airbrake and Middle avenues glow in afternoon sunlight. (Cover photo), Cokeburg, Washington County, is an example of a coal-patch community, with streets forming rows of identical two-story wood-frame duplexes., Seen among the nearby slag piles, company-built homes in Isabella, Fayette County, are throwbacks to the National Mine, which closed eight years ago., Hannah Morgan, 92, still lives in the rowhouse her family moved into on the eve of the Homestead Lockout and Strike of 1892., Porches in Clairton's Newtown area are surrounded by wooden railings with ''keyhole'' patterns, as seen at the home of Andrea Bellavance and son Christopher, 3 months., T.J. Stefanic of Upper Munhall has painstakingly restored his home to re-create the way it looked when it was erected in 1918., Phillip Angelone, who was a miner for more than 43 years, stands outside his Isabella home. The gloves belong to his son, William, 38, who washes off coal dust after traveling 50 miles each way for his mining job in Blacksville, W.Va.

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[***The feasts of America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44KG-36K0-0190-X09F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** INQUIRER MAGAZINE; Pg. 16

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**Body**

I am eating my way across America. This is part of a six-month journey to discover what it takes for a city or region to emerge as a special dining destination.

Of course, I have Philadelphia in mind.

Last week, I explored flashy Las Vegas and traditional New Orleans. Now I'm visiting San Francisco and the wine country to its north, land of fresh ingredients, and the international borough of Queens in New York.

If the chefs and diners in our region set their minds to it, we can learn from these places how to build on the strong base we already have to make our city a major food destination in the country.

Northern California

Earlier this year, the San Francisco Chronicle published 101 reasons why the Bay Area is the country's food mecca. The region had launched, the paper claimed, every major eating trend.

Nobody likes a braggart, but the culinary riches there are impossible to deny. California has contributed fusion cooking and wood-fired grills, fancy pizzas, artisan bread, gourmet coffee, salad culture, and a casual style.

But its quest for high-quality homegrown ingredients is its most enduring contribution. With heirloom tomatoes, tiny greens, goat cheese, olive oils, and world-class wines, the West Coast proves that America can produce ingredients as good as or better than those from abroad. After decades of mimicking Europe and Asia, we are able to define our regional cuisines by looking in our own backyards.

California's love of local - and preferably Earth-saving organic - products has even taken on moral overtones. Menus pay homage to farmers. Wine-country restaurants have little gardens with arugula or thyme. The seasonal nature of produce is so respected that our waiter at Tra Vigne, the bustling Italian restaurant in St. Helena, tells us, "The potatoes are served at the height of their flavors."

If you look at Tra Vigne's wine list, you'll see bottles of wine made by former employees in the hills nearby.

In other parts of the country, you may hear gossip over sports stars, hot stocks or politics. But people in Napa and Sonoma are more likely to talk about the latest vintage and that friend of a friend who bought a bottle of the "cult wine" Screaming Eagle for $1,500.

"But what are you going to do with one bottle like that?" an exasperated wine-maker says to me. "Everybody knows that you need at least two."

In the 30 years since Alice Waters opened her seminal Berkeley restaurant, Chez Panisse, she has led America's kitchens to seek out the finest local ingredients.

Waters cultivates more than 80 local small farmers, cheese-makers, fishermen, ranchers and hand-craft bakers, buying directly from them and encouraging them to use organic agriculture.

"I can't talk about quality without talking about purity," she says. "I can have something that's supposedly divine-tasting, but if it isn't grown [organically], it just doesn't appeal to me. It loses its beauty, somehow."

I savored a puree of carrot at Chez Panisse a few years ago and realized I'd never really tasted a carrot before. Whereas others were woody and bland, this silky orange puree tasted like sweet earth in a spoon.

The restaurant is still impressive, as a recent lunch showed. The rich, dark consomme of guinea hen is filled with bright green peas and pasta shells. Wood-grilled pork from Niman Ranch bathes in natural juices with sage and smoky eggplant rounds. A pristine fillet of downy-white striped bass sits beneath sweet round cipollini and sliced green beans. A rustic peach tart fills the mouth with the sunny sweetness of an entire orchard.

"I'm the old man in the dirt growing the food," Bob Cannard says. "And these - these are the beautiful women out front cooking it."

He gestures to Samin Nosrat and Katie Groffman, two Panisse interns who have come to this Sonoma farm with co-chef Christopher Lee to discuss the future. That's because, amazingly, Cannard dedicates the entire yield of his 20-acre farm to the restaurant.

We follow him through his fields, snapping sun-warmed vegetables right off the vine and popping them into our mouths. There are sweet little yellow plums descended from seeds Jack London brought from China. There are pumpkin blossoms as big as trombones, frizzy sprays of tender endive and escarole, cucumbers and yellow squash. Lee hands me a tiny purple flower that warms my tongue, the bloom of a wild mustard bush.

"We come up here and it makes us want to cook," he says. "The food is so fresh, there's no other way. Our menus are chosen, created on a daily basis, strictly by what we're able to get, what we like, what is nice. Everything is defined for us by what is in the garden.

"We went to New York and there were refrigerators filled with beautiful stuff. But where did it come from? It came from here and everywhere else. So what are those guys? What is the definition of their cuisine?"

Cannard begins a sermon on tomatoes.

"Most of our food is deliberately grown to not have contentment. They want you to eat and not be satisfied!" His blue eyes flash. "But I don't want you to have to eat five tomatoes. I want to serve one tomato that brings you physical completeness and contentment, and gets you to think like a tomato. Which, by the way, is a very generous organism. A tomato is a real happy kind of critter."

"Here. You will be my Sherpa."

We've only just met, but Alice Waters hands me her shopping bag, and we do our best to keep up as we follow her through the Ferry Plaza Farmer's Market in San Francisco.

"Good morning, Alice! Good morning, Alice!"

Vendors greet her as she moves from stand to stand, popping segments of white Arctic Glo peaches into her mouth, munching tiny green leaves of lamb's quarters, snapping up bunches of sunflowers, and inspecting the wheatgrass and tomatoes. Her shopping bag is filling up.

The atmosphere is heady with enticing aromas.

"We have a kind of community of restaurateurs and a community of farmers that are bound together here," Waters says. "And that's what people are hungering for. Not a taste of food, but a hungering for a sense of community. This market really reflects that. I come to see my friends."

Brilliant yellow zucchini stop her short.

"You see that?" she says excitedly. "These are Early Dawn zucchini. Just what I'm looking for in the market. The kind that sort of looks back at you. Eeeeaaaa!"

I jump. But she is talking to the zucchini.

The strawberries are not ripe, she says, but she buys a flat anyway to make jam.

"We've had some cool weather and things have not ripened up quite. You're so aware of every little change here. . . .

"New York has a great restaurant culture. But I struggle when I go to New York to find people who are really looking for 'live food.' They're not connected like we are. We are closer to it because we're right near the Central Valley and we hear about farming."

Waters' passion has rubbed off on restaurateurs from Berkeley to Philadelphia. Vendors travel from as far as 300 miles away to sell their produce to the savvy customers at Ferry Plaza.

"We like to think we're on the cutting edge," says Karen Giacomini Howard of the Point Reyes Farmstead Cheese Co. "People in the Bay Area are not going to balk at the price, and they demand freshness. A canned product might be fine for somebody in the Midwest. But out here, at this market, people are swarming for fresh produce."

Getting a reservation at the French Laundry requires an unrelenting telephone mara-thon of dialing and redialing to secure a table two months in advance. But to eat at what many consider the best restaurant in the country, it seems a small bother.

In many ways, the French Laundry offers a stark contrast to Chez Panisse, from the solemn austerity of its decor to the high polish of its cuisine. Whereas Alice Waters' kitchen coaxes and nudges incredible ingredients into expressing their personalities, chef Thomas Keller's food often undergoes more laborious, albeit magical, transformations.

More than a dozen such dishes flow to our table, each ingenious creation a meticulous unity of world-class ingredients, whimsical concepts, and lapidary haute cuisine. Some sauces have been strained 20 times before they are drizzled on our plate. Textures sparkle. Flavors sing in perfect harmony.

"Oysters and pearls" is a warm, buttery froth of savory sabayon filled with morsels of oyster and soft tapioca beads that slip against salty caviar. Summer truffles, shavings of earthy musk, rain down from the waiter's grater onto sweet corn agnolotti dumplings. Lobster meat poached in butter tenderly curls over sweet onions and a mint-infused sauce. The "forever braised" pork belly is a miracle of slow cooking. The wild striped bass with a velvety puree of black-eyed peas takes a soul-food classic to gastronomic elegance.

A hush fills the room as everyone eats, disturbed only by two couples who fight for the right to pay the bill, which easily hits $200 a person. When the victor is decided, the woman who lost weeps into her string of pearls.

In the French Laundry's kitchen, waiting for Keller while adoring guests take pictures and have him autograph their cookbooks, I am struck by the quiet room behind him. The polished stainless steel gives it the feel of a laboratory.

Keller occasionally turns to finish a set of plates. He bends over them with an eyedropper to dot and swirl colors, ladling sauces that bloom in perfect circles across the dish. Like his kitchen, he is unflappable and disarmingly modest.

While the French Laundry is unabashedly rooted in the mystique of wine country, Keller has also created a restaurant whose identity does not entirely hinge on regional ingredients. Quality is all that matters, whether it is Pennsylvania lamb, French truffles, or Liberty ducks from western Sonoma County.

"With the way transportation has evolved, my definition of local has gone beyond geographical borders. If I can get lobsters from Maine a day after they were plucked out of the ocean, well, then, that's local to me. As a chef, I'm not going to limit myself to anything - that's selling our customers short."

Keller will allow his environment to shape his cuisine, but its definition comes from him alone. He hopes that philosophy will let him translate his cuisine for Manhattan, where he once cooked and now plans to open another restaurant.

It remains to be seen whether he can master bicoastal kitchens. The urge to franchise, to surmount regional borders even at the highest levels of cooking, has become irresistible, a culinary federalism to counter the romantic notion that we can be satisfied with a local identity.

Perhaps the two ideas intertwine: Even an international vision for cuisine is enhanced by the freshest local ingredients. Growing and using local produce need not limit the way you cook.

Queens

I suspect we are lost in East Elmhurst, a neighborhood in Queens.

"Turn right here!" Jim Leff yells. "Slow down here! Now, we're slightly going in circles, but we're not lost . . . oh, no . . . oh . . . this is bad."

The plan was to get Philippine barbecued sausages and purple yam cake first, then go to the Greek yogurt lady, followed by some Afghan pumpkin turnovers and possibly a snack of Ecuadorian plantains. But everything gets turned around. That's easy to do in Queens, especially when taking directions from Leff. He's the guru behind Chowhound.com, the Web site that lets voracious food hunters share their latest finds.

"We're into the quest," he says. "We're into meeting the people. We're into checking out the different cultures. And if you check out all these different kinds of foods, it just sort of broadens you. It's like traveling, but it's even better because it's so focused."

The dining choices are seemingly infinite in New York City's most ethnically diverse borough. Queens welcomed at least 180 nationalities during the 1990s, and more arrive every year. Uzbeks. Turks. Bengalis. Romanians. Albanians. All of whom have restaurants.

"I think people who chowhound around know more about who's coming to the city than anybody else - turn left! OK, now we're saved - because when something's wrong in Ecuador, they all come here. The ones that are just starting to come in small numbers, Nepalis, for example, there'll be a Nepali restaurant soon."

Roosevelt Avenue offers a roiling, fragrant collage of Mexican taco stands, Colombian bakeries, Pakistani kabob shops, Indonesian satay counters, and 24-hour sushi nooks, interspersed with the occasional Irish pub. At the end of it all is Flushing, with one of New York's three big Chinatowns, home to Taiwanese, Shanghai, Chiew Chow and Korean restaurants.

Leff leads us to an innocuous little storefront named Yogurt Place, where Fotini Kesso creates dairy magic.

"Fifteen years and only yogurt!" says Kesso, an Istanbul-born Greek.

She scoops three dollops of yogurt into a bowl and tops them with a lovely compote of figs, apricots and prunes stewed with lemon and cinnamon. The syrupy fruit is delicious, and the yogurt has a richness, a thick creme-fraiche indulgence I've rarely tasted, a sublime flavor worth a detour.

Since the liberalization of federal immigration laws in 1965, newcomers have brought a wealth of exotic flavors to every corner of America. What dish will spark the next big craze, the next Asian fusion or Nuevo Latino? I wouldn't be surprised if it is already being cooked in Queens, a buttery Indian dosa with coconut chutney, perhaps, or a Brazilian moqueca, or the colorful tapioca bubble teas that are all the rage in Flushing.

"The people I work with are from all over. In fact, everywhere but America," says Vamir Pjetrovic, a waiter at Spark's, an upscale Manhattan steak house.

He has come to Astoria, Queens, for a prework snack at Cevabdzinica Sarajevo, a typical Bosnian grill shop specializing in beef sausages called cevapi. The little sausages come stacked alongside chopped raw onions, pureed roasted red pepper, and crusty bread slicked with sausage juice. The flavors dance with garlicky gusto, pungent, addictive and hauntingly authentic.

"I feel like I'm back home when I come here," Pjetrovic says.

Owner Ismet Huskovic has re-created the flavor of the cevapi shops he owned in Sarajevo before he left six years ago.

"For me, Queens is like my Sarajevo," he says. "A multiethnic city."

In Brazil, Herbet Gomes was a technical mechanic in mineral exploration in the Amazon jungle. Ten years ago, New York's food industry gave Gomes a living and a chance to discover his true calling behind the stove, to hone his trade in the upscale kitchens of Manhattan, and then reflect upon his culinary heritage.

The result is Malagueta, the lovely little restaurant that his wife, Alda, concedes "is our American dream."

Because Manhattan rents are prohibitive, Gomes bought a book called How to Open a Small Restaurant and picked a long-abandoned location in Astoria, closer to his home. Customers in this corner storefront sway to the samba and swoon over Gomes' colorful, full-flavored cuisine.

Crunchy strips of fried yucca and smoky rounds of grilled sausage come with a green mayo dip that vibrates with cilantro and garlic. A timbale of rice is ringed by wonderful shrimp moqueca, succulent shrimps sauteed in a coconut milk sauce with palm oil. On Fridays, Gomes serves a hearty feijoada, the traditional black bean stew of Brazil, filled with thick slabs of bacon, pigs' feet, and a side of farofa (toasted crumbs of the starchy manioc root) for sprinkling.

On the menu is Gomes' original creation, polenta Bahiana, corn meal enriched by the coconut palm oil sauce used in moqueca. It's the kind of surprising natural fusion that can happen when a Brazilian chef learns his craft alongside Mexicans, Poles and Dominicans in an upscale Italian restaurant in Manhattan. His Brazilian clientele loves it.

I'm enchanted by Malagueta. But though few entrees are more than $12, Jim Leff believes Malagueta faces a struggle.

"He opened a restaurant for Upper West Siders in the middle of Astoria. And none of the Brazilians or ***working-class*** people of that neighborhood are going to be able to afford it and nobody from [Manhattan] is going to come out to eat in it.

"As a result, I'm pretty much keeping the place alive by eating there once a week."

Maybe Gomes and his polenta Bahiana won't make that leap to Manhattan, the Food Network, and the national magazines, to be imitated and absorbed by restaurants from Miami to Las Vegas dabbling in Novo Brazilian.

But the real importance of eating in Queens is to discover a trove of international flavors in their purest forms, unchanged by the influence of those who wait on the other side of the East River.

"You see that restaurant there?" Leff nudges my elbow at 79th Street. He nods at Arunee Thai Cuisine. "That's the only authentic Thai restaurant in the entire city."

I find it hard to believe.

"It's true. All the other guys do it for Americans. They make it sweet, not hot. The owners of most Thai restaurants are in cahoots. They confer with each other to determine methods to make food gringos will like, and they're evolving a new cuisine the way the Chinese did in the '50s and '60s. Chinese American cooking is a distinct cuisine. Thai American food is becoming that as well."

There is a note of disdain in Leff's voice. Authenticity is key to the serious chowhound.

For those beginning their own chowhound quest, Queens may be the most efficient place to start.

At Ihawan, a Filipino barbecue place in Woodside, I savor langonisa, grilled spicy pork sausages with a sweet mahogany-colored glaze. At the Tibetan Yak Restaurant in Jackson Heights, a talkative Nepali from Katmandu named Bijendra Maharjam assures us that our meal is true Himalayan: charred chunks of tender beef tongue glazed in a spicy chile sauce; and plump momo dumplings filled with garlicky, gingered beef.

"Tibet is my border country, and this is similar to the food of my childhood," Maharjam tells us. "That's why I'm always here - I feel near my home."

In true Queens fashion, an Ecuadorian is manning the Afghan skewers of the halal grill at Speengar Shishi Kebab House in Woodside. More memorable than the marinated grilled meats are the bolani gadana, steamed dumplings filled with scallions and drizzled with yogurt sauce; the fluffy mounds of earthy brown basmati rice; and the sharply pleated bolani kadu, flaky brown triangle turnovers filled with gently spiced sweet pumpkin. As we rise to leave, I spy two ladies spiking their glasses of yogurt lassi with rum.

We aren't in Kabul anymore.

Roosevelt Avenue's energy multiplies east of Shea Stadium in Chinatown. The crowds weave between market bins of squirming blue crabs and twisted ginseng roots, and vendors selling steaming bagfuls of "flavourous baked cakes," walnut-sized beignets scented with lemon that are griddled over an open flame.

We have an intriguing meal at Joe's Shanghai restaurant on 37th Avenue, famous for its "soup dumplings" - tightly twisted noodle purses filled with pork or crab stuffing and then injected with steaming hot broth. Consuming them can be hazardous and messy, but it's great and tasty fun.

At 39th Avenue and Main Street I come across a stylish new hot spot: Sago Tea Cafe. The drinks are tea-based confections flavored with everything from kumquat to curacao, in hues of lantern red and apple green and icicle blue.

At the bottom of each drink is a cluster of tapioca pearls, black beads you suck up through a wide straw and chew. Mine have a slightly malted, licorice flavor as I suck them up - thump! thump! They shoot through the straw with the purplish cream of taro root tea.

I happen upon another morsel of deliciousness, a South Indian-style dosa, at Rajbhog Sweets, an Indian pastry shop in Jackson Heights where the buttery rice-flour crepe comes wrapped around curried potatoes with a zippy side of thick green coconut chutney.

Leff dismisses it; I must try the Dosa Hutt in Flushing for a really great one.

It's hard to keep up in Queens, as ethnic groups leave and others arrive. The average stay is about two years.

"The Ecuadorians are coming to the end of their two-year block," Leff explains. "But before them were the Mexicans. And before them were the Colombians. And I'm only talking about Jackson Heights."

The Greeks are out of Astoria, the Bosnians and Brazilians are in. The Jackson Heights Indians are out, the Pakistanis are in.

The restaurants that survive over generations take on a well-worn comfort. The 35-year-old Donovan's in Woodside is such a place, a half-timbered stucco Irish pub and hamburger haven where at happy hour the clientele are singing a rousing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

In nearby Elmhurst, Meson Asturias is the Spanish equivalent, an authentic tapas bar where the Peruvian-Swedish guitar wiz Jorge Marlborg strums flamenco stylings. Amiable owner Jose "Pepe" Aguera, who pours dry sherry into our glasses, says that keeping up with the ever-evolving neighborhood over the last 21 years has been difficult.

Still, the room is full. Young couples lace their fingers and kiss passionately over beautiful pans of paella stuffed with yellow rice and lobster. And then Aguera's old friend Hector Lomba begins to sing, sweet Spanish ballads of love and loneliness. A woman in a red satin dress mouths every word, tears in her eyes.

"I first came to Queens from Puerto Rico in 1964 to see the World's Fair," Lomba tells me dreamily. "And when I passed by on the train, I looked down and saw this neighborhood: quiet and beautiful, like a small town with everything I needed across the street. One year later I came and stayed. And this restaurant has become like a part of my home."

Philadelphia

My travels are complete. It is time to come home. Each place I visited offers lessons that apply in broad and specific terms as I try to define the flavor of our own city.

Las Vegas, for example, has captured in its restaurants the allure of limitless indulgence and flamboyant glitz that has put the city on the map.

In New Orleans, the culinary fireworks reflect a city that honors tradition and allows for modern creativity.

In Northern California, the obsession with pure regional ingredients inspires a dining scene that sets national standards.

In Queens, the vibrant community of international restaurants illustrates what is happening in gateway cities across America.

When we look at our own dining scene, what do we find? What is our national food identity?

Our greatest virtue, and challenge, is that Philadelphia has all those assets - money, tradition, regional bounty, and vibrant immigrant cultures - but doesn't stand out in any particular one.

Being well-rounded doesn't make headlines. And so Philadelphia too often gets overlooked in national magazines such as Gourmet, which in October ranked only one of our restaurants, Pasion!, among the country's 50 best.

It doesn't help that we are the stuffing in the New York-D.C. sandwich, or that our state-stunted wine laws sap the joy from half of the eating-drinking experience, or that we are chronically modest, uncomfortable bragging about what we have.

But what we have is special.

When I think about what makes Philadelphia a great place, I think of its balance, its best-of-all compromises. The very things that make it not New York or D.C. - a slower pace, an easygoing attitude toward cutting-edge trends and power brokers, and a more down-to-earth, local feel - are what make it so appealing. It remains a collection of livable neighborhoods, historic and still thriving, bustling but not overrun, brimming with character in perfect human scale.

This livability, this personal touch in a big-city package, extends to a sophisticated restaurant scene where individuals can have an impact, where quality has the breathing room to grow and be appreciated.

Talented native sons such as Marc Vetri can return unknown from years abroad to instant success in a 35-seat room. World-class chefs such as Georges Perrier, Susanna Foo and Jean-Marie Lacroix can send gifted proteges across the city. Visionary restaurateurs such as Neil Stein and Stephen Starr can create eating extravaganzas that set the stage for our special occasions. Thoughtful neighborhood bistros here can become an essential part of our everyday lives.

We have enough wealth to support one of the country's best luxury dining scenes and lure the kind of big-time talent that raises the quality of the entire city's kitchens. A recent fervor for the adventurous and flamboyant has infused our restaurant scene with excitement.

Our Restaurant Renaissance of the early '70s turned the city toward fine dining long before other parts of the country. And Philadelphians cherish their restaurants with discrimination and enthusiasm.

If some traditions, the classic fish houses and, to a lesser extent, the South Philly red-gravy restaurants, are at a crossroads, our use of local ingredients is on the rise.

The fertile soil of Lancaster County is legendary across the country, the source of high-quality ingredients for Manhattan and Washington, D.C., from free-range chickens to heirloom tomatoes to country hams. The Dornstreichs at Branch Creek Farm in Bucks County helped begin began the micro-green movement. Kennett Square is the mushroom capital of America. We have bread bakers such as Metropolitan Bakery and coffee roasters such as LaColombe that are as good as any in the country.

And New Jersey provides an astonishing array of wonders: Gloucester County peaches and Pinelands cranberries, coastal clams, flounder, wild striped bass, and tuna.

A few stalwarts have been championing local ingredients for years, restaurateurs such as Judy Wicks and Kevin von Klause at the White Dog Cafe and Jack McDavid at Jack's Firehouse. As local growers take a natural spotlight in smaller, more casual venues, such as Django and the Standard Tap, we have proof that local-is-better is becoming accepted.

Considering our resources, though, the connections between farmers and Philadelphians have been slow to match California's example. As a result, our restaurant scene hasn't yet staked a claim to such ingredients as an integral part of Philadelphia's identity.

The logistics of connecting Philadelphians to artisan food purveyors in the surrounding countryside is still a formidable challenge. The Reading Terminal Market in Center City, one of the first farmer's markets in the country and our answer to San Francisco's Ferry Plaza, should be the premiere showcase of our regional bounty. But it risks becoming little more than a glorified food court.

Restaurateurs complain that buying from a series of smaller growers, as opposed to one big food service company, can be costly and inconsistent.

Farmers such as Glenn Brindle at Green Meadows Farm in Lancaster County, who has been growing specialty produce for 20 years, say Philadelphia chefs only now seem to be coming around.

"Philadelphia's a tough sell," Brindle says. "The people there are - how shall I say? - very price-conscious."

White Dog's von Klause agrees. And, he says, "A lot of chefs still think that if it doesn't come from far away, it's no good."

As a result, some of Brindle's colleagues in Lancaster and Bucks Counties focus on more lucrative markets in Manhattan and Washington, where wholesale prices are as high as retail prices here. But Brindle continues to cultivate Philadelphia restaurants, growing as many as 50 different crops on his 15-acre farm, from micro-greens to sugar-sweet corn to the Zapotec squash commissioned by Pasion! Other crops are hopeful experiments in search of a wave of interest - bull's horn peppers, fragrant kaffir limes, conical Romanesco broccoli, figs, French Charentais melons, purslane, Siberian red kale.

"OK, so people don't get too excited about kale. But I can make believers out of peaches!"

Brindle grasps a peach and pulls away the skin with his thumb and forefinger, removing it like a jacket, to reveal the pale, pristine curve of its sweet flesh inside.

"You can't get peaches like this from Georgia," he says, taking a bite. "Not unless you go there."

I'm constantly delighted by the variety of cuisines that have settled in Philadelphia. I've eaten West African fufu on Baltimore Pike, red caviar blini and Uzbeki lamb plov on Bustleton Avenue, Korean kimchee and barbecued short ribs on Castor Avenue, Jamaican red bean pies on South Street, tacos al carbn in Kennett Square, and Portuguese grilled quails on North Fifth Street - all within the last year. Even familiar Chinatown remains a treasure-hunter's paradise, whether you want "long life" noodles, Malaysian roti, or grilled Vietnamese grape leaves.

A visit to the Italian Market is even more reassuring. At Ninth Street and Washington Avenue, one of the city's oldest immigrant gateways undergoes another transformation. There is the bustle of the aging Italian merchant row, of course, with its produce stands, fishmongers, fine butchers, master bakers, and excellent cheese stores.

Lately, a new vibrancy exists on the perimeter, through the vast Asian supermarkets such as Hung Vuong, the Vietnamese bakeries such as Ba Le, and noodle-soup halls such as Pho 75. A closer look reveals more possibilities. A sophisticated little French bistro, Pif, that is drawing crowds from the Main Line. And the beginnings of a Mexican presence, from music stores and groceries to the hidden little storefront, called Variedades Veracruzanas, we happened across, serving fabulous Veracruz-style tacos filled with guajillo-stewed pork to a Mexican crowd.

Such discoveries tell us about our city and its population, and provide Philadelphia chowhounds with the thrill of serendipity, a necessity for any great food city.

Granted, our immigrant communities are scattered, rather than concentrated in one area. And according to one study, greater Philadelphia, despite being the fifth-largest metro area in the country, ranks nearly 20th in attracting immigrants.

Still, those communities shape the distinctive character of the city's restaurant scene.

I wonder which of the city's newest immigrant populations will produce the next jewel in our crown - the Russians, the Dominicans, the Pakistanis or the Haitians. Who will be the next Guillermo Pernot? His success at Pasion!, which Food and Wine and Esquire have also praised, is the kind of creativity that Philadelphia can cultivate. And he's not the only one.

Which is why snubs such as Gourmet's sting.

We haven't regressed. Our great chefs - the darlings of previous polls - have simply been overlooked, as Philadelphia often is.

After my cross-country food journey, I can say that several of our restaurants could legitimately have been nominated to Gourmet's top-50 roster, including Vetri, Le Bec-Fin, Susanna Foo, the Fountain and, on a good day, Striped Bass.

Perhaps a better measure of a city's culinary greatness is the overall strength of the dining scene rather than the number of its celebrity chefs; the pleasure of eating every day, sounding the depth and variety and clarity of flavors that resonate steadily from the poshest dining palace to the tiniest corner joint.

And this is where Philadelphia excels, unfurling its virtues at a pace most appreciated by the ones who matter most, the people fortunate enough to live here.

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**Notes**

Craig LaBan is The Inquirer's dining critic. Eric Mencher is an Inquirer staff photographer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

Vineyards frame the mountainous terrain in Sonoma County, California - wine and farm country. (Photography by Eric Mencher)

Alice Waters shops for Chez Panisse at Ferry Plaza Farmer's Market in San Francisco.

In San Francisco,

freshly ground burgers are flame-seared at Mo's in North Beach, right, while dining is French bistro style at Absinthe, below.

Scallion custard is served in an egg shell at Fifth Floor, San Francisco, top; Bob Cannard works at his Sonoma farm; Dungeness crabs are boiled at Alioto's on Fisherman's Wharf; chef Thomas Keller gives attention to a plate at the French Laundry in Yountville.

Nick's

in Forest

Hills serves

up pizza.

Flushing's Chinatown has

Taiwanese, Shanghai, Chiew Chow and Korean restaurants.

Flavored

sago teas have wide straws to

suck up the tapioca

pearls from

the bottom.

Fontini Kesso's

fruit-topped yogurt has

the richness

of creme fraiche.

Shrimp moqueca rings a timbale of rice at Malagueta in Astoria, above.

Hector Lomba sings at Meson Asturias in Elmhurst, right.

Glenn Brindle tends to boutique

produce at Green Meadows Farm

in Lancaster County.

**Load-Date:** December 4, 2001

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[***LIVING BY THE CODE, DYING BY THE CODE / ON THE STREET, IT'S VIOLENCE THAT RULES GENERATIONS HAVE FOLLOWED THESE COMMANDMENTS: DEMAND RESPECT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P5W0-01K4-9107-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01; SERIES

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**Byline:** David Zucchino, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

On the night his best friend was shot through the head and his brother was wounded, Jojuan Adams was stuck at home. He had been put on punishment by his father for busting curfew. He had to wash dishes. He felt like a punk.

It did not take Jojuan long to decide what he had to do once back on the street. He'd have to kill somebody.

His best friend, Anthony Lewis, was dead just four days after his 18th birthday. The same night - July 23, 1992 - Jojuan's older brother Myron had caught a bullet in the leg from a holdup man at a gas station in Southwest Philadelphia.

At age 17, brimming with bravado, Jojuan felt his honor violated. A real man, he thought, would not sit back and take a major dissin' like that. Somebody was going to pay. And first up was going to be the dude who shot Anthony.

The code of the streets demanded retribution. Even teenagers like Jojuan Adams, with a clean record and a loving family, were obliged to obey it. No decision had to be made. The streets had already made it for him.

"I was his best friend," Jojuan recalled. "It was on me to do it."

Three months would pass before Jojuan got his chance at payback. People who loved him begged him not to succumb to the street code. Four people spanning three generations of the Adams family in South Philadelphia tried to save Jojuan from himself.

But the more they tried, the more Jojuan gave himself up to the notion that he was expected to honor the code - even if the teenager he ended up stalking turned out to be the wrong target.

\*

Generations of young men have grown up in America's cities bound by an unwritten code of the streets: Answer all affronts. Don't back down. Demand respect.

Today, with millions of guns within easy reach, the code has turned deadly. Slights and insults that historically produced fistfights or knifings now leave a corpse - or, at the very least, a nasty wound.

The code is most rigidly applied among young urban black men. Whether upstanding or deviant, from dysfunctional homes or solid two-parent families, few young men grow up in black urban neighborhoods without confronting the code. Not all feel compelled to act upon it, but many do.

"The operating assumption is that a man, especially a real man, knows what other men know - the code of the streets," Elijah Anderson, a sociologist who has studied the code, wrote recently.

Anderson, a University of Pennsylvania professor, says that by the time they are teenagers, many young black males have internalized the code. It's a code that defines what it is to be a man, he says. It prescribes the proper ways to display nerve and earn "juice," or respect.

According to Anderson, the code means:

"Don't punk out."

"If somebody messes with you, you got to pay them back."

"If someone disses you, you got to straighten them out."

When it comes to enforcing the code, the method is usually violence, and the means is often a gun.

"Young guys I talk to say: 'Fighting is out of style.' It's all guns now. Guns are the great equalizers," Anderson says.

Anderson believes the code accounts for a significant number of killings and woundings in America's cities. While versions of the code exist in all parts of society, he says, its appeal is strongest within what he calls the "oppositional culture" of the inner city.

"People don't trust the system to come to their aid," he says. "So they take matters into their own hands."

What makes the code especially lethal among the poor, Anderson says, is the alienation and disillusionment bred by inner-city life. In such meager circumstances, all a young man truly owns are his self-esteem and his street profile - the way others see him, and the way he sees himself.

"Many inner-city young men in particular crave respect to such a degree that they will risk their lives to attain and maintain it . . . ," Anderson wrote. "Many feel that it is acceptable to risk dying over the principle of respect."

\*

It was no secret on Winton Street, where the Adams family lived in a tidy brick rowhouse, that Jojuan Adams was thinking about payback.

"I wanted to do something about it, do it that night," Jojuan, now 19, recalled.

His brother Myron, recovering from his gunshot wound, told Jojuan he didn't want payback against the bandit who shot him; Myron feared he'd take another bullet. And he warned Jojuan that he'd only get hurt - or locked up - if he

went for payback over Anthony.

Jojuan's grandmother, Emma Johnson, warned him of adopting the values of the young men who hang idly on the streets.

"These street kids, they're out of control," Emma Johnson, 63, said she told him. "Their parents don't raise them, they raise themselves. They do just what they feel like doing."

She remembered her own youth so differently: Parents intervened in teenagers' squabbles, and nobody knew anyone who had a gun.

"I told Jojuan: Keep your self-respect. Keep your control. Nobody's got any sense any more, so you've got to use your head," Johnson said.

Jojuan's father, Richard Fields, told his son flat-out: Don't even think about getting payback.

"He wanted to go out that night and round up his friends and retaliate against somebody," Fields said. "I said no, no, no, that's only going to get you in trouble, too."

At age 38, Richard Fields knew well the code of the streets. He grew up in the same South Philadelphia neighborhood where he now raises his three sons. When he was Jojuan's age, he too was called upon to enforce the code.

In 1973, he says, someone fired a shot that just missed his mother as she sat on her front steps in South Philadelphia, a few blocks from his present home.

"We had a code, just like now," he said. "If somebody messed with somebody in your neighborhood, you'd run them down and beat them up. But you wouldn't kill them, like they do today. You'd just teach them not to mess with your people."

In this case, someone had messed with Fields' mother.

"I went to find the guy (to) beat him good," Fields said. "I was a good fighter, had a reputation. He'd have gotten hurt, no doubt. But I wouldn't have killed him."

He didn't get the chance. A friend found the offender first, he said, and beat him up on Fields' behalf.

That experience was on Fields' mind almost 20 years later as he counseled his son. He told him a man did not become a man merely by pulling a trigger.

"A baby can pull a trigger, but only because he doesn't have sense enough not to," he told Jojuan.

Jojuan shrugged and nodded. His father expected him to let the matter drop. His son was no angel, he knew, but he was no street hoodlum, either.

Theirs is a tight family. It is firmly run by Fields, who works for a building contractor, and his wife, Carolyn, a direct, plain-spoken woman who tolerates little nonsense from her sons.

Their South Philadelphia neighborhood is an orderly, ***working-class*** place, but it has its problems. Petty drug dealing is chief among them.

Carolyn Adams worried about the influence the local crack peddlers might hold over her son. They were among his peers. When he was out on the street, it was their ways he adopted, not hers.

Now, with family friend Anthony Lewis dead - she'd known him since he was a baby - Adams knew that people on the street were watching Jojuan. Would he abide by the code?

The street code had turned lethal since the days when Adams was growing up in South Philadelphia.

"Today, they shoot each other over the littlest thing," Adams said. "It's like nobody wants to look bad."

She tried to coax Jojuan into releasing his anger and grief at home rather than out on the street. He rebuffed her. He refused to talk about it. Whatever he was thinking, he kept it to himself.

"As much as I tried to teach him the right way," Adams said, "he had to do it his way."

She sensed a blind rage welling inside her middle son. "He was a walking time bomb," she said.

Even some of Jojuan's friends on the street warned him against enforcing the code, he said. They told him payback would only get him locked up or shot, or both.

A few of his homeboys did suggest payback, he said, but only if Jojuan thought he could pull it off without getting arrested.

Jojuan says he didn't listen to anybody - not his parents, his grandmother, his brother, his friends from the street. He listened only to a voice in his head that told him to live by the code of payback and respect.

From the moment he heard Anthony had died, his mind had been made up.

"I wanted to kill the dude," he said.

\*

A few days before Anthony Lewis died, Richard Fields had learned that Jojuan had been spotted on a corner where drugs were being openly sold and consumed.

He sat Jojuan down for a man-to-man talk. He told him he knew what he was up to regarding drugs.

"I told him: 'Whatever you're doing, I already done all that. It don't lead to nothing good.' "

As Jojuan recalled it: "He told me it was wrong, don't do it. If he caught me doing it, he'd throw me out the house."

Just days after their talk, Jojuan stayed out past his 10 p.m. curfew. His father put him on punishment for a week. No leaving the house except for school. No phone calls. And he was on dishwashing detail.

And there he was, home washing dishes, when Anthony was shot.

\*

Jojuan let it be known in his part of South Philadelphia that he was looking for the person who had shot Anthony. Soon word came back from the street: A neighborhood boy from Catharine Street, Kahiem Welton, 15, was said to have shot Anthony Lewis.

With little effort, Jojuan obtained a .380 semiautomatic pistol with an eight-round ammo clip. He won't say how, except to note that finding a gun in his neighborhood is a simple matter.

Then he waited.

When the confrontation finally came, it was at a dance inside the YMCA at 17th and Christian Streets. It was Oct. 18, 1992, three months after Anthony's death. Jojuan spotted Kahiem Welton on the dance floor.

The way Jojuan tells it, he walked over to Welton and got in his face. He says he demanded to know what had happened to Anthony.

Jojuan is a tall, slender young man who has not quite grown into his body. He has long arms and thin, bony legs. He strives hard to present a casual, unconcerned, languid look. This is accentuated by his big, hooded eyes, and by the way his smile does not flash all at once but spreads out slowly, almost modestly.

It's difficult to imagine such a young man erupting into violence. But Jojuan's parents say he has a fierce temper when provoked. And, in his mind, Kahiem Welton had provoked him.

When he asked Welton what had happened, he recalled, Welton did not afford him the proper respect.

"He started getting smart with me, like he didn't care if somebody was dead or not. And it was my best friend who was dead," Jojuan said.

He said he challenged Welton to rumble, but Welton brushed him off, as if he were insignificant.

"It was just the way he came off," Jojuan said. "I knew he did it, and he didn't care."

At that moment, Jojuan says now, he had no plans to shoot Welton. A friend persuaded him to back off and leave. He went outside.

But later, still outside the Y, Jojuan saw Welton standing with his back to him. According to Jojuan, Welton spun around, said something to him, and made a move with his hand toward his coat pocket.

"Anybody who turns around on you and says something with their hands right here," he said, gesturing to his armpit, "you know they got a gun. I had to do what I had to do."

He drew the .380 from his hoodie sweat shirt and emptied the clip, eight rounds in all. "They say he was shooting like a cowboy," his father said later.

Welton fell to the ground, shot in the abdomen and the buttocks. Everyone ran, screaming.

At that moment, Jojuan didn't consider the consequences, he said. That did not come until after he had tossed the gun and jumped into a getaway car with some of his friends.

"Ain't no way you can back down from something like that," he said. "You got to act."

A police description of Jojuan - "black male, 6 feet, 160 pounds, white jacket, blue hoodie, blue jeans" - made him easy to find. He was later convicted in juvenile court of aggravated assault and weapons violations.

The police report noted that his victim did not have a weapon.

That point seemed lost on Jojuan.

"I wanted payback, so I shot him," he said by way of explanation.

\*

Inside a public-housing project in South Philadelphia, Kahiem Welton's name is well "tagged" - lavishly graffitied on walls surrounding his mother's high-rise apartment. But Kahiem is nowhere to be found.

His mother, Juliette, says Kahiem has been "sent away." He rarely talks anymore about how or why he was shot, she says; he prefers to forget the whole thing. The only reminder is the slight limp left by his bullet wounds, she says.

Kahiem's counselor at the reform school where he now resides says Kahiem does not care to discuss the shooting. Kahiem's lawyer, Bruce Wolf, says Kahiem calls the 1992 incident "old business."

Curiously, Kahiem Welton's name is not mentioned in police and medical examiner records of Anthony Lewis' death. In fact, the records show that no one shot Lewis except Lewis. His death was ruled an accidental, self- inflicted shooting.

Records say Lewis had been inside an abandoned dwelling on 58th Street with two unidentified friends, playing with a handgun he had just bought. When a friend told him to put the gun away, Lewis put the gun to his head and said:

"It's not loaded, see?" and pulled the trigger. He died the next day from a bullet wound to the brain.

So why did Jojuan Adams believe Kahiem had shot his best friend?

Jojuan said he has never believed the police version of events.

"That's just the story they put out," he said. "It ain't what really happened."

The straight information, he said, came not from the cops but from word on the street.

And why was that?

"Well," Jojuan said, "everybody said he did it."

Details were not important. What mattered was what people on the street thought. And they all thought Welton had killed Jojuan's homeboy.

"People was watching," Jojuan said, "to see if I was going to do something."

\*

This summer, long after Jojuan shot Kahiem, his mother asked him where he got the gun.

She was sitting with him in a conference room at Vision Quest, an alternative sentencing program, where Jojuan had been sentenced for a year in lieu of jail. He completed the youthful-offender program this summer after a four-month probation.

"I forget," Jojuan answered.

"You forget! You shoot a boy and you forget where you got the gun?"

Jojuan shrugged. "It was easy, is all I'll say. Anybody can get a gun. Ammo, too."

His mother asked how big the gun was. Was it about the size of her pocketbook?

"About half that big. A .380, a baby nine. Just a little ol' thing," Jojuan said.

Carolyn Adams shook her head. She was still finding it difficult to believe.

So was Jojuan's grandmother. "It was like he was no different than all the rest," Emma Johnson said. "It was like he couldn't listen anymore to what I tried to teach him."

Adams said: "People used to watch out for other people's kids. If you did something wrong, your parents would hear about it from somebody. The neighborhood helped raise the child. Today, seems like half the parents are on drugs, and half the kids are selling drugs."

Richard Fields believes the code of the streets once inhibited deviant behavior by holding people to certain standards of respect. Now, he says, it's an excuse to blow someone away.

"Used to be, there weren't any guns. Nobody would take you out," he said. "Now, somebody decides they don't like the way you act or the way you talk to them, you get shot over nothing.

"Boys I knew as babies, they're out there now selling crack," Fields said. "They don't say hello or how you doing. They say to me: 'What you need?' like I'm nobody, just somebody on the street. That's the worst kind of disrespect."

In a recent Atlantic Monthly article, Anderson, the Penn sociologist, distinguished between "street" parents and "decent" parents.

Street parents invest deeply in the street code, he wrote. They teach their children - often by example - that violence is a swift solution to problems and a sure avenue toward earning respect.

Decent parents, Anderson wrote, fear the code. They "have an almost obsessive concern about trouble of any kind and remind their children to be on the lookout for people and situations that might lead to it."

The children of decent parents - and Richard Fields and Carolyn Adams certainly qualify - "tend to be more carefully supervised and are thus likely to have curfews and to be taught how to stay out of trouble," Anderson wrote.

All of this was taught to Jojuan. But somehow the street code prevailed. It was stronger than his family and friends ever imagined.

Willie Ellison, Jojuan's supervisor at Vision Quest, says both decent and street kids are influenced by three prime forces - parents, community and peers.

"No matter how good a family a kid comes from, the peers usually have the most influence," Ellison said. "And peers enforce the code of the streets."

Jojuan never mentioned his intentions to his neighbor and close friend, Aronissa McFadden. She was dumbfounded by news of the Y shooting. She would never have guessed that the shooter was Jojuan.

McFadden, a high school senior, is a lot like Jojuan: reserved, serious, the product of a decent family. Last spring, she formed a Virgins Club at Girls High to promote chastity.

McFadden said she knew Jojuan had been deeply troubled by Anthony's death. But he gave her no hint that he was considering retaliation.

"Jojuan, he keeps his thoughts to himself," she said.

Though she is appalled by the code, she recognizes that it is accepted and even sanctioned by some of her peers. And she said the shooting did not lessen her respect for Jojuan.

"I mean, it didn't stop me from going to the prom with him," she said.

\*

Months after the shooting, Carolyn Adams asked Jojuan if talking openly to her would have made a difference. "Nothing would've made a difference," Jojuan said.

"I was going to do it."

Even now, with Jojuan out of Vision Quest and holding a fresh high school degree, Adams fears for his life every time he goes out the front door. She begs him to find a job, preferably one at night, when he is most at risk out on the streets.

Jojuan still has a night curfew. His parents still closely monitor his

comings and goings. But "when he's out there, I'm not in control anymore," Adams said. "The street takes over."

Jojuan's parents and counselor are still trying to determine just how the code drove Jojuan to adopt street behavior.

How did it feel to do it? Ellison, the Vision Quest official, asked Jojuan one day.

"It just felt normal," Jojuan replied. He was slumped in a chair in his parents' living room, his close-cropped head just below portraits of Nelson Mandela, Martin Luther King Jr., and Malcolm X hung along a wall.

"It was the thing I had to do," he said.

Had he learned a lesson from the experience?

"I don't know," Jojuan said. "That I was taken away from my family, I guess."

"That's all that bothered you?" his mother said.

"What about Thou shalt not kill?" Ellison cut in.

"I didn't kill him," Jojuan shot back.

Everyone tried not to laugh. A faint smile crossed Jojuan's face.

Ellison asked if Jojuan felt remorse.

"Not for him," he said of Welton.

Was he glad he did it?

"In a way I'm glad. In a way I'm not," Jojuan said. "I'm glad I took care of business. But I'm not glad I got caught."

Would he stay away from guns? Ellison asked.

Jojuan shrugged.

Later, in a reflective moment, he confided that a gun might be necessary.

"I don't carry no gun now," he said. "But the way things are, you could just be out on the street and get shot for nothing. So you got to protect yourself."

A lot of young men in his neighborhood pack guns, he said, "and you don't see nobody messing with them."

"You can try to avoid trouble, but sometimes it's going to come to you," he said. "If somebody's got a gun and I don't, I'm going to try to get a first step on him. I'm going to do something, whatever it takes."

Jojuan's parents are worried now that the street code will oblige Welton to take revenge. He and Jojuan attended the same high school last year; at one point, Adams said, school officials suggested that Jojuan transfer to avoid a possible confrontation.

Today, Jojuan says the prospect of coming face to face with Welton is no concern of his. By shooting him, he suggested, he had established a lasting primacy.

And so he will admit to no fear of payback from the likes of Kahiem Welton. If a confrontation comes, he said, he will deal with it. There is a code for these things.

"I ain't afraid of him," he said. "He better be afraid of me."

**Notes**

THE CODE OF THE STREETS

This is one of a number of Inquirer articles that will

explore the origins and impact of violence in America.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. Jojuan Adams shot and wounded another South Philadelphia youth in 1992 in

retaliation for the fatal shooting of his best friend. Now 19, Jojuan was able

to attend his senior prom, getting help with his tie from his father, Richard

Fields (left). (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON TARVER)

2. "As much as I tried to teach him the right way, he had to do it his

way," said Jojuan Adams' mother, Carolyn, whose stable home wasn't enough to

protect her son from the code. She watches Jojuan head down the stairs the

night of his senior prom. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON TARVER)

3. Jojuan Adams poses on Winton Street before the prom. His date said that

the code is appalling, but that the shooting didn't make her respect Jojuan

any less.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***ONE MAN'S CHINA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XHX-HT40-0094-504S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 1, 1999, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 4428 words

**Byline:** GUAN KEGUANG

**Body**

I clearly remember how I was "liberated" by the Chinese Communist Party one day in May 50 years ago, just a couple of weeks before my 11th birthday.

The People's Liberation Army entered Shanghai right after the Nationalist Kuomintang announced that they had won a decisive battle against the "communist bandits" and then retreated during the night, leaving China's financial capital defenseless.

The communists didn't seem the monsters described by the Kuomintang. They didn't "communize" people's properties; neither did they "communize" wives. The soldiers entered the city in the small hours, slept on the side walks and never disturbed anybody. They were unassuming, well-disciplined and courteous.

What a relief for Shanghai's residents. We had expected a bloodbath, as the Nationalists had so solemnly declared their determination to defend Greater Shanghai to the last drop of blood.

But why should we believe what they said after they had made such a mess in Shanghai?

During the last year of Kuomintang rule, Shanghai was in chaos. People lived in fear of rampant crime by gangsters, local despots, and, yes, police and soldiers. Every household stored rice against sky-rocketing inflation, and no one knew what would happen the next day. In school, on our teachers' payday, there were no classes because our teachers had to rush out as soon as they got their pay in the morning to buy food or convert cash into silver coins. The bundles of bank notes they received as salary, which might have some value in the morning, would be worthless in the afternoon.

When things got as bad as that, people desperately expected any change to be for the better, even a communist takeover.

The communists cleaned up the city. They rounded up the gangsters and black-marketeers and executed many of them. They stabilized the financial market, and there was no more inflation. They banned prostitution and helped former prostitutes find decent jobs.

On Oct. 1 that year, 1949, Mao Zedong announced in Beijing the founding of the People's Republic of China, declaring that the Chinese people had finally stood up. We celebrated the event wholeheartedly, for we truly believed we now had a PEOPLE' S republic.

In school, we had new textbooks, which taught us the basics of communism. We were taught that when communism was realized, we would live in paradise: there would be no more exploitation of man by man and we could have whatever we wanted - "each according to his needs."

We were taught that we had lived in a society where people were classified by their class origins (the exploiting class: capitalists and landlords; the ***working class***: workers and peasants). We were taught that even though people could not choose their class origins (such as children of the capitalists and the landlords), they could choose to take a correct class stand in support of communism. People, we were taught, were either for communism or against communism. There was nothing in between. In a word, one was either a communist revolutionary or a condemned class enemy.

On the basis of this doctrine, the ruling Communist Party launched a series of political campaigns in China to liquidate class enemies.

Anyone who had ever said unfavorable things about the Communist Party or a party official would have a hard time during such campaigns and end up in jail or a labor camp. People relearned the hard way the old Chinese saying: "Misfortune comes out of the mouth."

At school, all our textbooks were Chinese translations of Soviet textbooks and Russian language was a required course. Former English language teachers in my school couldn't teach English because English was considered the language of the enemy. They had to learn Russian in the evening so they could teach it the next day.

"Let the flowers bloom"

After the death of Joseph Stalin in 1953, Nikita Khrushchev came to power in the Soviet Union and began to reveal the seamy side of the communist regime. Then came the Hungarian revolt in 1956 and people in China began to think there might be serious flaws in the communist system. But no one dared to say so.

In 1957, Mao launched a new political campaign to induce people to reveal their thinking. It was the notorious campaign of "Let a hundred flowers bloom; let a hundred school of thoughts contend."

Mao encouraged all the people, especially intellectuals, to criticize the Communist Party to help it correct its mistakes. He promised that no one would be punished.

Many believed Mao was sincere, and they freely aired their views about the Communist Party, its policies and its cadres. For a few months, the whole of China became a free forum, and people seemed to enjoy for the first time the freedom of speech guaranteed by the constitution.

Suddenly, Mao changed his tune. All the people who had criticized the Party were labeled counter-revolutionary rightists. Many had to endure personal attacks and public humiliation at "struggle meetings" before they were sent to labor camps or even to jail. These included famous professors, writers, artists and university students.

A good friend of mine since childhood, Liu Wenhui, who worked in a shipyard and accused some Party officials of corruption, was branded an anti-communist rightist. Ten years later, he was publicly executed.

Mao boasted later that he had "lured the snakes out of their holes."

I was a freshman at college. Since I was new there, I was mostly an observer rather than a participant in political activities - luckily for me. But I experienced up-close for the first time in my life the ruthlessness and horrors of a political campaign. I saw prestigious professors degraded and humiliated in public, and colleagues, friends and relatives forced to accuse and denounce each other. I saw how private conversations, personal letters and diaries were used as evidence to prove the "crimes" of "rightists."

After the anti-rightist campaign, no one in China ever dared to challenge or even question the rule of the Communist Party. In appearance, all the people now were united as one under the leadership of the Party. It was time, Mao announced, for China to enter the first phase of communism.

The Great Leap Forward

In rural areas, the peasants, who constituted 80 percent of the Chinese population, had always been the backbone of the communist military forces. From the early days of the revolution, landless peasants were promised a bright future: Join the revolution, fight the enemy and get the landlords' land.

True to its word, the Communist Party instituted land reform after the establishment of the People's Republic. Landlords were denounced as class enemies, many were executed and their property was divided and given to the peasants.

For three years, peasants became their own masters. It seemed that the communists had achieved what many people in the past had dreamed of for centuries: "Land to the tillers."

However, private ownership of land would not be allowed. In 1953, the Party started a collectivization campaign and peasants had to give up their newly acquired real estate and form co-operative farms. The land was now owned collectively.

Mao grew increasingly impatient and by 1958 wanted to achieve full communism at record speed. He wanted to go beyond collective ownership. He wanted state ownership - ownership by all the people. The peasants had to be organized into people's communes. This was the Great Leap Forward.

The peasants were turned into commune members, working in military-style units. They were ordered to destroy their private kitchens (stoves, woks, everything) and eat in commune canteens - for free, just as in a real communist society.

I was sent to a people's commune near Shanghai with my fellow students to help bring in the harvest and at the same time to "remold" ourselves through manual labor. We were impressed with the gung-ho spirit at the commune in its early days, how well-organized the former peasants had become and how clean the commune canteen was. Before long, commune life was very different.

Three years of famine

Party officials set unrealistic production quotas and commune members had no incentive to work. Unlike peasants of the past who owned their land - or even tenants who worked for landlords - commune members couldn't foresee what they would get at harvest time. Everybody got the same reward and earned "work points" just by appearing in the fields carrying a hoe. Officials didn't have to work in the fields at all to earn points.

To show loyalty to the Party leadership by proving that communes really worked, commune officials filed false reports. At harvest time, based on their bloated production reports, the communes were forced to give too much to the government, leaving hardly anything for commune members. Commune canteens ran out of food. Meanwhile, news media kept reporting bumper harvests throughout the country.

The following year, there were severe food shortages all over China. For three years, the whole nation went hungry. Food was tightly rationed. Tens of millions died of hunger and malnutrition. I graduated in 1960 and started teaching at my college. As an inexperienced teacher, I had to work doubly hard, burning the midnight oil with an empty stomach. As a result, I contracted TB.

I learned a few years later how little I, a city dweller, had to complain about. In a village in Anhui Province I befriended peasants who told me horrible stories - how they tried to find edible grass and bark to fill their stomachs, how villagers died by the roadside while trying to flee to no one knew where, and, most horrible, how some local people resorted to eating human flesh from the dead bodies that littered the countryside.

There was no apology from the Communist Party for this disaster. The only official explanation was that China had been hit by natural calamities while the Soviet Union was forcing China to pay debts owed for Soviet weapons used by Chinese troops fighting U.S. imperialists in the Korean War.

Nevertheless, the Party did begin to change course, giving peasants some limited freedom in farming and rewarding them according to how much they actually produced. Production went up, and the three-year calamity was over.

A whole nation makes steel

In 1958, while the peasants were being organized into communes, Mao also called on the whole nation to catch up with the most advanced capitalist countries in industrial production. First of all, China had to double, triple, and even quadruple its steel production. The whole nation was mobilized to make steel.

In Shanghai, we dismantled fireplaces in Western-style houses and used the bricks to build furnaces. We took apart iron gates and steel window bars. We gleaned scraps of iron and steel from everywhere. We threw them into the furnace, burned them red and soft and struck them with sledge hammers, shaping them into cubes - our end product. One day a fellow amateur steel-maker slipped and hit me in the stomach with his sledge hammer. He knocked me unconscious.

China was supposed to be strengthened this way to compete with the capitalist world?

At that time I was an English major in college. After China began to break away from the Soviet camp, English was allowed to be taught again. But we were so busy making steel that we had little time to study. I worked a 12-hour shift with my fellow students.

We did have to attend what passed for English classes. Our professors had been so intimidated by the anti-rightist campaign that they compiled textbooks composed entirely of translations of People's Daily editorials and Mao's political articles. We were so tired after a 12-hour shift at the furnace that we could hardly keep awake. But that was no big issue. A student was not judged by his academic work anyway. A good student was one who obeyed the Party and did his utmost for the cause of communism.

This frenzy of steel-making lasted about one year and had to stop as the famine set in. Most of the "steel" turned out to be useless.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution

With the famine behind us, things began to return to normal in 1963. For three years, there were no more political campaigns, and people were left to concentrate on their work without being bothered by too much political indoctrination.

This didn't seem right to Mao, who advocated "uninterrupted revolution."

Fearing that China might follow the Soviet Union and that a reformist Chinese Khrushchev might appear on the scene, Mao launched his last political campaign in 1966 - the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. For 10 years it lasted, annihilating human lives and values at a magnitude unprecedented in 4,000 years of Chinese history.

At my university, classes were suspended indefinitely and students formed Red Guard groups. Their first targets were older professors who had received Western-style training before the communist takeover. The Red Guards accused them of spreading Western ideas to poison students' minds.

These professors were verbally and physically attacked at "struggle meetings." Some of them, crushed by unbearable humiliation and torture, committed suicide.

A senior professor, who had taught me when I was a would-be steel-maker, ran into busy traffic and lay down in front of a bus. She was killed instantly. In her pocket there was a note asking that the driver not be blamed.

A neighbor who worked in the university clinic jumped from the fifth story of a building. She left a note at home asking her family to pay back the food ration coupons that she had borrowed from my mother.

A young colleague returned to his hometown in Shandong Province in the North, took an overdose of sleeping pills and jumped into the sea after sending me a letter bidding me farewell. By the time I received his letter in Shanghai, he had already been dead three days.

Those who survived, many in their sixties and seventies, were made to do hard labor.

The Red Guards soon rode roughshod over the entire city. Together with factory workers who formed Revolutionary Rebel groups, they would enter any home they chose to look for things not in conformity with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Zedong Thought.

They burned books. They tore Western-style clothing to pieces. They destroyed religious artifacts. They beat up people whom they considered class enemies. Many were beaten to death.

In downtown Shanghai, the Red Guards hung a huge banner across the city's busiest street with the slogan in big characters: "Long live the red terror!"

Mao personally approved the Red Guards' actions, and he received them many times in their hundreds of thousands at mass rallies on Tiananmen Square. Everyone wearing military uniforms, including Mao, he called on them to be more militant.

Mao was made a godlike figure. By now, China had no government and no laws. Whatever Mao said was law and the Gang of Four, a group headed by Mao's wife, had supreme power to interpret and execute Mao's orders.

Every day at the start and end of work, we had to gather to read and sing Mao quotations in chorus. In rural villages, Buddhist temples and shrines were destroyed. In their place "Halls of Loyalty" were set up, filled with Mao statues and portraits.

My hometown was in the vanguard. By early 1967, Revolutionary Rebels in Shanghai had taken over all municipal institutions and formed the Shanghai Revolutionary Committee, which was immediately endorsed by Mao. All other cities and provinces followed suit.

A revolutionary committee had absolute power. It could have people arrested and executed.

My childhood friend Liu Wenhui, who had been labeled a rightist in 1957, was arrested, sentenced to death and executed immediately.

I learned the news from one of the public bulletins frequently issued by the committee and posted all over the city. I saw my friend's name, which was checked in red ink, meaning the person was dead. I couldn't believe my eyes, but all the personal descriptions confirmed that this was my friend. I was in shock, but I couldn't reveal my feelings in public or risk arrest for sympathizing with a rightist enemy. Once home, I cried all night.

Before long, Red Guard and revolutionary factory worker groups began to fight each other for power, using firearms and spears. Many were killed.

Back at the university, after the Red Guards were done with the older professors, they worked their way down to the middle-aged ones and then the younger ones.

In 1969, I became a target because my circle of friends among the teachers was suspected by the Red Guards, without any evidence, of forming a counter-revolutionary group. They imprisoned us in separate cells - all incommunicado. My family didn't know what had happened to me. I just disappeared.

I was interrogated day and night, sometimes by more than a dozen people yelling at me all at the same time. One day I was threatened with death, and the next day I was promised immediate release if I confessed my "crimes" and the "crimes" of others. As I had nothing to confess, I doubted that I would ever come out alive.

Under such pressure, I eventually "confessed." I admitted that even though I had not committed any "crimes" against the Communist Party in action, I had committed some "thought crimes" - meaning that I had entertained some incorrect thoughts about the Communist Party. As the Red Guards didn't have any evidence to prove that I was an active counter-revolutionary, after 101 days they set me free, but not until they had pronounced me guilty of "thought crimes."

I was given lenient treatment, they told me. They ordered me to reform my thoughts through hard labor.

For one year I was assigned, with a few others like me, to build an air-raid shelter on the campus. China was preparing to fight a war with the Soviet Union after a few military conflicts along the northern border in 1969.

We dug a long, deep trench across the campus lawn with picks and spades. We used the clay we had dug up to make bricks. We built a kiln and baked the bricks, which were then used to build the shelter inside the trench.

After that I was sent to a backward rural area in Anhui Province to do more hard labor. I was assigned to carry human manure in two buckets on a bamboo shouldering pole from latrines to the fields. I worked 12 hours every day, with one day off every two weeks. I hurt my back and couldn't carry the heavy weight any longer, so I was reassigned to work as a furnace stoker at the labor farm canteen.

My best friend at the labor camp was a guard dog, Big Black. Years later, I learned that Big Black didn't survive the Cultural Revolution. He was eaten by hungry peasants.

China opens up

In February 1972, President Richard Nixon visited China, and China began to open to the outside world. Only then did we begin to learn what was happening in other places. I was especially startled to discover that a few years before, the United States had sent astronauts to the moon!

Nixon's visit marked a new era in China as well as in my personal life. With China's opening, it needed cadres proficient in English. My university began to enroll students in the English Department. I was sent back home.

After two years of hard labor, I was physically a wreck: I had a bad back, a bleeding stomach ulcer and malaria, which gave me fainting attacks with high fevers. But I was happy to be back in Shanghai and even grateful to Party officials for letting me rejoin my family.

However, I still wasn't considered politically trustworthy enough to teach students. I was assigned to compile teaching materials. That was easy enough: Lesson One contained one sentence in English: "Long Live Chairman Mao;" Lesson Two contained another English sentence: "A long, long life to our great leader Chairman Mao!" Lesson Three was a bit harder for the students. It contained a longer sentence with words harder for beginners to pronounce: "Long live the great, glorious, and correct Communist Party of China!"

Even this kind of text had to be censored and approved by the Revolution Committee at the university. The committee members came from the Army and factory rebel groups, and they didn't know any English at all. So we had to translate all the lessons into Chinese for them to censor and approve.

Before the approved teaching materials went into print, we had to proofread them very carefully, especially looking for typos that would lead to political incorrectness. We even had to read the pages against the light to see if any word on one page, when combined with another word on the page on the other side of the paper, when read against the light, would form something politically undesirable. For instance, if on one page there was the sentence "Long live Chairman Mao" and on the other side of the paper there was the sentence "Down with U.S. imperialism." Separately these sentences are fine. But, if read against the light, the phrase "down with" is very close to "Chairman Mao" on the other side of the paper, we might be accused of intentionally placed "down with" and "Chairman Mao" together.

The end of Mao

The Cultural Revolution dragged on and on while the national economy slipped toward total ruin. Food shortages constantly reminded us of the horrible famine years.

In 1976 Mao died, and the whole nation mourned, although many feigned sadness. I sensed that our misery would soon come to an end at last.

When the Gang of Four was arrested, the nation rejoiced. It had been many years since I'd seen people so openly expressive. The Shanghai Symphony Orchestra played a Western symphony, Beethoven's Fifth, on TV. Fate was knocking, and I couldn't help crying.

Two years after Mao's death, Party officials handed me my written "confessions" and the personal mail that had been intercepted by my interrogators. They told me I could do whatever I liked with these papers. They told me I could consider myself fully rehabilitated. There was no apology, and I was advised to look ahead rather than look back. I was too numb to have feelings. But I felt fortunate to have survived.

I tried to read the stack of papers, but it was too painful. I just burned the whole thing. There was so much to catch up on after the lost years of the Cultural Revolution.

In 1978, I was allowed to return to the classroom, and resumed my teaching career.

In 1979, the University of Pittsburgh sent a group of English professors to China to teach at Chinese universities. Four came to my university: Philip and Susan Smith and Michael and Janet Helfand. Besides teaching the students, they retrained the teachers.

With the help of the Pitt professors, many of us managed to come over to the United States to study. I spent one year in 1982 studying journalism at Pitt. I went back and together with some colleagues started an English journalism program at my university - the first of its kind in China.

By then, with Deng Xiaoping at the steering wheel, China was making a U-turn and heading toward a market economy. The new slogan was, "Getting rich is glorious."

Economically, China and its people are doing much better than ever before. But politically, China is still ruled by a repressive regime. The Communist Party still cannot be challenged or questioned. The massacre in reaction to the nationwide protests that spread from Tiananmen Square in 1989 made clear that the regime would kill to maintain absolute control.

In 1986 I got a chance to come to Pittsburgh again, this time to work as an intern at the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. I decided to stay, leaving everything, including all the painful memories, behind in China. Eventually I managed to get my family out, and we made our home here.

Watching China from afar, I always have mixed feelings. On the one hand I wish it prosperity so that the people may enjoy more personal freedom and better living conditions. On the other hand, I don't like the idea that prosperity will at the same time strengthen the totalitarian regime.

But who knows? There are many good people in China, even in the Communist Party. Perhaps one day the regime may change from within and abandon an outdated philosophy that runs against history and human nature.

Guan Keguang's lifeline

1938: Born in Shangdong Province on June 8, moved to Shanghai with family in 1947 and brought up there.

1949: Shanghai was "liberated" by the People's Liberation Army on May 23. After taking control of Beijing, the Chinese Communist Party announced the founding of the People's Republic of China on Oct. 1.

1957: Graduated from high school and entered college. Majored in English at Shanghai Foreign Language Institute (now Shanghai University of International Studies).

1960: Graduated from the foreign language institute and assigned to teach there. Taught English reading and writing from 1960-1966.

1966: Married Lin Nanguo on Jan.19. The Cultural Revolution began in May. Son Shane born Oct. 27.

1968: Daughter Xinglei born on August 26.

1969: Imprisoned by Red Guards in June; kept incommunicado and interrogated for 101 days. Built air-raid shelter on campus 1969-1970.

1971: Worked on labor farm in Anhui Province 1971-1972.

1972: Sent back to Shanghai to compile English textbooks 1972-1978. Nixon visits China.

1978: Resumed teaching job 1978-1981. Attended teacher retraining class 1979-1980.

1982: Studied journalism at the University of Pittsburgh.

1983: Returned to China to set up English journalism program.

1984: Named deputy director of journalism program and taught undergraduate and graduate journalism 1984-1986.

1986: Editing intern for three months at the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

1987: Worked for six months at Cape Cod Times and one month at the Free Press (London, Canada), writing columns.

1987: Copy editor at Asian Wall Street Journal Weekly in New York 1987-1990.

1990: Copy editor at the Post-Gazette 1990-present.

Author's note: Last Friday I was asked to write something for our paper on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the People's Republic of China. I agreed but I didn't realize then that it would be such a painful experience. During all those years since I left China I had subconsciously tried to forget what I had gone through. Now, trying to write down what I had never wanted to relive made me very depressed. Many times while I was writing I just wanted to run away from my desk and hide somewhere and have a good cry.

Now that I have finished writing, I feel very grateful for having been asked to do it. Even though recalling the past is painful, it does me good. I have been living in a free country for not so many years, but I am already beginning to take things for granted. Writing about the past makes me appreciate all the more what I have now. Guan Keguang

**Graphic**

PHOTO 4, MAP , PHOTO: GUANKE GUANG CARRIES MANURE ON A COMMUNE NEAR SHANGHAI DURING; CHINA'S GREAT LEAP FORWARD IN 1959. HE WAS ATTENDING THE SHANGHAI FOREIGN; LANGUAGE INSTITUTE AT THE TIME, AND ALL COLLEGE STUDENTS WERE SENT TO RURAL; AREAS DURING HARVEST TO HELP THE PEASANTS AND "REFORM" THEIR THINKING THROUGH; MANUAL LABOR. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AS A SOUVENIR FOR GUAN BY AN OFFICIAL OF; THE COMMUNIST YOUTH LEAGUE, WHO DOCUMENTED ALL OF HIS SCHOOL'S EDUCATIONAL; ACTIVITIES.; PHOTO: Guan, far right in the front row, poses with childhood friends at a; restaurant in Shanghai in 1964. Standing behind Guan is his good friend Liu; Wenhui, who had been branded a rightist in 1957 for accusing a Communist Party; official of corruption. Three years arter this picture was taken, during the; Cultural Revolution, Liu was publicly executed as an enemy of the state.; PHOTO: Guan poses with his closest companion, a guard dog named Big Black, at; a labor camp where he was sent to be "re-educated" during the Cultural; Revolution in 1971. Big Black was later eaten by hungry peasants.; PHOTO: Bob Donaldson/Post-Gazette: Guan Keguang and his wife, Lin Nanguo, pose; with their grandson, Daniel Lee, at their home yesterday.; MAP: Post-Gazette

**Load-Date:** October 1, 1999

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[***A GUIDE TO NOTABLE SELECTIONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C7C0-01K4-942J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 10, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES BOOKS; Pg. K01

**Length:** 4633 words

**Byline:** Carlin Romano, INQUIRER BOOK CRITIC

**Body**

America did not always celebrate books and bookstores. Back in 1743, when the so-called "Great Awakeners" were inciting colonists to turn against their ministers and embrace greater religious fervor, James Davenport persuaded the people of New London, Conn., to burn their books on the town wharf. So they did, while Davenport and his followers sang "Gloria Patri" and "Hallelujah."

These days, the Americans singing "Hallelujah" are often those who have found a new Borders or Barnes & Noble superstore opening beside them, to complement rather than force out of business the local independent bookstore they treasure. Book sales in America continue to rise every year, as the once- elite pastime of buying books becomes a mass routine.

Here, once again, we aim to help. This week's section presents several hundred of the year's most notable books. Let the buyer enjoy.

AMERICAN FICTION

Sabbath's Theater, by Philip Roth (Houghton Mifflin, $24.95). Despite mixed reviews, Roth's tale of a vulgar, misogynist ex-puppeteer won the National Book Award for Fiction. "Lolita redesigned for a dysfunctional goat in the age of 24-hour convenience stores" (Carlin Romano).

The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov, edited by Dmitri Nabokov (Knopf, $35).

Sixty-five stories, mainly from the Russian master's European period between the world wars. "Shows Nabokov as a genius in the making" (Gregory Feeley).

Krik? Krak!, by Edwidge Danticat (Soho, $20). A 26-year-old Haitian American's generation-bridging tales of her country, nominated for the National Book Award for Fiction. "A welcome and lasting member in the club of fine storytellers" (Marjorie Valbrun).

The Distinguished Guest, by Sue Miller (HarperCollins, $24). A 72-year-old minister's wife takes stock in this novel by the distinguished Boston writer. "An artist who challenges and extends herself with each new book" (David Walton).

All Souls' Rising, by Madison Smartt Bell (Pantheon, $25.95). Haiti's slave uprising of the 1780s and 1790s, brought to life in a novel nominated for the National Book Award in Fiction. "A vivid, visceral tale" (Peter Landry).

Panama, by Eric Zencey (FSG, $24). Imaginative novel, set in 1892, in which historian Henry Adams investigates a series of murders in Paris. "Engaging and rewarding" (James Polk).

Moo, by Jane Smiley (Knopf, $24). High jinks at a Midwestern agricultural

college, from the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of A Thousand Acres. "Not since Randall Jarrell's Pictures From an Institution has there been such a hilarious send-up of academe" (Sandra Scofield).

Journey To Ithaca, by Anita Desai (Knopf, $23). Two European hippies seek transcendence in India as Desai meditates on spiritual longing. "Sensitivity and intelligence make her novel a great pleasure to read" (Edward Hower).

Mrs. Ted Bliss, by Stanley Elkin (Hyperion, $22.95). The late writer's swan song, a brilliant snapshot of old age in Miami Beach. "Quite simply, a wonderful book" (James Held).

RL's Dream, by Walter Mosley (Norton, $22). The story of an aging blues musician, a twist from President Clinton's favorite detective novelist. "Almost nothing in the novel that rings hollow or false" (Quinn Eli).

While the Messiah Tarries, by Melvin Jules Bukiet (Harcourt Brace, $20). Short stories of post-Holocaust Jewry in America. "A heady brew of wit" (Susan Miron).

Galatea 2.2, by Richard Powers (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $23). Cutting-edge novel about a neural web named Helen, by a young novelist praised for ingenious fictions. "For all his cybersmart wizardry, he still writes about megahurts in a language anyone can understand" (Carlin Romano).

In the Cut, by Susanna Moore (Knopf, $21). An erotic thriller about an NYU creative writing teacher obsessed with crude police culture. "Succeeds as a thriller, capable of inducing nightmares" (Anne Whitehouse).

Objects in Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear, by Katherine Weber (Crown, $23). In Weber's first novel, friends Anne and Harriet are divided over Anne's affair with a much older married man. "Few are likely to remain unmoved" (Brian Leighton).

The Sharpshooter Blues, by Lewis Nordan (Algonquin, $17.95). Robbery hits the Southern author's favorite Mississippi delta town, a place called Arrow Catcher. "Among the best American writers in any genre" (George Garrett).

The Hundred Secret Senses, by Amy Tan (Putnam, $24.95). In her latest fiction, the author of The Joy Luck Club explores the theme of a Chinese American woman searching for her roots. "Lively, endearing characters and many superbly told stories" (Edward Hower).

Tooth Imprints on a Corn Dog, by Mark Leyner (Harmony, $19). Latest from a comic literary postmodernist whose wiseguy journalism infiltrates his fiction. "A terrific practitioner of the up-to-the-nanosecond tongue-in-cheek" (Lisa Zeidner).

The Wedding, by Dorothy West (Doubleday, $20). At age 88, Harlem Renaissance veteran West published her second novel, about the making of the black bourgeoisie. "Wit abounds, at turns puckish, mordant, elegiac" (Toni Cade Bambera).

Raising Holy Hell, by Bruce Olds (Holt, $22.50). Abolitionist John Brown, whose eccentricities made some contemporaries think him mad, comes to dramatic life in this first novel. "A memorable portrait of a man who believed himself called to redeem America from its Original Sin" (John Brumfield).

Another You, by Ann Beattie (Knopf, $24). A tale of the familiar college professor, with too much going through his mind, gets complicated as the author introduces a mysterious correspondence. "Beattie creates an intriguing game" (Melissa Dribben).

FOREIGN FICTION

Rasero, by Francisco Rebolledo (LSU, $24.95). A Mexican writer's historical novel set in Enlightenment France, winner of the Pegasus Prize for foreign fiction. "Superbly fluid translation" (Sandra Scofield).

The Island of the Day Before, by Umberto Eco (Harcourt Brace, $25). Italy's spinner of erudite tales builds his latest around a shipwrecked 17th-century nobelman. "Teems with in-jokes devised for the amusement of himself and fellow initiates in European cultural history" (Carlin Romano).

Beirut Blues, by Hanan al-Shaykh (Anchor, $22.95). A young woman wistfully recalls a lost Beirut in this Lebanese writer's novel. "As much a novel of passion as a novel of pain" (Elmaz Abinader).

Therapy, by David Lodge (Viking, $22.95). England's cerebral satirist gives his title subject the treatment he gave academe in Small World. "Lodge's latest gem" (Susan Miron).

Athena, by John Banville (Knopf, $22). Ireland's leading intellectualist among fiction writers completes his novelistic trilogy about art historian/ murderer Freddie Montgomery. "Intensely lyrical, poetic and compelling" (Sabrina Lawlor Clarke).

The Information, by Martin Amis (Harmony, $24). Rivalry between two British writers fuels the latest novel from one of England's preeminent talents. "Decidedly the most self-revealing of Amis' works" (Lisa Zeidner).

The First Man, by Albert Camus (Knopf, $23). The Nobel Prize winner's last, autobiographical novel about a man retracing his past in Algiers, finally published years after the manuscript was rescued from the car crash in which he died. "Vigorously captures the tactile truths of his childhood and adolescence within a formal frame of fiction" (Carlin Romano).

Nip the Buds, Shoot the Kids, by Kenzaburo Oe (Marion Boyars, $22.95). The first novel by the 1994 Japanese Nobel Prize winner for Literature, about a group of boys stuck in a remote mountain village during World War II. "An antiwar novel that avoids any battle scenes" (Sung Rno).

Of Love and Other Demons, by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (Alfred A. Knopf, $21). The magic realist's latest novel, conceived around a girl who appears to be possessed. "The book often blazes with anger and sardonic humor" (Edward Hower).

Masai Dreaming, by Justin Cartwright (Random House, $23). The British author's fifth novel juxtaposes Africa, Hollywood and the Holocaust to devastating effect. "A sad, biting and exquisite book" (Steven Rea).

Numbers in the Dark, by Italo Calvino (Pantheon, $24). Early work by the master Italian writer best known as a fabulist. "Calvino remains the preeminent Italian literary artist since World War II, but this collection reminds us that he also lived and wrote in the neo-Realist Italy of De Sica and Rossellini" (Carlin Romano).

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

All Rivers Run to the Sea, by Elie Wiesel (Knopf, $30). Memoir by the novelist, Holocaust survivor and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. "A profound treasure" (David Lee Preston).

Tom: The Unknown Tennessee Williams, by Lyle Leverich (Crown, $35). The playwright on a hot tin roof. "Prodigiously researched" (Clifford A. Ridley).

The Liars' Club, by Mary Karr (Viking, $22.95). Memoir of growing up amid the heat and poverty of a swampy Texas town. "Her stories come without sugarcoating" (Maggie Galehouse).

John Dewey and the High Tide of American Liberalism, by Alan Ryan (W.W. Norton, $30). Biographical study of the pragmatist philosopher who lived from 1859 to 1952 and exercised a broad influence on American cultural life. "Ryan re-establishes Dewey's greatness and relevance for a new generation" (Carlin Romano).

Notes of a White Black Woman, by Judy Scales-Trent (Penn State, $19.50). A light-skinned black woman who became a law professor reflects on race in America and its effect on her life. "Concrete and lyrical" (Caroline Joan S. Picart).

Battling for Peace, by Shimon Peres (Random House, $25). Autobiography by the Israeli prime minister. "Peres enriches the reader with a glance into the human side of individuals who became legends" (Akiva Eldar).

The Young Churchill, by Celia Sandys (Dutton, $27.95). Before Dunkirk came pneumonia, mumps, measles and more. "Beautifully written and illustrated" (Willard Randall).

Albert Speer, by Gitta Sereny (Knopf, $35). Investigative reconsideration of Hitler's architect, whose own autobiographies are scrutinized and found wanting. "A masterful work of research" (Jack Fischel).

Tom Paine, by John Keane (Little, Brown, $27.95). The much-misunderstood author of Common Sense gets a sympathetic hearing. "Lively and artfully drawn" (Thomas Ferrick Jr.).

Revolution of the Mind, by Mark Polizzotti (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $35). Not the first American biography of the French surrealist (that honor goes to Anna Balakian), but an ambitious one. "Extraordinarily comprehensive to the point of being obsessional and fascinating like its subject" (Carlin Romano).

Palimpsest, by Gore Vidal (Random House, $27.50). Memoir by the sarcastic novelist and essayist of his first 39 years. "Still one of the sharpest eyes and sharpest tongues in American literature" (David Walton).

Lincoln, by David Herbert Donald (Simon & Schuster, $35). Harvard's two- time winner of the Pulitzer Prize for biography argues that Abraham Lincoln did not shape events as much as they shaped him. "A work that deserves its place on the shelf with Sandburg and Randall" (Mike Schaffer).

Paul Celan, by John Felstiner (Yale, $35). Critical biography of the Romanian-born, German-speaking Jewish poet whom many consider the greatest postwar German poet. "An essential book on an essential poet, bringing the reader so close to the man and work that you can hear him breathe" (Carlin Romano).

Grass Soup, by Zhang Xianliang (David R. Godine, $21.95). A novelist's nonfiction account of 22 years in a Chinese labor camp. "One of the more riveting endings in recent literature" (Helen Mitsios).

A Good Life, by Benjamin Bradlee (Simon & Schuster, $27.50). Autobiography by the celebrated former executive editor of the Washington Post who presided over Watergate. "Entrancing and randy" (Hampden H. Smith 3d).

In and Out of Vogue, by Grace Mirabella (Doubleday, $25). The longtime boss of Vogue and then the magazine named after her, recalls her ups and downs. "Makes clear there are reasons Newhouse's empire is dubbed Conde Nasty" (Karen Heller).

In Confidence, by Anatoly Dobrynin (Times, $30). Longtime Soviet ambassador to the United States spills the beans. "One of the most remarkable Cold War chronicles ever published" (Robert Rankin).

My American Journey, by Colin Powell (Random House, $25). Autobiography of the non-presidential candidate. "Thorough, introspective, self-conscious, only occasionally relieved by touches of humor" (John Eisenhower).

Highcastle, by Stanislaw Lem (Harcourt Brace, $22). One of the deans of international science fiction remembers his Polish childhood. "The same spellbinding philosophical imagination that fills his best fiction" (Donald Newlove).

First in His Class, by David Maraniss (Simon & Schuster, $25). In the fullest biography yet of Bill Clinton, a Pulitzer Prize-winning Washington Post reporter depicts him as a perpetual campaigner inexorably focused on winning. "Thoughtful, well-written and carefully researched" (Steve Goldstein).

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS

A Civil Action, by Jonathan Harr (Random House, $25). Nominated for the National Book Award in nonfiction, the chilling story of ***working-class***

families in Massachusetts who sued corporate polluters. "Harr never loses sight of his audience" (Lara Wozniak).

The Dying of the Trees, by Charles Little (Viking, $22.95). How environmental threats are destroying America's forests at a rapid rate. "Every bit as clear as the warning cry of Silent Spring" (Michael Zimmerman).

Abandoned in the Wasteland, by Newton Minow and Craig LaMay (Hill & Wang, $20). A brief for improving children's television whose co-author, former FCC chairman Minow, is the man who first dubbed television a "vast wasteland." "A desperately needed signpost" (Jonathan Storm).

When Elephants Weep, by Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson and Susan McCarthy (Delacorte, $23.95). The controversial Masson and partner argue convincingly that scientists now know that animals think and have emotions, and yet we keep exploiting and killing them. "A fascinating book" (Roger Caras).

Beyond the Double Bind, by Kathleen Hall Jamieson (Oxford, $25). Penn's scholar of communications and rhetoric looks at women and leadership. "A thoroughly researched treatise" (Marjorie Margolies-Mezvinsky).

Comrade Criminal, by Stephen Handelman (Yale, $27.50). The Toronto Star's former Moscow bureau chief paints a horrifying picture of Russia's new mafia and its power. "An important book" (Mary Perot Nichols).

Getting the Boot, by Matt Frei (Times, $23). Italy's current travails, surveyed by a BBC journalist. "A worthy Virgil" (Stanislao Pugliese).

The Next American Nation, by Michael Lind (Free Press, $25). Blueprint for a revolutionary future from a New Republic editor. "A thoughtful and incisive overture to the 1996 presidential campaign" (S.A. Paolantonio).

Excellent Cadavers, by Alexander Stille (Pantheon, $27.50). Italy's ongoing war against the Mafia. "Clearly written and highly informative" (George Anastasia).

The Politics of Rage, by Dan T. Carter (Simon & Schuster, $30). A biography of former Alabama Gov. George Wallace that places him in the recent history of American conservatism. "An easily readable, remarkably insightful biography" (Steve Suitts).

An Ethic for Enemies, by Donald Shriver Jr. (Oxford, $27.50). A study by the Union Theological Seminary's former president of how forgiveness in politics actually works as good social policy. "A wonderful idea, excellently handled both analytically and historically" (Carlin Romano).

Amazing Grace, by Jonathan Kozol (Crown, $23). A writer famed for his social conscience recounts a year exploring the pathos of the South Bronx. "A pastiche of compelling characters, vivid scenes and jarring observations" (William O'Brien).

Virtually Normal, by Andrew Sullivan (Knopf, $22). In the spirit of John Stuart Mill writing On Liberty, the gay Catholic editor of the New Republic argues precisely and unemotionally for gay rights "without the 'us versus them' mentality typical on modern discourse on this subject" (Bert Wylen).

The Brazilians, by Joseph A. Page (Addison-Wesley, $27.50). An overview, by a Georgetown University law professor, of the 150 million people who make up South America's closest equivalent to the United States. "Covers a great deal of territory" (Phillip Berryman).

Democracy on Trial, by Jean Bethke Elshtain (Basic, $20). University of Chicago ethicist contends we're all getting too hostile toward one another, which is bad for democracy. "More cri de coeur than scholarly treatise" (Carlin Romano).

Slaughterhouse, by David Rieff (Simon & Schuster, $22). Angry attack on the West's inaction, for many years, in Bosnia. "Precise and well-argued analysis of the conflict" (Dzeilana Pechanin).

HISTORY

The Naked Heart, by Peter Gay (W.W. Norton, $29.95). Yale's magisterial historian of 19th-century "bourgeois experience" turns to the Victorians' obsession with the self. "A fascinating guide" (Stanislao G. Pugliese).

Coming of Age, by Studs Terkel (The New Press, $25). Our master oral historian gathers reflections on American life from 70 elders, ranging from 70 to 99. "Reminds us that our elders are our teachers" (Marilyn McEntyre).

Dark Sun, by Richard Rhodes (Simon & Schuster, $30). Pulitzer Prize-winning author of The Making of the Atomic Bomb hits his target again as he documents the making of the hydrogen bomb. "Deft presentation of the technical details" (Jim Holt).

Jews in the Japanese Mind, by David Goodman and Masanri Miyazawa (The Free Press, $24.95). The history of anti-Semitism in a land with only a few Jews. "Proves that you can have anti-Semitism without Jews" (Jack Fischel).

In Retrospect, by Robert S. McNamara (Times, $27.50). Secretary of defense during the Vietnam War ponders legacy of the best and brightest and decides they blew it. "Does contribute to our understanding of the 1960s" (Robert Divine).

A Gentle Madness, by Nicholas Basbanes (Holt, $35). A massive, sweeping history of bibliophiles and bibliomania. "Wonderfully readable" (David Walton).

The Secret World of American Communism, by Harvey Klehr, John Earl Haynes and Fridrikh Igorevich Firsov (Yale, $25). Based on new documents from Soviet archives, a portrait of American communists as subservient to Moscow. "Revisionists, prepare to revise!" (John Patrick Diggins).

Empire of Words, by John Willinsky (Princeton, $22.95). Critical look at the foremost authority on the meaning of English words, the Oxford English Dictionary. "A bold questioning of the unquestionable: the automatic authority of world's least challenged dictionary" (Carlin Romano).

From Napoleon to the Second International, by A.J.P. Taylor (Allen Lane, $34.95). Essays by the man who was probably England's best-known historian at his death in 1990. "Like taking a series of ice-cold showers - bleak but stimulating" (Frederick Cusick).

Preserving Memory, by Edward T. Linenthal (Viking, $27.95). Story of the effort to build the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington. "A riveting story that does not sensationalize" (Jack Fischel).

Code-Name Downfall, by Thomas Allen and Norman Polmar (Simon & Schuster, $25). Study of Truman's secret plan to invade Japan, and why he dropped the atomic bombs instead. "One of the few books around that supports the decision of President Harry S. Truman" (Robert Ferrell).

LAW, JOURNALISM & BUSINESS

Animals, Property and the Law, by Gary Francione (Temple University Press, $59.25 hardcover, $22.95 paper). A critique of current law arguing that deep- seated legal notions of animals as property frustrate any recognition of animal rights. "Advances the cause of animal rights immensely by showing that the obstacles to progress are increasingly jurisprudential rather than philosophical" (Carlin Romano).

Noah's Choice, by Charles C. Mann and Mark Plummer (Knopf, $24). Examination of the Endangered Species Act arguing that we, unlike Noah, can't save all species. "A clear and well-written exploration" (Mark Jaffe).

Soros on Soros, by George Soros (Wiley, $39.95). Well, he doesn't make it as fast as Bill Gates, but the Hungarian investor's portfolio still puts yours to shame. "Straight talk from one of the world's most prominent financiers on what fuels his business and philanthropic ventures" (Carlin Romano).

The Power of News, by Michael Schudson (Harvard, $29.95). Essays by the nation's most thoughtful scholar on news as cultural knowledge. "Schudson asks profound questions that never occur to retired journalists who become media philosophers, yet he usually has the historical data on hand to suggest answers" (Carlin Romano).

Defending Pornography, by Nadine Strossen (Scribner, $22). President of the ACLU puts forth her in-your-face, free-speech arguments for pornography. "An important wake-up call to feminists and civil libertarians alike" (Vance Lehmkuhl).

Patterns of American Jurisprudence, by Neil Duxbury (Oxford, $49.95). Sweeping history of American legal thought from the late 19th century to the present. "Duxbury remembers that America's classical schools of legal thought developed in the midst of the rest of American life, making his contextual account of them convincing and credible" (Carlin Romano).

The Vandals' Crown, by Gregory J. Millman (The Free Press, $23). Financial journalist probes how rebel currency traders sway the world's central banks. "A well-timed guide for the perplexed" (Andrew Cassel).

Law in a Digital World, by M. Ethan Katsh (Oxford, $35). When law meets cyberspace, will West still be West? "Katsh explains how electronic media may change legal practice, and not a hypersecond too soon" (Carlin Romano).

A Mathematician Reads the Newspaper, by John Allen Paulos (Basic, $18). A mathematician's perspective on the news. "Demonstrates that mathematical knowledge is crucial to understanding newspaper articles" (Charles Seife).

To Steal a Book Is an Elegant Offense, by William Alford (Stanford, $35). A history of intellectual property law in Chinese civilization. "Fascinating study that puts the Chinese resistance to intellectual property rights in historical perspective" (Carlin Romano).

CRITICISM AND CULTURAL HISTORY

The Face of Love, by Ellen Lambert (Beacon, $24). Reflections on how feminists should think about beauty, drawn from literature and the author's own life. "Candid style, sound taste, independent thinking" (Carlin Romano).

Testaments Betrayed, by Milan Kundera (HarperCollins, $24). A multiflavored goulash of aesthetic meditations from the expatriate Czech novelist. "A passionate - even romantic or religious - statement of faith in artistic modes of perception" (Melvin Jules Bukiet).

War of the Worlds, by Mark Slouka (Basic, $20). A California humanist's stinging attack on the pretensions of the cyberspace revolution. "A shrewd, snazzy polemic" (Carlin Romano).

Walt Whitman's America, by David Reynolds (Knopf, $35). A richly textured explanation of the poet in the context of his time. "Lights Whitman from within, giving the man and poet a maroon glow" (Donald Newlove).

The Environmental Imagination, by Lawrence Buell (Harvard, $35). Study of how American literature represents the natural environment. "A landmark in the growing effort to understand the environmental consciousness that dominates some American writers, and sneaks up on others" (Carlin Romano).

Exiled in Paris, by James Campbell (Scribner, $25). Tales of Richard Wright, James Baldwin, Samuel Beckett, and other writers who lived on Paris' Left Bank. "A mesmerizing plunge into a now almost-mythical time" (Ann Morrissett Davidon).

Sudden Glory, by Barry Sanders (Beacon, $27.50). Historical and philosophical survey of laughter's subversive relation to power, authority, knowledge and other serious matters. "The solemn facade of Western culture cracks up as Sanders accepts the challenge to take laughter seriously, and leaves cliched notions about its importance rolling on the floor" (Carlin Romano).

A Bridge of Longing, by David Roskies (Harvard, $37.50). Critical history of Yiddish storytelling. "Roskies skillfully shows that if the fiddler is on the roof, the philosopher is behind the scenes in Yiddish storytelling" (Carlin Romano).

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Emotional Intelligence, by Daniel Goleman (Bantam, $23.95). The New York Times psychology reporter draws on recent research about the brain to urge a new view of what constitutes intelligence. "A smart, adventurous book" (Carlin Romano).

Schrodinger's Kittens and the Search for Reality, by John Gribbin (Little, Brown, $23.95). The author of In Search of Schrodinger's Cat continues his hunt for the paradoxes of quantum theory. "Fast-paced, amusing and colorful, it confounds our common sense" (Michio Kaku).

Modern Philosophy, by Roger Scruton (Allen Lane, $34.95). Margaret Thatcher's one-time "court philosopher" surveys his field and finds it wanting. "A flinty, iconoclastic overview that bears the sarcastic signature of the ambitious thinker behind it." (Carlin Romano).

An Anthropologist on Mars, by Oliver Sacks (Knopf, $24). The accomplished neurologist-storyteller explores the creative potential of disease. "A medical Profiles in Courage" (Lawrence W. Brown).

Longitude, by Dava Sobel (Walker, $19). How navigators figured out east, west and the rest. "Amazing and fascinating" (Sandy Bauers).

Pythagoras' Trousers, by Margaret Wertheim (Times, $23). A science writer's cultural history of physics suggests that the discipline's underlying religious origin makes it the Catholic Church of science, and thus exclusionary toward women. "Smoothly written and likely to make you rethink some basics" (Carlin Romano).

World Philosophies, by David E. Cooper (Blackwell, $24.95). First handy, comprehensive guide to philosophy around the world in a while. "A fine historical introduction to philosophy that includes, for a change, traditions in Asia and Africa" (Carlin Romano).

The Sixth Extinction, by Richard Leakey and Roger Lewin (Doubleday, $24.95). A paleoanthropologist and a science writer warn that we're headed toward another period in which many species will become extinct. "A convincing case that catastrophic global extinctions have occurred and another is going on now" (John Alden).

The Trouble With Computers, by Thomas Landauer (MIT, $27.50). Cognitive scientist's critique of the idea that computers actually increase efficiency. "By far the technically smartest of the broadsides against cyberhype" (Carlin Romano).

Habermas, by William Outhwaite (Stanford, $14.95). Study of the work and career of Jurgen Habermas, the most influential living German philosopher. "Straightforward, clear and refreshingly critical in explaining its subject's views" (Carlin Romano).

PHILADELPHIANA

Christ Church, Philadelphia, by Deborah Gough (University of Pennsylvania, $29.95). History of the city's venerable institution, sometimes called "the mother of the Episcopal Church" in America. "A smooth read" (Edgar Williams).

Valley Forge, by Lorett Treese (Penn State, $45). Bryn Mawr's college archivist offers a history of the making and remaking of a national symbol. "Treese doesn't miss the occasional entertaining moments" (James Smart).

Life in Early Philadelphia, edited by Billy G. Smith (Penn State, $45 hardcover, $13.95 paper). Documents on everything from prisoners to marriage to pulling teeth in the city's "Athenian" years from 1775 to 1810. "Full of fascinating detail, from marriages at Gloria Dei Church in 1795 to advertisements for runaways" (Carlin Romano).

Religion, Ethnicity and Politics, by Owen S. Ireland (Penn State, $55 hardcover, $18.95 paper). Study of how Pennsylvanians ratified the Constitution. "Interesting story of how much work was still to be done, both here and around the country, after the Constitutional Convention" (Carlin Romano).

Strange Philadelphia, by Lou Harry (Temple, $9.95). Quirky local facts, such as the Virgin Mary's purported visit to Fairmount Park. "Fast, fun reading, just right for a shelf in the smallest room in your house" (Carlin Romano).

**Notes**

HOLIDAY BOOKS

NOTABLE BOOKS

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (5)

1. "Krik? Krak!" by Edwidge Danticat is a collection of tales from Haiti.

(From the jacket of "Krik? Krak!")

2. "Mrs. Ted Bliss," a story of old age in Miami Beach, is the finale of

author Stanley Elkin. (From the jacket of "Mrs. Ted Bliss")

3. Hanan al-Shaykh, born in Lebanon, writes of a young woman recalling a lost

Beirut in "Beirut Blues."

4. In "When Elephants Weep," Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson and Susan McCarthy

argue that scientists now know that animals think and have emotions. (From the

jacket of "When Elephants Weep")

5. In "Schrodinger's Kittens and the Search for Reality," John Gribbin

hunts for the paradoxes of quantum theory. (From the jacket of "Schrodinger's

Kittens and the Search for Reality")

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***More than 'Menace' 'Star Wars' blasted release dates for many films, but the summer's still swinging with movies for nearly every taste***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WGP-2WF0-007M-403D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

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**Section:** Time Out;; Main Event;

**Length:** 5221 words

**Byline:** Dann Gire Daily Herald Film Critic

**Body**

The Darth Vader statue looked so real standing there in the lobby of the movie theater, I couldn't help but tap it on the shoulder.

Big mistake.

Instantly that hideous Darth Vader voice boomed at me as if fired from a cannon.

"You dare to touch me???" The figure jolted to life, as though suddenly hit with a thousand volts from a hospital defibrillator.

The helmeted Vader creature wheeled around to face me. A glint of something metal. The menacing hum of a lightsaber charging up to power. The awful sound of choked destruction as it exploded into the wall next to my head.

I fell to the floor. Rolled left. Not quick enough. Rolled right. No use. The Vader thing had me. It towered over me, ready to drop its weapon when …

...I heard that laugh. That familiar laugh.

"Sergio Mims!" I shouted. "What are you doing in that ridiculous get-up? Giving me a coronary?"

"Had you going there, didn't I?" the redoubtable Mims said as he killed the lightsaber and removed his insect-like mask.

Mims, would-be screenwriter and Chicago freelance film critic, had done a lot of goofy things in the past. But this one took the Wookiee cookie.

"I've been practicing my James Earl Jones for a while," he said. "Pretty good, eh?"

"Too good," I replied. "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to see the first showing of 'The Phantom Menace,' what else?" Mims said. "I figure that if I hang around the lobby for the next few days as Darth Vader, nobody will stop me from seeing the 12:01 a.m. first showing on Wednesday."

"You're nuts," I said. "The movie will be playing everywhere. Just be patient. Besides, there are plenty of other movies coming out this summer."

"Oh, sure, " Mims said. "But not like this one. 'Phantom Menace' is so big that most studios didn't even bother to book their big movies around it. Screen Gems uprooted 'Arlington Road' from May and booted it over into July. 'Beavis and Butt-head II' left the summer completely. The remake of 'The Thomas Crown Affair' got bumped to a later June date, then dropped from summer altogether."

"Wow," I said. "This summer sure could use a Ford vehicle. Or a Hanks film. Or a Carrey movie. Or a Gibson tale."

"No, it doesn't," Mims said. "This summer's movies have more kiddie pictures than before. But fewer $ 100 million epics and fewer big-star vehicles."

"So what will we get?" I asked.

"We'll have something for everybody," Mims said. "We've got the big-screen version of 'Wild Wild West' with my man Will Smith. And the remake of the classic 'Haunting' with Catherine Zeta-Jones. And Stanley Kubrick's last movie, 'Eyes Wide Shut' with the other Tom. Cruise. And Disney's animated musical 'Tarzan.' "

"Good thing you weren't waiting around in the lobby to see 'Tarzan'," I said.

"Why?" Mims asked.

"I'm not sure I could take you in a loin cloth." Action!

"Fight Club" - Last time Brad Pitt and director David Fincher teamed up, we got the scarifying "Seven." This isn't that movie. Edward Norton plays a self-help guy who befriends a sadomasochistic member of the nasty fight club subculture. Pitt plays the guy who can't say no to a brawl. Opens Aug. 6.

"Universal Soldier: The Return" - Jean-Claude Van Damme must be really struggling for a comeback to make this one. He returns as a computer-reactivated dead soldier, Luc Deveraux, to combat the super computer S.E.T.H. (Michael Jai White) when it goes nuts and tries to take over the world with an elite team of technologically perfect Universal Soldiers. Opens on Sept. 3.

Fun stuff

"Bowfinger" - Steve Martin wrote this comedy about a down-and-out movie producer who figures the only way to get hot-shot Hollywood star Kit Ramsey (Eddie Murphy) in his movie would be to secretly film him. This makes the actor just a little more paranoid than usual, especially when he keeps meeting characters in the movie he knows nothing about. Frank "Little Shop of Horrors" Oz directs. With Heather (Wooo! Wooo!) Graham and Christine Baranski. Opens July 23.

"Dick" - Finally, the truth about the Watergate burglary comes to light in this comedy about two witless teenagers (Kirsten Dunst and Michelle Williams) who accidentally stumble upon a room packed with presidential secrets back in the '70s. To find out what they know, Tricky Dick himself (Dan Hedaya) puts them on staff as his dog walkers. Then the problems really start. With Dave "Flick" Foley and Harry Shearer. Opens Aug. 4.

"Drop Dead Gorgeous" - Hey, just what we need during the summer. A black comedy poking fun at beauty pageants. Denise "Wild Things" Richardson and Kirsten "Interview with the Vampire" Dunst play two contestants at a Missouri pageant. Ellen Barkin and Kirstie Alley co-star. Opens July 16.

"Iron Giant" - An animated feature about how 9-year-old Hogarth Hughes finds a 50-foot-tall robot in his backyard. He lures the gentle giant into his family's barn where he feeds the creature lots of scrap metal. They become good friends, too. But suspicious locals fear that the metal creature could be a killer secret weapon devised to wipe out the town of Rockwell. Can Hogarth convince the xenophobic townspeople the giant means no harm? Voices by Jennifer Aniston, Harry Connick, Jr., John Mahoney and Cloris Leachman. Opens Aug. 6.

"The Muse" - Sharon Stone stars in her first all-out comedy as a real-life Muse who comes to the aid of a struggling screenwriter (writer/director Albert Brooks). He has lost his job, his office, his reputation and his will to write all during a single lunch. Jeff Bridges, Andie MacDowell and a host of Hollywood luminaries pop in for a parade of cameo appearances. Opens Aug. 20.

"The Phantom Menace" - The original $ 75 million budget now reportedly hovers at more than $ 125 million, most, if not all, being paid for by the Grand Poohbah of the Force himself, George Lucas. Studio officials say it only cost $ 115 million. Reportedly, the special effects soar, but an audience at screenings last week say an overdose of special effects stifles the story and characters. Liam Neeson, Natalie Portman, Samuel L. Jackson and Ewan McGregor lead the cast. Opens May 19, if you didn't know.

On the edge

"Broke Down Palace" - This femme version of "Midnight Express" stars Kate Beckinsale and the ever-watchable Claire Danes as two high school grads on a Bangkok dream vacation that turns into one of those abusive Thai prison nightmares. Lou Diamond Phillips plays the U.S. official trying to help them (really?) and attorney Bill Pullman tries to get the drug charges dropped before they die. Opens in August.

"Dry Cleaning" - A French-fried psychological thriller about a couple who run a dry cleaning business by day, but by night, they risk their sanity by playing a game with a group of denizens of a bizarre local night club. With Miou-Miou, Charles Berling and Stanislas Merher. Opens June 4.

"Eyes Wide Shut" - The entertainment media almost seemed crestfallen that the late Stanley Kubrick's last movie didn't earn an NC-17 rating for the sex scenes involving husband-and-wife team Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman. In this psychological thriller (details have been carefully guarded), jealousy and sexual obsession play characters along with the sex shrinks played by Cruise and Kidman. Harvey Keitel got thrown off the set for allegedly going too far with his character's sexual obsessiveness. Opens July 16.

"In Too Deep" - Stop God. That's what undercover detective Jeffrey Cole (Omar Epps) intends to do. God (LL Cool J), a gangster, runs 80 percent of the city's organized crime rackets and has been untouchable. Up to now. Cole fashions such a convincing undercover identity that his bosses worry he'll lose his grip on reality. With Stanley Tucci, Nia Long, Veronica Webb and the immortal Pam Grier. Opens Aug. 11.

"The Loss of Sexual Innocence" - The always-intriguing Mike Figgis writes and directs a drama about how Nic (Julian Sands) became the man he did - by examining his life at five years old, 12 years old, 16 years old and as a young adult. With Saffron Burrows (the duplicitous beauty from "Circle of Friends.") Opens in June.

"My Life So Far" - A young English kid named Fraser gets his eyes opened to a wider world when he meets his uncle's new fiancee: a seductive French tart (Irene Jacob) who teaches the lad about temptation, jealously, passion and all that jazz. Not necessarily in that order. With Colin Firth, Malcolm McDowell and Oak Park's Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. Opens in July.

Romantic notions

"American Pie" - Could this be the "Porky's" of 1999? Four high school senior guys make a pact to lose their virginity by prom night. Speaking of first times, this marks the feature debuts of director Paul Weitz and writer Adam Herz. Starring Natasha Lyonne, Eugene Levy, Alyson Hannigan and Chris Owen. Opens July 9.

"Besieged" - Italy's Bernardo Bertolucci (he gave the Oscar-sweeping "Last Emperor") directs a drama about an African medical student (Thandie Newton) who provides much more than the customary cleaning services when she goes to work as a housemaid to David Thewlis' reclusive pianist. Opens June 11.

"Better Than Chocolate" - A sexy romp about love and lust. Must be a summer movie. Maggie meets the woman of her dreams just as her mom and brother move in with her. So, to keep peace, Maggie keeps her affair a secret, and it opens her family members up to new experiences deemed even "better than chocolate." With Karyn Dwyer, Christina Cox, Kevin Mundy and Wendy Crewson. Opens in August.

"The Love Letter" - Celebrated Hong Kong filmmaker Peter Ho-sun Chan ("Comrades: Almost a Love Story") makes his American debut with a whimsical tale about the magical effects an unsigned love letter have on a small New England community. One woman (Kate Capshaw, alias Mrs. Spielberg) investigates and finds herself torn between two Toms. (Selleck and Everett Scott). Opens May 21.

"Mad About Mambo" - "Felicity" herself, Keri Russell, stars in her first leading role in another one of those lady-and-the-tramp romantic comedies. She hangs out in the upper-class part of Belfast with her athlete boyfriend (Theo Fraser Steele). Danny (William Ash) goes to a ***working-class*** boys school where he plays soccer and decides learning how to samba, rumba and mambo will make him a better player. Then he meets Keri training to win the Regional Latin Dance Finals. Guess what happens? Opens Aug. 27.

"Next to You" - Sabrina the teenage witch herself, Melissa Joan Hart plays a high school student, who discovers that the geek next door might be kinda cute. A comic teen romance. Opens Aug. 11.

"Trick" - Tori Spelling alert! She co-stars in this romance about two gays, Garbriel and Mark, who try to get together, but an avalanche of miscues, interfering friends and the fickle finger of fate keeps interfering. Spelling plays Katherine, Gabriel's high-maintenance muse. With Christian Campbell and John Paul Pitoc. Opens Aug. 6.

"Twice Upon a Yesterday" - Two characters rise out of the pages of "The Adventures of Don Quixote" to help a forlorn lover (Douglas Henshall) turn back the clock and get a second chance with his girlfriend (Lena Headey). With the up-and-coming Penelope Cruz and Elizabeth McGovern. Opens June 11.

"The Very Thought of You" - That sexy Joseph Fiennes (alias Bill Shakespeare) stars as one of three life-long pals whose lives change when they all begin to vie for the attention of a Minneapolis woman (Monica Potter) trying to get a fresh start in London. Rufus Sewell and Tom Hollander star. Opens late summer, maybe.

Swingers

"Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me" - The international man of mystery (Mike Myers) returns with a new vixen at his beck and call: Felicity Shagwell (Heather Graham), complete with hot pants, long hair and knee-high boots. Austin picks a fine time to lose his edge, just when Scott Evil (Seth Green) and his dad, Dr. Evil, blackmail the President (Tim Robbins). Watch for the chess game, a take-off on a quintessential '60s movie "The Thomas Crown Affair." Austin's opponent: Kristen Johnson as Ivana Humpalot. Opens June 11.

"Tarzan" - A Walt Disney animated musical, but in this one, the characters don't sing. Phil Collins does that on the soundtrack, which uses songs as pieces of narrative. The classic Edgar Rice Burroughs story tells of little orphaned Tarzan, raised by apes, who meets human explorers and suffers a major identity crisis. The voice cast includes Tony "Ghost" Goldwyn as Tarzan, Minnie Driver as Jane, Nigel Hawthorne as Porter, Glenn Close as Tarzan's simian mom, and Rosie O'Donnell as Terk the gorilla. Opens June 18.

Strange characters

"The Adventures of Sebastian Cole" - This film calls itself a "humorous and unconventional portrait of a young man struggling to find himself amidst the chaos of his eccentric, off-beat family." Sounds like a documentary everyone can relate to. Sebastian (Adrian Grenier) can't believe it when his brother (Clark Gregg) announces he wants to become a woman. The press notes say, "Sebastian finds that sometimes life itself is the most extraordinary adventure of all." So why waste it at the movies? Opens this summer.

"Inspector Gadget" - Recent live-action comedies based on cartoon and video game characters haven't done well. We'll reserve judgment until we see Matthew Broderick as the infamous inspector, once a security officer blown to pieces by a bomb, then reassembled by robotics expert Brenda Bradford (Joely Fisher). Expect more gimmicks than a James Bond movie marathon. Opens July 23.

"Mr. Accident"- The last time we had to suffer through Australian comic Yahoo Serious, he starred in the hissable, dissable "Young Einstein." He returns as Roger Crumpkin, an incompetent maintenance man in the nation's biggest egg processing plant. Can he save the egg-consuming public from an insidious plot by ex-tobacco executive Duxton Chavalier (David Field)? Does anyone care? Opens Aug. 13.

"Muppets From Space" - Wow, what a surprise. Gonzo finds out his long-lost relatives might be aliens from another planet. (What does this mean for Elmo and Cookie Monster?) Pursued by a paranoid government agent named K. Edgar Singer (Jeffrey Tambor), the Purplish-Blue One must decide to join his relatives on the mother ship or stay on that famous street with his life-long friends. With Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Rizzo, Ray Liotta, Andie MacDowell, David Arquette and Oscar-winner F. Murray Abaraham. Opens July 14.

"Mystery Men" - Wouldn't you know it? The second that Captain Amazing (Greg Kinnear) takes time off from protecting Champion City, the villainous Casanova Frankenstein ("Shine" star Geoffrey Rush) makes his move, forcing super hero wannabes Mr. Furious (Ben Stiller), the Shoveler (William Macy), the Bowler (Janeane Garofalo), the Blue Raja (Hank Azaria) and others step up to be counted. An action comedy, of course. Opens Aug. 6.

"Plunkett and McLeane" - Variety calls it a "chaotic" costume romp about two highwaymen in 18th-century London. Could that be because the picture had nine producers and four writers? Hmm. Robert Carlyle (last seen munching on manly men in "Ravenous") and Jonny Lee Miller play 1748 convicts who team up to rob from the rich and give to themselves. Liv Tyler attempts a British accent as the femme distraction. A $ 15 million historical comedy/drama directed by Jake Scott, son of Ridley. Opens in August.

"The 13th Warrior" - The testeronic Antonio Banderas stars in this tale of Vikings and cannibalism, based on Michael Crichton's 1976 book "Eaters of the Dead," the original title of this adult adventure directed by John "Die Hard" McTiernan. Then, Crichton seized control of the project, bumped off McTiernan, reworked it, changed the title and now it opens Aug. 13. With Diane Venora and Omar Sharif?

"The Winslow Boy" - David Mamet makes a G-rated movie? What's the world coming to? Mamet dumps his trademark staccato dialogue in his reworking of Terence Rattigan's play about an upper-class father (Nigel Hawthorne) who in 1910 hires England's sharpest lawyer (Jeremy Northam) to defend his young son from charges he stole a five shilling postal order. A daring piece of cinema, for all the expected pay-off moments occur off-camera. Opens May 21.

Location, location

"Arlington Road" - Paranoia and domestic terrorism. A perfect combination for a summer movie. A college professor (Jeff Bridges), widowed when a right-wing group killed his FBI agent wife, begins to suspect his new next-door neighbors (Tim Robbins and Chicago's own Joan Cusack) might be up to no good. But from all outward appearances, they seem very all-American. Could the prof be off? Nahhhhhh. Opens July 9.

"Detroit Rock City" - Back in 1978, four kids try to crash a Kiss concert. Kiss members play themselves! (Who says stage makeup can't keep rockers perpetually youthful?) Natasha Lyonne and the emotionally anemic Edward Furlong star. Opens Aug. 13.

"Notting Hill" - Advance word says this romantic comedy doesn't hold together, but Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant have terrific chemistry. The writer and producer of "Four Weddings and A Funeral" create a story about an owner of a small book store whose life explodes when the biggest movie star in the world (guess who) enters his shop. Opens May 28.

"Outside Providence" - Written by those daffy Farrelly brothers of "There's Something About Mary" fame, and directed by Michael "Federal Hill" Corrente. A Rhode Island juvenile delinquent (Shawn Hatosy) gets sent to prep school where the local students outnumber him. Soon, they never know what hit them. With Alec Baldwin, Amy Smart and George Wendt. Opens July 30.

"South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut" - "Oh, my god, they killed Kenny!" will be heard for the first time in theater speakers when Trey Parker and Matt Stone bring their subcultural Comedy Central cartoon hit to the big screen. The kids sneak into an R-rated movie and spark the creation of an ultra-strict local film rating committee. Voices by George Clooney, Minnie Driver and Eric Idle join the familiar cast. Opens June 30.

"The Thirteenth Floor" - Now we know why office buildings don't have 13th floors. They exist only in virtual reality. That's where two visionaries (Craig Bierko and Armin Mueller-Stahl) create a living re-creation of 1937 Los Angeles on a computer chip. Soon, one has been murdered and the other must enter the virtual 13th floor to confront the truth about his innocence - and the shocking reality of his own existence! With Gretchen Mol and Vincent D'Onofrio. Opens May 28.

"Town and Country" - New York architect Porter Stoddard (Warren Beatty) goes through a rough time when nothing he does turns out right, not with his wife (Diane Keaton), not with his pals (Goldie Hawn, Garry Shandling) and not with his career. A romantic comedy with Andie MacDowell and Jenna Elfman. Opens Aug. 13.

"Wild Wild West" - That giant, steam-powered War-of-the-Worlds-styled terror machine in this adventure must have cost a lot of money. This period adventure shot way, way over budget - rumors say anywhere from $ 150 million to $ 200 million. Will Smith takes over the role played on CBS-TV by Robert Conrad: the dapper U.S. secret agent James T. West. President Ulysses S. Grant has become the target of an assassination plot by dastardly Dr. Arlis Loveless (obviously a relative of TV's Dr. Miguelito Loveless, played by the late Michael Dunn.) Kenneth Branagh plays Loveless. Kevin Kline plays West's sidekick, master of disguises Artemus Gordon. Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld, who teamed with Smith on "Men in Black." Opens July 2.

"The Wood" - Gee, a title like this could mean just about anything. But surprise, it concerns three guys who reminisce about how they grew up together in Inglewood, Calif., during the 1980s and overdosed on all that hip-hop music, all while one of them suffers the premarital jitters. Omar Epps, Taye Diggs and Richard T. Jones trip down memory lane. Opens July 16.

Seasonal offerings

"Autumn Tale" - Pillar of the French filmmaking community Eric Rohmer presents his final entry in his "Tales of the Four Seasons" series. He looks at romantic yearnings of middle age through the story of a winegrower (Beatrice Romand) who resists efforts by her friend and her son's girlfriend to fix her up with new dates. Winner of best screenplay at the 1998 Venice Film Festival. Opens July 23.

"The Summer of Sam" - Spike Lee directs a controversial look at the summer of 1977 when New York's first serial killer, dubbed by the media as "the Son of Sam," struck terror into the hearts of Gothamites. In the Italian-American section of the Bronx, a thug named Joey T. (John Leguizamo) decides somebody from the neighborhood must be the .44 caliber killer, and sparks a witch hunt that centers on a punk rocker named Ritchie (Adrien Brody). With Mira Sorvino, Jennifer Esposito, Anthony LaPaglia, Bebe Neuwith, Patti LaPone and Ben Gazzara. Opens July 2.

"Three Seasons" - The first American movie to be filmed in Vietnam since the war. An auspicious drama for 26-year-old director Tony Bui, who weaves four stories together with elegant ease: A cyclo driver falls for a mysterious lady of the evening; a former GI searches for the daughter he never knew; a lotus farmer helps an old master regain his lost poetry; a little street boy searches for his lost suitcase of trinkets to sell. With Harvey Keitel, who also serves as executive producer. Opens May 28.

Race riots

"Endurance" - A nice travelogue about Ethiopia, but not much in the story department. The true story of Ethiopian Olympic runner Haile Gebrselassie and how he went from a hard-working little farm boy into a national sports stat at the 1996 Olympics. Haile stars as himself in the later part of the story. With real Olympic footage of his 10,000 meter run. Opens May 21.

"Run Lola Run" - Not a remake of the 1966 TV series "Run Buddy Run," but close enough. Structured as a narrative thrill ride, the German tale involves a man and a woman on the run from the mob. Written and directed by Tom "Wintersleepers" Tykwer. It promises to be "endlessly inventive and kinetic" and to push "the audience to their limits." We'll see when it opens in July.

"The Runaway Bride" - The zany people who gave us the prostitute-gets-the-handsome-rich-guy comedy "Pretty Woman" return to give us another comedy about a woman (Julia Roberts) who has abandoned three potential hubbies at the altar, and the cynical reporter (Richard Gere) who wants to write about her matrimonial near-hits. Directed by Northwestern's Garry Marshall and co-starring his cinematic good-luck piece, Hector Elizondo. Rita Wilson (Mrs. Tom Hanks) and Joan Cusack star, too. Opens July 30.

"White Boys" - A white hip-hop poet named Flip (Danny Hoch) wants to leave Iowa for the Chicago ghetto so he can write million-dollar rap tunes as his heroes have done. He gets his wish when he saves an upper-class black kid (Eugene Bird) from a scrape with the local law. So, he agrees to take Flip and his pals to Chicago to fulfill his gangsta-rap dreams. Opens in August.

Blue movies

"Blue Streak" - It seemed simple. Years after committing a $ 20 million jewel heist, professional thief Miles Logan (Martin Lawrence) comes back to the construction site where he buried the loot - only to discover it has become a police station. What to do? Impersonate a cop, get a partner (Luke Wilson) and become a celebrated crime fighter. Of course. Opens Aug. 20.

"Deep Blue Sea" - "Jaws" on speed. An underwater scientist (Saffron Burrows) experiments with mako sharks by making them smarter and more powerful. And we all know what happens to people who mess around with Mother Nature, don't we? Soon, her floating lab, the Aquatica, starts sinking and those steroidally enhanced sharks start sharpening their teeth. With Thomas Jane, LL Cool J and Samuel L. Jackson as potential snacks. Directed by Renny "Die Harder" Harlin. Opens July 30.

"Mickey Blue Eyes" - Nope, not a Walt Disney film. Hugh Grant, Jeanne Tripplehorn and James Caan star in a romantic comedy about love, fine art and the mob. Grant plays a New York auction house manager who falls in love with the daughter of the local mob don. By marrying into her family, he'll be marrying into The Family. Quality control alert! Directed by Kelly Makin, the guy who gave us the incredibly awful "Brain Candy." Opens Aug. 13.

Good relations

"The Astronaut's Wife" - Charlize Theron in the bathtub? We're there. Meanwhile, her astronaut hubby, Johnny Depp, has problems to deal with. While in space, he can't remember what happened for two minutes when NASA lost contact with him. Then, hubby starts acting strange just as Theron becomes pregnant and gives birth to a bad case of paranoia. With the ever-creepy Tom Noonan. Opens Aug. 27.

"Big Daddy" - Adam Sandler, fresh from his big hit "The Water Boy" plays a 32-year-old man who wants to prove to his girlfriend (Joey Lauren-Adams) he can handle responsibility. So he adopts a little boy named Julian. When that doesn't work, he discovers he can't return kids, even with a receipt. Ooops. With Jon Stewart and Josh Mostel. Opens June 25.

"The General's Daughter" - Sort of an updated "Night of the Generals" where CID investigator Paul Brenner (John Travolta) looks into the murder of Captain Elisabeth Campbell, daughter of a prominent general. He uncovers a can of military worms the size of a tank. Is Travolta beginning to look a little like Bruce Willis here or what? Madeleine Stowe, Timothy Hutton, James Woods and James Cromwell also star. Opens June 18.

"An Ideal Husband" - Oscar Wilde's classic play takes to the silver screen with hunky Rupert Everett as Lord Goring, a gentleman tangled in a web of schemes and secrets. Sir Robert (Jeremy Northam) appears to be the ideal husband for the intoxicating Lady Childtern (the amazing Cate Blanchett), until Mrs. Cheveley (Julianne Moore) threatens to reveal a deep, dark secret that could ruin him. Can Goring help? With Minnie Driver and John Wood. Opens June 25. (June 18 in Los Angeles and New York City.)

"My Son the Fanatic" - Don't you love those clashes between Hindu fundamentalism and Western hedonism? Oscar nominee Rachel Griffith plays Bettina, a prostitute who carries on an affair with a married man (Om Puri) who has spent 25 years trying to adjust to life in England, even as his teenage son (Akbar Kurtha) struggles to preserve his Indian roots. Stellan Skarsgard plays a German businessman who tempts the poor man to be a free soul. Opens in July.

"This is My Father" - Kieran Johnson (James Caan), a burned-out Chicago school teacher, returns to his native land of Ireland where he learns how his father crossed swords with the townspeople and clergy by falling in love with a woman beyond his station. With pressures building to separate the lovers, the man takes a desperate action that changes his life, and the lives of generations to come. Opens June 4 or possibly later.

The horror!

"The Blair Witch Project" - Oooo. Just the premise of this thriller spells "gotta see." Three filmmakers disappear in the woods of Maryland while making a documentary about the legend of the Blair Witch. All they left behind: exposed film. What could be on it? Director Eduardo Sanchez says, "We want to do to camping what 'Jaws' did to swimming." A footnote: This film has the same plot as "Cannibal Holocaust," which did for exploring cannibal-infested South American jungles what "Psycho" did to showers. With Heather Donahue and Joshua Leonard. Opens July 16.

"The Haunting" - From the makers of "Twister" comes this remake of Robert Wise's 1963 black-and-white thriller about Hill House, the place where something walks - and it walks alone. Liam Neeson plays the doc who summons three people to live in the house with him: Luke the cynic (Owen Wilson), Theo the brave (Catherine Zeta-Jones), and the psychically sensitive Nell (Chicago's Lili Taylor). Opens July 23.

"Instinct" - Hannibal Lecter meets Mighty Joe Young? Anthony Hopkins plays a brilliant primatologist jailed for mysterious murders that occurred in the jungles of Rwanda. At the time, he had become a virtual Tarzan, living amongst the apes as one of them. Now, in the booby hatch for the criminally insane, the man meets a psychiatrist (Chicago's Cuba Gooding, Jr.) who intends to unlock the secrets of his mind. Where's Jane Goodall when you need her? Opens June 4.

"Lake Placid" - Hey, where are Mulder and Scully when you need them? Bridget Fonda plays a paleontologist who heads out to investigate a mysterious death at a small lake in Maine. There, she and Bill Pullman the game warden discover the cause: a 35-foot alligator! Opens July 16.

"Stigmata" - Where are Mulder and Scully when you need them? Again? Patricia Arquette stars as a woman who suffers brutal attacks from an unseen force. Jonathan Pryce plays the official Vatican investigator out to debunk her paranormal claims, until he realizes only he can save her life. Sure sounds like a re-do of Barbara Hershey's "The Entity," doesn't it? Opens July 9.

What's up, docs?

"The Buena Vista Social Club" - In 1996, composer musician Ry Cooder gathered up some of the greatest names in the history of Cuban music and put together the Grammy-winning album "The Buena Vista Social Club." German filmmaker Wim Wenders (he gave us "Wings of Desire" before it became Hollywood's "City of Angels") directs this documentary about the Club and its appearances in Cuba, Amsterdam and New York. Opens June 18.

"Extreme Sports" - All sports! All the time! All in glorious IMAX splendor! Opens June 4.

"Trekkies" - Denise Crosby guides us through this documentary about that rarest of human subcultures: rabid "Star Trek" fans. As William Shatner once said to them, "Get a life!" Opens May 21.

Dramatic licenses

"Alice et Martin" - Juliette Binoche plays a wife to a man haunted by a past mistake, which comes back when she becomes pregnant. Binoche re-teams with her "Rendezvous" director of 12 years ago, Andre Techine. Opens Aug. 20.

"Limbo" - The first film by John Sayles to be accepted in competition at the Cannes Film Festival in France. An Alaskan fisherman (David Strathairn) falls in love with a singer (Oak Park's Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio), unaware her daughter (Vanessa Martinez) likes him, too. Then the man's half-brother (Chicago's Casey Siemaszko) shows up with killers on his tail. Photographed by Haskell Wexler, Darryl Hannah's uncle. Caution: People who don't appreciate a "Lady or the Tiger?" ending might not like this film. Opens June 4.

"The Mirror" - A quest begins when a little girl in Tehran gets impatient waiting for her mother to pick her up from school. So, she strikes out on her own, encountering a strange assortment of people on her long way home. A plot surprise in the middle can't be revealed. Opens May 25.

"The Powder Keg" - In post-war Belgrade, dark comedy merges with heightened realism in this Yugoslavian film. Over the course of an evening, several intertwined stories unravel, one of them being a former Sarajevo professor who drives a bus rather than work for new refugee mobsters. Winner of many festival awards, including those at the Toronto and Venice festivals. Opens this summer.

"The Legend of the Pianist on the Ocean" - "Cinema Paradiso" director Guiseppe Tornatore makes his first English-language drama about a talented pianist (erstwhile "Reservoir Dogs" star Tim Roth) abandoned at birth on an Atlantic ship back in 1900. Opens July 9.

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[***Kids say Clinton knows their needs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-40F0-002B-H2SF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

For months America has been steeped in the hubbub of presidential campaigning - issues and innuendo, heated discussions, constant polling of the electorate. As adults wrestle with the merits of the candidates, children listen and learn. We were curious about what they're learning, so we asked which presidential candidate they would choose and why.

Judging by their responses, Bill Clinton and family should be preparing for a move east.

More than 4,000 responded, but the results are skewed because most wrote after Ross Perot dropped out of the race and before he jumped back in. The results: Clinton: 2,211; Bush: 1,610; others (including Perot, undecided and a variety of other choices): 636.

Abortion was a predominant issue, with some choosing Bush for his opposition to abortion and others choosing Clinton because he favors legalized abortion. Often Bush proponents addressed only abortion, whereas Clinton's advocates usually mentioned it as one of several issues.

In addition to favoring Clinton's view on abortion, supporters generally said they believe he's more concerned about poor and middle-class people than Bush is, and they favor Clinton's proposal to increase taxes on the rich. Dozens cited their own circumstances - parents laid off or friends' parents unemployed - as reasons for hoping Clinton could turn the economy around. Hundreds would choose Clinton because they said Bush can't be trusted ever since he lied about not raising taxes.

More characterized Clinton as a person who cares about and listens to children than described Bush that way, although several said Bush is "nice" and would make a good grandpa. Several chose Clinton for the same reason as Karen Seifert, 11, of Edina. She wrote, "Because he is a dad, he will understand children's needs better. Kids need a cleaner environment to live in. They also need to be protected from crime and drugs. I think he will be very aware of these needs because he is worried about how safe America is for his daughter, too."

Clinton scored much higher points than Bush on environmental and educational issues, with dozens expressing dismay with Bush's performance at the Earth Summit. Clinton also was favored because many said they're uneasy about Dan Quayle being vice president. Scores mocked Quayle's spelling deficiencies and questioned his intellectual ability to be next-in-line to the presidency.

Some, especially those living in "nontraditional" families, said Clinton has a clear sense of family values. Rachel Diers, 12, of Highview Middle School in New Brighton, wrote, "Dan Quayle thinks that a real family consists of a mother, a father and children. Well, I think that's a crock. I live with my mother and my brother. She cares about us, she loves us, we have a nice house, nice clothes, a car and everything that we could ever possibly need and more. I say, if you don't like it, then that's your problem."

Regarding the controversies surrounding Clinton, the writers weighted them differently depending on who they were choosing, but many gave the benefit of the doubt to Clinton. Although some faulted him for avoiding the draft, saying his behavior raised questions as to his ability to be commander-in-chief, several others saw his "dodging" as a virtue.

Mikel Szyman, 13, of Robbinsdale, wrote, "I'd vote for Clinton just because he ran from the draft. . . . That says he is against war. That is good because we don't need war. . . . War leaves emotional scars for a long time, sometimes for life."

Relatively few writers mentioned allegations of Clinton's extramarital affairs or marijuana use. Those who did were split between those who said such occurrences raise concerns about his trustworthiness and character and those who said such experiences are irrelevant.

Although many of the writers had most of their facts straight, it was in these "controversial" areas that the most misperceptions occurred. One 11-year-old boy wrote, "Clinton does crack and used to be with the Ku Klux Klan." A couple of writers said that Clinton is a junkie or a drug dealer and that he doesn't believe in God or Boy Scouts.

Bush proponents generally covered a much narrower range of issues. In addition to his abortion stance, many chose Bush because they believe he will lower taxes and be tough on drug addicts and dealers. Desert Storm played well among scores who said they were impressed by Bush's willingness to fight, and in general his supporters expressed confidence in his ability in foreign affairs. A few praised Bush for his attitudes toward gays.

Pam Lai, 15, of Roseville, a Bush supporter, wrote, "What infuriates me is that the media is projecting Clinton as the answer to all of our problems, which is impossible. We are wishing for the perfect candidate, one who would boost our economy, deal with foreign affairs, raise funding for AIDS research, help with educational needs, end poverty and still have time for their families. . . . What Americans should keep in mind is that no one man can solve all of our growing list of problems."

For the most part those who chose Perot had very few specific reasons for their choice, other than that he has "fresh ideas," and that his business success must count for something. Other choices for president included Bo Gritz, Ronald Reagan, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Luke Perry, parents, teachers and various Walt Disney characters.

Many of the most passionate views were expressed by hundreds disenchanted with politics. They said none of the candidates is desirable and that voting is pointless as long as candidates are consumed with mud-slinging and lies.

Brian Golish, 16, of Lewiston, Minn., wrote, "Well, it is that time of year again when the presidential candidates tour the country degrading one another, making promises which we know, as well as they do, will never be kept, and doing just about anything to suck up to us Americans so we will vote for them. What have politics become? They are full of corruption, lies, scandals and immorality."

Collectively the essays were very impressive as they indicated that many young people are paying attention to the election and know who the candidates are and what the issues are. The sources of most of their information seemed to be television and parents. It also appeared that a great deal of political discussion is occurring in classrooms.

Some said they're very glad they don't have to vote and don't look forward to the time when they can. Others took a longer view. "I hope that whichever one wins, he takes the time, money and energy to educate my generation," wrote Natalie Sefkow, 12, of Savage, "so by the time we have children, there are some decent political men and women for whom our kids can vote."

Some excerpts from essays on candidates

Here are excerpts from some of the essays:

"I would have to say that if God would have wanted us to vote, he would have given us real candidates."

- April Skappel, 17, Winona, Minn.

"I would vote for Bush. He'll look at his mistakes and learn from them."

- Larissa Becker, 11, Caledonia, Minn.

"I don't want to vote for Bush because he has this thing about war. He loves wars."

- Alex Yermolenko, 11, Minneapolis

"I would vote for Clinton because Bush is not fair to all people, only to the rich ones."

- Josh Guetzkow, 12, Watertown, Minn.

"When I think of this year's presidential candidates I picture a drive-through restaurant in which the employees are always trying to get me to buy things that I don't want. Telling me they're both delicious and that I really should choose one. Yet I've tried one before and it wasn't that great. The other just looks funny and I can't really identify what it is that I see."

- Dyane Cardinal, 17, Brooklyn Center

"I would vote for Governor Clinton because he didn't have his turn yet. Bush had his turn already."

- Heather Mahal, 9, Wabasso, Minn.

"If someone doesn't help us, then the U.S. will be lost. If no one helps our communities and cities to get back in order and stops violence and uneducated children, no one will have enough education or sense to know what to do in the world."

- Kim Craig, 16, Minneapolis

"I know who I would vote for, but I'm not going to tell because my mom says it's impolite to ask someone who they voted for, just like asking elders how much they weigh or how old they are. So that's all you're going to find out."

- Beau Pepera, 13, Farmington

"I would vote for George Bush because George is the name of the first president and because my grandfather's name is George."

Jennifer Scheevel, age 9, grade 4,

Maple Grove,

Oak View School

"Bill Clinton smiles like he played a joke or was trying to cheat."

Debbie Zimmerman, age 9, grade 4,

New Hope,

New Hope Elementary School

Talia Webster/

Age/13 Grade/8

Minneapolis

Franklin Middle School

President Bush. For one reason, he does not support abortion. I've been brought up in a home that believes that babies have just as much of a chance at life as any other human does. Some people just don't understand that the moment that baby is conceived, that it's a human being and that when they abort that baby, they are actually committing murder. And what scares me most is, that people just don't care.

Another reason I'm voting for Bush is because he does not support NOW (National Organization for Women), at least not all of it. That group of women believes that they may be equal to men. In the mind, yes, but not spiritually. Men were created to be the head of things. That's one reason there are no female presidents. If women were created to be the head as well as men, then we all might as well be one sex.

I also believe that the homeless people and the teens out there who are pregnant, hurting, angry, that they should have some place to turn, in case their parents don't want them, or they feel their parents don't understand their problems. President Bush has a project for these people. It is called, "Agenda for American Renewal."

Something I appreciate Bush for is that he supports "education for a life time." That means he's willing to provide schooling for people who have not completed school, young and old.

I vote for Bush because he's honest and hopefully will bring a better life for the U.S.A.

Cory Vossen/

Age/13 Grade/8

Paynesville, Minn.

Paynesville Area Middle School

Every morning, farmers wake up facing the facts: Machinery parts are too high and veterinary and feed bills are too high. But milk prices are too low. I'd like to know where this money is going, to the creamery or to the government, because Minnesota farmers just aren't going to be able to keep going under these conditions.

I may just be a 13-year-old farm kid from a rural area near Paynesville, but I know enough to know that these circumstances are nuts. Bush hasn't done a thing about it. Farmers work 24 hours a day 7 days a week. If I could vote I would vote for Clinton because I think he can at least help the farmers out a little more. Because Bush hasn't lifted a finger for the Minnesota farmer.

Caroline Cervenka/

Age/13 Grade/8

New Prague, Minn.

New Prague Middle School

Bill Clinton. It's time to give the Democrats a chance. The Republicans have been in office for 12 years, and our country has never been in greater debt. The unemployment rate is high. Many of the people with jobs can't support their families on their income. Clinton seems to have a better plan than Bush.

If Clinton is elected, it would be the start of a whole new era for women. For the first time in the history of our country, we would have a First Lady with a strong career and an identity and ideas of her own. Bill Clinton seems to understand the needs of working women. He was raised by a widowed mother who had to work hard to support her family. While the Republicans keep stressing family values, Clinton understands the struggles of working mothers better.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton would help put the stereotypes of women to rest.

Cathy Hamilton/

Age/11 Grade/6

Woodbury

Royal Oaks Elementary School

I wouldn't vote for either of them. Neither of the candidates has said anything about child abuse and as a child I'm concerned about child abuse. If Bill Clinton were to say, "Let's try to stop child abuse. Let's stop taking it out on our children," I would vote for Bill Clinton. As children, we are the future. Please stop hurting us. . . .

So that's who I would vote for. Someone who cares about children and helps stop child abuse.

Dain Sundstrom/

Age/17 Grade/12

Bloomington

Kennedy High School

Some people might call me a "red diaper baby." I clearly remember sitting around in my parents' bungalow singing "The International Workers Song." But even though my parents have influenced me on many issues, most of my opinions have been formed through facts and knowledge gathered from newspapers, magazines and radio. So much for family values.

Why not vote for Bush? Three simple reasons: the economy, the economy, the economy.

First: We're in a recession created by the commander-in-chief. . . . Bush keeps going on like there is no recession. He tells the public that everything is great. The public wonders, "What planet are you living on?" This happy talk lowers consumer confidence and political credibility. It seems the only growth in the market is in repo business. . . .

Second: The United States has the biggest debt in the world. When Reagan became president, the deficit was one trillion dollars. Today it is four trillion. . . . Bush's formula for economic recovery is to turn over leadership of the economy to bankers and industrialists. . . . This amounts to admission of his own failure. The bankers want to deregulate the banks so they can steal our money through another "S&L bailout." The industrialists would stuff a free-trade agreement down our throats and move jobs to Mexico where they build cars for $ 10 a day, not an hour.

Finally: I am a 17-year-old high school senior working for six bucks an hour. If Bush is reelected, I can't expect change. . . . As I look down the road four years from now, I see myself working a meaningless job which pays below the poverty level, or working off a $ 25,000 college debt with not much better prospects. However, as a white male, a few more Bush Supreme Court appointments could improve my position. All the black men will be in jail and all the women will be pregnant without a "family-leave" bill. . . .

Jessica Berzle/

Age/11 Grade/5

Waseca, Minn.

Waseca Middle School

I would vote for my grandpa because he knows about many good presidents. Although he doesn't want to be president I still think he should. My grandpa's favorite president was John F. Kennedy. That's my grandma's favorite, too. They have a book about him. It is very interesting.

My grandpa keeps a very clean house. I think he would keep a very clean country. He keeps a strict hand on me!! I bet he would really crack down on drug dealers and robbers.

Barbara Burk

Age/17 Grade/12

Maple Grove

Osseo High School

I would probably vote for President Bush. Bush is against homosexuals being allowed to marry. I think this is morally wrong, so I want to keep the law where it is. Some call me homophobic. I don't care what you call it. I call it wrong, and I don't want them in our military either. I am also in favor of capital punishment, as is Bush. I don't see why we keep some of these people around when they do society absolutely no good. There is one issue (at least) that I do not agree with Bush on. This is abortion. We have to make sure that women have the right to have an abortion. I don't, however, think this is the most important issue, so I would still vote for Bush.

Scott Jansen/

Age/14 Grade/8

Paynesville, Minn.

Paynesville Area Middle School

My grandma needs a county nurse to come to her house. She is a diabetic. She also has to see the doctor quite regularly. My grandma and grandpa can't afford it. So I would vote for Bill Clinton because he would have a national health care plan. He also favors mandatory family leave so if my little brother got sick, my mom could stay home and take care of him and still have her job back when he got better.

Chad Prachar/

Age/17 Grade/12

Duluth, Minn.

Proctor High School

I would vote for George Bush because of his superb job as commander-in-chief and his accomplishments.

First, Bush has not abused his power as the head of the entire U.S. military. He has set the let-down in Vietnam aside by defeating Iraq in 100 days. Our job in the Persian Gulf was to liberate Kuwait, not to go after Saddam Hussein and no matter how much better this world would be without Hussein, Bush completed his objectives.

Bush is not in favor of disabling our military. Everyone wants to take our military apart and take the extra money and place it into useless programs run by Congress. What people don't realize is the thousands of jobs that would be lost in the process. Everyone is screaming about unemployment, and then these people want to take the military apart and create thousands more unemployed. Real brilliant idea. Also, why should we go from a superpower to an average military power? We would simply be asking for Pearl Harbor to happen all over again.

When George Bush started as president the Iron Curtain, the Soviet Union and nuclear holocaust still existed, and Iraq was a military power. Four years later, none of these exists any more. Ronald Reagan and George Bush won the Cold War.

George Bush is the best candidate because he can protect democracy throughout the world.

Emma Kippley-Ogman/

Age/11 Grade/6

St. Paul

Talmud Torah of St. Paul

I'd vote for Clinton because he's pro-abortion. When I grow up, I want to have a choice. I don't want some man to decide whether or not I have a child! I want the choice to be my own. Clinton supports the right to an abortion that Bush wants to take away.

I'd also vote for Clinton because now that I'm leaving my private school (next year), I'd like the public schools to be agreeable and a good learning environment. When I graduate from college, I want to be able to be anything I want to be. Clinton wants to make public schools better, while Bush would rather have private schools be the better option. Many families cannot afford private schools. Most kids do go to public schools. If the public schools are crummy, then those kids will go to crummy schools. If the schools are bad, the American nation will be bad. Public schools should be good schools. Remember, children are the future!

Richie Rainville/

Age/12 Grade/7

New Brighton

Highview Elementary School

Who would I vote for if I could? One sentence says it all. Out with the old and in with the new. I'd vote for Hillary and Bill Clinton (my mom told me to put Hillary's name first).

The presidents I've seen in my time haven't been so exciting. Ronald Reagan did his hardest, most convincing role in 1980. He played the president.

And then there's George. Two important things happened in his presidency: 1. The economy was ruined. 2. Dan Quayle made fun of Murphy Brown. If you were the president what would be most important to you? Probably number 1, but George decided that Murphy was more important than money.

Let's look beyond the economy and Murphy and the environment AND the crime and the spelling of potato or is it potatoe? (I don't know any more.) The one question it comes down to is: WHO MAKES THE BETTER CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES? Did you know that Bill makes his own cookies and that Barbara changed her recipe in a contest at the last minute?

Then there's abortion. That's the only place that I agree with George. I think that a mother who doesn't want the baby should give it up for adoption, unless the baby has AIDS or any other fatal disease. Then the mother could have an abortion.

I would vote for Clinton basically because he's younger. We can't have a president that could croak any minute. We need someone democratic, someone liberal, someone personable and someone who plays 60s music at his convention.

Aaron Beauchaine/

Age/13 Grade/8

Robbinsdale

Sandburg Middle School

I would vote for the Clinton/Gore ticket because they're Democrats and Democrats work to enact laws and programs that help the ***working class*** and the underprivileged people in America.

My dad has been laid off most of this year, and we have lost economic ground for the last 12 years that Republicans have been in the White House. I've been worried that we might be put out of our house. My mom and dad work hard, but we have so little to show for it. GO, CLINTON, GORE.

Ryan Uttech/

Age/11 Grade/6

Granada, Minn.

Granada-Huntley-East Chain School

I wouldn't vote for any of them. Bill Clinton's too sneaky and is pro-choice. I don't like pro-choice. I don't think he has a good economic plan. I don't know much about Ross Perot. George Bush didn't help the economy. . . . I want new candidates.

"Democrats in my opinion are too pink, and I have an allergy to the red color because I have emigrated from Communist Russia."

Dmitry E. Eresov, age 17, grade 12,

West St. Paul,

Henry Sibley High School

"I would absolutely never vote for a vice president who makes a bigger deal out of a television show than a burning city (Los Angeles)."

Lynn Borgen, age 11, grade 6,

Edina,

Southview Middle School

"Bush made a speech and he told all the great things he would do, but why didn't he do all the great things when he was president?"

Michelle Butterfield, age 10,

grade 5,

Maple Grove,

Winnetka Elementary School

"About that war in Iraq, if Bush really cares more about the people than the oil they own, then why aren't we helping out in Yugoslavia?"

Andy Riedinger, age 14, grade 9,

Shakopee,

Shakopee Junior High School

"I would vote for George Bush. . . . He believes you should not have to give to the poor, so what you earn is what you get."

Troy Reine, age 13, grade 8,

Robbinsdale,

Sandburg Middle School

"I know Bush already raised the taxes, but which would you rather have for a president, a guy who raised the taxes and is sorry for it or a guy who is going to raise them even more and is proud of it??!!

Shannon Ishizaki, age 11, grade 6,

Rochester, Minn.,

Hoover Elementary School

"Ross Perot should be president because he has good connections. If he can make so much money himself maybe he could take us out of debt."

Peter Von Bank, age 11, grade 6,

St. Michael,

St. Michael Elementary School

"I might have voted for Bush but he said, 'Shut up and sit down' to his audience. I won't vote for anyone who says dirty words."

Sarah Noelle Evans, age 8,

grade 3,

Randall, Minn.,

Knight Science and Technology Magnet School

"My dad is not working and Bill Clinton has promised to create new jobs. Perhaps my dad will get one if Clinton is elected."

Bryce Banks, age 11, grade 5,

Eden Prairie,

Oak Point Intermediate School

"I am not very happy with either candidate. Why hasn't there been a black, woman or Jewish president?"

Laura Chasman, age 11, grade 6,

Mendota Heights,

Somerset Elementary School

"I'm not exactly sure who to vote for. It's like in grade school when you are looking for a class president. They promise candy for all. You vote for them, but they don't bring the candy."

Christine Salisbury

Grade 7,

Bemidji

Bemidji Middle School

**Graphic**

Illustration

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[***Rebellious road;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VJ4-01Y0-009B-P262-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Jesse Ventura's life is riddled by confrontation and theatrics. His "bad-guy" image helped get him into the governor's office. Now that he is the establishment, will the outlaw style persist?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VJ4-01Y0-009B-P262-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

"Who knows, you know? Four years as mayor, then maybe governor, maybe senator or maybe, at the year 2000, Jesse The Body in the White House. Be something to think about."

- Jesse Ventura, 1992

Carolyn Thompson was typing at her computer at the Brooklyn Park Post News when she suddenly smelled leather.

Turning around, she was startled by the sight: 6-foot-4 Jesse Ventura, in leather pants, leather vest and a motorcycle helmet, glaring down at her. Just days before he would be elected Brooklyn Park's mayor, Ventura was demanding to know why his letter to the editor had been shortened.

Thompson tried to explain that his letter included possibly libelous remarks, but he ignored her.

"This," he boomed, "means war."

Loud, brash and confrontational: It's a well-known side of Ventura.

He has crafted a persona that bucks convention and sometimes civility. It has led to success as a "bad guy" in the pro-wrestling ring. Outside the ring, his style has led to scrapes with wrestling management and flare-ups with people who challenged his performance as mayor of Brooklyn Park.

But there's another side - a softer, more cerebral Ventura, who earned nearly all A's in a college literature class in which he was respectful of other students and their ideas. He helped make children's dreams come true through the Make-A-Wish Foundation.

Now, as Ventura takes up the reins of government as Minnesota's governor, it remains to be seen which - if either - side of his personality will dominate.

While Ventura is capable of thoughtful arguments as well as theatrics, his career has been marked by confrontation more than compromise. In an interview just days before his inauguration, he called one wrestling-industry critic "a parasite" and said others couldn't "hold my jock."

Over the years, he's used props - everything from military decals to leather to his own body - to create an image that resonates with ***working-class*** people.

That image obscures the fact that he's an aggressive businessman and a man of money; in the 1990s, he's earned $ 2 million.

As a stringy-haired biker in the 1970s, he wore a German Army-style helmet. As a Navy SEAL, he got into bar brawls and spent time - briefly - in the brig. The calculated "bad guy" of pro wrestling evolved into a political maverick who challenges the establishment.

Now, as governor, that "bad guy" is the establishment.

"I won't be disrespectful to the office," Ventura said in the recent interview. "If someone respects me, I'll respect them back. If they don't respect me, well, then . . . they'll be dealt with harsh - more harsh, shall we say."

Blast the 'tail-less rat'

Long before he became Jesse Ventura, the boy named Jim Janos developed a political philosophy that was shaped by his father, George.

George Janos grew up in "Swede Town," the Minneapolis neighborhood where Fairview-University Medical Center now stands. He was a decorated veteran of World War II and later became a maintenance worker for the city of Minneapolis. His wife, Bernice, had been a nurse in the Army and later in the Twin Cities.

George was a leader in the poor, ethnic neighborhood, and a strong guy - one of the few who could swim the current of the Mississippi River, said Ed Johnson, one of George's boyhood friends.

George's sons, Jim and Jan, liked to hang around the sandbars under the Lake Street-Marshall Avenue Bridge spanning the Mississippi River. They'd fish for carp, which they'd toss in bonfires on the beach, said Jan, who now works at a lock and dam on the river for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

They attended public school, but they loved Minnehaha Academy football and sneaked under the fence to watch the games.

The trouble they caused seems quaint today. Once, they swiped packets of seeds from a neighborhood grocery, stuffing them into their pockets and running home. "My folks found out, and we caught hell for it," Jan said. And once, they stole lures from a bait shop.

Jim followed his older brother to Roosevelt High School and onto the swim team. Jan was captain in 1966; Jim in 1969. Pictures from that time show a tall, serious youth, muscular but lanky, with a dimple in his chin. His brother says Jim wasn't any more confrontational than he was. "And I was a wallflower."

Ed Johnson's son, Kevin, attended school with Jim. One day at Cooper Elementary School, he remembered, the students wrote essays on what they wanted to be when they grew up. Jim wrote that he wanted to be a professional wrestler.

In the evenings, George Janos held court around the kitchen table, talking about politics. He was never short of opinions, and his monologues had a common theme: "A distrust of politicians, from the president on down," Jan said. "Dad would get on Richard Nixon, call him the 'tail-less rat.' For Jim, I'm thinking, that's when he first got interested in politics. It must have rubbed off on him."

During Watergate, their father would see Nixon on television "with sweat on his lip," Jan said. George would say, "You can see that guy is lying because he's sweating so much."

The distrust of government lives on in Ventura, who reads everything he can about Kennedy assassination conspiracy theories, Jan said. But it didn't prevent the brothers from joining the military during the Vietnam War.

About 18 months after Jan joined the Navy SEALs, Jim Janos spurned a college swimming scholarship to once again follow the lead of his older brother.

Tough training, free life

Jim Janos' membership in the SEALs became a key part of the public image of Jesse Ventura.

During the campaign for governor, Ventura wore SEALs T-shirts and drove a car with a SEALs vanity plate framed by the words, "Mess with the best, die with the rest." He said he served "in the combat zone" and did things during the Vietnam War that would make other candidates "wet their pants."

He hasn't been much more specific than that. "What I did there is between me and the man upstairs," he has said in interviews.

From March 1971 to December 1973, Ventura was assigned to an Underwater Demolition Team-SEALs unit that sent platoons on operations to Southeast Asia, the Korean peninsula, the Indian Ocean and elsewhere. His unit was based in Subic Bay in the Philippines.

His work was demanding, sometimes dangerous and required physical and mental toughness. There also was plenty of time for partying and brawling in Subic.

It doesn't appear that Ventura spent much time in Vietnam or in combat.

By the time Ventura was sent overseas, the Vietnam War was winding down and his unit served primarily as advisers.

"There wasn't much going on then," recalled Mike Gotchey, who graduated from SEALs basic training with Ventura and worked with him in a 100-man unit called Underwater Demolition Team 12. "By the time we got there, Vietnam was pretty much over. We were probably doing training missions more than anything."

There was so little war activity that the team, according to its 1971 yearbook, had time to participate in sports at Subic. The yearbook cited Ventura as a key basketball player.

During his run for governor, Ventura cited his Vietnam Service Medal. But the medal reveals little about what he did during the war. About 8 million service members between 1965 and 1973 received that award for spending at least one day in Vietnam and nearby waters and airspace, or in Thailand, Laos or Cambodia in direct support of operations in Vietnam.

Gotchey and fellow UDT-SEAL Mike Baumgart recall being on several standard reconnaissance missions with Ventura on the coast of Vietnam. Each time, they spent several weeks on a Navy ship a couple of miles off the coast. At some point they climbed aboard a smaller boat and headed toward shore. A half-mile out, the boat ran parallel to the shore as frogmen dove at intervals into the water, swimming toward land and charting the depth.

Once on shore they mapped the beach and then swam back to the boat, checking the depth along the way. The operation took a couple of hours.

Last year, Ventura wrote about his experiences in a chapter in "The Teams, An Oral History of the U.S. Navy SEALs," published by William Morrow and Co. Most of it describes grueling training during which he said he was nearly killed; parachuting at Fort Benning, Ga.; close calls swimming with sharks in the Philippines, and life in Subic Bay.

He also tells of extending the first of two tours to stay at Subic.

"Those three months of additional deployment were the most wild, happiest and carefree of my life," he wrote. "Just outside the main gate was a mile of road that held something like 350 bars and 10,000 girls, and that was every night. Imagine being 19, maybe closing in on 20, and in the best physical shape of your life. We went bar-hopping every night."

Bending the rules

It was at Subic where Ventura developed a reputation for stretching rules and talking brash in what might have been a prelude to the bad-guy role he later played in the pro-wrestling ring.

A photo from the UDT12 yearbook shows him in beard and sunglasses, his shirt open, his arms stretched above his head in triumph. "Subic, I have arrived," reads the caption.

Retired SEAL officer Larry Bailey, who was second in command of UDT12, remembers the Janos brothers. Jan was dubbed "Clean Janos" because his uniform was usually pressed, his boots spit-shined. Ventura was "Dirty Janos" because "he'd always be a little bit scuzzy looking," Bailey said.

"The first five minutes he walked on the quarter deck, he said more than his brother said in five years," said UDT12-SEAL Garry Bonelli. "Jim was 'up' and kept everyone else up. He was going to take on the world."

One night the brothers were drinking in Olongapo near Subic Bay and decided to skirt military curfew and take their party to some bars on White Rock Beach. The party didn't last long.

"The shore patrol put handcuffs on me, and with Jim they did the same thing," Jan recalled. Jan said he and his brother spent about an hour in the brig before an officer let them go.

Another time they got into a drunken bar brawl in Olongapo when a teammate insulted some Air Force servicemen and Jan sucker-punched one of them. "Jim was part of that," Baumgart recalled with a laugh. Ventura "was just grabbing people [and] beat the hell out of them."

Back at home

When Ventura returned to the Navy base in San Diego he bought a Harley and joined Baumgart in the Mongols motorcycle gang. Baumgart said Ventura became a full-fledged member who wore the Mongols colors and went through a typical initiation that included "some pretty gross things with women and liquor."

They knocked around San Diego Bay and the mountains east of the city, pulling up to highway saloons for 5-cent tap beers.

"A lot of service people hooked up with the gangs," said Mike Rolan, chief biker-gang investigator in the San Diego County district attorney's office. Rolan said he doesn't remember Ventura, nor do his files from that period mention him.

The Mongols and the Hells Angels feuded during the 1960s and 1970s. "Then, about 1975-76, the Mongols just kind of vanished," Rolan said.

By then, Ventura and Baumgart had left the group. They said they didn't get into much trouble, but they could see it coming. "I always figured, dead or in jail," Baumgart said.

Back home, Ventura cut a menacing figure - wearing, at one point, a World War II German-style helmet while biking. "I saw him in his colors a couple of times. He had his Mongols jacket," Kevin Johnson said. "I believe he was the sergeant-at-arms of the group, the gang or whatever they called them. . . . He told me that story one time."

But in Minnesota the other side of Ventura also began to emerge. In the spring of 1974, he enrolled in college.

Student-bouncer

"He didn't scare me at all," said Tom Bloom, his English teacher at North Hennepin Community College. Bloom recalls a Ventura who was in sharp contrast with the Navy SEAL.

"This action-adventure character - I don't think that's him at all. This lug of a guy - that's a put-on. My sense is, he's emotionally sensitive."

Ventura earned 11 A's and one B on papers he wrote about the works of James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence and others. He had the highest grade in the mid-quarter exam. In class the students discussed literature by comparing the stories to events in their own lives. Ventura told the best stories, but he didn't try to dominate discussions.

"Had he presented himself in a grandiose way, I would have tried to stifle it," Bloom said. "But . . . he would listen to other people intently, and his responses would be thoughtful, not only expressing ideas he had, but . . . meshing them with what other people were saying.

"Jesse was part of a dialogue, not a monologue."

Yet the rougher side of his personality was never far away. While a student, he worked as a bouncer in the Rusty Nail, an occasionally rowdy restaurant and bar in suburban Crystal.

The bar - later known as the Iron Horse - was regularly packed in those days. During the day, the bar was best-known for its "noontime lingerie show," which featured women modeling revealing lingerie as customers ate lunch. Ventura joked to friends that he had found the perfect job for meeting women.

He worked there only a few months, but it was long enough to meet a dark-haired teenager named Teresa Masters, a customer who later would become his wife. Masters grew up in southern Minnesota and recently had graduated from St. Louis Park High School. She was living in Minnetonka with an uncle and working as a secretary.

Ventura played Hercules in Aristophanes' drama "The Birds" before dropping out of college after winter quarter 1975 to play another strongman in a much cruder drama - pro wrestling.

Hustling to wrestle

"I will do what I have to to get people down to watch me," Ventura told the North Hennepin student newspaper in February 1975. "If it means saying something to rile the fans, I'll do it. The more people I rile, the more who will pay to see me lose, so the more I'll make myself."

He assumed the persona of a bad guy, known in the wrestling business as a "heel." He bleached his long hair blond and took a nom-de-ring that sounded Californian: Surfer Jesse Ventura.

He gained muscle and picked up tips at the gritty 7th Street Gym in downtown Minneapolis under the watchful eye of former pro wrestler Eddie Sharkey, the gym's co-owner.

At Sharkey's, Ventura found his role model: the famous wrestling bad guy of the era, Super Star Billy Graham.

One day as Graham was pumping iron he became aware of Ventura, who was quietly watching him work out. Finally, "Sharkey brought Jesse over and said, 'This is a big fan of yours who wants to meet you,' " Graham recalled. Soon Graham began noticing Ventura in other places - staring up at him from a ringside seat during matches.

"He told me he would tape my interviews from television and play them while driving around Minneapolis," Graham said. "It was said later in wrestling circles that Jesse Ventura could do Super Star Billy Graham better than Billy Graham could do himself.

"It was very calculated. I was the established top heel, and if you followed the model, you would be top."

Sharkey persuaded Ventura to go to Kansas City to begin his career. There, he began to show the same determination that later helped propel him into the governor's office.

Ventura ran out of money before promoter Bob Geigel booked him to replace a missing wrestler. He lost the match in true outlaw fashion, throwing his opponent over the top rope and getting disqualified. It was in the script.

"To a bad guy, that's not really a loss," he explained when recalling it years later. "You're able to gain . . . heat or anger out of the crowd by cheating."

In those days in the honky-tonk world of minor-league wrestling, performers worked without contracts or health insurance. Ventura barnstormed around the Midwest, earning anywhere from $ 35 to $ 65 a match; he often didn't know the amount until afterward. He called the arrangement "the chef's surprise."

"I'd introduce him as from Hollywood," said Bill Kersten, a longtime pro-wrestling TV commentator, who made him bigger than life. "Ladies and gentlemen, at 6-foot-7, 286 pounds, the one and only . . the one with the 'Body,' the 'Body Beautiful,' the one and only, Jesse 'The Body' Vento-o-o-o-ra."

During a six-month stint in Kansas City, Ventura took time off to marry Teresa Masters. The wedding took place on July 18, 1975, at Timothy Evangelical Lutheran Church in St. Louis Park. She was 19; he was just three days past his 24th birthday. The reception was in a hall above a north Minneapolis bar.

Masters' uncle remembered that by then Ventura was "humongous" from weightlifting and "scared the hell out of people" as he led his bachelor's party on a night on the town.

A few months later, the couple headed to Portland, Ore., where both Ventura's paycheck and his bad-guy image grew. After earning $ 100 in his first match, "I came back to the hotel and bragged to my wife, because it was the first time I had ever received a three-figure payoff," he said.

He bought a car and put 128,000 miles on it in two years, driving from town to town. During one stretch, he said, he performed 63 consecutive nights.

Ventura returned to Kansas City but quickly left for better opportunities. Geigel said he split without fulfilling a commitment, and he refused to pay him for his final two matches.

This was the first of what was to be many scrapes with wrestling management - part of a pattern of confrontation that followed Ventura into politics.

In the early 1980s, for instance, he left the American Wrestling Association in a dispute over money and working conditions with the boss, Verne Gagne. He jumped to the rival World Wrestling Federation, where he made waves by trying to organize wrestlers into a union.

"Most wrestlers won't say anything bad about promoters because they think they will need them later," said Dave Meltzer, publisher of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter in Campbell, Calif. "He was not a typical wrestler. Jesse talked about negotiating. He understood that wrestlers were generally exploited."

The effort to organize never got off the ground. Over the years Ventura accused Hulk Hogan, then the star of the WWF, of thwarting the effort by tipping off its owner, Vince McMahon.

But McMahon said recently that Ventura exaggerated the union effort. "I think it was Jesse talking about what he thought was right. I didn't take any of that seriously."

Ventura's quick rise in wrestling and his sudden physical bulk came at a time when many professional wrestlers were taking steroids. Steroids were legal then and the side effects largely unknown.

Ventura's regimen included eating 12 raw eggs a day, taking 30 different vitamins daily and doing 15 hours of weight training a week. When his brother saw Ventura flexing in a publicity photo in the mid-1970s, he suspected something more.

"When I saw the picture with the American flag behind him, I thought, 'Man, he must be taking some drugs to bulk up like that in that short a time,' " Jan Janos said.

Ventura talked recently of taking steroids from 1978 to 1982.

"I'd go on for 30 days, and then I'd get off them for at least six to nine months," he said in an interview last month. "Thirty days in a row would mean, if you're taking injections, it's probably two shots a week, for like five weeks.

"They become almost a necessity of the business, because the promoters push you so hard . . . and you'd better look in real life like you do on TV."

By 1984, Ventura had struggled to the top of the wrestling world. Shortly before a much-anticipated match with Hogan, the sport's No. 1 draw, he was hospitalized with blood clots in his lung.

"I mean, one minute I'm preparing to meet [Hogan] in the Los Angeles Coliseum, and the next minute I'm lying flat on my back fighting for my very existence," he said.

His career as a pro wrestler was over. But his greatest success in the wrestling business was yet to come.

Fighting the boss

Soon after Ventura stopped wrestling, McMahon approached him with a novel deal: trade the persona of an outlaw wrestler for that of an outlaw announcer.

In the ring, Ventura had never excelled at body slams and other physical stunts, so he often was paired in a tag team with Adrian Adonis, who did most of that work.

"While Adrian was inside the ring taking huge bumps, Jesse would spend a lot of time on the apron, working the crowd," Graham said. Ventura might brag about being the strongest wrestler or the best-dressed wrestler, then wipe his brow and "fling the sweat to the people" at ringside.

"He was not considered in the industry a 'good worker,' " said Wade Keller, publisher of the Pro Wrestling Torch newsletter in Minnesota. In pro wrestling, "if you are not a good stunt man, you will be conservative in your moves. Jesse wasn't a natural. He was smart enough not to do things he wasn't good at doing."

But he could talk. And "if you're a great talker, you can make it without being a great wrestler," Meltzer said.

It seemed natural for Ventura to work for McMahon as a "heel" announcer siding with the bad guys. "He performed magnificently for us," McMahon said. "He had an outlandish attire and an ability to communicate with his audience."

Ventura relied on thinking on his feet, sometimes to a fault.

"There was a certain arrogance about Jesse," McMahon said. "He felt, no matter what circumstances he was thrown into, he would excel. He didn't always prepare . . . wouldn't show up at a production meeting or dig for facts he would need for the broadcast."

Like other wrestling organizations, the WWF had story lines for matches. But sometimes Ventura didn't study the script.

McMahon tolerated it because Ventura connected with the audience. But in 1990 the two had a falling-out over a familiar issue: money. Over McMahon's objections, Ventura accepted an offer of $ 40,000 for the use of his name on a video game. McMahon feared it would compete with a WWF video game, so Ventura was fired.

A year later, Ventura sued WWF and its parent company, Titan Sports, seeking royalty payments for the use of his commentary on wrestling videotapes. People in the wrestling business thought he was crazy. The WWF was a monolith, and Ventura had signed a contract waiving royalties. But federal courts awarded him $ 801,333, ruling that he was induced to sign the waiver through fraud.

Ventura was becoming a wealthy man. He soon landed an announcing job with Ted Turner's World Championship Wrestling. The deal - $ 950,000 for two years - was the most lucrative in the wrestling business. But the WCW wasn't satisfied with his performance and bought out part of the third year of his contract.

"He was a lousy announcer," Meltzer said. "His reputation was, he didn't do any preparation. He thought he was the star and all he had to do was entertain."

In a recent interview, Ventura lashed out at his critics. Meltzer is "a parasite," he said. McMahon "still has a grudge against me." His nemesis, Hogan, engineered his departure from WCW. One WCW executive was "Hogan's bitch" who "stabbed me in the back."

"The question was whether I would fall under their thumb - whether they could control my talent," Ventura said a few days before his inauguration. "They're not even talented enough to hold my jock."

Money and Hollywood

The job and the lawsuit helped bring Ventura $ 2 million in the 1990s.

In 1994, he and his wife, who now had two children, bought 16 oak-shaded acres in Maple Grove for $ 400,000 and paid another $ 100,000 for an adjoining field. He added a $ 20,000 swimming pool and two outbuildings. The house contained as many square feet as the entire south Minneapolis lot on which Ventura grew up.

He bought a Lexus and a Porsche.

"I consider 'wealth' to be able to go into a restaurant and order what you want," he said recently. "And I've achieved that."

Fighting helped him achieve that.

Ventura, who proposed abolishing assessors when he ran for governor, was one of the few Maple Grove residents to contest his assessment three years running. He persuaded the City Council to scale back his proposed assessment each year. In 1996 alone, when he also got half his land reclassified as agricultural residential property, he cut $ 923 from his tax bill. He complained last year that increasing assessments would force him to sell the land instead of retire on it.

And while Ventura last week lamented the effects of urban sprawl on undeveloped land, he also has told city officials he's prepared to develop his own property - a move certain to give him a hefty financial boost.

As he sparred with assessors and wrestling promoters Ventura was working hard, this time in Hollywood.

His first role, on the TV show "Hunter," paid him $ 800 in 1985. A year later, he spent 10 weeks in Mexico filming "Predator" with Arnold Schwarzenegger, which earned him $ 5,000 a week. Another film later that year earned him $ 20,000 per week.

Even in the midst of his 1990 mayoral campaign in Brooklyn Park, Ventura was ready to co-star in a TV action comedy that would require long stays in California. ABC eventually pulled the plug on the project. But script writer Bob McCullough was impressed by Ventura and another wrestler-turned-actor.

"These are not guys who dropped out of high school and started driving a beer truck," he said. Ventura avoided the junk food on the set; he preferred oatmeal and tuna. "They were almost monk-like."

Ventura's Hollywood connections helped land him a job as color commentator for the Tampa Bay Bucs football team in 1989 and 1990.

"He talked the way a fan would," said Gene Deckerhoff, the radio voice of the Bucs. One time, Ventura became incensed that a Chicago sportswriter had described the hapless but colorfully-clad Bucs as the "milquetoast pastel pantywaists of the tropics." When the Bucs scored, Deckerhoff recalled, Ventura crowed, "That didn't look like no pastel pantywaists to me!"

But like some of his earlier jobs, this one didn't last long. During the second season Ventura missed nearly half the games, partly because he was busy pursuing his fledgling Hollywood career. The next year, his contract was not renewed. Similarly, a job announcing Minnesota Vikings games evaporated after just one season.

Fighting City Hall

Ventura got into politics for a familiar reason: He wanted to take on an establishment that he believed had abused him - in this case, the city government of Brooklyn Park. Here, the combative personality that thrived in the wrestling business evolved into a maverick and confrontational politician.

He entered politics to oppose a proposed storm sewer and housing development that he said would disturb a wetland across from his home and possibly the nearby Mississippi River.

At the urging of two perennial critics of City Hall, Ventura filed as a candidate, challenging James Krautkremer, the city's mayor of 18 years.

From the outset, Ventura took on the establishment with a litany of tough-guy talk - a campaign is a "war without guns," he said. He didn't always follow tradition. He skipped a chamber of commerce-sponsored debate, he said, because he suspected the questions would be slanted against him.

He demanded a public apology from a female state legislator who said his comments in a Penthouse magazine interview belittled women. "I believe that this apparently planned, unprincipled character assassination best fits the definition of a conspiracy," he wrote in a letter to the editor of a local paper.

When Ventura showed up at City Hall, "he'd have this little can [and] would spit [tobacco juice] into it," recalled Jerry Marshall, a council member who favored the sewer project. "His style was speaking whenever he felt like it."

With a startling 61 percent of the city's residents voting, Ventura handily beat Krautkremer and energized Brooklyn Park.

"A guy who comes up by the roots like he did, you got to support him," said Doug Pearson, a City Council member who served with Ventura.

Soon, television's "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" was trekking to the city to profile the mayor. City officials, taking advantage of the limelight, used pictures of Ventura astride a motorcycle in ads touting the city's economic development possibilities.

He also was earning kudos outside City Hall. The president of the Make-A-Wish Foundation said Ventura went "out of his way to help an organization for children" by visiting severely ill youngsters and attending fund-raisers.

Ventura had made crime a campaign issue, and fired guns with the city's SWAT unit during exercises at Camp Ripley.

He also claimed credit for securing federal money for Hwy. 610, the long-awaited roadway now being built through the Twin Cities' northern suburbs. It was, he told television's "Entertainment Tonight," his biggest accomplishment as mayor.

Though many politicians helped bring about the highway, Ventura made a critical 1991 lobbying trip to Washington, D.C. Many officials said Ventura's charisma and the trip's timing were helpful.

So was one other aspect of the trip, though it was downplayed at the time. Ventura and the mayors of Blaine and Brooklyn Center carried with them at least $ 5,000 in congressional campaign donations from local developers and landowners. Though legal, it was a troubling exercise in "buying access" to get the highway funded, recalls Todd Paulson, then the mayor of Brooklyn Center.

(Later, during his gubernatorial campaign, Ventura refused to accept special-interest money even when he was short of cash. But after winning, he accepted contributions from corporations to his transition office.)

During the Washington trip, Ventura's own larger-than-life persona was also on display. While there, he met Schwarzenegger, who drew laughs from onlookers when he loudly told Ventura "only in America could you be a b urgermeister [mayor]."

But back in Brooklyn Park, Ventura's mayoral tenure grew bumpy. Busy with his movie-filming and wrestling-announcing, he missed nearly a fifth of the City Council meetings. He said he no longer trusted the city's staff. At one meeting, he challenged Ron Dow, a former City Council member, to "step outside" to settle a dispute.

He quit the city's economic development authority when he was not elected president. And he continued his high-profile probe of a company that he said was mismanaging the clubhouse at the city golf course even after State Auditor Mark Dayton said he could find nothing amiss.

In mid-1994, shortly after he announced he would not seek reelection, Ventura's opponents accused him of quietly moving to a new home outside of the city limits, even though he had nearly six months left in his term. One City Council member acknowledged that he secretly followed Ventura home one night to find out where he lived.

Forced into court to explain his actions, Ventura struck back. He convinced an administrative law judge that stronger evidence needed to be shown that he had moved out of the Brooklyn Park house that he still owned.

"I thought he moved, pure and simple," Ted Collins, the city's attorney, said in looking back. "The house was empty. The furniture was gone." But Collins also tipped his hat to Ventura. "He's no dumbbell," he said.

Looking back, Ventura said he ran for mayor to confront a "pompous and arrogant" City Hall, but after he was elected, he said, he was hounded by critics who wanted to "gain some act of revenge."

"I was the red-headed step-child they never wanted to see," he said recently.

City Manager Craig Rapp, the city's top administrator, who also feuded with Ventura, said Ventura ultimately was hampered by his reliance on a small circle of supporters that made a career out of bashing City Hall.

Ventura's departure as mayor was seen by critics as another case of his losing interest in a job he once had coveted. But there was more at stake. By then Ventura had a morning radio talk show on KSTP (AM 1500). Station officials, fearing they would have to give Ventura's mayoral opponents equal time, talked of taking him off the air.

Instead, Ventura didn't seek reelection. Eventually, poor ratings forced him off the air.

Four years later, Ventura faced the equal-time issue again in a new job at KFAN (AM 1130). His popular morning radio talk show was shelved while he ran a long-shot campaign to be governor.

Gov. Jesse

Ventura is older now, his body is paunchier, he's shaved off his long blond hair, and he's getting used to wearing a suit to work instead of leather.

He's also getting used to compromise, he says.

A week before his inauguration, he sat in a basement office of the State Capitol and said that his many battles with authority over the years don't provide a map for how he'll act as governor.

"I don't think you'll see as much of it," he said. "You know, I think as you get older you get more mellow. . . . You don't settle things physically anymore. We all go through times in our life when we settle things physically.

"I'm not that confrontational," he said. Brooklyn Park, he said, "was a war that needed to be fought."

And what happens when the next war - with new enemies and new battle grounds - comes along?

In that case, Ventura said, "I'll fight it."

- Star Tribune writers Steve Brandt and Bob Von Sternberg and staff librarians Sandy Date and Roberta Hovde contributed to this report.

**Graphic**

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[***JOKES AND TEARS KEEP PAT AND OTTO GOING< THE FORMER IRONWORKER. THE RETIRED POLICEMAN. THEY MADE QUITE THE< COMEDY TEAM. BUT MORE IMPORTANT, NEITHER LET THE OTHER GIVE UP.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CDS0-01K4-9180-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Pat and Otto.

They knew they were going to click. They knew it within minutes after they began sharing a room in the hospital.

That's important when you're dying and waiting for a heart transplant - to like the person sleeping in the next bed.

Pat Santoro had heard that his new roommate was an ex-cop, a funny guy who, like Pat, could dish out the wisecracks. And Otto Huss had been warned that Pat was a character.

"A policeman?" Pat said mockingly when they were introduced.

"What are you, some kind of wiseguy?" Otto shot back.

Within days, the two men had become such good buddies that the other patients in the Heart Failure Care Unit were calling them the Hardy boys.

Many evenings, as dusk settled over their room on the seventh floor of Temple University Hospital in North Philadelphia, they could be seen talking so intensely that they didn't bother turning on the lights.

When Pat, who was 60, and Otto, who was 54, emerged from their room together, they were a comedy team. Otto was quick with the one-liners. Pat didn't seem to mind that they often came at his expense.

They had no idea how important this friendship would be in the coming weeks. They would laugh together, cry together, mourn together, and know the most intimate details of each other's failing bodies. When one was down, the other would pull himself up and lift his friend with him.

Otto would later say they were like cops watching each other's backs.

But they had no idea how long they would be partners. Pat and Otto knew only that they would soon be separated, either by death or by the arrival of a heart.

\* In a place where depression can be almost as dangerous as clogged arteries, a good friend can literally be a lifesaver.

That is a big reason Temple puts people waiting for hearts together. It's a built-in support group for people who badly need support.

The nurses in the Heart Failure Care Unit, on the seventh floor, put much thought into pairing roommates. They know it's important for roommates to get along, because they have so much to fear and so much time to think about it. They try to put people together who have already become friends or have a lot in common.

Pat and Otto had been a lucky fluke. Otto needed a bed on New Year's Eve and Pat's old roommate, Leo Walsh, had just gotten a transplant. At that time, they were among 16 people waiting for a heart at Temple.

It was rare that the pairings were a disaster. Usually, the patients made them work, even when it seemed they had little in common. One of the most inspiring friendships had been between a suburban white man and an urban African American. In another pairing, a much older man had taken a fatherly role with a frightened teenage boy.

The vast majority of patients are men, because men more often suffer heart disease when they're still young enough to get transplants. Onset is later for women.

Men not accustomed to talking about emotions or becoming close with other men often find themselves being sucked into deeper feelings for their fellow patients.

As Christopher Combs, the psychologist who works with Temple's heart patients, put it, fear is the "primordial soup" in the creation of human bonds. These are friendships forged fast and hard as lonely, frightened people hunker in Temple's high-tech foxhole.

Living together like this can be scary. The patients identify with each other. When something bad happens to the other guys, it is too close for comfort. But for many, it is a revelatory experience to lean on a friend and, sometimes, an even more rewarding one to offer help in return.

Owen Surman, a transplant psychiatrist at Massachusetts General Hospital, believes that the act of helping others who are going through the same kind of pain has tremendous healing power in itself.

"The greatest succor and the greatest healing and support," he said, "really come from sharing in a positive way what you learn from the school of loss and pain."

Some patients lose contact after leaving the hospital. But many remain friends for years. They have parties together and often ask doctors to schedule their checkups at the hospital on the same day.

Pat and Otto thought this is what they would do.

\* Otto came to the unit during one of the low points in Pat's stay. A crusty former ironworker, brick mason and all-around handyman from Trenton, Pat was demoralized after having fallen from a treadmill when his heart started beating erratically.

The long wait - already three months in the hospital - was also getting to him. He'd been No. 1 on Temple's transplant list for people with Type B blood since early October. Everyone had told Pat that he probably wouldn't be there long. Yet, day after day, he waited.

On New Year's Day, he lay in bed bare-chested with his arms flopped to each side. He stared at the ceiling, his face grim.

He'd been thinking about giving up.

"This is not a nice place to be in," he said. "I want to get out of here.

"I love the outside," he said. "You're cooped up in here. You don't know what it smells like out there. You don't get to feel the life around you."

Maybe, he said, it would be better to die outside, just get it all over with.

\* After spending two weeks with Otto, Pat's spirits had improved noticeably. He was back at his exercise routine and had returned to ribbing the doctors, the nurses, the other patients, anyone who would listen.

Otto would joke when a nurse came into their room for routine blood-pressure checks and medications. "No call?" he'd say, referring to the call they all waited for, that a heart was available.

He was always advising friends not to wear seat belts. "Air bags," he'd quip, "bad idea."

One day, after Pat expounded on his theory that Lindbergh himself was responsible for the kidnapping, Otto laughed and said, "Have they taken your temperature lately?"

Undaunted, Pat pressed on. He thought there was something wrong with the baby that the highbrow Lindberghs couldn't accept. "Some people are born with a golden spoon," he said.

"Yeah, they're really lucky," Otto said with a smile. "Most people only get silver."

Pat enjoyed the repartee and how Otto didn't seem intimidated by him. He liked Otto's easygoing nature and intelligence. Otto had his priorities straight. When he'd been healthy, just a trip to the beach would make him happy. Pat openly admitted that having Otto in the room had made him feel better.

"Maybe we're two of a kind," he said.

He felt more comfortable with Otto than with some of the patients who had more education and money.

"He's more my level," Pat said. "He'll tell you to go to hell without batting an eye, but if you tell somebody else that, you don't know how they're gonna take it."

He could see that Otto was sick, maybe even more than Otto realized.

Eleven days into his stay in the unit, Otto had five medication bottles hanging from his IV pole. His arms were black and blue from all the blood tests.

One night, his blood pressure dropped to 70 over 35, well below normal.

Characteristically, Otto turned it into a joke. "It was kind of low," he chuckled. But Pat was worried.

\* Pat Santoro was one of 16 children of Italian immigrants. His parents named him Pasquale, then called him Patsy because it was more American. He preferred Pat, but the nurses wrote Patsy on his door and that's what everyone called him.

He was the classic Italian guy from the neighborhood. With his broad shoulders and thick arms, he did not look sick. The other patients joked that he was really in the witness protection program.

He was a working man with little formal education, and had a blunt way of talking and a sense of humor that often crossed well beyond the boundaries of political correctness.

But he was by no means a simple man. Of all the heart patients, he was most up-front about his fears and frustrations. He was concerned for the other patients, too. At the Thursday night communal meals, Pat never began eating until he was sure that patients too sick to leave their rooms had been fed.

Otto was ***working-class***, too, but smoother around the edges than Pat. His father had emigrated from Germany before the war. He grew up in Philadelphia's Olney section, St. Helena's Parish.

He was tall, with curly blond hair and a long, thin face. His belly was round and swollen, a symptom of advanced heart failure. He joked that he wasn't sick enough to be in the unit, but, in fact, he was one of the sickest men there.

He had spent 25 years with the Philadelphia police, working in the department's stakeout squad and its detective division. He became a school security guard after his weakening heart forced him to quit the force, but that, too, eventually became too difficult. He had spent much of the last few years visiting with his aging mother and absorbing amusing trivia.

Otto had never married but had a girlfriend. Her picture, along with a picture of his dog, was beside his bed. He had a lot of friends. His phone always seemed to be ringing.

\* The friendship between the two men grew as the weeks passed.

Pat tacked a picture of a scantily clad woman clipped from his hometown paper onto his bulletin board, next to his rosary beads. He found a treasure in a departed patient's closet: a plastic "party gal," a not-quite-lifesize, blow-up plastic woman in a bikini. Pat used the oxygen tank behind his bed to inflate the doll. One morning, he tucked her under the covers, then left the room so the doctors would find her during rounds. Soon she began turning up in other patients' rooms.

Despite Otto's positive effect on him, Pat got into a snit again after three patients got hearts in quick succession during the third week in January and he was still waiting.

Pat didn't mind so much that two of the patients had gotten hearts out of turn. That happened all the time. What bothered him was that they had all been so sick.

A dark thought began troubling him.

Maybe you had to be on the verge of death before you got a heart.

"I'm not one of the chosen," Pat said as he rapidly walked on the treadmill, staring ahead, his jaw muscles tight and his eyes angry. "I could be here for 10 years and not get a heart because I'm not sick enough."

Otto tried to keep Pat's spirits up, with the biting humor they both favored.

"I don't want anything to go wrong," Otto said. "But I told you I could get you a nice inexpensive funeral. . . . They sew handles on your suit."

Otto really believed Pat would get his heart soon, and, in a way, that worried him.

Who would take Pat's place?

\* A week later, on Jan. 24, Pat was lying in bed with a fever of 103 and chills so bad that his hands were shaking when he heard that another one of his floor mates was about to get a transplant. A surgeon and a nurse had left to retrieve the heart.

The patient was Bill Richey of Levittown, a 53-year-old former machinist with U.S. Steel. He had been waiting only about a month. He had Type A blood. The A's never waited long.

This time, Pat wasn't thinking about the transplant. He was more concerned about what was making him sick. Temple did its best to protect the fragile transplant patients from germs, but the hospital was filled with bugs that found their way into the patients' catheters and IV lines.

As the day progressed, Pat began to feel better.

Just before lunch, Leo Walsh, Pat's roommate before Otto, dropped by with his wife for a short visit.

The afternoon passed lazily.

The other patients were wondering when Bill Richey's heart would arrive. They hoped to see the helicopter with the heart settle onto the landing pad above the parking garage. The patients had a clear view from their lounge window.

Richard Mattingly, one of the more senior patients, was looking out the window, bemoaning his 2 1/2-month wait for his heart. He saw a rainbow over North Philadelphia.

"Oh, lucky night," he said.

Down the hall, Nancy Marschall was in her room, with cookbooks spread across her patchwork quilt, looking for healthy snacks for the forthcoming Super Bowl party. Forty-two years old and the mother of three teenagers, she was waiting for a heart-kidney transplant.

It was just before dusk when the dreadful sounds started in the hallway - the clatter of running feet and rolling equipment, urgent voices.

Pat was in trouble.

A nurse had just given him an antibiotic when he started sweating and shaking uncontrollably. The oxygen levels in his blood dropped. His heart was in V Tach (ventricular tachycardia), the same dangerously rapid beating that had knocked him off the treadmill.

Three doctors and four nurses hovered over his bed. They gave him lidocaine to restore normal heart rhythm and Demerol to stop the shaking.

A curtain had been drawn between Pat's and Otto's beds. Tethered to monitoring equipment, Otto couldn't leave, so he sat on the edge of his bed, listening to what was being done to his friend.

"Isn't this what happened last time?" one doctor asked.

"No, last time he was exercising," another doctor replied.

A third person yelled: "He broke. He broke with the lidocaine."

The drug had broken up the accelerated rhythm and Pat's heart was beating normally again.

Smiles Thomas, one of the unit's nurses, came from behind the curtain and saw Otto sitting silently on the edge of his bed.

"You OK?" she asked.

He didn't say anything, but his eyes gave him away.

She gave him a long, motherly hug.

Another nurse brought in Pat's cardiogram, which had been printing out in the hallway throughout the crisis. All the unit's patients are monitored constantly. A doctor stretched out a long ribbon of jagged lines that represented Pat's erratically beating heart. The V Tach had lasted for two minutes.

"This is a lot of VT," the doctor said.

Most people would have passed out, but Pat was conscious and sharp enough to answer questions. He said he felt lousy. He was breathing heavily and shaking.

The doctors would later theorize that the shaking from his fever had overburdened his feeble heart and knocked it into V Tach.

It was dinnertime. Head nurse Kay Rauchfuss hooked Otto to a portable monitor and helped him into the kitchen while the doctors and nurses hovered around Pat.

Otto looked alone and worried. This was yet another reminder of how fragile they all were. Without a word, Richard Mattingly slipped into the chair beside him. He didn't want Otto to eat alone at a time like this.

Otto told Darla Everly, a dietitian who frequently visited the floor, what had happened.

"Thank God he's OK," he told Everly. "I don't want to see anything happen to him. He's come too far for anything to happen to him."

Over the next few days, Pat bounced back again, but the episode left him frightened. He retreated for a while, listening more and more to Frank Sinatra on a tape player Otto had given him.

\* Two days after Pat's brush with disaster, Otto learned that his 91-year-old mother was critically ill.

The family arranged for her to come to Temple, but Otto's condition was so precarious that he could leave the unit for only brief visits with her.

His mother was hooked to a breathing machine on another floor.

Doctors had talked to Otto and his sister about letting nature take its course, but they weren't ready.

Pat watched his friend's grief sadly. He had been through his own mother's death and knew how painful it would be. He told Otto that his mother was getting the best care available and that if she died, it wouldn't really be the end.

"I see my mother," Pat said. "I know my mother's waiting for me."

Meanwhile, Otto's health deteriorated further. He was becoming short of breath and his kidneys were shutting down. His heart was becoming so weak it couldn't get enough blood to his other organs.

For a few tense days, it looked as if he would need a VAD (ventricular assist device), a machine that would have to be implanted in his body to help his heart pump.

The thought of being hooked to this device frightened Otto. He'd seen three patients being kept alive with VADs and they all looked horrible. Constantly fighting infections, they were so weak that they barely left their rooms.

It was a very dark period for Otto, but then there were some positive developments. Doctors decided that his heart was stronger than they had thought, and the VAD was put off. And his mother was doing better. The doctors said they would soon take her off the breathing machine.

Pat tried to make Otto's ordeal easier. Because Otto could not leave his bed, Pat brought him ice and answered his phone.

But mostly he talked to him.

One morning, in the space of about 15 minutes, the two discussed how Otto's family may have come from Czechoslovakia and Pat's father had known Mussolini in Italy, various forms of ancient execution, Sinatra and his imitators, and the Vietnam War.

\* Otto's mother got worse instead of better. On Friday, Feb. 2, the doctors told Otto that she would die within hours.

Otto kept thinking of the times she had tucked a blanket around him when he was feeling bad. She had been such a comfort to him, and now that she was in need, there was nothing he could do for her.

The hospital staff told Otto that they would move her to the seventh floor, which was normally reserved for heart patients, so that he could be with her when she died.

Standing in the hall, red-faced and red-eyed, he waited, watching for the gurney that would bring her.

It had been a busy day for the unit. Two patients had gone to the operating room for transplants the night before - Nancy Marschall and Larry Aliseo, a Toms River man who had been waiting for less than a month.

Larry got his heart and was doing very well. Nancy, however, had been sent back from the operating room when a surgeon decided the heart earmarked for her was not good enough.

A deeply religious woman, she believed that God had a reason for the delay.

Finally, at mid-afternoon, Otto's mother arrived on the seventh floor. As she was being wheeled into a room, Otto sadly walked to her side, pushing his IV pole decorated with a red construction paper Valentine's heart.

Anna Huss was not a small woman, but the hospital bed and sheets seemed to be swallowing her. She looked bewildered. She was having trouble breathing, even with an oxygen mask covering her nose and mouth.

Otto slowly stroked her forehead.

"I know," he said in low, soothing tones. "It's hard to breathe."

He kept talking, knowing it didn't really matter what he said.

The room is hot, he said.

"It's always too warm or too cold."

Within minutes, she was gone.

\* Everyone was happy when Larry Aliseo returned to the seventh floor, only four days after his transplant.

With Nancy's false alarm and the death of Otto's mother, it was good to see someone doing well.

Larry was a friendly, enthusiastic 64-year-old man who seemed always to be smiling. He worked hard at keeping himself in physical shape. He had a warm, outgoing, supportive family. He seemed the perfect transplant candidate.

Larry had quickly become popular on the floor. A former butcher turned vegetarian, he'd been known to peel five cloves of garlic and eat them with lunch. He reeked of the stuff, but refused to change his ways when the other patients teased him.

Larry, who once had been a jockey, also shared a love of racing with three of the other patients: Pat, Joe Urbanski and Rich Ford. They called themselves the Four Horsemen.

Everyone went to Larry's room to welcome him back and take a look at him. The patients waiting for transplants liked seeing how their friends looked after the operation. It was reassuring when they looked good. Larry looked great.

"John, I was lucky," he told John Dougan.

That evening, not long after dinner, one of Larry's daughters came running out of his room. Her father couldn't breathe.

The patients on the floor heard the clop clop of a nurse's clogs. Then the sound of more nurses, more doctors, equipment. And finally the bursts of a defibrillator being discharged over and over again.

Then it became quieter. The patients watched from the hallway as Larry's bed was wheeled back to the intensive-care unit. A nurse told them that Larry had been revived. That night, over the public address system, the patients heard the call for a code in the ICU. Someone's heart had stopped.

The next morning, everyone learned that Larry Aliseo was dead.

\* The hospital staff held a special meeting with the other transplant patients to talk through Larry's death.

Howard Eisen, the cardiologist who directs the transplant program, looked tired and sad himself. He told Larry's grim-faced friends that he still wasn't sure why Larry had died. Apparently, mucus had blocked his airway, but even after it was sucked out and his heart was getting enough oxygen, it did not start again. The doctors had never seen anything like it before.

All day, the news of Larry's death settled into the waiting transplant patients. It told them so much about their own frailty and about the dangers of letting themselves feel so deeply for these other fragile souls. They turned it over and over again in their minds, trying to figure out how they could protect themselves. The disturbing reality was that they couldn't.

"Are we gonna rip out our IVs and go home?" Nancy Marschall asked. "And then what, last a day or two? We don't have much choice."

Larry's death had knocked down one of their most cherished tenets, that a positive attitude would get them through this alive. Larry had been as positive as they come.

The news was hardest on Joe Urbanski and Rich Ford, who had been Larry's closest friends.

Joe sobbed when he heard of the death. His wife, Audrey, said she had never seen him cry like that.

Joe said, "I didn't know him long, but I knew him well."

Rich had been red-eyed and morose all day. He and Larry often watched movies together. Larry would always fall asleep and Rich would have to wake him up so he could go back to his own room. Rich said that he didn't make friends easily, but that Larry had been special.

He vowed he wouldn't let himself get that close to any of the new patients.

Larry's death had been particularly painful for Pat. He liked the man. They had much in common. They were close in age.

Lying in bed, Pat mulled over how frightening, unpredictable, scary it all was:

"A man goes through all that. Boom. Bang. Taking all that medication. Walking every day. Tell him what to do, he did it. Think positive. He did everything he was supposed to do. Put a heart in him and he's dead. The operation was a success, but he passed away."

\* The next day, Feb. 7, would be the last Otto and Pat would spend together.

Otto got up at 5:30 to get ready for his mother's funeral. A nurse who had once been a hairdresser came to cut his hair. He showered and trimmed his mustache. He tried to dress in the dark so he wouldn't disturb Pat.

He put on a tasteful black-and-white plaid suit and glossy black shoes. He hoped he would be able to run all his wires and IV lines out the back vent.

After his heart rate jumped to 142, the nurses gave him Xanax, an anti-anxiety medication. He was dreading the funeral, but wanted to see his mother one last time. It would be his first time outside in a month and a half.

Rob Sangrigoli, a young doctor who had helped Pat through his V Tach crisis, had volunteered to go to the funeral with Otto. Otto was much too sick to go alone. They would both ride in an ambulance.

As Otto was buttoning his shirt, Larry Montgomery and John Dougan stopped by to wish him well. "What every transplant patient should be wearing this spring," Montgomery said in his best fashion-show-announcer voice.

"You need $50 to have dinner, Otto?" Pat joked from his bed. He told him to stay outside a couple of extra hours.

Mary Gordon, Otto's nurse, fussed over him as the gurney arrived to take him downstairs. "I feel like I'm taking my kids somewhere," she said.

She told Sangrigoli to make Otto wear a face mask outside. She was afraid a sudden rush of cold air might make it hard for him to breathe.

"There's an oxygen tank just in case you need it," she said as the stretcher began rolling toward the elevator. She walked alongside, looking nervous.

"Call me if you need me."

\* Otto got back from the funeral just before noon. It had gone well. The other family members weren't as upset as he'd expected and his mother looked peaceful and younger than he'd seen her in years.

"Everything go all right?" Nancy Marschall asked.

"Yeah, fine, Nancy," he said. "She looked good. She looked at rest."

"Are you OK?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

\* Less than an hour later, Pat got the word - they'd found a heart for him.

When Otto heard the news, he looked more excited than Pat, who wasn't one to show his emotions.

"I'll probably get V Tach any minute here," Otto said as he stood in the hall.

He walked into the room to talk to Pat.

"We're all in here for this reason," he said. "It's a time of joy. Right, Pat?"

"I just hope I can hold up, buddy," Pat said.

Pat's big worry was that he would fall to pieces before the operation. Otto hoped he would be able to help him.

Otto was also hoping that this was the real thing. So many of the others - John Cathey, Marge Freeman, Nancy Marschall - had had false alarms.

"I ain't calling nobody," Pat told Otto. "I don't want nobody rushing down here and getting in an accident. I don't want nobody on my conscience."

The nurses reluctantly agreed.

So for more than six hours, it was just Pat and Otto, and a stream of doctors and nurses and well-wishers coming into their room.

Rick Savino, a surgical resident, brought consent forms for Pat to sign.

For any operation, he told Pat, there are three basic risks: bleeding, blood clots and infection.

Pat held up four fingers. "And dying," he added.

Another resident told him he'd be going to the operating room at 7 p.m.

"That's a long time, isn't it?" Pat said.

"Four hours," the resident replied.

"Is that all?" Pat said dryly. "You could go to California from here."

A doctor told him his heart looked good on the monitors.

"This is a heckuva time to tell you you got a great heart," Otto interjected.

Pat joked that he didn't want to see Otto right after the operation. He was afraid he'd laugh too hard and break his stitches.

The hours dragged on.

"I tell you, it's nice you got all this time to relax," Otto said.

"Yeah," Pat said. "You could make 50 phone calls."

More patients dropped by to wish Pat well. The hall was noisy, full of laughter.

Seven o'clock arrived, but the gurney didn't. At 7:50, a nurse announced: "Thirty minutes and counting."

Otto walked to Pat's bed and said, quietly, "I told you you'd hold up. Be a tough guy. Remember Jimmy Cagney." They were both Cagney fans.

Nancy Marschall walked in with Larry Montgomery, Richard, Brian Collins, John Dougan, John Meade, a post-transplant patient in for a checkup, and Mike Huggard, one of the night nurses.

"We came to pray with you," she said.

They held hands and stood around Pat's bed, gently encircling him with their hopes and good will. They would be his family tonight.

"Lord, we come to you for thanksgiving," Nancy said quietly. "We thank you for what you are doing for Patsy this evening. . . . We hope this is the perfect heart for him. . . . We ask, too, that his recovery be speedy and that we see him in a few days."

Pat crossed himself.

One by one, the other patients shook his hand, then filed out of the room. The space was tight and Otto also had to leave for a moment so they could pass. He grabbed a box of tissues on his way out.

For a moment, Pat lay alone in the half-dark. A single tear rolled down his cheek.

\* A few minutes later, Hong Tran, one of the residents, walked in. "It's time to go," she said.

Otto and Pat were quiet for a long moment.

"Well, take it easy, Otto," Pat finally said. "Don't get nervous."

"I'm all right," Otto said. "I'm starting to calm down now."

"I know when Leo left, I was terrified," Pat said.

They loaded him onto the gurney.

"Let's roll 'em, baby," Pat said.

Otto grabbed one of Pat's hands in both of his.

"Take care of yourself now, Otto," Pat said.

Otto and the other patients stood in the hall watching as Pat was rolled down to the elevator. Nancy was no longer there. She was having chest pain. Two doctors and a nurse were trying to make it go away.

The elevator arrived and Pat was gone.

Soon Pat's name was taken down from the door and the housekeeping staff began cleaning the room.

Otto already knew his next roommate would be Ralph Zimbardi, a man he had never met.

"What blood type is Ralph?" he asked one of the residents.

"A," she answered.

"Oh, no," Otto said.

John Dougan chuckled. "He'll be gone before he unpacks."

Otto went about trying to rearrange the room. Then he tried to relax in bed. Though he'd been up since 5:30 for his mother's funeral, he was too wound up to sleep. What a day it had been.

At 10:45, he asked a nurse how things were going with Pat.

"As soon as we hear anything, Otto, we'll let you know," the nurse said. "Do you want me to wake you up?"

Otto said he did.

Just before 11, Otto's new roommate arrived.

Judy Bauer, one of the nurses, introduced them:

"Ralph," she said, "this is Otto."

\* The nurses did not wake up Otto until the usual time, 5:45 a.m.

"Have you heard anything about Pat?" he asked Judy.

"He did great," she said.

"Thank God," Otto said.

He thought about how afraid Pat had been. He was glad it had gone so well. He didn't think he could have handled one more piece of bad news.

Otto knew his turn would come soon enough. He hoped the news about him would be as good.

It was Feb. 8. Ten of the 16 patients who had been waiting for a new heart on New Year's Eve were still waiting. Alfie Powell, Marge Freeman and John Cathey had all gone home with their new hearts.

FOR MORE INFORMATION \* Call the Delaware Valley Transplant Program, 1-800 KIDNEY 1 or 1-800-543-6391.

**Notes**

COMMUNITY OF HOPE: WAITING FOR A HEART

Third of six parts.

Tomorrow: How much should doctors do for Frank Kirwan?

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (5)

1. Pat Santoro (right) was often seen with his sidekick, Otto Huss. The two formed a special bond that helped sustain them while they awaited their transplants. Otto, the former officer, would later say they were like cops watching each other's backs. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, VICKI VALERIO)

2. The Pat and Otto team was going to be split up. While Pat was being prepared for his transplant (background), Otto had a lot on his mind - he had attended his mother's funeral that morning, and was worried about Pat. Otto was to be moving to the other bed, with its window view. His belongings were packed and ready.

3. Pat Santoro lies with his feet elevated to help prevent a buildup of fluids, which is a common problem among heart patients.

4-5. The death of Larry Aliseo (above) was a blow to the staff as well as to his fellow patients, who met to talk about it. Brian Collins listens outside the door. Some patients had become very close to Larry. (Inquirer photographs by Vicki Valerio)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Welle remains defiant, determined***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8SD0-002B-H33X-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Less than a year ago, state Rep. Alan Welle was coasting toward reelection and strolling down a fairway at the Willmar Golf & Country Club when a golf ball, on the fly from 240 yards away, slammed into his head.

Welle, whose natural gift for gallows humor has come in handy these days, suggests with a chuckle that this golf ball, which caused no serious injury, was "the perfect omen."

He's had many worse days since that shot out of the blue. Most, of course, have been related to his coverup of his 16-year-old son's role in distributing a long-distance legislative access code, which eventually cost the state $ 90,000 and catalyzed the scandal that became known as Phonegate when it became public in March.

He also has been fighting on another front, helping his wife, Laura, in her struggle against breast cancer. She recently completed chemotherapy and a bone-marrow transplant and the Welles are optimistic about her recovery.

Welle, a 47-year-old DFL legislator and teacher, considers himself the victim of an incredible run of bad luck, a political scapegoat.

"Life is fragile. Things can be rolling along, and we were rolling along, and then the wheels will fall off.

"You can do all the right things as a parent. Ben [his son] was president of the student council, the youth representative on our church board. You can do all the right things, but you also need some luck. You just have to hope that they [children] don't make mistakes and do things that hurt themselves or someone else."

At the center of a scandal that has rived Minnesota politics and crippled promising careers stands a woebegone man, tormented and angry but also proud and defensive of his family and intent on winning and recovering. But after months of sorting through the mess, Alan Welle still doesn't see himself as the agent of his own undoing. He has not issued the truly contrite apology and promise for full restitution that many political observers believe would have helped him politically.

He knows he's the butt of countless jokes and bitter put-downs from many Minnesotans, on the street, in the cafes, on the talk shows, in letters to the editor. His curt apologies for covering up the fraudulent phone bill and for lying about it apparently failed to appease an already hostile and alienated electorate. Political entrepreneurs are even selling refrigerator magnets featuring an unflattering caricature of Welle talking on a telephone.

Yet Welle remains virtually unknown to most Minnesotans. He served as majority leader, second in the House chain of command, for a little more than a year before Phonegate exploded. Now under grand jury indictment in Ramsey County on a felony and a gross misdemeanor charge relating to the phone abuse - hearings scheduled to begin this week have been delayed - he is fighting for political survival and respect. He and his family agreed to a lengthy interview with the Star Tribune to tell his side of the story.

These conversations with Welle and many other interviews with his neighbors and colleagues, reveal a solid family man, a devoted husband and father and a competent legislator with a reputation as a truly unpretentious nice guy.

But a close look at his business dealings and legislative career also reveals previous financial and legal troubles, as well as traits that may have led to his undoing, namely, a tendency to take the easy route, to isolate himself and deny problems, to leave things hanging.

Alan Welle is not an easy book to read.

Few people have anything terribly bad to say about him; conversely, few see him as a noteworthy leader or great legislator. After 10 years in office, he has left no lasting mark on the state's laws or policies, yet he rose to within reaching distance of the House speakership, the most powerful office next to governor.

Although he's a member of one of the more liberal Democratic parties in the nation, Welle is very much an establishment politician, a conservative "wood tick" who is most comfortable at the country club and with the top stratum of rural western Minnesota society. Yet he's also a dedicated teacher of troubled kids at an alternative high school.

Few would place him among the most unethical characters in the Legislature. Yet among his 200 colleagues, Alan Welle probably would be one of the last to blow the whistle on wrongdoing or to call attention to big problems, much less 'fess up to his own mistake.

Something of a loner

One of Welle's closest friends is state Sen. Dean Johnson, also of Willmar, an Independent-Republican and minority leader in the Senate. Johnson, a gregarious Lutheran minister, thinks he may be one of Welle's few true pals.

For a politician who has all the requisite people skills and who knows hundreds of people by name, Welle is something of a loner, Johnson said.

"I don't see him hanging around with a lot of friends socially," he said. "I often see him playing on the golf course alone. If I have to play alone, I won't play."

Welle's acquaintances say it's easy to envision him choosing not to tell one of his colleagues about his family's role in the phone mess, although such a revelation might have resulted in valuable advice to come forward immediately.

One quirk Johnson has noticed in Welle is his unsettling ability to separate himself from people.

"We can be in a public meeting back home, and at the drop of a hat, at a moment's notice, Alan can say, 'I'm gone, I'm outta here.' Rather than dragging it out like I do, rather than saying, 'Please excuse me,' he can be very abrupt and just gone," he said.

Welle is 6 feet tall and fit, vigorous and youthful looking despite thinning hair. He has lost 15 pounds since spring, the result of what he calls "the high-stress diet."

He has a high-pitched voice that can sound like a whine when he's too defensive and too serious. But he also has an engaging smile, an infectious chuckle and an offbeat sense of humor and timing that has been compared to Bob Newhart's. Welle, amid all his troubles, improvised some pretty funny routines, including hypothetical AT&T ads featuring his son, House Speaker Dee Long and himself.

Johnson said Welle is "smart, deeply loyal to those who are loyal to him, extremely cooperative," and that he finds it next to impossible to criticize him, even though Welle's mistake provides an inviting target for partisan attack. Over the years, Johnson said, Welle has withheld partisan fire when Johnson was vulnerable.

The troubled teenagers whom Welle works with at the Willmar Area Learning Center "practically adore the man," Johnson said. He has heard testimony from students who say he has changed their lives.

The director of the learning center, Bill Gulbrandsen, said Welle has "wonderful rapport" and is a "warm, caring kind of person who comes across easily" in both the classroom and one-on-one.

But Johnson also points out that Welle has had some problems in the past in Willmar and has left some unhappy people in his wake.

"His attempts at business did not treat him very well," Johnson said, adding that Welle's "attention to detail was sometimes lacking. . . . He left some potholes in the road."

Other troubled dealings

Welle's lawyer, Jim Erickson, an influential lobbyist at the State Capitol, tried to characterize Welle's indictment in May as the product of a lynch-mob hysteria. Erickson said it was simply wrong that an upstanding man and an obvious noncriminal could actually be prosecuted on criminal charges. Welle has pleaded not guilty.

But it wasn't Welle's first dealing with a grand jury. In 1986, Welle and a car dealer were accused by a Willmar bank of forgery, fraud in obtaining credit and "defeating security," or unlawfully selling collateral that had been put up for a loan, in this case Welle's 1981 Ford Escort.

The grand jury heard the evidence and decided not to indict Welle. Kandiyohi County Attorney Boyd Beccue, who wasn't in office then, said cases such as these are difficult to prosecute because it's hard to prove intent.

According to a report from the Willmar Police Department, which is contained in a public court file on the case, Welle was delinquent in repaying a loan to the First American Bank & Trust Co., which then discovered that he had sold the Ford that he had put up as collateral for a personal loan of $ 8,419.

The police report said that not only did Welle fail to report the trade-in of the car and offer other collateral in its place, but he took out a new loan and again used the Escort as collateral, even though he had sold it. Bank officials also discovered that after the car was traded, James Cutsforth, an employee at the dealership, signed a title statement that the loan had been paid, the report said.

The key dispute was whether Welle had suggested that Cutsforth go ahead and sign a bank officer's name avowing that the car was no longer collateral. Welle told the police investigator, and maintains to this day, that Cutsforth never contacted him when the title was found to be encumbered, and that the dealer acted on his own.

Cutsforth told the police that he did contact Welle and that Welle assured him that he would promptly pay off the loan. Cutsforth also told police investigator John Kappers, who declined to be interviewed, that "he believed Alan Welle, especially because he was a state representative," the police report said.

As for the other allegation, selling collateral and renewing a loan on it, Welle insisted that he did not know the car had a lien on it. The report quotes Welle as saying that the security was a technical formality "to satisfy the bank inspector."

Kappers said in his report that he told Cutsforth at one point that the county attorney believed that it was "apparent that Alan Welle had been aware" of the forgery releasing the lien.

The police report notes that Welle at first failed to respond to written requests to appear at the bank to discuss the matter but eventually got the message that he could be in trouble, and he moved quickly to repay the delinquent loan.

Kappers' report also notes that the loan dispute was complicated by the fact that there was a disagreement between Welle and the bankers over a much larger loan for his defunct business, Builders Inc.

First American officials who handled Welle's business account declined to comment on the record. However, one bank executive familiar with the situation said Welle had overstated his company's assets when it was liquidated, costing the bank some $ 200,000 to $ 300,000. Welle said he believes that estimate is grossly inflated. He emphasized that he paid off all his personal loans to the bank and that he simply had forgotten that the car was part of the collateral for the second loan.

Welle attributes the business failure to circumstances beyond his control. Builders Inc. specialized in farm buildings and was one of many businesses to go under during the farm depression of the mid-1980s. Receipts plummeted from more than $ 1 million in 1981 to $ 460,000 in 1982. The company's assets were auctioned off in 1985.

"We didn't go bankrupt," Welle said. "We closed our business and negotiated a deal. We gave them [the bank] our property and they paid our taxes. And [many debtors] over-estimated the value of their assets because of the bad economy."

Welle added that the bank accusation came in 1986, "during one of our tougher elections, and people were trying to make something of it politically."

Cutsforth, now living in Iowa, pleaded guilty to forgery and was indicted by the grand jury on a felony charge. But his offense was classified as a misdemeanor and he was given a light sentence, a $ 700 fine and one year of unsupervised probation.

Cutsforth insists to this day that Welle told him that the release of the car as collateral would be "taken care of." In an interview last week, he said it was a mistake to forge the signature of a bank officer, but he said another mistake was taking Welle's word, even though he acknowledged that Welle did not suggest or directly ask him to forge the bank officer's name to clear the title.

"It was my fault," he said. "I should have called the bank and checked. . . . But [Welle] just told me point-blank that it would taken care of."

Debts to face

The Welle home, built on the high eastern shore of Eagle Lake a few miles north of Willmar, is a superb new house, an incarnation of the middle-class Minnesota Dream. The house, completed in the last year and still not landscaped, features a wall of glass facing the sunset and a fine wooden deck overlooking the water.

Welle, an unskilled but patient handyman who learned a few practical things in the lumber and construction business, built a staircase that zigs and zags down a steep, 50-foot bank to a small dock, to which a small motorboat is tied.

Inside, the house is neat, clean and tastefully furnished. The walls display drawings by Laura, mostly of European architecture. The cars and a van in the driveway are late models.

Despite these outward signs of affluence, the Welles have taken a beating financially in recent months. Welle lost $ 20,000 from his salary when he resigned as majority leader and now has legal bills to pay. He also had to go to court to get an insurance company to pay for medical treatments for Laura, who has been battling breast cancer for two years. Before Phonegate broke, Welle returned money that had been collected by the community to pay the legal bills relating to his wife's treatment. Laura Welle's illness has prevented her from working as a junior high school art teacher. She intends to resume teaching this fall.

Some in town suggest that Welle ought to be able to come up with enough money to pay for at least part of his mistake. And Welle appears to be coming around to that conclusion himself, after denying for months any liability except for a few calls his son might have made. He indicated in a recent interview with the West Central Tribune of Willmar that he would like to repay the state with a combination of his own money and a "Rebuild the Trust" fund set up on his behalf in Willmar to repay the $ 90,000 to taxpayers. The fund has accumulated only $ 10,000. He also is talking to the parents of children who used the access code.

Irv Moen, another of Welle's former IR election opponents who now takes his side, said another fund-raising push is gearing up. Letters have been sent to about 2,000 potential donors and legislators soon will get letters asking them to contribute $ 450 apiece, Moen said.

Jonette Engan, a local DFL Party official who set up the fund, remains one of Welle's most devout supporters. She said she considers him "nearly the perfect public servant. He didn't build his glory and kept a real good balance between family and job."

Bitter at the media

Both Alan and Laura Welle are coldly furious about the behavior of the news media throughout Phonegate, although they insist that they are striving not to let it eat away at them.

The news business, he contends, was insensitive to the fact that two critical events in the Phonegate chronology coincided with the two most traumatic events in his wife's fight with cancer.

Welle discovered the overrun on his phone bill and his son's role in it just after Laura was first diagnosed with breast cancer in late 1991. And the revelation 16 months later that he covered up his son's involvement in the scandal coincided with the most critical phase of her bone-marrow transplant at the University of Minnesota. Laura was at her lowest and weakest point when Welle's tearful confessions set off a hurricane of media coverage and public outrage.

"TV cameras tried to get in school, Ben's school, which is the ultimate worst," Welle said. "One TV station tried to reach Laura in the hospital."

Despite the storm enveloping him, Welle said, he was able to shield his wife from the facts for a few days.

"She would ask, 'Is anything going on at the Capitol?' and I'd say, 'No, no, pretty quiet. . . . But I stopped bringing the paper in."

Laura Welle eventually learned of the problem and her husband's resignation as majority leader. One night she heard a TV news anchor describe her as a "terminal cancer patient," hardly a reassuring phrase for someone struggling for life.

But the toughest thing for the Welles to take was the tone of commentary on the radio talk shows, where a premium is placed on loud and crude expression, or "shock talk."

"The talk shows in particular were hard to take," Welle said. "All of you [in the media] are being pushed to the 'Hard Copy,' 'Inside Edition' style of journalism. Barbara Carlson and Dark Star were really the worst."

Media-fed public reaction also wore the family down, although little of it came from Willmar or Welle's legislative district.

"On the first weekend [after his confession], we got this call from a guy who said he was from somewhere east of Willmar," Welle said. "He said if I didn't pay the bill, that he knew where my son went to school and that he would be pushing up daisies."

Welle also feels that the spirit of the times, a widespread and abundantly documented public disrespect for the establishment and politicians in particular, fed the fire. But even on this score he feels that this general alienation has been fed by a sensationalistic media.

"There's an incredible concentration on everything negative or bad," he said. "You almost tell people that you should be outraged and then report that people are outraged."

The damage that Alan Welle sees has been done to his family is no small matter. His friends say Welle's wife and children, Ben and 10-year-old Adam, are far and away the most important people in his life, and are thought of more highly than Welle himself in Willmar.

"His source of strength is Laura," said Verna Kelly, a Willmar stockbroker and the candidate whom Welle beat when he was first elected to the House in 1982. "The kids are very active and well-liked, and the family has served him as well as anything."

As for Ben, Welle describes his oldest son as "really a neat kid with a lot of common sense."

The Welles are vigilant for signs of stress in their son. Alan said Ben cried for two days after he admitted that the number got out through him.

"People have worried about him a lot," Welle said, adding that he believes Ben has come to terms with his mistake and put it behind him.

"He tells me, 'Dad, I'm fine. I was just young and dumb.' "

Asked for his impressions of the phone affair, Ben fumbled a bit for words and said, "It was taken out of proportion."

Ben Welle, a blond, clean-cut youth with a serious demeanor, said he got almost no ribbing or verbal abuse from his classmates or others in Willmar, which one might expect given that many of his pals used the long-distance access number.

Laura Welle and other parents in Willmar with children who used the access code insist that the first wave of calling was modest. In many cases, students used the number to call home collect from a pay phone at the high school, usually to request a ride home after extracurricular activities.

Ben's distribution of the number was for that purpose, not to impress his peers or with the intention of giving them something of great value, according to the mother of one of the students who used the access code. The woman said some students refused to carry any money - even change - because they feared thefts at school. She asked not to be identified because her child used the number extensively and she fears prosecution.

"[Ben] has been unfairly treated," the woman said. "People don't know this family; he's an extremely good kid. He didn't give it out to win friends. He gave it out to help kids."

But ultimately, the access code was passed on from Ben and Welle's nephew to kids in Willmar to friends elsewhere, who passed it on to other friends, and soon hundreds of people nationwide were using it.

Despite the feeling that his family has been victimized, Welle acknowledges that his decision to seal himself from the media after his confession may have been a mistake. His silence allowed much of the blame to be focused on him rather than a system that was open to abuse.

Welle decided to talk again shortly after House Speaker Long called him a liar and began to suggest that he was personally responsible for repayment of the $ 90,000.

"I'm looking out for myself because very few other people are," Welle said. He said he's deeply disappointed in a few people he thought were friends, by their "lack of support, courage and compassion." But none has disappointed him more than Long.

"She's taken every opportunity to throw me to the wolves, and I don't think it's done her a lot of good," he said. "I never said anything derogatory or anything to implicate her. I didn't criticize her in any way. People understand loyalty and friendship."

Laura chimed in, "When things were going well, they were a great team." Welle said Long involved him more than any other majority leader in the House administration, and together they helped produce in 1992 one of the most successful sessions in recent history.

But on one of the great lingering questions in Phonegate - whether Long had any inkling that the overrun was anything but an outside job - Welle is firm. "She did not know about my kids."

His generosity is admired

Welle's upbringing was humble enough, but he was blessed with talents and a personality that made things come fairly easy. He has every reason to hold the conservative, middle-class conviction that U.S. society is a meritocracy.

He was born Nov. 2, 1945, into a ***working-class*** family in the central Minnesota town of Melrose, about 60 miles north of Willmar.

His ethnic stock is "German [Catholic] all the way," with the first members of his family coming to Minnesota at the turn of the century. He now attends a Lutheran church.

His late father, known as "Hub," was a truck driver most of his life and delivered gasoline and other petroleum products to farmers. Welle's mother, Dorothy is described by those who know her as strong-willed, articulate and smart.

As a schoolboy, Alan was "very smart, hard working, one of those guys that everybody liked," and a pretty good athlete, said Bob Hamper, a Maplewood real-estate agent and one of Welle's boyhood friends.

Generosity was one of Welle's most appealing traits, Hamper said. "If you didn't have money, and he did, he'd be buying."

Although Welle describes his father as "a Roosevelt Democrat" and himself as a faithful heir of that tradition, Hamper recalled that in 1968 Welle wasn't sure whether to vote for Hubert Humphrey or Richard Nixon. Humphrey got Welle's vote.

"One thing that I sensed over the years was that he didn't have any real big political ambitions," Hamper said. "He just wanted to do the best job where he was."

Welle graduated from St. Cloud State University with a degree in business administration. He was drafted into the Army and ended up in Vietnam, where he spent a year at a base at Chu Lai, handling paperwork dealing with promotions. The base came under fire a few times but he saw little of the war's violence first-hand.

Welle does not wear his military credentials on his sleeve, although they certainly are politically advantageous, especially in outstate Minnesota. No reference is made to this history in the legislative manual. He does belong to veterans posts in Willmar and he's been known to wear his veteran's jackets. But his memories are unhappy and scarred by first-hand knowledge of blatant lies by the country's top politician.

"Every day Nixon was saying that we didn't have anybody in Cambodia and we were losing 40 guys a day," Welle said. He has told friends that he tore off his uniform when he got back to the States and put the whole experience as far behind him as he could.

Choosing the middle way

When he returned from the war, Welle wasn't sure what he would do for a living. He never had a career plan or even a clear idea about what kind of work he would do. He worked as a women's shoe salesman for awhile and wound up going to the University of Minnesota for a master's degree in education. He taught business education at Mounds View High School in Arden Hills before taking a teaching job in Willmar in the mid-1970s.

Welle first ran against Dean Johnson as a sacrificial lamb in a House race in 1980, then came in with a large freshman class in the DFL surge of 1982, when Johnson was elected to the Senate. DFL leaders in the area say Welle ran almost as a favor to the party, not out of any burning desire to advance himself.

One of Welle's few on-the-record detractors in Willmar, school activist Marlys Larsen, said she remembers that in 1982 he picked up on the answers given by IR opponent Verna Kelly in candidate forums and later used them himself. Larsen and other residents of the New London-Spicer School District are at odds with Welle over a school construction project.

Defining what Welle stands for as a political leader, beyond a rather vague advocacy for outstate interests, is difficult.

He describes himself as a "compromiser and consensus-builder" with no strongly defined agenda, and few in the Legislature would disagree.

He got a leg up on the leadership ladder when then-Speaker Robert Vanasek appointed him chairman of the Human Resources Committee, and thus overseer of one of the biggest pieces of the state budget.

But Welle says that his chief qualification for that post was that he was perceived as "a waffler" on the abortion issue, "where most people are, actually," he says. Welle, for instance, favored parental notification for minors seeking an abortion but opposed a bill that forbade abortions in cases of "fetal viability."

When he was elected majority leader in the summer of 1991, he was seen as a compromise candidate.

On one hand, in a Legislature that has perhaps more than its share of ideologues, self-important windbags and grandstanders, some see Welle as a man with his head screwed on straight, an unaffected nice guy always looking for the middle way.

But some Independent-Republicans and liberal members of the DFL caucus criticize Welle's lack of definition on issues and fundamental principles.

"He will bend so far backward to avoid a fight that it's hard to remember anything that he's fought for," said state Rep. Gil Gutknecht, a conservative Independent-Republican from Rochester.

Gutknecht and other legislators say Welle was miscast as majority leader, a job that often entails leading a partisan battle with aggressive rhetoric. "He wasn't very effective at it. He was supposed to go for the jugular, but he sort of turned out to be an electric razor," Gutknecht said.

It's easy to see why Alan Welle feels an affinity for business interests and takes pride in fashioning a voting record that he says is darn near identical to IR friend Dean Johnson's. Welle spends a great deal of time at the country club near the lakes north of town, rubbing elbows with business owners, doctors and lawyers.

Meanwhile, down along Hwy. 12, lies one of the most distressed areas in the state, a cluster of battered trailers where migrant workers live. Welle's district, House 15A, now has the fourth highest percentage of Hispanics in the state. Seventy percent of the Hispanics in the district live in poverty, compared with a national poverty rate for all Hispanics of 25 percent.

The tension from race enmity and income disparity is palpable and growing. Few leaders have emerged to try to bridge the gap between the European immigrants of 100 years ago and the newcomers.

Welle said he recently invited state Rep. Carlos Mariani, who represents the West Side of St. Paul, to talk to local leaders about ways to improve race relations in Willmar. Mariani, while giving Welle credit for the effort, said it didn't go well.

"It sort of blew my mind that our very first meeting was at the country club," Mariani said. But more important than that, Mariani said, "it was clear that he didn't have the skills, and no one else did, to bring the groups together. . . . You can't just get them involved for a couple of meetings or just because you want them involved."

Defending his actions

Call it arrogance or an understandable refusal to look back, but Welle has never displayed an earnest sorrow for his actions, his covering up for 16 months and then lying for more than a week about a situation that cost taxpayers about $ 90,000.

He continues to assert, and it's not hard to see his case, that "a lot of the people being judgmental would have made the same decision."

Imagine yourself in his place. You discover that your child is partly to blame for the loss of $ 90,000 to your employer. You didn't really steal the money or benefit from it, you just sort of lost it. But your books are never audited and it's likely that nobody will ever know. All the petty thieves that actually stole the money can't be caught and your own family's direct liability might be just a few dollars. The discovery occurs just as you are about to take over leadership of the institution, and coming clean means that one of your very first public actions will be hard on your child, embarrassing to you, and it might cost you some money.

Victoria Clasman, 21, a student at Willmar Community College and the mother of a 7-year-old son, gives Welle credit for turning her life around at the learning center, yet she still finds his actions unacceptable. "He helped me learn how to get a job. . . . He worked with me, he was good about that," she said. "But he should have never covered it up. It pisses me off, I'm sorry. He should resign and we [taxpayers] don't feel that we should have to pay it.

"I'm a nice person, but if I do something wrong, it doesn't excuse what I've done. It doesn't make it any better."

Chronology of Phonegate

March 17: The Star Tribune reports that taxpayers picked up the tab for an estimated $ 50,000 in unauthorized telephone calls charged to the office of House Majority Leader Alan Welle in 1991. House DFL leaders acknowledge that the fraud never was reported to law- enforcement authorities.

March 19: Attorney General Hubert Humphrey III and Ramsey County Attorney Tom Foley have started investigations.

March 22: Welle discloses that he gave his long-distance access code to his teenage son, and that the son and Welle's nephew used it and gave it to others.

March 23: Welle resigns as House majority leader. House Speaker Dee Long reveals that the bill for unauthorized calls is at least $ 85,000.

March 29: Foley subpoenas House telephone records for 1991 and 1992. Long requests the subpoena and a court order to avoid lawsuits for violating a 1989 law that makes legislators' telephone records private.

April 7: Ramsey County District Judge Kathleen Gearin rules the 1989 phone privacy law unconstitutional.

April 12: The Senate releases its long-distance records.

April 13: The House releases its long-distance records.

May 26: Ramsey County grand jury indicts Welle on felony and gross misdemeanor charges.

June 7: Humphrey issues report of his investigation and says Welle bears "ultimate and principal responsibility" for the scandal.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** July 28, 1993

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[***A NATION IN SEARCH OF ANSWERS< FOR NINE DAYS, BARLETT AND STEELE HAVE HAMMERED AT PROBLEMS THAT COST< AMERICAN JOBS. HERE ARE THEIR CONCLUSIONS ON WHERE TO LOOK FOR SOLUTIONS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CH60-01K4-91Y3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The times are trying.

Corporations merge to form mega-corporations with far-reaching power and influence. Workers put in ever-longer hours to make ends meet. Families feel under siege. The gap between the country's richest citizens and average workers widens daily. The government imposes its most onerous tax burden on working people and families. And it taxes most lightly the nation's wealthiest citizens.

Political attacks have become so personal that good people are discouraged from running for office. Local governments compete with one another to lure new businesses by giving economic incentives to companies. Stories of government corruption appear with startling regularity on the front pages of newspapers.

America in the 1990s, right?

Wrong.

America in the 1890s.

To understand where you are today - and why - you might just turn back the clock a century.

To understand where you can be tomorrow, you might recall how citizens in that earlier era dealt with the same forces you confront.

There are, to be sure, differences between the America of the 1990s and a century ago. One stands out above the others.

Back then, a powerful reform movement took shape and a third party, the Progressive Party, brought about wholesale changes in the way government operated.

The Progressive Party's reforms were gradually co-opted, one by one, by the two major parties, the Democrats and the Republicans. By the time the Progressive Party passed out of existence, many of the changes it had proposed were in place.

Because government needed more revenue and the rich were not paying their fair share, the income tax was enacted.

Because businesses were peddling tainted meat, food and medicines, pure food and drugs laws were enacted.

Because companies were forming trusts that wielded unprecedented powers, the antitrust and monopoly laws were enacted.

Because half the nation's population was denied the right to vote, the women's suffrage law was enacted.

The reformers set a tone that produced yet more legislation in the decades that followed - from child labor laws to unemployment compensation, from minimum wage to Social Security.

All these changes resulted in a legislative framework to protect the average citizen and small businesses from the excesses of big business, special interests, and those who exploited others and used government to their own personal advantage. Over time, that framework gave rise to the largest middle class in history.

Now that framework is being dismantled. The economy that is evolving is balkanizing America - pitting social groups against one another, widening the gap between the have-mores and the have-lesses.

What is at stake is nothing less than the cohesiveness of American society, as the economy threatens to leave behind those without health insurance, without pensions, without good jobs.

This is not to say that Washington policymakers deliberately set out to enact laws and programs to set citizen against citizen, or to reduce American living standards. Indeed, many acted out of the best of intentions.

Too often, though, government policymakers have based their decisions on faulty assumptions or erroneous beliefs that have had unforeseen consequences. Nowhere is that more true than in policies that affect the U.S. economy.

How can we begin to restore a measure of fairness in American society, ease the gap between the have-mores and the have-lesses, halt the loss of good manufacturing jobs, and improve the condition of the beleaguered middle class?

Some specific suggestions will follow in a moment. But first, it's important to recognize that even "the best and the brightest" in government and finance make mistakes, and the point is that we must learn from those mistakes.

To borrow some advice from the philosopher George Santayana, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

For those who would put absolute faith in the infallibility of economic experts, there is this reminder:

On Oct. 16, 1929, Charles E. Mitchell, president of National City Bank of New York and the nation's leading banker, sent a cable to the financier Bernard Baruch, who was in Scotland, with this advice on the stock market:

"General situation looks exceptionally sound with very few bad spots . . . I doubt if anything that will not affect business can affect the market, which is like a weathervane pointing into a gale of prosperity."

Thirteen days later, the weather vane was pointing into an unprecedented storm, as the stock market collapsed, leading to the Great Depression.

In the 1950s, as government officials and scientists sought to persuade Americans of the wisdom of building a nuclear-power industry, B. Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, painted a bright picture of an atomic future.

Strauss promised that "our children will enjoy . . . electrical energy too cheap to meter," and Teller dismissed even the concept of nuclear waste, saying that "these radioactive byproducts will turn out to be useful and will not be considered as waste at all."

You may check your electric bill to determine the accuracy of Strauss' forecast. As for the valuable nuclear byproducts, they turned out to be so hazardous that they have cost taxpayers and electric utility customers billions of dollars to store. And the final bill hasn't been tabulated yet.

U.S. economic policy has been marked by the same kind of errors of judgment. For decades, policymakers have consistently miscalculated the impact of their decisions on the American workforce.

In 1962, as Congress debated President John F. Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act that called for lower tariffs on imported products, Wilbur Mills, the Arkansas Democrat who chaired the House Ways and Means Committee, sought to allay concerns of some congressmen who worried it would cost American jobs.

Citing a letter he had received from shoe workers in his state who feared that shoe imports would soar under the trade bill, Mills told lawmakers on June 28, 1962:

"I do not believe this will happen to my shoe people. . . . In 1961 . . . imports of shoes as a percentage of U.S. production were still only 2.6 percent. This bill is not here, with my name on it, to bring about the sacrifice of any of these industries about which we are talking. This bill has safeguards in it."

Wilbur Mills was flat wrong.

His bill, others that followed, and decisions by presidents and trade administrators from both parties brought about that very "sacrifice" that Mills denied could ever happen, not only for the shoe industry - where imports now account for 85 percent of the American market - but for other American industries, as well. Remember machine tools, telephones, microwave ovens and roses, to name just a few.

Many of the themes currently shaping economic policy are based on equally false assumptions. One of the most popular is the widely touted theory that America's future depends on the creation of high-tech jobs.

Over and over we are told that high-tech jobs will be the salvation of the American worker.

"America's future is in high-tech work," Sen. John Breaux, Democrat from Louisiana, said in November 1993. "We're going to be making 747s and computers and the medical equipment for the rest of the world. Nobody can compete with American workers in those areas."

Foreign workers already are competing - and at much lower wages.

The belief that the United States will enjoy a monopoly on high-tech jobs, while developing nations concentrate on making labor-intensive products, is one of the fictions of American economic policy.

Developing countries already are targeting the high-technology field for job creation. Listen to this excerpt from a 1995 report of the Ministry of Finance of Malaysia, a country with a population of about 20 million people. The report's language about the challenge facing Malaysia - the need to move away from labor-intensive work and toward high-tech development - sounds eerily like the statements American politicians, corporate executives and economists make about the challenge facing the United States in the global economy:

"The need for Malaysia to move toward high-technology industries is becoming increasingly necessary, given that the country now faces shortages of labor with the rapid growth in the economy since 1988. Furthermore, other surplus labor countries, like Vietnam and China, are opening up their economies to foreign investors and Malaysia will no longer be able to compete for labor-intensive industries against these countries. Malaysian industries must restructure to go upscale in technology in order to remain efficient and competitive in a rapidly changing global environment."

Even under the best of conditions, there will never be an abundance of high-tech jobs - certainly not enough to replace the jobs that are being eliminated by imports.

VIEW FROM WASHINGTON An illustration of how the view of America from Washington gets distorted: Many of these policies are tied to the chief statistical yardstick that the government relies on to measure our economic progress as a society - GDP. That is, the gross domestic product, the sum total of all goods and services produced in the United States.

Every month, newspapers, magazines, radio and television print and air the latest government report on the GDP, as though they were reading a thermometer on the nation's health.

New York Times, Jan. 29, 1994: "Stocks surged to record highs in a second day of heavy trading yesterday, after the Commerce Department reported that the economy grew at a 5.9 percent pace in the last three months of 1993 - the best quarterly performance in six years.

"But even better was the news, included in the report on the gross domestic product, that inflation remained low . . ."

The Philadelphia Inquirer, May 3, 1996: "Neither blizzards nor a government shutdown nor a strike at General Motors Corp. could keep the U.S. economy down. The nation's gross domestic product showed surprising strength in the first quarter of this year and grew at a faster-than-expected 2.8 percent rate."

This steadily rising GDP, the people on Wall Street and in Washington will tell you, is evidence that Americans are doing better than ever. But judge for yourself.

During the three decades between 1965 and 1995, the U.S. population went up 37 percent, from 194 million to 265 million. In that period, the GDP shot up 901 percent, from $719 billion to $7.2 trillion. But between those years:

\* The number of people unemployed went up from 3.4 million to 7.4 million, and the unemployment rate went from 4.5 percent to 5.6 percent.

\* The number of those unemployed for 27 weeks or longer jumped 270 percent, from 351,000 to 1.3 million.

\* The unemployment rate for blacks and other minorities went from 8.1 percent to 9.6 percent.

\* The number of new housing units started annually fell from 1.473 million units to 1.350 million units.

\* The number of business failures soared 427 percent, from 13,500 to 71,200. The business failure rate went up from 53 percent to 86 percent.

\* The number of personal bankruptcies filed went up 365 percent, from 180,300 to 837,800.

\* The number of households in poverty headed by females went up 121 percent, from 1.9 million to 4.2 million.

The statistics fail to show a connection between a rising GDP and the economic well-being of average Americans.

Perhaps an even more troubling question about the validity of the GDP statistic as an indicator of the nation's economic health is this:

Does the GDP - which counts only those transactions where money changes hands and assigns no value to the purpose of the expenditure - measure the kind of society you would like to live in?

Consider:

If the cancer rate went up, more money would be spent on costly medical procedures, more people would be sent to hospitals for longer stays, all requiring the expenditure of ever larger sums of money, thereby pushing up the GDP.

If the number of people convicted of crimes went up faster, more money would be spent to build more prisons and hire more guards, thereby pushing up the GDP.

By now, you get the idea.

In short, the government's most widely publicized economic indicator - the one newspapers routinely report on their front pages, the one that television and radio broadcasters lead off their nightly reports with - does not really measure the health, well-being or stability of society.

SOME NEEDED REFORMS So what can be done?

The list of possible reforms is long. The suggestions that follow are starting points, a place to begin the debate. Some could easily be implemented; others would be difficult.

TRADE Global trade was promoted on the basis that it would benefit everyone. But the concept is valid only if there is true reciprocity - if each nation provides equal access to its own market.

That hasn't happened.

Instead, as foreign competitors discovered that Washington lacks the will to get tough on trade, they lowered tariffs but raised other barriers to entry of U.S. products into their markets.

Washington's response was to continue to negotiate agreements with countries that promise to open their markets, yet never do, at least not to the extent that the United States does.

This has been the story of U.S.-Japanese trade relations. Now, that history is being repeated with China.

When Bill Clinton went to Washington as president in 1993, developing the Chinese market was a high priority.

At hearings on her nomination as deputy U.S. trade representative, Charlene Barshefsky spelled out to senators the tough approach the Clinton administration intended to take:

"China's large and growing trade deficit with the United States, which in 1992 was $18.2 billion, is unacceptable. Multiple, overlapping barriers to U.S. imports exist, as do high tariffs that make it very difficult for highly competitive U.S. industries to penetrate China's markets.

"To address this problem, the administration is vigorously pursuing access through the October 1992 market access agreement, which will sharply reduce or eliminate principal obstacles to U.S. trade."

When Barshefsky testified, the U.S. trade deficit with China was $18.2 billion. In 1995, after three years of "vigorously pursuing" access to the Chinese market, the United States trade deficit with China stood at $33.8 billion - up 86 percent.

Inadvertently, Barshefsky's testimony showed why U.S. trade policy has failed so badly:

For years, U.S. policymakers have focused, single-mindedly, on exports. And they have dismissed imports as of little concern.

That attitude explains why the U.S. merchandise trade deficit went from an annual average of $10 billion during the 1970s, to $94 billion in the 1980s, to $125 billion in the 1990s.

Now, the emphasis needs to be changed from exports to imports, at least until trade is brought into balance. That means placing controls on imported goods.

Access to the world's richest consumer market should be granted on the basis of national interest, not because of a blind adherence to an abstract economic theory like "free trade."

Critics will complain that such a policy could set off a global trade war, that it would force up wages and risk inflation.

Perhaps.

But the Japanese have been managing trade for more than 30 years and no trade war has erupted.

As for wages, you might ponder this: Why do the people in Washington dismiss executive pay increases that go up 100 percent or 200 percent as of no consequence, yet call for restraints when the wages of working people go up 5 or 6 percent?

In any event, a new trade policy needs to look beyond simply balancing the books on imports and exports.

That's because, dollar for dollar, imports cost more American jobs than exports create. The reason: Imported products, especially those from developing countries, most often are made in labor-intensive industries, such as apparel. Goods exported by the United States, on the other hand, tend to be produced by industries that require less labor, such as agriculture.

To curb imports would require raising tariffs and other trade barriers on products from countries that have consistently failed to open their markets. If other nations, for whatever reason, limit access to their markets, then the United States needs to respond in kind. It's called fair trade.

Similar actions could be taken against countries whose governments support industries that undercut American industries, and against countries that require that part of the manufacturing be done locally as a condition of buying U.S. products.

Such changes must happen if the United States is to eliminate the trade deficit and preserve its vital industries, which it must do if it is to remain a world power.

IMMIGRATION Restore immigration to pre-1990 levels and scale back the skilled-worker and guest-worker visa programs that have led to widespread abuses. Using immigration policy to create a labor surplus, thereby helping to hold down wages or limit wage increases, should never occur.

Adding to the foreign-worker glut is an army of illegal aliens. No one knows their exact numbers, but it is estimated they are in the millions. And that's after 2.7 million illegal aliens were granted amnesty in 1986 and allowed to become U.S. citizens.

The U.S. Commission on Immigration Reform, which was headed by Barbara Jordan, the former Democratic congresswoman from Texas who died in 1996, described the need for action this way:

"Curbing illegal movements into the country would . . . benefit the wage structure, working conditions, and employment opportunities of U.S. citizens, legal permanent residents and other authorized workers."

The commission took special aim at the group responsible for attracting illegal aliens: American businesses that hire illegal aliens, especially businesses that tend to violate other labor and workplace laws.

The most prominent non-agricultural industries that hire illegal aliens, the commission found: "construction companies, manufacturers of food products, manufacturers of apparel and textiles, eating and drinking establishments and hotel and lodging services."

"If employers were forced to comply with labor laws and reduce their reliance on unauthorized workers, it is likely that wages and working conditions would improve for the legal workforce," the report said.

To that end, the commission said it believed that stepped-up enforcement of all labor and workplace laws - from minimum wage to work safety - would be "an effective tool in reducing unauthorized work."

GLOBAL WAGES Companies that produce goods in foreign countries to take advantage of cheap labor should not be permitted the kind of unlimited access to the American market that kills jobs here.

A solution: Impose a tariff or tax on imported goods equal to the wage differential between foreign workers and U.S. workers in the same industry. That way, competition would be confined to who makes the best product, not who works for the lowest pay.

Thus, if Calvin Klein wants to make sweatshirts in Pakistan, his company would be charged a tariff or tax equal to the difference between a Pakistani worker's earnings and what a U.S. apparel worker makes.

Or if Microsoft wants to have its computer programming done in India, the company would be charged a tariff or tax equal to the difference between the salaries of Indian and U.S. programmers.

If this, or some similar action, is not taken, the future is clear. Wages of American workers will continue to slip, along with their standard of living.

A 1992 World Bank study pinpointed what will happen if Washington continues the current course. Without mentioning the United States by name, economist Herman Daly of the University of Maryland and ecologist Robert Goodland of the World Bank had this to say about the consequences for a nation with a high standard of living when it embraces a global trading system in which most of the other nations are poor:

"If by wise policy or blind luck, a country has managed to control its population growth, provide social insurance, high wages, reasonable working hours and other benefits to its ***working class*** (i.e., most of its citizens), should it allow these benefits to be competed down to the world average by unregulated trade? . . .

"This leveling of wages will be overwhelmingly downward due to the vast number and rapid growth rate of underemployed populations in the third world. Northern [Hemisphere] laborers will get poorer, while Southern laborers will stay much the same."

TAXES Reestablish the progressive income tax, which rests on the principle that tax rates should rise with income. This structure was in place from the beginning of World War II into the 1960s and 1970s, which coincided with the great expansion of the middle class.

In 1963, President Kennedy, a Democrat, began the process of dismantling the progressive income tax. Two decades later, President Reagan, a Republican, finished the job.

During the 1940s and 1950s, the top tax rate ranged between 81 percent and 91 percent. It should be emphasized that no taxpayers paid out 91 percent of their income in taxes. From 1954 to 1963, for example, the maximum rate of 91 percent was applied only to taxable income over $400,000.

After all deductions, and after income reached $400,000, the amount above that figure was taxed at 91 percent. That $400,000 would be worth about $2.3 million in 1996.

The top tax rate today might apply to, say, taxable income over $5 million, with the top rate at, possibly, 70 percent, rather than 91 percent.

To spread the tax burden more equitably, a dozen or so brackets should be added, down to a tax rate of 5 percent. The bottom tax rate in 1996 was 15 percent; the top rate was 39.6 percent.

To simplify the system, all deductions should be eliminated, as well as the preferential capital gains tax. All dollars would be treated alike. A middle-class working family whose income is derived solely from a paycheck would not be taxed at a higher effective rate than someone whose income is derived from speculating on Wall Street.

All this deals with the federal income tax. Truth to tell, state and local taxes are weighted even more heavily against middle-income and lower-income workers. To right this situation, the federal government could create a system of rewards and penalties when distributing federal moneys to the states. The more progressive a state's tax structure, the more federal aid it would receive.

And, finally, the corporate income tax. Thanks to sharply lower rates and a variety of tax concessions, corporations in the 1990s pay comparatively less income tax than corporations paid in the 1950s. During that earlier decade, corporations accounted for 39 percent of all income tax revenue; individuals supplied 61 percent. For the years 1990 through 1995, the corporate share dropped to 19 percent; the individual share rose to 81 percent.

To restore some measure of balance, the top corporate tax rate, now 35 percent, should at least be raised above the highest personal rate, 39.6 percent. In the 1950s, the top corporate rate was 52 percent.

A variety of corporate deductions should be eliminated or scaled back. These include the essentially unlimited deduction for interest payments and the carryover deduction of losses, both of which fuel mergers and takeovers. Also, foreign tax provisions should be amended so that U.S. multinational companies no longer would be able to move income around the world to escape payment of taxes.

ANTITRUST ENFORCEMENT Over the last decade, the government has retreated from its role as trustbuster, backing away from the authority built up painstakingly over nearly 100 years to prevent business combinations that reduce, or threaten to reduce, competition.

Where once the government would block the merger of two major competitors, today it routinely rubber-stamps the formation of megacorporations.

Federal regulators in 1995 and 1996 let stand such combinations as Wells Fargo & Co.'s $11.6 billion acquisition of First Interstate Bancorp; Kimberly-Clark's $9.4 billion takeover of Scott Paper Co.; Chemical Bank's $10 billion merger with Chase Manhattan; Pharmacia A.B.'s $7 billion marriage with Upjohn Co.; Hoechst A.G.'s $7.1 billion takeover of Dow Chemical Co., to name a few.

The mergers, as you might expect, were accompanied by job losses.

The Wells Fargo and First Interstate union put 7,200 people on the street. Scott Paper shed 11,000 employees before its merger with Kimberly-Clark, then Kimberly-Clark cut 6,000 more. The Chemical Bank-Chase Manhattan marriage ended the jobs of 12,000 people. The Pharmacia-Upjohn merger eliminated 3,000 jobs. Hoechst A.G.'s takeover of Dow Chemical resulted in 8,000 layoffs.

According to Mergerstat Review, a firm that tracks corporate acquisitions, the merger wave in 1995 set a record at $266.5 billion, far outstripping the previous high of $177 billion in 1988, at the height of the corporate-takeover craze.

So far in the 1990s, the Justice Department has filed an average of just 16 civil antitrust cases a year in U.S. District Courts. That's down 63 percent from the 43 cases filed annually during the 1970s.

Similarly, the number of restraint-of-trade investigations conducted by the Justice Department plunged 64 percent, dropping from an annual average of 267 cases in the 1970s to 96 cases in the 1990s.

The antitrust laws are on the books; the government should start enforcing them.

GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS As with so much of what happens in Washington, the trick is to strike a balance. Instead, the government too often moves between two extremes, either over-regulating business or, as is happening in the 1990s, seeking to end most regulations.

We must preserve the regulations that assure the quality of American life: pure food, safe medicines, clean air and water. These rules have evolved over a century. Less developed countries have fewer, or no, such protective rules.

U.S. businesses must spend money to comply with these regulations, while their competitors in foreign countries often are spared that expense. Sometimes the competitors are American-owned, sometimes foreign-owned. The result is an uneven playing field.

One potential remedy: Impose a tariff on imported products equal to the amount that American businesses must spend to comply with government regulations.

SOCIAL SECURITY AND MEDICARE It is generally understood that shortly after the turn of the century, if not before, both the Social Security and Medicare systems will have to be drastically revised. They are running out of money. That means either a hefty tax increase, a reduction in benefits for retirees, a delayed retirement age, or some combination of all three.

One solution would be means-testing of benefits - restricting the programs to those within a certain income level. The system should be changed from a retirement plan for everyone to a retirement plan for those who need it. Again, the issue is one of balance.

In 1993, 453,833 retired people with incomes over $100,000 collected Social Security benefits. They received checks amounting to $6.6 billion.

That's the equivalent of all the Social Security taxes paid by 1.3 million young working families with incomes of $40,000 a year. A direct transfer from them to retirees whose incomes range from 2 1/2 to more than 25 times their incomes.

Everyone would continue to have Social Security taxes deducted from their paychecks, but benefit payments would be ended to individuals and families whose incomes exceed, say, two to three times median family income. That would be between $80,000 and $120,000. Social Security benefit payments to them would be stopped only after retirees had collected what they had paid into Social Security, with interest.

Medicare, too, should be means-tested. The inequity of America's health-care system was summed up by a Philadelphia physician: "I have patients who come to my office in chauffeur-driven limousines. They own three or four homes. And Medicare pays their bills. Does this make sense?"

This in a society in which 40 million or more people go without health care because they cannot afford it.

RETRAINING Overhaul the existing retraining system, which now seems to benefit government and educational bureaucracies more than it helps displaced workers.

For one thing, the types of retraining classes offered need to be rethought. Too many of the courses are in fields where there already is a glut of workers, or where the pay is comparatively low.

Once classes are improved so they are truly useful, attention should turn to fixing inequities in the system. If workers lose their jobs because their company moves to Mexico, where wages are lower, they qualify for 78 weeks of unemployment benefits. But if workers lose their jobs because their company closes its factory in New York and moves to Mississippi, where wages are lower, they receive only 26 weeks of unemployment benefits.

The workers at the plant that relocated to Mexico can afford to take retraining courses for up to a year-and-a-half in another field.

Workers at the factory that went to Mississippi, on the other hand, are limited to retraining classes that can be completed in six months - meaning many will have fewer employment opportunities.

EXECUTIVE SALARIES Corporations are free to pay their executives whatever they want. But that doesn't mean companies should be permitted to write off the full amount on their tax returns, shifting the cost to taxpayers.

One possible solution: Tie tax deductibility to a multiple between the highest- and lowest-paid workers. For example, if the lowest-paid worker earns $20,000, then the company would be precluded from deducting more than, say, 15 times that amount, or $300,000, for the pay of its CEO on its corporate tax return. The balance of the compensation would come out of the shareholders' pockets, rather than being partly funded by the taxpayers.

GOVERNMENT STATISTICS As a result of ongoing cutbacks in federal spending, funding of the statistical branches of all federal agencies has been slashed, bringing into question the quality of government information, from employment statistics to tax data. This at a time when the government needs accurate data more than ever to make critical economic decisions.

Ironically, the cutbacks have occurred at the height of the computer age, as we enter the 21st century. Government statistics were more accurate and complete before the computer than since - yet the computer gives a seeming precision to the numbers that is not justified.

Also, longtime standard statistical yardsticks, such as the gross domestic product, should be scrapped and new formulas devised that more accurately reflect the health of both the American economy and society.

To that end, more than 400 economists have endorsed a proposed index called the GPI - the genuine progress indicator - which takes into account a variety of social and ecological factors that the gross domestic product does not.

Just one of those differences, according to Redefining Progress, a public-policy think tank in San Francisco, is: "GPI corrects for income and wealth distribution, so that economic gains going largely to the wealthiest Americans are not mistaken for benefits to the nation as a whole."

CAMPAIGN FINANCE AND LOBBYING Absent sweeping reforms in campaign financing, all other reform efforts are likely to fail.

That's because the money flowing to candidates and political parties, in staggering amounts, comes from corporations, wealthy individuals, political action committees, and other interest groups - all with agendas that are often at odds with what is good for average Americans.

In 1995, according to a study of the Center for Responsive Politics, the Democratic and Republican National Committees took in nearly $60 million from donors - in a non-election year. And that did not include millions more given to individual candidates.

Campaign contributions not only elect candidates, they give the donors access to the lawmakers once they're in office. That's another benefit beyond the reach of average Americans.

Over the years, critics of the current system have generally agreed on the need for a number of reforms, including these:

\* Impose a limit on the amount that can be spent to run for office.

\* Ban contributions by political action committees to candidates.

\* Close the loophole in campaign finance law that allows donors to circumvent limits on contributions to candidates by making contributions in unlimited amounts to political parties.

\* Restrict the amount of out-of-state money that a candidate may accept while running for office.

Only by limiting the money that pours into politics will the power of special interests be curbed.

Their grip is so strong that even when relatively moderate reforms are proposed to help middle-class Americans, they are usually shot down.

Look no further than the 1995-1996 effort to revise immigration laws.

The Immigration Act of 1990, which opened America's doors to record numbers of immigrants, also greatly increased the number of skilled and guest workers allowed into the United States for extended periods.

As evidence mounted that the program has been abused and exploited by corporations - to secure more low-cost help and to hold down the pay of American employees - the House and Senate took up separate bills. Each would have scaled back, but by no means eliminated, employment-based immigration.

Legislation proposed by Sen. Alan K. Simpson, a Republican from Wyoming and a principal author of the 1990 immigration act, would have reduced the number of annual visas, instituted more rigid controls for issuing visas, and put a cap on the number of immigrant workers that companies could hire. It also would have required companies that import workers to contribute to a fund to train their own employees in the future.

"For too many U.S. workers, the impact of immigration includes adverse effects on their own wages and individual job opportunities," Simpson noted on introducing his bill on Nov. 3, 1995. "The bill's proposed changes in the employment-related classifications are intended to protect . . . U.S. workers, especially those who are first entering upon their careers . . ."

Simpson's proposals never had a chance.

Corporate lobbyists and groups such as the American Immigration Lawyers Association, whose members represent corporations and potential immigrants, joined to scuttle the reforms.

Describing the proposals as "draconian," they lobbied lawmakers - especially members of the Senate Immigration subcommittee, of which Simpson is chairman - to persuade their colleagues to reject Simpson's proposed changes.

They also mounted a public relations campaign to convey their message that America's high-technology companies would suffer if Congress curtailed the hiring of foreign workers.

"Our ability to get the best talent in the world is critical to us," Kenneth M. Alvares, a vice president of Sun Microsystems, a Silicon Valley computer-chip company, told the Washington Post. Restricting that ability "is going to kill us," he said. "We will not be able to compete."

By March 1996, Simpson found he had been outmaneuvered by corporate lobbyists, and, lacking support on his own committee, withdrew his proposal - but not without a parting shot at the corporate lobbyists who had sabotaged his efforts.

"I was working with the business community . . . to address their concerns," he said at a Senate hearing on March 7, 1996, "[but] each time we resolved one, they became more creative, more novel. . . . The business community so distorted everything we were up to, everything. . . ."

WHEN THEY TALK TAXES, WATCH OUT As Simpson's immigration experience suggests, overcoming the influence of Washington's lobbyists will not be easy.

Any reform effort also will have to deal with this fact: The view of America from Washington is decidedly different from that in other parts of the country.

Consider, for a moment, the question of taxes, and the personal perspective brought to that subject by two men - Bob Dole, the Republican candidate for president in 1996, and Democratic incumbent Bill Clinton.

Dole says that taxes are too high and must be cut. Clinton boasts of having raised taxes on the very rich.

Neither talks about the real issue: Average Americans pay taxes at a rate close to that paid by the affluent.

Compare the tax bills of Dole, Clinton and a South Philadelphia family.

For 1995, the Doles reported income of $648,617. That includes $64,748 in tax-exempt income. Their total taxes - federal income tax, Social Security and Medicare, and all state and local levies - added up to $191,692.

That meant the Doles paid taxes at an overall effective rate of 29.6 percent.

The Clintons reported income of $322,030. That, too, included tax-exempt income of $5,956. Their total taxes - all federal, state and local levies - added up to $101,578.

That meant the Clintons paid taxes at an overall effective rate of 31.5 percent.

Now consider a South Philadelphia middle-class family, with one child, that lives in a rowhouse. The husband works full-time, at a salary of $25,000. His wife works part-time to supplement family income, bringing in an additional $12,000. Total income: $37,000. The middle-class family's taxes - federal, state and local - total $9,966.

That meant they paid taxes at an overall effective rate of 26.9 percent.

The Doles, with nearly 18 times as much income as the South Philadelphia middle-class family, paid taxes at a rate just 2.7 percentage points higher than that family.

The Clintons, with nearly nine times as much income as the South Philadelphia family, paid taxes at a rate just 4.6 percentage points higher than that family.

The moral: Whenever people in Washington talk about what they are going to do for your taxes, make sure you take into consideration your total tax burden. That's because the people in Washington over the last three decades engineered three critical revisions in the nation's tax structure:

\* They slashed by more than half the top federal income tax rate paid by the wealthiest citizens.

\* They raised Social Security and Medicare tax rates so that a surplus would be created, which is now being used to pay for other government programs. Those two taxes hit middle- and lower-income people hardest.

\* They transferred what once were federal responsibilities to state and local governments, which also tax those at the top lightly, reserving their heaviest tax bites for people in the middle and at the bottom.

Forty years ago, the tax rates of an earlier generation of Doles and Clintons would have been several times higher than that of a South Philadelphia family.

SOME WERE DISSENTERS While official Washington has enacted a succession of economic policies that have proven harmful to the middle class, not everyone in the capital subscribed to them.

Over the years, a handful of lawmakers have forecast - with uncanny accuracy - the consequences of legislation enacted by their colleagues. This has been true whether the issue was taxes, immigration or trade.

But few paid attention to them.

When Congress debated the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, to lower tariffs and promote global trade, some opposing congressmen foresaw exactly what would happen.

Rep. Glenn C. Cunningham, a Republican from Nebraska, told lawmakers more than 30 years ago, on June 28, 1962:

"I am convinced that we can never compete favorably with foreign countries, even when all trade and tariff barriers are removed. The cheap labor used in foreign plants means that their products can be shipped here and sold at less cost than comparable American-made products. Whenever this happens, thousands, and perhaps millions, of workers will be laid off and become unemployed. Furthermore, it will downgrade and undermine our entire economy . . ."

Other lawmakers said "free trade" would work only if American products were allowed equal access to foreign markets. As Rep. Victor A. Knox, a Republican from Michigan, put it on that same day in June 1962:

"Under the bill our domestic markets would be exposed to a rising tide of imports without sufficient safeguards against injury to domestic producers and without sufficient assurance of expanding overseas markets for American-produced goods. The bill promises more of the same in one-way reciprocity, with America giving and our so-called trading allies taking."

A LOSING PROPOSITION James T. Hill knows about the uncertainty of America's future. It's his present.

For 20 years, Hill was a tool and die maker at AT&T's huge Shreveport, La., works, which manufactured residential and business telephones. Then in the 1980s, AT&T began laying off thousands of workers and shifted much of the production work abroad. Hill and his wife, who also worked at the plant, lost their jobs in 1988.

For the next 2 1/2 years, Hill worked for a Louisiana company, though at much less pay than he had earned at AT&T. In 1991, he heard that AT&T had openings for experienced tool-and-die workers.

When he inquired, an AT&T supervisor told him, "You can go to work in Kansas City." Hill said he asked, " 'Can't you find anything closer than that?' He said, 'Reading, Pa.' I said, 'I'll take Kansas City.' "

So in 1991, the Hills relocated to Lee's Summit, a suburb of Kansas City, Mo., and home to what had been one of the largest manufacturing plants in the Bell System. Built in 1963, the sprawling 43-acre Western Electric plant had once employed 7,500 people making electronic circuits and switches.

When Hill arrived, the plant employed fewer than 1,000 workers, a victim, like Shreveport, of AT&T cutbacks. Though he was glad to be back in the Bell system, Hill soon found out that his new job was not secure either.

"When I got here, they said they were going to move this stuff to Richmond, Va.," Hill recalled. "So don't worry about buying a house and settling down. So I didn't buy a house.

"Then all of a sudden about a year and a half ago [1994], they said, 'We're going to stay here.' So my wife and I started earnestly looking to buy a house. And we had found one that we were going to buy. Then about that time, they made the announcement that they were going to sell the business."

Faced with this new uncertainty, the Hills held off on buying the house. Rumors swirled around the plant. In the end, the business was sold in 1994 to Berg Electronics of St. Louis, which was vague about its long-term plans for the plant.

"They've had people [messed] up for four years now," Hill said. "The mess that people have had to go through is awesome - never knowing what is going to happen next. It's like every week, or every month, they thought they might come out with an announcement, 'We're going.' That kind of [thing] works on people."

Hill got a transfer early in 1996 to an AT&T operation in Dallas that later was spun off as a division of Lucent Technologies.

In the meantime, Berg announced it would phase out the remaining jobs at Lee's Summit and transfer some of the work performed there to other U.S. plants.

Hill blames Washington policy-makers for the pressure that is driving down wages.

"They want all the manufacturing people to go back to $4.50 an hour," he said. "They are saying people shouldn't be making $11 an hour. They are killing us. People who make $15 an hour are able to buy cars and houses and stuff that keeps the economy going. They want everybody to take a cut in pay, but they don't want anybody who's making big money to take a cut in pay."

Hill, though, thinks there's a potential light at the end of this dark tunnel.

"If the government keeps allowing these companies to send stuff overseas, we're not going to make enough money to pay the politicians. That's probably when they're going to stop it," he said.

**Notes**

AMERICA: WHO STOLE THE DREAM?

Part Ten

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**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO (2)

1. John Alterio (left) and Tony Compeggie (center), two former workers from the shuttered Cooper Power Systems transformer plant in Canonsburg, Pa., take an electricians' course from Al Yanashefsky (right) at a vocational school. One key question about retraining courses: Are out-of-work employees being retrained in the right fields?

2. Produce from Mexico crosses into the United States at Nogales, Ariz. The authors believe that the concept of global trade is valid only if there is true reciprocity - if each nation provides equal access to its own market. (Inquirer photography by Michael Bryant)

CHART (4)

1. Road Map for Reform

2. Return to a Two-Class Society (SOURCE: 1992 data from Federal Reserve Board, 1890s data from Estate Records of Massachusetts, 1889-1891)

3. Income Shifts to the Wealthy (SOURCE: Internal Revenue Service; The Philadelphia Inquirer)

4. Families with radically different incomes have almost the same effective tax rate. (SOURCE: Federal income tax returns)

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[***LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS ELECTION GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WK0-RVJ0-0094-50RF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

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**Body**

Candidate information in this voters guide was prepared by the League of Women Voters of Greater Pittsburgh and the League of Women Voters Education Fund, along with reporting by the Post-Gazette. The league is a non-partisan organization and does not endorse or oppose any political party or candidate. Its purpose is to promote political responsibility through informed participation of citizens.

The voters guide listings are based entirely on material submitted by the candidates. In cases in which questionnaires were not returned, only the candidate's name and party are listed. Every candidate was asked to submit a photograph. Those received are printed.

The guide lists all candidates in the May 19, 1998, primary election for U.S. senator, governor, lieutenant governor, representative in Congress and regional candidates for senator and representative in the Pennsylvania General Assembly. The party of the governor is, by practice, given the first position on the ballot in Pennsylvania.

Study the guide and choose the candidates for whom you want to vote. You may take the guide into the voting booth to help you. Nothing in this guide should be construed as an endorsement of any candidate by the League of Women Voters.

Voters who are not sure if they are registered should call the county Department of Elections, 350-4510. To find out what district you live in call the League of Women Voters Community Information Center, 261-4284, Mon-Thu 9-3.

VOTING IN A GENERAL ELECTION

To vote in this primary election you must have been registered in a specific party by April 21, 1998.

Your registration is permanent if: a) you did not change your address; b) you did not change your name.

PRISONERS' RIGHTS

You are eligible to vote if you are awaiting trial

If you are a prisoner in Pennsylvania, you are eligible to vote if: a) you were convicted of a misdemeanor; b) you are registered properly; c) you have obtained an absentee ballot.

VOTING INFRINGEMENTS AT POLLS

No one is permitted to look into or be in the voting booth with you unless you are disabled and require assistance. No one is permitted to remove or write upon ballot labels or to tamper with the voting machine in any way.

This Voters Guide and other useful information for voters can be found on the League's Homepage at [*http://www.pgh.net/ctellis/lwvg*](http://www.pgh.net/ctellis/lwvg)

U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(Vote for One)

TERM: 2 years

SALARY: $ 136,672

The Congress is the legislative branch of the federal government. It is composed of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. A majority vote by both houses is necessary to pass a law. Every law concerned with taxation must originate in the House of Representatives.

QUESTIONS: 1. What do you believe are the most important components of campaign finance reform legislation? 2. List your top three congressional priorities.

4TH U.S. CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Republican

MIKE TURZAI, 38, Bradford Woods

EDUCATION: B.A., University of Notre Dame, 1981; J.D., Duke University School of Law, 1987

OCCUPATION: Partner, Law firm of Houston Harbaugh

QUALIFICATIONS: Bradford Woods Borough Council, Pine-Marshall-Bradford Woods Police Board; former prosecutor; Ethics Committee of Allegheny County Bar Association

ANSWER: 1. I support campaign finance reform that provides for quick and ultimate disclosure of contributions. Everyone should know who is supporting a candidate. Candidates should be limited in the amount of contributions they receive from out-of-state interests. Individuals should be able to contribute as much to a candidate's campaign as Political Action Committees.

2. First, I will fight for tax relief for our families. Our hard earned money should stay in our pockets, not go to a bloated government. Let's reduce tax rates, repeal the existing anti-family estate tax and cut the capital gains tax. Second, we must end the IRS as we know it, which victimizes our citizens. Taxpayers are overcharged $ 5 billion a year in erroneous penalties. A tax reform plan like the flat tax is urgently needed. Third, we must fight to make sure that parents, not government bureaucrats, control where and how our children should be educated.

DAVID F MILLER, 34, Cranberry Township

EDUCATION: B.S. Accounting, Pennsylvania State University, 1986

OCCUPATION: AVP, Program Manager, PNC Bank Corporation, Corporate Finance Department

QUALIFICATIONS: I am not a career politician. I spent five years with Coopers & Lybrand and two years with the CIA as a finance officer; the past four and one half years have been with PNC.

ANSWER: 1. Rasing the maximum individual contribution limit from $ 1,000 to at least $ 5,000. As a candidate fighting the Republican Party machine, this limit hinders more than helps the individual who is not a career politician.

2. Pro-life agenda. Cutting marginal tax rates. Giving citizens the choice to opt in or out of the social security system.

PAUL T. ADAMETZ, 33, Seven Fields

EDUCATION: Belle Vernon Area High School, 1982; Art Institute of Pittsburgh, 1985

OCCUPATION: Printer

QUALIFICATIONS: I have been in business for 14 years. I know first hand how important honesty, hard work, and fiscal reponsibility are to a business--and a nation.

ANSWER: 1. Further limitations on corporate contributions (PAC money). Allow challenger candidates the same franking privileges that incumbents have (free mailings).

2. Return this nation to a limited, constitutional government by dismantling most of the bureaucracy in Washington. Implement a national sales tax of 5-7% to be raised only by national referendum. Social security privatization.

Democratic

RON KLINK, 46, Murrysville

EDUCATION: Meyersdale High School

OCCUPATION: Member of Congress since 1992

QUALIFICATIONS: No response

ANSWER: 1. I voted early in my first term for campaign finance legislation to reduce overall campaign spending, limit contributions from Political Action Committees, and place new restrictions on independent expenditures and so-called "soft-money." Furthermore, I do not favor the use of tax dollars to pay for politicians' campaigns. I would rather see communications vouchers, permitting challengers more equal access to the media, or a VOLUNTARY tax check off. There should be greater emphasis put on small individual contributions. But getting my colleagues in both parties to agree to anything that is close to being fair campaign finance reform is proving next to impossible.

2. Maintaining and creating jobs. Preserving the Social Security Trust Fund. Managed care reform.

14th U.S. CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Republican

BILL RAVOTTI, 32, Robinson Township

EDUCATION: B.S. Finance, Indiana University of Pennsylvania

OCCUPATION: Insurance agent

QUALIFICATIONS: As a professional businessman, I have helped families and businesses solve their financial problems and plan for their future. I have seen firsthand the undue stress placed on the middle class by the heavy hands of career politicians and federal bureaucrats.

ANSWER: 1. Term limits on career politicians and abolishing million dollar taxpayer-funded Congressional pensions.

2. We need to raise the expectations of what we expect from our congressman. Unlike our current obscure congressman, I will fight for the forgotten middle class of this region by limiting the negative impact that many federal agencies--including HUD, the EPA, and the IRS--have had on this region's economy. We need to save the Social Security from the career trust raiders in Congress. Unlike my opponent, I will fight to pass the Social Security Preservation Act, which guards your benefits from Congress and preserves Social Security for future generations. End global trade deals that have devastated entire communities and the standard of living for this region's middle class.

Democratic

WILLIAM J COYNE, 61, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Central Catholic High School, 1954; Robert Morris College, 1965

OCCUPATION: U.S. Army, Korea, 1955-57; accountant, 1957-70; elected official, 1971-present

QUALIFICATIONS: Lifelong Pittsburgh resident. Served in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, 1971-72. Served on the Pittsburgh City Council, 1973-80. Served in the U.S. House of Representatives, 1981-present.

ANSWER: 1. Soft money should be eliminated and greater disclosure should be required for independent expenditures. The amount of money that wealthy candidates can spend on their own campaigns should be limited. Incentives like reduced advertising rates should be used to encourage candidates to abide by voluntary spending limits.

2. Promoting economic growth, job creation, and higher living standards by investing more money in research, infrastructure, and education and training. Protecting federal programs like Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid. Ensuring that every American has access to high quality, affordable health care.

18TH U.S. CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Republican

CRAIG STEPHENS, 31, Scott Township

EDUCATION: B.S., Duquesne University, 1989; J.D., Duquesne University School of Law, 1993

OCCUPATION: Attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: Currently serve as a commissioner in Scott Township.

ANSWER: 1. Giving less funded candidates free media coverage.

2. Lower taxes. Balanced budget amendment. Stop unfunded EPA mandates. Reform tax code.

DICK WALKER, 45, Mt. Lebanon

EDUCATION: B.S. Engineering, Pennsylvania State University

OCCUPATION: Investment advisor

QUALIFICATIONS: 13 years of public service as member of Mt. Lebanon's School Board and Municipal Commission. In-depth engineering, purchasing, and finance background. 34 yers corporate experience. Record of questioning things. Saved Mt. Lebanon significant dollars.

ANSWER: 1. Making sure all candidates have an equal opportunity to view their qualifications and stance on issues. Reduce significantly the cost of campaigns. Make Congress a 4 year term. Limit terms

2. FISCAL-Cutting the size of government, reducing taxes, balancing the budget now, reducing expenditures, reducing the national debt, giving more power back to the states and local municipalities, and improving federal procurement procedures. REGIONAL-Making sure western Pennsylvania gets its fair share of federal funds and projects. GENERAL-Get rid of the "good old boy" network in Washington, eliminate their seniority system which gives a few officials tremendous and dangerous power, enforce the code of ethics our elected representatives are supposed to follow.

Democratic

MIKE DOYLE, 44, Swissvale

EDUCATION: Penn State University, B.S. 1975 Graduate, Leadership Pittsburgh

OCCUPATION: U.S. Congressman representing Pennsylvania's 18th District

QUALIFICATIONS: Completing my second term as Congressman; co-owner of small insurance agency; 16 years as Chief of Staff to PA Senator; married 22 years 4 children

ANSWER: 1. We need a fair and open debate in Congress. So far the Republican leadership has denied this. Too much money is spent on campaigns. To begin to address this we must restrict or eliminate "soft" money contributions. Voluntary spending limits would help encourage campaigns based on issues rather than TV commercials.

2. Too often our young people leave the area to find jobs. I will lead an effort to retool our local economy, showcasing our universities and trained workforce to make Pittsburgh a new center for high-tech jobs. Continue to preserve and protect Social Security and Medicare so that they will continue to work now and in the future. Work for passage of a new Patient's Bill of Rights that will reform and regulate HMO's and require them to give policy holders choice and easy access to doctors and medical procedures.

MARY BETH HACKE, Failed to reply

20TH U.S. CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

FRANK MASCARA, 68, Charleroi

EDUCATION: B.S. Education, California University of Pennsylvania, Summa cum laude

OCCUPATION: United States Congressman

QUALIFICATIONS: Small businessman, public accountant, former County Controller, Chairman of Board of Washington County Commissioners, and three years as U.S. congressman.

ANSWER: 1. Individual campaign spending limits coupled with free television time for candidates. Reasonable limits on amount given to candidates by major political parties. Limits on amount given to candidates by PACs.

2. Economic growth--continue to assist existing employers to expand and by attracting new businesses through investments in transportation infrastructure and new water and sewer systems. Protect Social Security and Medicare--federal government surpluses should be used to guarantee benefits for future generations. Education--educational investment is an investment in our future. Highly trained and motivated teachers, small class sizes, job training and retraining, and access to higher education are basic fundamentals.

SENATOR IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

(Vote for One)

TERM: 4 years

SALARY: $ 58,341

The General Assembly is the legislative branch of the state government. It is composed of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. A majority vote of both houses is necesssary to pass a law. The Senate approves executive appointments while it is in session.

QUESTION: List your top three legislative priorities.

38th STATE SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

BONNIE DICARLO, 55, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A. Carlow College; M.A., Northwestern University; licensed securities broker; Certified Financial Planner

OCCUPATION: Financial planner

QUALIFICATIONS: Educator at Community College of Allegheny County North Side campus for 18 years; financial planner and business owner (Lampe Grimm DiCarlo Financial Consultants) since 1981; professional musician; active in various local and national political campaigns; wife and mother

ANSWER: Provide incentives to attract companies with good-paying jobs to locate in our region; help develop unified economic development plan by bringing together community leaders, business leaders and elected officials; increase the availability of loan monies for start-up businesses. Provide oversight that insures access to quality health care for all; showcase the recommendations of the current Allegheny County Managed Health Care Study.

Partner educators and business leaders to provide the education and training for our children and adults that will lead to long-term employment in jobs of the future. This will bolster our tax base, keep our young people here, and lead to thriving neighborhoods.

LEONARD J BODACK, 65, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Pittsburgh Academy, Point Park College, U.S. Marines

OCCUPATION: State Senator, 38th District

QUALIFICATIONS: Success in bringing jobs and economic opportunity to the 38th District over a 20 year period. Leadership position assuring voters that health care, education and jobs will remain in the forefront.

ANSWER: Passage of Diabetes Education and Supplies Insurance Act. Provide funding to reduce class size in elementary grades. Prohibit ATM surcharges.

4Oth STATE SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Republican

MELISSA A HART, 36, McCandless Township

EDUCATION: North Allegheny High School; Washington & Jefferson College; University of Pittsburgh School of Law

OCCUPATION: Attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: Extensive knowledge of law and government as a result of two previous terms in office and law practive. Lifelong resident of district.

ANSWER: My legislative priorities are property tax reform, charity tax credit, education reform, including parental rights, and drunk driving legislation

Democratic

BOB SEIBERT, JR, 45, Harmar Township

EDUCATION: Attended Saint Colman and Saint Maurice; graduated Springdale High School, 1970. Subsequently, earned college degree from Slippery Rock State

OCCUPATION: Small business owner, real estate and marina

QUALIFICATIONS: Served on Harmar Township's Planning, Zoning, Water Authority and Board of Supervisors. I am truthful and use common sense while proudly serving our citizens.

ANSWER: We need to pass the following three laws. We must completely eliminate school taxes now. Provide free and safe day care in our existing public school systems. Stop abusive HMO insurance practices that restrict our choice of emergency room access, doctor choice and force HMOs to pay complete medical supply needs.

42nd STATE SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

JACK WAGNER, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.S. in Safety Management, Indiana University of Pennsylvania

OCCUPATION: State senator

QUALIFICATIONS: A person that listens well and has a keen sense of understanding the needs of the people. Pennsylvania Senate since 1994. Past President of Pittsburgh City Council. U.S. Marine Corps Infantry in Vietnam. Former corporate safety engineer. Former Pittsburgh small business owner.

ANSWER: Making Allegheny County and southwestern Pennsylvania strong economically. In additon, reforming Allegheny County government is critical to the future of southwestern Pennsylvania. Supporting economic development initiatives, including growth of high-tech industries and the manufacturing industry. This includes the upgrading and improvement of transportation infrastructure and better utilizing the new Pittsburgh International Airport.

REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

TERM: 2 years

SALARY: $ 58,341

The General Assembly is the legislative branch of the state government. It is composed of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. A majority vote of both houses is necessary to pass a law. Every law concerning taxation must originate in the House of Representatives.

QUESTION: List your top three legislative priorities.

16TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JIM ROOKER, Failed to reply

Democratic

SUSAN LAUGHLIN, 66, Conway

EDUCATION: Ambridge Area Schools

OCCUPATION: State Representative

QUALIFICATIONS: 10 years experience in office. 16 years working in legislative office.

ANSWER: Economic development to bring and retain jobs in our area. Tax reform to reduce property taxes. Education reform to make sure every student receives a good education.

19TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

LARRY SHANNON, 49, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A. Sociology, Bishop College, Dallas, Texas; Social psychology, Howard University, Washington, DC

OCCUPATION Community relations consultant, mental health, mental retardation, drug and alcohol

QUALIFICATIONS: Creative, compassionate, committed. Knowledge of the issues facing the people of the 19th District.

ANSWER: Taxes. Creation of jobs. Building safer communities.

Democratic

MARK A BRENTLEY SR, 41, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Perry High School 1975, Associate degree, Community College of Allegheny County, 1994

OCCUPATION: Laborer, City of Pittsburgh/Dept. of Public Works and community activist

QUALIFICATIONS: Democratic committeeman for 20 years, volunteer throughout Northside communities in various positions, i.e., parent representative, President and founder of a community based organization, ward officer, host and producer of a self help program that airs on PCTV 21, community access television, The Do-For-Self hour. I also produce a live call-in voter education awareness program semi-annually.

ANSWER: Top three legislative priorities: A. Development of a six year Do-For-Self plan of action. It is no secret that six of the eight poorest district in the state are located in the 19th legislative district. The plan would address the unemployment problems, the University of Pittsburgh's benchmark reports, and explore the non-traditional ways of job creation and training. Identifying the districts economic strengths; i.e. what can the district manufacture, market, and distribute on a global basis to create business opportunities. B. Election reform. Begin discussions about an open primary system. Increase voter participation. Create a permanent get out to vote team 30 days before each election. C. Address youth violence through the district by promoting youth and family literacy. Waging a war against family illiteracy will increase and promote the do-for-self philosophy: "Never depend on others to do for you what you should be doing for yourself."

WILLIAM RUSSELL ROBINSON, 46, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A. Political Science, Ohio State University; M.A. Political Science, Duquesne University

OCCUPATION: State representative

QUALIFICATIONS: Eighteen years in public office. Educational background.

ANSWER: Public funding of sports facilities. Education. Protection of good credit standing.

20TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

DON WALKO, 45, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.S. Accounting, Pennsylvania State University, 1975; J.D., Dickinson School of Law, 1978

OCCUPATION: State Representative, attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: Hard-working with a strong belief in representative democracy.

ANSWER: A. Investment in job creation programs such as the Pennsylvania Industrial Development program and increased investment in high-tech vocational education. B. Laws giving police, prosecutors and judges tools to combat the nuisance and quality of life crimes that plague city neighborhoods. C. Increased funding for Basic Education and the reconfiguration of the funding formula for Special Education that is skewed against urban and rural school districts.

21ST LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

FRANK J PISTELLA, 47, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A. History, John Carroll University; Certificate, Harvard School of Government, 1985; J.D., Widener School of Law, 1995

OCCUPATION: State Representative

QUALIFICATIONS: Almost 20 years experience in state legislature. I have dealt with issues ranging from lead paint abatement in residential and public buildings to improving health care access for the elderly.

ANSWER: My top priorities now are the restructuring of workforce funding and training in Pennsylvania; instituting changes in the retirement standards for Allegheny County probation officers; and reviewing long term health care issues for disabled, handicapped, and elderly individuals.

22ND LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

TIM REITMEYER, 46, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A., University of Pittsburgh

OCCUPATION: Realtor

QUALIFICATIONS: Life long resident of the district with 24 years business experience and community involvement, along with a strong desire to end the decline and stagnation of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County caused by the neglect and old fashion politics of the incumbent.

ANSWER: The decline and stagnation of our region is forcing an unhealthy tax burden on our residents, especially senior citizens. I will push for economic growth and use its accompanying tax revenues to reduce taxes. Privatize the state stores, with the profits from their sale being returned on a per county basis for economic development and tax relief. Reduce the size of the state legislature 40%, thus making it more productive and cost efficient. Our legislature is one of the largest and most costly in the country. A reduction in size will bring both productivity increases and cost effectiveness.

Democratic

FRANK J GIGLIOTTI, 55, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: South Hills High School; completed training for operating engineers, 1969; Carnegie Mellon University Managerial School, 1984; Project Leadership: American Public Works/America Beautiful, Inc.

OCCUPATION: Member, House of Representatives, 22nd Legislative District

QUALIFICATIONS: Special Assistant to Director of Public Works, City of Pittsburgh; Superintendent of Public Works, City of Pittsburgh; Vice President, Jolar Enterprises, Inc. Pittsburgh South restaurant

ANSWER: Neighborhood schools. Tax reform. Defeat ComPac 21

23RD LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

GENE SHECK, 56, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Fulton Elementary, Peabody High School, University of Charleston, Cleveland Marshall Law School

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Broker

QUALIFICATIONS: My professional adult experiences in the fields of real estate, law, social work, juvenile court, insurance, auctioning have provided me with an excellent foundation of very important and vital issues that personally affect the lives of all individuals and their families.

ANSWER: The constituents of the 23rd District which includes Squirrel Hill, Greenfield, Hazelwood, Glenwood, Glen Hazel, Point Breeze, Oakland have personally told me that they are interested in favorable results as to the revitalization of the LTV Steel works site, Mon Valley Expressway, and reduction of property taxes. As their representative in Harrisburg, I will be their voice working very hard to bring about favorable accomplishments in these areas.

DAN FRANKEL, 42, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.S. Political Science, Kenyon College, 1978

OCCUPATION: Vice President, Hilb Rogal and Hamilton, Inc.

QUALIFICATIONS: Extensive experience in the private, public and nonprofit sectors including: Baord member and Treasurer, Urban Redevelopment Authority of Pittsburgh; President, Jewish Family and Children's Service; Past Chairperson, Pennsylvania Jewish Coalition.

ANSWER: Supporting our region's efforts to create economic growth through a coordinated bipartisan effort among locally elected officials to obtain additional resources from Harrisburg that will leverage investment from the private sector. Strengthen public education by restoring state funding to levels that account for inflationary trends. Funding must be linked to higher standards of accountability for teachers, administrators, and school boards. Build partnerships with the nonprofit/philanthropic sectors to deliver human services.

24TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

JOE JACKSON, 59, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: High School Diploma. Attended University of Pittsburgh, major in Public Administration

OCCUPATION: Businessman, owner of JJs Janitorial Cleaning

QUALIFCATIONS: Meet age requirement. Meet residency requirement. Registered voter.

ANSWER: Education, including support of the Early Childhood Initiative. Adequate support for senior citizens. Economic development, revitalizing the community with incentives to remodel homes, jobs and support for existing and new business development in the area.

JOSEPH PRESTON JR, 50, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Westinghouse High School; B.A. Policy and Psychology, University of Pittsburgh

OCCUPATION: Full time Legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: Re-elected 7 consecutive times. I vote for and take representing Pennsylvanians seriously.

ANSWER: Improving education funding. Customizing jobs training for jobs that exists. Build more affordable housing.

25TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

JOSEPH F MARKOSEK, 48, Monroeville

EDUCATION: B.A., University of Notre Dame

OCCUPATION: Legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: Served eight terms as legislator. Also member of the Allegheny County Port Authority Board of Directors

ANSWER: Better services and more options for mentally retarded. Transportation/road building and mass transit. Economic development.

27TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

TERRI L KUHN, 37, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION, B.S. Biology, University of Pittsburgh; M.B.A., Duquesne University; attending Duquesne University School of Law

OCCUPATION: Law Student

QUALIFICATIONS: Republican Committee Woman, City of Pittsburgh. I am organized, conscientious and compassionate. I have a high level of energy, enthusiasm and creativity which I will diligently use to encourage economic and infrastructure development in the area.

ANSWER: Education incentives/corporate partnerships. Business development. Infrastructure development.

Democratic

THOMAS C PETRONE, 60, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Crafton High School. Attended Carnegie Institute of Techology

OCCUPATION: Legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: Served in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives since 1980 and served as Chairman of the Urban Affairs Committee since 1993.

ANSWER: Municipal Authorities. To review, finalize and complete the inquiry into Municipal Authorities and the Act as directed by my House Resolution 84. Education. Adequate support for our schools so our children can have the academic and vocational tools to compete. Economic Development/Community Revitalization. I support legislation addressing the eradication of blight by giving local governments tools to effectively deal with slum and absentee landlords; to spur growth in our downtown areas; and provide economic incentives to enhance development and job creation and retention.

MICHAEL WATTICK, 25, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A., Duquesne University, 1995

OCCUPATION: District representative for Congressman Ron Klink for three years. I resigned my job March 1st to campaign full time.

QUALIFICATIONS: Working for Congressman Klink I learned how to make government work. I can inject new, hard working leadership into state government for the taxpayers of this district.

ANSWER: Elimination of excessive perks now enjoyed by the legislative body, i.e. double dipping through per-diems, car leases and mileage reimbursement. Our money needs to get out of their pockets and into our region. Our citizens should have access to health care and affordable medicine. Pennsylvania today has managed dollars, not managed care. The middle and ***working class*** are the forgotten children of Pennsylvania. We need to restore the minimum wage to a level that gives people incentive to work.

28TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JANE C ORIE, 36, McCandless

EDUCATION: Franklin & Marshall College, Duquesne University School of Law

OCCUPATION: Attorney, legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: My professional career has been dedicated to public service. As a veteran prosecutor, I have represented and protected Pennsylvanians in the courts. I am active in taking Pennsylvania forward.

ANSWER: Local tax reform. Education reform. Managed care reform.

DOUGLAS P YAUGER, 43, McCandless

EDUCATION: B.A Political Science, University of Pittsburgh, 1977; B.A. History, University of Pittsburgh, 1977; J.D, University of Pittsburgh, 1982

OCCUPATION: Attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: Parent, homeowner, taxpayer

ANSWER: Return control of education to parents and school boards. Reduce overall tax burden and size of state government. Foster healthy business climate so our children can remain in Pennsylvania.

Democratic

NO CANDIDATE FILED

29TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JOHN A MAZZIE, 39,Ross Township

EDUCATION: Robert Morris College, 2 years, economics; continuing at Community College of Allegheny County

OCCUPATION: Port Authority bus operator

QUALIFICATIONS: Twelve years in private sector management. Owner of small business for two years. Ross Township committee person. Transportation committee.

ANSWER: Continued support of welfare reform. Changes for better education for our children. Make Pennsylvania a more business friendly state. New business creates more and better paying jobs.

Democratic

DAVID J MAYERNIK, 45, Ross Township

EDUCATION: A.A., Community College of Allegheny County, 1972; Allegheny County Police Academy, 1975; B.A., 1974, M.P.A., 1981, University of Pittsburgh; J.D., Widener University School of Law, 1993

OCCUPATION: State representative, attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: No response

ANSWER: My priorities are to promote economic growth and development through lower taxes, job retention, and new job development as well as redesign the regulatory climate so that it allows for economic prosperity. It is imperative that we reduce the cost of government without reducing services. In the final analysis, government must operate like a business does: with efficiency and accountability. In order for us to have lower taxes, we must lower the cost of doing business in our Commonwealth. Some of my legislative proposals that I have introduced this session that are consistent with the aforementioned principles are to reduce the size of the Pennsylvania General Assembly, freeze the property taxes of senior citizens, and my support for the homestead exemption.

30TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JEFFREY E HABAY, 31, Shaler Township

EDUCATION: The American University, B.A. Criminal Justice, Law & Society

OCCUPATION: State Representative for Shaler, Hampton, O'Hara and Fox Chapel

QUALIFICATIONS: Treasurer O'Hara 1991-94, Legislative Assistant Congressmen Bill Clinger and Ken Kramer Volunteer Senator John Heinz Republican Committeeman

ANSWER: Reduce unfair taxes. Sponsoring legislation to cut income taxes on all wage earners. Helped eliminate 2% Annuity Tax and 6% Widows Tax. Cosponsored cut of corporate net income tax from 12.25% to 9.99% & slashed computer services tax to create new jobs. Continue to push for new job creation. Sponsored law creating $ 75M grant & loan program to businesses for modernization. Continued support for education and public safety. Brought increased funding to local school districts.

DAN ANDERSON, 29, Hampton

EDUCATION: Hampton High School; Business Adminstration, Pennsylvania State University

OCCUPATION: Property manager, realtor

QUALIFICATIONS: Former state representative, 31st District (eliminated in redistricting), 1991-92. Elected to Hampton Township Council 1995, currently Vice President of council.

ANSWER: Lowering taxes. Creating jobs. Reduce state government. Pennsylvania's corporate net income tax is one of the highest in the nation and higher than all surrounding states. In 1997 Pittsburgh ranked dead last in job growth nationwide. And the population is plummeting. Hundreds of companies moved out of state; thousands of jobs were lost and families left too.

Democratic

THOMAS C SUNDAY, 45, Shaler Township

EDUCATION: North Hills High School; Associate degree, Community College of Allegheny County; B.S., La Roche College

OCCUPATION: District sales manager, North Hills News Record; owner, Sunday's Sport Shop

QUALIFICATIONS: Business owner over 17 years. Homeowner and taxpayer with a long history of community involvement and service. Past township commissioner and member of the North Hills Council of Government. I served as a member of the public safety, recreation, public works and chairman of the personnel and recycling committee.

ANSWER: Cutting our surplus taxes out of our current state legislature's past and future budget. Creating term limits for our legislature and decreasing the number of legislators. Cut property taxes by getting the state to increase money for education and schools.

32ND LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

ANTHONY M DELUCA, 60, Penn Hills

EDUCATION: Westinghouse High School; Community College of Allegheny County, Real Estate & Political Science

OCCUPATION: Full-time legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: Incumbent since 1983; served 2 years on Government Study Commission, 5 1/2 years councilman, 2 years deputy mayor, 15 years state legislator.

ANSWER: HB 1802-An Internet site with information on nursing homes. HB 1741-An Internet site to include "physician profiles." HB 2172-In the event of a court-ordered increase in tax rates, Allegheny County, the school districts and municipalities therein must reduce their millage rates accordingly.

33RD LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JONATHAN B SKEDEL, 43, Cheswick

EDUCATION: United High School, 1973; Johnstown VoTech RHUAC, 1975

OCCUPATION: Director of Business "Miss Molly Corp."

QUALIFICATIONS: 25 years of business experience

ANSWER: States rights. Do away with property tax. Bring jobs to Pennsylvania.

Democratic

FRANK DERMODY, 46, Oakmont

EDUCATION: B.A., Columbia University; J.D., Indiana University School of Law, Bloomington, IN

OCCUPATION: State representative, 33rd district

QUALIFICATIONS: Former Assistant District Attorney, Allegheny County; former district justice, Oakmont and Verona; former legal advisor, Allegheny County district justices

ANSWER: Abolish property taxes to pay for schools. Impose regulations on HMOs and managed care organizations to guarantee access to health care. Adoption of legislation to protect our rights to privacy and continue efforts to improve our criminal justice system and our judiciary system.

34TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

GARY J ENGLISH, 42, Wilkinsburg

EDUCATION: ICM School of Business, specialized business degree, major: Computer Management

OCCUPATION: Assistant marketing director

QUALIFICATIONS: Chairman of Voice PAC, a committee dedicated to educating Pennsylvanians on constitutional issues through the internet medium. Active in County Commissioner, assessment and Regional Asset District meetings

ANSWER: Repealing Allegheny County's 1% sales tax. Property assessment reform: Making assessments revenue neutral. Rollback the 1995 Legislature's pay raise. Until then, I will not accept the pay increase

HART HILLMAN, 44, Edgewood

EDUCATION: B.S., B.A., M.B.A., J.D. degrees

OCCUPATION: Self-employed consultant, President of The Hillman Group, Inc.

QUALIFICATIONS: Father of three children, property owner and taxpayer deeply rooted to this region, dependent upon its economic prospects and dedicated toward improving the quality of life and opportunity this region currently has to offer. Past public finance banker with knowledge of the region's need for infrastructure improvements and tax relief.

ANSWER: To create a bipartisan coalition of this region's legislators to ensure that Southwestern Pennsylvania get its fair share of state funding from Harrisburg. To take every possible step towards improving the economic viability of the region through greater corporate (small business) tax and worker's compensation reform. Community empowerment.

REGIS F GRIFFIN, 37, Edgewood

EDUCATION: University of Pittsburgh, BS Information Science 1997

OCCUPATION: Computer Project Leader, Federated Investors

QUALIFICATIONS: President, Edgewood Borough Council

ANSWER: To work toward economic development via tax reductions and improvement in infrastructure. To support, protect and promote small business. Work on issues related to veteran's affairs and state's rights.

Democratic

GERALDINE HOMITZ, 60, Wilmerding

EDUCATION: Graduate Westinghouse Memorial High School, Wilmerding; manager's license in cosmetology; diploma in floral design from ICS; completed course from Local Government Academy; completed course in administering police service in small communities; course in crime prevention for law enforcement and businesses from U.S. Department of Justice

OCCUPATION: Businesswoman; own a craft and gift shop; teach floral design for Community College of Allegheny County

QUALIFICATIONS: Retired from mayor of Wilmerding Borough after 12 years, during which time I worked with most government agencies.

ANSWER: Improving the transportation system, roads specifically, which are of prime concern to everyone. Attracting new business to our area, thus providing employment to our people. Address the tax structure.

JAMES SCHLANGER, 53, Swissvale

EDUCATION: B.S. in Business Administration, Robert Morris College; graduate, Computer Systems of Pittsburgh

OCCUPATION: Field auditor, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

QUALIFICATIONS: No response

ANSWER: Campaign finance reform--limiting the amount of contributions to state representatives. Economic development--connecting the new busway to the Mon-Valley Expressway. Private/public sector partnerships--to develop good paying jobs within our region

PAUL COSTA, 34, Wilkins Township

EDUCATION: Allderdice High School; Bachelor's Degree in Accounting, Point Park College

OCCUPATION: Deputy Prothonotary, Family Division

QUALIFICATIONS: As President of the Board of Commissioners in Wilkins Township and as Deputy Prothonotary, I bring extensive experience in local and county government to Harrisburg with first-hand knowledge of the impact the State has on our region.

ANSWER: Create climate and provide infrastructure for job creation/economic development. Provide adequate/affordable health care for our citizens; make sure that patients get care they need from HMOs. Education reform: smaller class sizes, adequate access to computers, fair share of funding from Harrisburg.

DAI MORGAN, 45, Swissvale

EDUCATION: B.F.A., Carnegie Mellon University; M.Div., Pittsburgh Theological Seminary

OCCUPATION: Director of Education and Outreach, Mifflin Avenue United Methodist Church; lecturer; editor

QUALIFICATIONS: My experience, though not in government, is in line with the roles and expectations of a legislator. I am familiar with organizational structures and dynamics, parliamentary procedures, planning and budgets

ANSWER: The 34th District should have significant input regarding both the Mon-Fayette Expresway and PAT Busway. Strengthen support for public schools; address issues involving education. Upgrade the county court system by improving facilities and increasing judges and public defenders.

BARBARA DALY DANKO, 44, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: B.A. Economics, St. Joseph's University; Accounting Certificate, Robert Morris College; M.P.A., LBJ School of Public Affairs

OCCUPATION: Financial manager, Beginning with Books, Carnegie Library

QUALIFICATIONS: The major issues facing the Legislature relate to taxes and funding. I have over 15 years experience in budget and finance in local, state and federal government.

ANSWER: My top priority is regional economic development. We need to promote industries that provide good-paying, permanent jobs for working families. The Allegheny County delegation must work more effectively to bring additional state funds into our region. We must maintain a fiscally sound, quality system of public education because our children deserve it, and our economy needs it. Corporations and workers often make location decisions based upon the quality of local public school systems and the strength of higher education in the region. I strongly support reform of managed health care to ensure access to quality care.

35TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

TOM MICHLOVIC, 52, North Braddock

EDUCATION: B.A. Political Science, University of Pittsburgh; Masters Public Administration, University of Pittsburgh

OCCUPATION: Full-time state representative

QUALIFICATIONS: 20 years experience in this office

ANSWER: Lobbyist disclosure. Mental health insurance parity. Tax reform.

CURT A VISCO, 33, East Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Woodland Hills (Turtle Creek High School) 1982

OCCUPATION: Self employed Sub Contractor

QUALIFICATIONS: Councilman East Pittsburgh. elected at large 1995

ANSWER: To cut school real estate tax you must bring in more revenues. One way is to legalize gambling to cut residential property taxes. Term limits: Twelve years is enough time to get your legislative priorities in place. After so many years they forget about the common people and stay in for their own private monarchy also for campaign finance reform. Legislate better laws! Seek more state funding for demolition of abandoned and condemned homes. Legislate better laws to allow boroughs, municipalities, townships and cities to move faster in demolition of properties.

36TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

HARRY READSHAW, 56, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Duquesne University, Pittsburgh Institute of Mortuary Science

OCCUPATION: Member, House of Representatives

QUALIFICATIONS: Incumbent, 2 terms

ANSWER: Economic development. Real estate tax reduction. Restoration of Pennsylvania's monuments in Gettysburg.

38TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

TINA M PRISTAS, 36, West Mifflin

EDUCATION: B.S., University of Pittsburgh, 1983; J.D., University of Pittsburgh School of Law, 1987

OCCUPATION: Attorney, self-employed

QUALIFICATIONS: I would bring to the House of Representatives common sense and the real world experiences of running a law practice, a household and serving as a school director.

ANSWER: Our government was created to serve, not to burden, "we the people." My top priority would be to get back to basics, lighten the burden of taxation and return authority to the rightful sovereigns, the people. Passage of Parental Rights Legislation. Neither the state nor the federal government has ever given birth to a child. Government wants the right to interfere in more and more areas of our children's lives, while demanding that parents continue to have all of the responsibilities. Increase jobs for Pennsylvanians by decreasing taxes and overreaching regulations, thereby creating an environment where business can operate profitably. We do not want government to "create" jobs because who pays government employees--we do.

Democratic

RICHARD D OLASZ, 67, West Mifflin

EDUCATION: Graduate, Homestead High School; B.S. Business and Engineering, University of Pittsburgh

OCCUPATION: Full-time legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: 18 years legislator; U.S. Coast Guard, disabled veteran Korean War; former member West Mifflin Council, 8 years; current Democratic Chairman, House Transportation Committee

ANSWER: More JOBS. Good paying jobs that can support families are in short supply. Improving roads and bridges is critical to business growth that will create jobs. Ensuring that everyone has equal access to quality health care.

KENNETH W RUFFING, 31, West Mifflin

EDUCATION: Bachelors degree in Business Administration, Robert Morris College

OCCUPATION: Insurance agent

QUALIFICATIONS: College degree; West Mifflin Councilman, 7 years, President 1994-1995

ANSWER: Tax reform. State funding for education and law enforcement. Keep and create more job opportunities in the state.

39TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

GREGORY J RIBOVICH, 41, Versailles

EDUCATION: Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration, Duquesne University; Master's Degree in Public Administration, West Virginia University; Master's Degree in Industrial and Labor Relations, West Virginia University; J.D., Howard University School of Law

OCCUPATION: Senior financial services consultant, PNC Bank

QUALIFICATIONS: I am a concerned citizen interested in helping all the people of my district who have not been properly represented and because of my past employment with the American Association of Retired Persons and the U.S. Department of Labor.

ANSWER: Cut taxes. Create new jobs. Education reform.

Democratic

DAVID K LEVDANSKY, 43, Forward Township

EDUCATION: B.A. Political Science, Labor Studies, Pennsylvania State University; M.A. Economics, Notre Dame

OCCUPATION: State Representative 1985 to present

QUALIFICATIONS: No response

ANSWER: Campaign finance reform. Property tax reform. Regional economic development/local match.

40TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JOHN SCHNATTERLY, 38, Bethel Park

EDUCATION: B.S. Urban & Regional Planning, Pennsylvania State University, 1982; M.A. Business Administration, Boston University, 1986

OCCUPATION: President of WG Marketing. Conducts market research, database marketing, customer satisfaction studies for industry

QUALIFICATIONS: Father of five. Small business owner engaged in helpting other businesses survive and grow. Former committeeman and Republican candidate.

ANSWER: Prohibit teachers from striking. They are a terrible disruption to families and harm the community. Do like 40 other states and prohibit teachers from striking. Reduce taxes. Cut the Corporate Net Income Tax which is one of the highest in the country. Reduce, with the goal of eliminating, the Capital Stock and Franchise Tax which taxes assets not income. I will be a dedicated public servant for the 40th district, serving you full-time. I will hold town meetings monthly and stay in constant contact with local leaders.

JOHN A MAHER, 39, Upper St. Clair

EDUCATION: Management/Accounting degree, Duke University; Scholarship studies, Oxford University; Australian Graduate School of Management, Rotary Fellowship

OCCUPATION: Elected State Representative 1997. Previously, founder, one of region's largest CPA firms

QUALIFICATIONS: Full-time Legislator. CPA experienced serving government, education, business and charities. Published author. Successful small businessman who has lived economic development. Long time resident. Extensive community service.

ANSWER: Lower Taxes + Less (EQ) More Opportunity that our children can raise their families here. I've voted to lower taxes and control spending so Pennsylvania can attract businesses which create family-sustaining jobs. I'll keep fighting against new taxes on pensions and investments and stay focused on education issues (local/parental control; school choice; strikes; standards).

Democratic

NO CANDIDATE FILED

41ST LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

MARTIN VICKLESS, Failed to reply

Democratic

RALPH KAISER, 47, Brentwood

EDUCATION: Bachelor Degree Business Administration, Robert Morris College, 1973; Certificate Resource Management, Pennsylvania State University, 1989

OCCUPATION: Incumbent Legislator 5 terms. Advocate for the people of the 41st District

QUALIFICATIONS: Serving 10th year in Harrisburg. Meeting the needs and addressing the concerns of the residents of the 41st District.

ANSWER: Economic development and job retention. Campign finance and lobbyist reform. Take a common sense approach to lawmaking and problem solving. Make a positive difference in peoples lives. Improve the legislative process to make it more responsible and accessible.

42ND LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

TOM STEVENSON, 45, Mt. Lebanon

EDUCATION: B.S., Pennsylvania State University; J.D., Western New England College School of Law

OCCUPATION: State Representative

QUALIFICATIONS: 7 years as a Mt. Lebanon Commissioner and over 1 year as a State Representative.

ANSWER: Economic development. Educational reform. Local tax reform.

Democratic

BOB MCMASTER, Failed to reply

44TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

JOHN R. PIPPY, 27, Moon Township

EDUCATION: B.S. Environmental Engineering, United State Military Academy

OCCUPATION: Full-time State Representative

QUALIFICATIONS: Member of Finance, Urban Affairs, Environmental Resources & Energy, and Veterans Affairs/Emergency Preparedness committees; Commissioner, Port of Pittsburgh; Officer, US Army Reserves, 99th ARCOM; volunteer fire fighter. Pennsylvania Municipal Authorities Association 1997 Legislator of the Year.

REPLY: Transportation; new construction and improvements for western Allegheny County. Continue to improve the business climate in Pennsylvania, which promotes economic growth, bringing companies to our area, while retaining the jobs already here. I will continue to work in a nonpartisan manner with local elected officials for the betterment of the communities in the 44th District.

Democratic

TOM FULLARD, 33, North Fayette Township

EDUCATION: Graduate, Mt. Pleasant Area High School; Associate Degree Specialized Technology, Pittsburgh Institute of Aeronautics

OCCUPATION: Aircraft Maintenance Technician, US Airways Pittsburgh International Airport

QUALIFICATIONS: Legislative Committee Chairman of International Association of Machinists. Five years lobbyist on behalf of members and employer, Harrisburg and Washington DC.

ANSWER: Airport economic development meeting three criteria: Should be geared toward job creation and growth, targeted at US Airways, our area's largest employer; Safeguard the future of the 911th Airwing; Address the concerns of Moon Twp. residents as well as those in surrounding airport communities. Fifty percent reduction in school district residential property tax. Replace lost revenue using existing budget surpluses. Assessment based on homeowners' ability to earn. Aid low income seniors by further raising the ceiling on the PACE prescription program.

45TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

NO CANDIDATE FILED

Democratic

FRED A TRELLO, 69, Coraopolis

EDUCATION: Robert Morris College

OCCUPATION: Full-time legislator

QUALIFICATIONS: Twenty four years experience

ANSWER: Property tax reduction. Education. Jobs

54TH LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT

Republican

TOM KLEBINE, 44, Lower Burrell

EDUCATION: B.A. Journalism, Pennsylvania State University, 1975

OCCUPATION: Sales/marketing representative for Shiflet Imaging, Alliquippa, PA

QUALIFICATIONS: Operated a small business for over 5 years; also supervised staff of over 60. I know how to work within a budget and accomplish goals effectively.

ANSWER: Reduce taxes by downsizing state government, privatizing more services and make existing department more accountable for expenditures. Attract more business and provide for growth in the area by providing tax incentives to be competitive with neighboring states. Keep our public schools under local control, not state mandates. Eliminate the teaching of all outcomes in education that cannot be easily measured by academic standards. Protect our children's future education by banning teacher strikes.

Democratic

TERRY E VAN HORNE, 52, Lower Burrell

EDUCATION: B.A., Duquesne University; J.D., Widener University

OCCUPATION: State Representative; attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: Prior service as city councilman. Served as municipal representative various public and private board memberships.

ANSWER: More affordable education for all Pennsylvanians. Additional opportunities for our young citizens. Build regional consensus on all issues (transportation, development, etc.).

COUNTY OF ALLEGHENY

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

HOME RULE CHARTER ADOPTION

Shall the Home Rule Charter contained in the report, dated January 15, 1998, of the Allegheny County Charter Drafting Committee, prepared in accordance with the Second Class County Charter Law, be adopted by the County of Allegheny?

EXPLANATION

The Home Rule Charter provides for significant changes in Allegheny County government:

Transfers substantial authority over County government from the Legislature in Harrisburg to the people of Allegheny County. Under a home rule charter, changes in county government operations will be made in Allegheny County by Council ordinance and referendum.

Eliminates the current elected three member Board of County Commissioners and replaces it with an elected Chief Executive, County Council and appointed manager.

Separates the legislative and executive authority and function by:

1. Providing a legislative County Council with 13 members elected by district and two at large. The Council will be responsible for enacting, amending and repealing county legislation, making appropriations and levying taxes. All tax votes and veto overrides require a two-thirds majority vote of the Council. The Council may also confirm or reject appointments, investigate county departments, agencies and functions.

2. Providing an elected chief Executive who will control and be accountable for administration of county government and have the power to submit, approve and veto ordinances and resolutions, veto items in the annual budget, and negotiate and award country contracts.

3. Providing an appointed professional manager with statutory authority to manage daily county operations implementing administrative policies and supervising county departments and agencies.

COST AND TAX CONSIDERATIONS

1. Expenditures by the council and executive are capped and are less than the current expenditures for three commissioners and staff.

2. The charter does not impose new taxes or change existing taxes.

3. The charter provides that current tax caps remain in place and that any change in real estate taxes requires a two-thirds vote of council.

4. The charter has an anti-windfall provision, prohibiting the county from receiving additional real estate tax revenue that exceeds five per cent of the previous year's revenue due to annual reassessment. The charter also provides that the assessment system meet accepted standards and ensure access to public assessment records.

The proposed home rule charter will not change the 130 independent municipalities in Allegheny County or their services. It will not raise or impose new taxes. It will not eliminate any county officers other than the commissioners.

BOROUGH OF BRACKENRIDGE

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

PROHIBIT BOTTLE CLUBS

Do you favor the prohibition of the operation of establishments commonly referred to as bottle clubs in the Borough of Brackenridge?

BOROUGH OF GREEN TREE

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

JOINT AUTHORITY PARTICIPATION

Shall the Borough of Green Tree join in and become a member of the presently existing joint authority known as Medical/Rescue Team South Authority, commonly known as M/RTSA, which Authority is currently existing and created for the propose of providing emergency medical services to the participating member municipalities?

TOWNSHIP OF INDIANA

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

PROHIBIT BOTTLE CLUBS

Do you favor the prohibition of the operation of establishments commonly referred to as bottle clubs in the Township of Indiana?

WEST DEER TOWNSHIP

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

HOME RULE CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shall the West Deer Township Home Rule Charter be amended by abolishing the consecutive two (2) term limit for the office of Supervisor, as more fully described in Township Ordinance 275?

WEST DEER TOWNSHIP

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

HOME RULE CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shall the West Deer Home Rule Charter by amended by abolishing the office of elected Manager-Secretary and replacing it with an appointed Township Manager and Township Secretary, as more fully described in Township Ordinance 275?

WEST DEER TOWNSHIP

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

HOME RULE CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shall the West Deer Township Home Rule Charter be amended to require the appointment of a Treasurer, as more fully described in Township Ordinance 275?

WEST DEER TOWNSHIP

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

HOME RULE CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shall the West Deer Township Home Rule Charter be amended to provide that in the case of removal, the Police Chief retains the same protections with regards to promotions and discharge as police officers of non-charter Second Class Townships?

WEST DEER TOWNSHIP

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

HOME RULE CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shall the West Deer Township Home Rule Charter be amended by changing the Auditor from an elected position to an appointed position, as more fully described in Township Ordinance 275?

BOROUGH OF WHITEHALL

SPECIAL ELECTION QUESTION

PROHIBIT BOTTLE CLUBS

Do you favor the prohibition of the operation of establishments commonly referred to as bottle clubs in the Borough of Whitehall?

VOTERS GUIDE PRIMARY ELECTION

**Load-Date:** May 28, 1999

**End of Document**



[***AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-92J0-002B-H55C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

WEDNESDAY MARCH 24, 1993

MINNEAPOLIS

5:15 p.m. There is so much activity at Southside Family School right now you'd think we were getting ready for a school picnic. Everybody's in a scramble.

"Mom, did you bring my blanket?"

"Did we pack all of the work sheets?"

"What time is the bus coming?"

"No honey, those snacks are for later."

Everybody's coming to wish a safe trip to our group of 17 fourth-, fifth- and sixth-graders, five teachers and 11 other adult and teenage tagalongs. It has taken Family School two years to get to this moment, which began as a passing thought between office manager Bobbie Johnson and teacher Susan Oppenheim. "Wouldn't it be nice if these kids could see Mississippi and learn about the civil rights movement?"

The alternative school got really serious about putting the trip together last summer. Donations have come in large and small from foundations and companies but mostly from just plain folks putting in a dollar here and a few dollars there. Oppenheim, whom everybody calls "Susie," put together a curriculum based on children's participation in the civil rights movement. Over the last two months the kids have been deluged with names, dates and events - some famous, many not.

So now, we are getting ready to spend the next 11 days on a bus going through Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee.

Everybody's hugging and kissing and crying outside the school in the heart of Whittier neighborhood.

"Will you sit with me?" asks a tearful Sheila Haug, 10.

I take my seat next to this slight little girl and give her a hug. We're not even out of the parking lot and she's already missing her family something fierce.

You'd think we were never coming back. But if best guess proves right, we won't come back quite the same.

5:45 p.m. Sheila isn't crying anymore. But has matter-of-factly informed me that she intends to cry every 30 minutes because she misses her mom.

Susie has passed out work sheets and is quizzing the kids with flashcards. Sindiswa Bediako, the most outspoken 9-year-old to ever walk the face of the Earth, is shining a flashlight on the cards as Susie yells out her questions.

"1619. What happened in that year?"

"The first slave ship lands on American soil," the kids scream.

"1955."

"Emmett Till was killed."

"What else?"

"The Montgomery bus boycott started."

The question and answer session goes on for about 30 minutes. And Sheila hasn't cried again yet. She's preoccupied with coloring the map of the United States that's at the end of her workbook.

10:30 p.m. I thought 9-, 10- and 11-year-olds went to bed early. This bus sounds like high-noon recess.

"What if the bus breaks down in the middle of nowhere?" Sheila asks.

I tell her we'll just wait for help.

"What if it starts to rain or storm or something?"

"We'll just wait 'til it blows over."

"You know, some people don't like me because I talk too much," she informs me. "But I like talking, it's fun."

It's gonna be a long night.

THURSDAY MARCH 25 1993

CROSSING THE MISSOURI/ARKANSAS LINE

7 a.m. We wake up in the Ozarks. Among other things, the kids notice there is no snow. The trees are leafless and gray, but jonquils are in bloom in some of the front yards we pass. Red clay trails. Laundry outside on lines. Real peaceful.

Haven't heard any freedom songs yet. Only Sheila singing along to "I Will Always Love You," on her headphones or 12-year-olds Max Anton and Jamaran Hawkins, rapping to "Ain't Nothing But a G-Thang." Yolonda Hare and Jamila Henderson, both 10 years old, are giggling about something.

Midmorning. Ambition. Personality. Opportunity. Preparation. These words are inscribed on the facade of Central High School in Little Rock., where we're standing now. Our first major stop. The kids have been drilled on the integration of this school by the group of black students known as the Little Rock Nine. The one the kids remember the most is Minnie Jean, because she poured a bowl of chili over the head of a white student who was tormenting her in the cafeteria.

3:30 p.m. This day is beginning to feel like a wild goose chase. We crossed into Mississippi in midday, and it feels like we've been all over the state, trying to catch up with Bob Moses and Dave Dennis. Both are former members of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). They came of age in the Mississippi Delta registering rural blacks to vote when casting a ballot meant losing your life. Now years later Moses and Dennis are back, trying to save lives again, this time through a math program called "The Algebra Project." It's designed to get children of color interested in the math concepts they'll need to master in order to pass college boards. The men have brought it to the Delta to finish the job they started decades ago, in a region that's still suffering from poverty.

Near dusk Finally caught up with Dennis and Moses. It was worth the wait. While they spun compelling tales of life under the gun and answered just about every question 10-year-old Nate Nasuta and 12-year-old Clotese Richardson threw at them, the best thing they did was introduce us to Mattie Pilcher.

You may never see her name in a history book. But her family kept the movement safe in Greenwood, Miss., in the summers of the early 1960s. Her father allowed members of SNCC to live in his home when no one else would. His place became a freedom house. Moses often stayed with the Pilchers.

Now that he and Dennis are back they call on Mattie Pilcher every now and then to cook them a meal or give them a place to rest.

Pilcher, 79, stands in the aisle of our bus, under the loving gaze of Moses and Dennis, telling us about progress and trouble she's seen, then and now.

"I thank God for Mr. Moses," she said. "They came in here and really changed things. These white folks was mean and I wouldn't of wanted to face 'em, but they stood up to 'em and told them what we wanted.

"But now, it look like it wanna go back. Our biggest problem is our young black boys with the drugs. Why, when the movement left, did the drugs come in? Before, colored wasn't killing colored, but now colored are killing colored. The jails are just crowded with our young black men like those that are on this bus, from 12 and up.

"I just don't know which a'way to go hardly sometime."

FRIDAY MARCH 26, 1993

JACKSON, MISS.

Late morning. None of these children had been born when the National Guard opened fire on students at Kent State University. But neither were they around when the same thing happened at Jackson State.

We're standing in the middle of campus and Jennifer Gatlin, 24, a graduate of Jackson State, is telling us campus lore.

May 14, 1970, the guard opened fire on students protesting inadequate funding and unsafe living conditions at the school. Phillip Gibbs, a student there, and James Earl Green, a high school student walking through campus, were killed.

After hearing the story the kids run over to their memorial on campus. While Kent State will remain prominent in the minds of most Americans, Jackson State will have precedence in the minds of these kids.

2 p.m. At the Mississippi Supreme Court Building. The pace is getting to the kids. They're losing it. They've been to so many museums and colleges today. They've been from one blighted neighborhood to the other, hearing about their long-lost glory days. Still, it's only Day 2 of the trip and Susie senses that if she doesn't set the tone now the rest of the visit will be wasted. She hustles the kids to some empty benches in the lobby.

"Today, I've felt that you're losing sight of the reason we're here," she begins. "I don't want to see you squirrel away this enormous opportunity by being cool, staring at the ground, playing with your toys or not paying attention at all when someone's talking to you.

"This is about the real students of life. How kids changed the world, how you can change the world."

Everybody's looking at their feet, too embarrassed to fidget.

Outside, a news conference is about to start to discuss the merger of two of the state's historically black colleges with Ole Miss and the University of Mississippi. Once we're outside, however, the kids and the trip become the story for television cameras.

Debra Gilligan, one of the teachers, sits off to the side looking dismayed. She was raised in St. Cloud, Minn., and recalls that there was only one black family in the town.

"I can't tell you how many times I've been close to tears listening to these people today," Gilligan says, with her daughter Molly by her side. "I want our kids to get it, but I don't think they are when I see them jumping around like this.

"They're so privileged that they don't even really realize what other people have gone through to get to this point. In Minnesota you think that it's ended, it was in the '60s and now somebody else will handle it but not us. But just listening to people today I see it's not over. I can't believe people are still having to fight like this."

Her tears stop the words.

SATURDAY MARCH 27, 1993

ON THE ROAD TO McCOMB, MISS., 75 MILES SOUTH OF JACKSON

An ungodly a.m. hour. The way we keep rippin' and runnin' up and down these roads, you'd think the South was going someplace and never coming back. But Hollis Watkins, former SNCC member and current political activist, doesn't seem to mind the pace. He's been hanging out with us since yesterday, singing freedom songs and telling us stories of the movement. Right now, as the kids snack on doughnuts and milk, he's on the microphone at the front of the bus telling us that we've only been told half the truth about Rosa Parks' decision not to give up her bus seat.

"People like to say, 'Oh, she was tired. So tired that she just couldn't get up.' Well that's not true."

Here's the truth, according to Watkins.

As a young woman, Parks had studied methods of nonviolent civil disobedience at the Highlander Folk School, outside Nashville, Tenn. Those teachings were fresh in her mind when she made the conscious decision not to get up from her bus seat. She knew full well what she was doing, and it had nothing to do with her level of energy, Watkins is telling the kids.

Sometime before noon. Nearing McComb and Watkins is telling us what it was like to be a young black man from McComb and a SNCC worker, when being either could be a death sentence. It meant you had to be careful traveling alone anytime, day or night. It meant working in offices that could be firebombed at any moment. It meant hiding among the clothes at the black dry cleaners when the law or the lawless were looking for you.

T.J. Schulte is 12 years old and in 6th grade. She's peppering Watkins with questions. "Well then how could you buy groceries?" "How could you buy gas?" Her slender face is contorted as she tries to understand what it's like to live day to day under life-threatening oppression.

Somebody asks him if being black automatically meant you were a member of the movement back then. Watkins says no.

Noonish It's getting late and it's time for Watkins to leave us. He'll be riding back with Gatlin, who's been trailing us all morning. The kids and teachers begin to shower him with hugs and kisses. And a few of them do it with tears. If this man hadn't done what he did, we wouldn't be riding on this bus together. And it's amazing to think that the names of ordinary men and women like Watkins aren't at the tips of our tongues when we speak of civil rights heroes and heroines.

Before he leaves he reminds the children that, "there's not much distance between you or Dr. King, and you can do just as much as they did if you show commitment, a made-up mind and know no fear and be ready to fight for what you believe in."

6 p.m. It's dark outside and Susie is telling the kids a bedtime story as we ride to Montgomery. She's telling them about the attack on the Freedom Riders in Montgomery, the summer of '64. Susie, 43, is dog tired but teaching as though she was gasping her last breath. The kids are hanging on to every word, only talking when asked a direct question. Right now they'd eat out of the palm of her hand, but instead she gets them to read passages of their work sheets.

Once everybody is occupied, she collapses in a seat.

The Excelsior native has been at Family School 19 years. This school year Susie has been teaching American history with a slant on resistance movements. She is critical of the way history has been taught over the years from a very Eurocentric, middle class point of view, she says.

"A lot of multicultural curriculum is shallow," Susie says. "They'll teach about Kwanzaa or Hanukkah or Cinco de Mayo, and that's it. We need to be clear on what has shaped other cultures within the dominant culture.

"I don't think you can talk about African-American culture, Native American culture or ***working class*** white culture without talking about what was difficult and the beautiful ways people have maintained and thrived and advanced their culture.

"My responsibility as a white woman is not to be their only teacher," Susie says. "The point of the trip is to give them Hollis Watkins, (former SNCC leader) Wendell Paris."

We haven't been talking long when we're interrupted by Eric, the child who likes to do back flips off rest stop barbecue grills and who's always into something. He's got his Freedom Riders work sheet in hand.

"Did you finish it?" Susie asks.

"Yeah," he responds.

"All of it?"

"Yeah, the best part was when that guy jumped off the ledge with the typewriter to get away from the mob and he landed on a car. And there was one day when there was no violence," Eric says, walking back to his seat.

SUNDAY MARCH 28, 1993

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

11:45 a.m. We're at Holt Street Baptist Church and the Rev. Willie D. McClung is telling us that we're like the freedom riders of yesterday. King and his lieutenants began the Montgomery bus boycott in this church.

"I'm so glad to see you all, black and white, traveling together, learning together," McClung is saying. "We never again need another generation separated."

MONDAY MARCH 29, 1993

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Floyd Thomas lived the kind of life these kids have been reading about. He grew up on a plantation in southern Georgia. He lived in a two-room house set up on blocks. In that house you could see the world around you without opening a window, the walls were so loosely bound together. At times his mother caught rattlesnakes and water moccasins that would slither in through the floor boards. The house was heated by one fireplace in the front room.

The wages his father made as a sharecropper weren't enough to make ends meet, so his father often borrowed against what he made from the landowner, for food or other necessities.

Every time he borrowed, it was another link in the chain of debt. The only way to break free was to run. So one night Thomas' father left with the understanding that once he got set up in Chester, Pa., he'd send for the rest of his family.

Thomas' story has a happy ending. The family did well in Chester. All the kids finished high school, and Thomas went on to college, first in Colorado then in Moorhead, Minn., and got a teaching degree. His parents lived to see him flourish.

Thomas, now 43, is one of the teachers on this trip.

"Today it's really difficult to talk about this," he said. "You try to block it out. I feel the real heavy impact of what I lived on this trip.

"This whole trip is to show these kids that this was real. This is real. Hopefully for the children of color, they won't take hate from it. For the white kids, it may help them break that barrier of perpetrating racism."

High noon. Tuskegee University's campus is in full bloom. Grass is green, azaleas are radiant and the dogwoods aflower.

Formerly Tuskegee Institute, TU is one of the few historically black college campuses left in the nation. It's the school Booker T. Washington built in 1881, and George Washington Carver made famous with agricultural research. The school is home of the Tuskegee Airmen. It trained black pilots in World War II when no other institution would. It's also home to one of the best veterinary medicine schools in the country.

But what impresses Jamaran, Robert and Kevin the most is that the school is run and attended by blacks - that just about everybody on campus looks just like them.

"I don't care what anybody says, I'm going to this school," Jamaran declares.

"I heard that," Kevin replies.

I ask why. Kevin looks down at me from the shade of his baseball cap as though I am crazy.

"Because it's black. It's all black," he says. "There's no place in Minnesota like this that I know about."

Before I can ask another question, his attention is diverted by two lovely young coeds strolling by on the sunny spring day.

"Oh, yeah," says Kevin, "I'm going to this school."

3 p.m. It's 55 miles down Hwy. 60W from Montgomery to Selma. Hundreds walked with Dr. and Mrs. King down this road about this time of year in 1965. Marching to end legal segregation.

All of us on the bus would like to think we would have marched back then. But it's easy to raise your fist when you're not in the midst of turmoil. How many of us are involved in protest or civil rights organizations right now? So I have to ask, would we have put on our traveling shoes? Would I have been willing to die for my convictions? Am I willing to do that now?

4 p.m. The memorial room in the National Voting Rights Museum in Selma isn't much bigger than a small walk-in closet. The walls are covered with pictures of those killed in the battle for the ballot. A candle and short biography rest on a step under each picture. Medgar Evers. Viola Luizzo. Jimmie Lee Jackson. Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney. All died trying to register black voters.

A somber, unfamiliar hymn is playing on a boom box in the room. Flo Golod, Family School director, is standing beside me. She is sobbing. A sign on the door reads, "Somebody died for me and they didn't even know my name."

I cry, too.

4:45 p.m. Sitting on the oak pews of First Baptist Church in Selma. In the chancel is J.L. Chestnut, 62. Chair of the deacon's board. First black lawyer in town. The man Martin Luther King Jr. came to see in March of 1961, when King was trying to organize resistance all over the South. Chestnut wasn't a believer then.

"And I said to Martin, 'Even the black perception of God Almighty is a white man with long white flowing hair, sitting on a glorious white throne among billowing white clouds.

" 'We even think the adversary is God. How can you free a people that is that confused?' "

Years later Chestnut joined the fight. He was there the first time a small group of marchers, led by John Lewis (now a U.S. representative from Georgia) tried to cross the Edmund Pettus Bridge, gateway to Hwy. 60E to Montgomery. Bloody Sunday they called it afterward. March 9, 1965.

The group was mostly women and children, Chestnut is saying. They were approaching a phalanx of police and mounted state troopers. "I had gone over to the other side of the bridge earlier to get to a phone so I could relay to NAACP headquarters in New York what was happening.

"As they crossed the bridge, a voice said, 'Turn around and go back, this is as far as you go.' At that point John Lewis kneeled down and began to pray and the group behind him did likewise. Then a shot rang out. And after that it was total bedlam.

"Blood, beating, screaming, horses trampling women to where you could hear ribs cracking. I saw grown men coming down on top of the heads of women and children with bats, splitting heads as if they were watermelons. . . .

"It was the worst day of my life. I cried all the way back from across this bridge to this church. And I walked back into that office and I sat down and tried to sort out what I'd just seen."

Eric has apparently been more preoccupied with taking off his tennis shoe than he has been with Chestnut's story. So it's surprising when Chestnut asks if there are any questions: Eric's hand is one of the first to go up.

"Why did the men beat up the little children?" he asks softly.

Chestnut is disarmed. His head drops. He sighs heavily. Lord, how to explain racial hatred to a 10-year-old?

He tells us about slavery, its Jim Crow legacy and the mindset of a nation that would condone it. His answer is poignant. But no more so than the question from this little boy with the big glasses.

TUESDAY MARCH 30, 1993

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

3:35 p.m. You never know when you're standing in a Southern graveyard. On the side of a road. The narrow patch of land between two houses. A front yard. A piney woods thicket. We may never know all of the spots where people lost their lives in the civil rights struggle.

We're standing in one of the more famous killing grounds, the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. On Sept. 15, 1963, Addie Mae Collins, Cynthia Wesley, Denise McNair and Carol Robertson died when a bomb went off there. A segregationist group put it under a stairwell, and it blew as the girls were putting on their choir robes after Sunday school.

In better days, Sixteenth Street Baptist was a place where "negro intellectuals" and orators came to speak. W.E.B Dubois, Mary McLeod Bethune, King, Andrew Young, the Rev. Jesse Jackson. It also was the site of many a strategy meeting and confrontation between police and demonstrators.

But these walls ring with the tortured spirits of those little girls, more than any speech or sermon.

Eric asks our guide, LaSharon Harris, if Addie Mae's sister is still blind. He remembers reading that she lost her sight in the blast. Harris tells us she's still blind in one eye and is disfigured despite years of reconstructive surgery.

To this day, the church gets bomb threats on the average of once a month, Harris says.

In the back of the basement is a memorial chamber to the slain girls and church elders. Inside is a collection of laminated newspaper articles about the bombing, black and white photographs of the church before and after the tragedy. There's a plaque with the little girls' pictures on it. Richard, Josh and Colin are reading the inscription. I look at Jamila. The child has one of the prettiest shy smiles you'll ever see. Yolonda. Beads abouncing in her cornrowed hair, a Whitney Houston song never far from her lips. Kelli Johnson, a budding artist. She drew some postcards for this trip. Namibia Little, soft-spoken.

They are about the same ages as those children on the plaque.

10:15 p.m. Golod, director of Southside Family School, has been there since the early 1980s, coming from a career of political activism in tenants' unions. Golod was raised in Duluth and says she doesn't think she even knew "there was a civil rights movement when I graduated from high school in 1966. I've spent my whole life trying to catch up on what I didn't learn as a kid.

"[At the Birmingham Civil Rights Institute] I thought, God these kids are lucky. They've got something to build on. I'm glad they can see that kids like them changed the world. But the world is so ugly now, I don't envy them. God help us all, it's time again."

WEDNESDAY MARCH 31, 1993

ATLANTA, GA.

11:30 a.m. Clearly the trip is winding down now. After Birmingham, J.L. Chestnut, Hollis Watkins and Tuskegee, we're saturated.

We went to the Martin Luther King Center for Non-Violent Social Change today. Maybe it's sacrilegious to say, but it was a letdown. The Birmingham Civil Rights Institute is a tough act to follow. And it didn't appear to hold the kids' interest quite as well, although they got a big kick out of seeing King's tomb.

"He's really in there?" asks a voice behind me. "Cool."

THURSDAY APRIL 1, 1993

HWY. 78, IN TENNESSEE

2:37 p.m. Peter Oppenheim, 45. Tall, softspoken, optimistic. Originally from Boston. Teaches fifth-, sixth- and seventh-grade math. He's been with the Southside Family School since it was a Model Cities project 21 years ago. Drawn to it because it was an experiment in alternative teaching.

Peter rid his life of convention when he was a business student at Harvard University. The anti-Vietnam War and Civil Rights movements came crashing through those hallowed halls in Cambridge.

"As things began to happen, I decided that I wanted to live a life where money was not my goal, but making changes was," he said.

He moved to Minneapolis in the early 1970s because it was a city of experimentation and change. Co-ops, women's unions, alternative education.

But even such a liberal-minded man can harbor misconceptions about people and places different from himself.

"This trip has affected me greatly," he says. "It's dispelled a lot of my stereotypes of Alabama and Mississippi. I feel a certain warmth from the South that I didn't know was there.

"In terms of teaching it's shown me what a tremendous teaching device this has been."

I ask if he thinks the kids are soaking all this up. He replies, "You can't quantify what a trip like this does for kids because you can't test a kid's soul.

"You can't quantify how this trip will affect them three, five, 10 years from now. You can't tell where this trip is going to figure in when they begin to make decisions in their adult lives. They may not know the intellectual words, but they can feel."

FRIDAY APRIL 2, 1993

MEMPHIS, TENN.

9:30 a.m. On the way to the National Civil Rights Museum this morning, a few of the kids remember that Memphis is home to Graceland, Elvis Presley's estate. They want to see it. So Susie tells them this story:

There once was a black woman named Big Mama Thornton, possessor of a powerful voice. She wrote and recorded a blues song called, "Hound Dog." Now along comes this young upstart named Elvis Presley. He loves the song and the style, so he decides to do a remake of it, kind of like the way Pat Boone covered a whole bunch of Little Richard songs and made millions off of them, while Little Richard got not a dime in royalties. Well the same fate befell Big Mama Thornton. Elvis made millions off her tune, became an icon, and, depending on whom you ask, it's said that Thornton never received a penny.

"So you might want to think about that the next time somebody tells you how great Elvis was," Susie tells the kids.

Nobody asks to see the king's castle anymore.

9:45 a.m. I'm still thinking about Big Mama Thornton when I see the wreath.

It is red, white and huge. The only bright spot on an otherwise dreary stretch of balcony outside the Lorraine Motel. Tomorrow will be 25 years to the day that an assassin's bullet felled the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., on that spot. I've seen the black and white photos of Andrew Young and the Rev. Ralph Abernathy standing over King's body, on that spot. But here we are in a parking lot just a couple hundred feet from room 307.

The asphalt starts to feel like holy ground.

And to Jacqueline Smith our group is about to defile the temple.

For more than five years Smith, 42, has lived on an old, rust-colored corduroy couch across the street from the Lorraine. In 1972, she moved into the Lorraine, then a low-income housing complex. When plans to convert the motel into the National Civil Rights Museum forced tenants out in 1988, Smith was the last person to leave. She had to be removed by court order. Since then she has made it her business to stop every person entering the museum and try to persuade them to join her boycott. She's convinced all sorts of folks from Jimmy and Rosalyn Carter to rapper Ice Cube, she says.

"I'm protesting against the gentrification of the area and the exploitation of Dr. King's legacy that goes on in that museum. I will be here until a fitting tribute is put here at the Lorraine to further the cause," Smith says.

Smith wants the building to be turned into a shelter for the homeless or those with low incomes, a free college or a job training center. Maybe even placed on the National Register of Historic Places. Something that, in her opinion, would be parallel to the man's mission.

Ramona Safree, 29, doesn't want to go in. She and the other teachers break away. Clotese and T.J. don't want any part of it either. After several tense moments Ramona speaks:

"I'm going to stay out and boycott and anybody who wants to stay outside with me can. There's no wrong or right, it's purely a choice as to what feels right for you."

It is a damp, cloudy 42 degrees. The bus is gone for two hours. Apart from the museum, the only shelter is Smith's couch. A few of us look around sheepishly. This is, after all, the last stop on the trip. We've come so far. The breeze is rising and swiftly making up minds.

T.J., Clotese Richardson, Casey Jo Lodermeier and Ramona break ranks and gather around Smith. The rest of us cross the street. Halfway across, Ruby Thomasson, a 16-year-old graduate of Family School, stops and looks back at Smith. Conversion only takes a glance. Now Smith's band numbers five.

"In the spirit of this trip it just seems like the right thing to do," Ruby says.

2:45 p.m. We're heading back to the bus. The museum was nice and its gift shop bountiful, but it offered only glossy repetition of what we've been learning over the last 10 days firsthand from those involved. Susie frets that the trip has ended on "a little too much chrome."

But Jacqueline Smith was real enough for Clotese.

"I was really looking forward to going in but when we started talking to her then I decided that it was wrong to go in because it was just an exploitation of Dr. King," says Clotese as we drive away. "It would have been nice to be in some heat, but it was nice where we were because I learned something. I learned a lot from her scrapbooks, probably just as much as I would have learned inside.

"I enjoyed talking to that woman, she's a good role model."

6:15 p.m. "Hallelujah I'm a travelin', Hallelujah ain't it fine, Hallelujah I'm a travelin down freedom's main line."

We're entering the interstate and the kids are singing the song Hollis Watkins taught them. Johnson is sitting at the front of the bus (and for once she doesn't have that damn video camera glued to her shoulder). She started work at the family school in January 1989 as office manager. And she's one of the unsung heroines of this trip. She tracked down Bob Moses, Wendell Paris, Hollis Watkins and others and got them to participate without receiving one penny for their time. She did it as much for the kids as for herself.

Johnson moved to Minneapolis from Jackson, Miss., 49 years ago when she was 6 years old. Her family was one of five black families from Mississippi in her north Minneapolis block. But five on the block isn't a heck of a lot when the whole city's near lily white.

Many times on this trip she has shed silent tears.

"There I was in Minnesota and I didn't pay any attention to what was going on in the movement," she began. "It was like you were reading about it in the papers, but removed from it. I guess it's that way living in the North.

"I will admit, I did not know a lot of the things we learned on this trip. It's like I'm learning from the bottom. You know, on this trip I've seen so many professional black men and women who have taken charge and know what's going on and you just don't see that in Minnesota."

SATURDAY APRIL 3, 1993

SOMEWHERE IN IOWA

8:05 a.m. We're about 170 miles south of Minneapolis. The bus is waking up from its Southern dream. (Except for Eric and Nate who've been up most of the night having a belching contest). The rising sun gleams on white patches in the fields along Interstate Hwy 35. But that isn't cotton out there. Just snow clumps on a seemingly endless blanket of gray-gold land. Ice atop the ponds makes them glisten far more enchantingly than any we've seen in the last 10 days. Not a bud on a tree in sight. Early spring in Iowa.

Nate spots a Minnesota license plate. "We're really close now," he says, bouncing ever so lightly on the edge of his seat. Everybody on the bus becomes a lookout. Each green and white sign is checked for mileage.

9:33 a.m. Bus driver Robert Mathews grabs the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I'd like to welcome you to the mighty, the great, state of Miiiiiiiinnnesotaaaaaaaa!"

"Yea!" rocks the bus.

Now Susie steps up to the mike.

"I have voices in my head," she says. "The voices of the people we met. Your voices. All of this. We created a school on wheels. And it encourages me to know that in 1993, we can build a community and take it on a bus all the way to Mississippi and back."

One by one, others make their way to the front of the bus.

"I liked when we met J.L. Chestnut and going to Tuskegee and Spelman."

"My favorite part was protesting with Jacqueline Smith."

Now from the back of the bus comes Casey Jo. There's still a little bit of sleep on her face. She has ridden many miles on this trip sitting alone listening to music, napping or staring at the lush Southern countryside.

Wiping strands of wavy brown hair from her face she begins.

"This school has taught me a lot. Before I went on this trip I talked to two of my friends who are in public school and I asked them stuff and they didn't know very much about civil rights. Then I talked to some older kids and they didn't know anything.

"So I was really proud of us . . . and I learned a whole lot and . . . this is probably the best thing . . . that has ever happened to me."

Wavy hair falls quickly to block tears from view.

11:45 a.m. We're back at school. It's cool outside but sunny. Jamaran's aunt and her friend are here with the biggest balloon bouquet you've ever seen and a "Welcome Back" banner. Nate's mom is hugging him and he's grinning to beat the band. Sindiswa and Namibia are running upstairs to call their moms to come pick them up.

Where will this trip take us all? What of the life lessons they learned? That not everybody has to be a household name to change the world. That conviction to a cause and unrelenting struggle can force change. That nobody gives you anything and you've got to work to get what you want, be that an education or a roof overhead. Perhaps at 9, 10 and 11 years old the concepts are tough for them to grasp but in their own way these kids understand that courage and a righteous cause will propel. When we were in Jackson at the Medgar Evers Library, Wendell Paris, a former SNCC leader, told the children that the Voting Rights Act of 1965 expires again in 1997. Translation - technically, if not extended, blacks could be denied the right to vote again.

"I am a temporary citizen in the country of my birth," Paris said. "I don't have the permanent right to vote in the land of the free and the home of the brave. The civil rights struggle is never over."

Disbelief covered Sindiswa's face as Paris said this. She leaned over and and whispered urgently, "Does that mean I won't be able to vote?" Although she will still be too young to vote in four years, I nodded "yes." "That can't happen, President Clinton can't let that happen," she said emphatically. "We have to do something to stop it."

Somewhere martyred spirits are smiling. Another freedom fighter might just have been born.

Some facts about Southside

Some facts about Southside Family School:

Founded: 1971 as a part of the Model Cities project. There were four teachers and 40 students. White and black parents pulled together to start the school.

Address: 2740 1st Av. S. The school leases space in Simpson United Methodist Church.

Classification: Kindergarten through sixth grade. It began as a "private school for poor children," but in 1989 received a contract with Minneapolis Public Schools and is classified as a contract school, said Flo Golod, Family School director. The school gets state aid for 80 percent of the students.

Total number of students: 48. Sixty-one percent are children of color.

Teachers: Five full-time. Two administrators. School's board of directors composed of 12 parents and one at-large community member.

School philosophy: "We want to educate kids to become independent thinkers who respect themselves and each other," said Golod. "Translated, we want them to ask questions." Emphasis is also placed on nonviolent problem solving and democratic decision making.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Map

**Load-Date:** April 16, 1993

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[***OUR WEEKEND BEST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:6CRC-XYK1-JC8F-K02J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 14, 2024 Wednesday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 3E

**Length:** 199 words

**Byline:** ALICIA ELER; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Highlight:** ART

**Body**

ART

'Women in Soviet Art: 1930-1991'

10 a.m.-5 p.m. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sat., 1-5 p.m. Sun., Museum of Russian Art, 5500 Stevens Av. S., Mpls., $5-$14, 612-821-9045 or tmora.org

Thirty paintings by known Soviet artists showcase women working. The realistic paintings in this show portray tractor drivers, loggers, harvesters, construction workers and more, questioning masculine-feminine gender roles during the Soviet era. Ends Oct. 20.

ALICIA ELER

Dutch paintings

10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tue., Wed., Fri.-Sun., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Thu., Mia, 2400 3rd Av. S., Mpls., free, 612-870-3000 or new.artsmia.org

The paintings in this show peek into a curious time during Dutch history when the country sought independence from Habsburg Spain and was trying to assert its national identity. Dutch painters of the 1600s often portrayed scenes of daily life, still life and people in transit. Cornelis Dusart's painting "Interior With Pipe Smoker" portrays ***working-class*** figures taking it easy, like a man wearing a ruffled white collar puffing on a white clay pipe, while a dog sits nearby and other members of the house quarrel. Works in this show are part of a gift to the Minneapolis Institute of Art. Ends Aug. 25.

A.E.

**Load-Date:** August 15, 2024

**End of Document**



[***Actor Kevin Tighe ("Emergency," "Murder One") is 80. Opera singer Kathle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:6CPT-WJD1-DY6F-J1XP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 13, 2024 Tuesday

ML2 Edition

Copyright 2024 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 8

**Length:** 117 words

**Body**

Actor Kevin Tighe ("Emergency," "Murder One") is 80. Opera singer Kathleen Battle is 76. Director Paul Greengrass (the "Bourne" films) is 69. Actor Danny Bonaduce ("The Partridge Family") is 65. Actor Dawnn Lewis ("A Different World," "Hangin' With Mr. Cooper") is 63. Actor John Slattery ("Mad Men," "Desperate Housewives") is 62. Actor Debi Mazar is 60. Actor Quinn Cummings ("Family") is 57. Actor Seana Kofoed ("Men in Trees") is 54. Country singer Andy Griggs is 51. Drummer Mike Melancon of Emerson Drive is 46. Actor Kathryn Fiore ("Reno 911!") is 45. Actor Sebastian Stan is 42. Actor Eme Ikwuakor ("Marvel's Inhumans") is 40. Singer James Morrison is 40. Actor Lennon Stella ("Nashville") is 25.

**Graphic**

Grammy Award-winning opera soprano Kathleen Battle performs "Underground Railroad: A Spiritual Journey" at the Auditorium Theatre of Roosevelt University on Saturday, Sept. 30. Associated Press Associated Press" Mad Men" actor John Slattery makes his directorial debut with "God's Pocket," a independent film based on Peter Dexter's novel about overlapping ***working class*** lives, coming to the Music Box Theatre in Chicago on May 16. It's also one of the final performances by the late Philip Seymour Hoffman. Phil McCarten/Invision/AP Phil McCarten/Invision/APEme Ikwuakor arrives at the 2017 Dynamic and Diverse Emmy Nominee Reception presented by the Television Academy on Tuesday, Sept. 12, 2017, at the Saban Media Center in North Hollywood, Calif. (Photo by Phil McCarten/Invision for the Television Academy/AP Images) Vianney Le Caer/Invision/AP Debi Mazar poses for photographers upon arrival at the Burberry Winter 2024 fashion show on Monday, Feb. 19, 2024 in London. (Photo by Vianney Le Caer/Invision/AP) Scott A Garfitt/Invision/AP Sebastian Stan poses for photographers upon arrival at the premiere of the film 'The Apprentice' at the 77th international film festival, Cannes, southern France, Monday, May 20, 2024. (Photo by Scott A Garfitt/Invision/AP)

**Load-Date:** August 13, 2024

**End of Document**



[***AFL-CIO set to endorse Biden before Philly visit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:68GD-30C1-JC3R-B197-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

June 15, 2023 Thursday

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**Section:** REGION; Pg. B2

**Length:** 171 words

**Byline:** Julia Terruso and Lizzy McLellan Ravitch (Staff Writer)

**Body**

The AFL-CIO will endorse President Joe Biden ahead of his rally with union members in Philadelphia on Saturday, according to two sources familiar with the plan.

The vote of the general board, which represents 12.5 million members and 60 affiliated unions, is slated to happen Friday on a Zoom call.

Biden will speak to union members at the Convention Center on Saturday, marking the first political event of his presidential reelection campaign.

The endorsement isn't a surprise - the union also backed Biden's 2020 presidential bid - but it comes about a year earlier than the vote last time. It's the earliest the nation's largest labor organization has weighed in during a presidential cycle.

Biden has frequently highlighted his ties to and support for labor unions, and has said a number of times that he intends to be "the most pro-union president" in history.

***Working-class*** voters were a key part of his narrow win in Pennsylvania in 2020.

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JuliaTerruso and LizzyMcLell

215-854-5506

**Load-Date:** June 16, 2023

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[***AFL-CIO set to endorse Biden before Philly visit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:68G6-3SX1-JC3R-B0NF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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JuliaTerruso and LizzyMcLell

215-854-5506

**Load-Date:** June 15, 2023

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[***OUR WEEKEND BEST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:67Y6-FGW1-JC8F-K0P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 5, 2023 Wednesday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 3E

**Length:** 191 words

**Byline:** CHRIS HEWITT; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

The 39 Steps

Thursday 7:30 p.m., 3951 Central Av. NE., Columbia Heights, $12, heightstheater.com

Heights Theater's annual Alfred Hitchcock Festival continues with a rip-roaring comedy/mystery/romance in which our hero traipses all over England and Scotland, trying to figure out who's stealing British military secrets. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll play patriots who are at odds with each other, something that becomes even more awkward when they're stranded in the middle of nowhere, handcuffed to each other. Other upcoming Hitchcocks are "Rebecca," "To Catch a Thief" and "Marnie."

CHRIS HEWITT

The Minneapolis Films

Friday-Saturday 7 and 9:15 p.m., 3 & 5 p.m. Sunday, Trylon Cinema, 2820 E. 33rd St., Mpls., $8, trylon.org

Three Minnesota-shot movies by David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak get rare big-screen outings in a series they'll attend. "Loose Ends," "Patti Rocks" and "Purple Haze" are small-scale dramas that feature ***working-class*** characters interacting in '70s-'80s hangouts such as First Avenue, Mickey's Diner and others that no longer exist. Actors include Chris Mulkey who, like the filmmakers, is still creating new work.

C.H.

**Load-Date:** April 5, 2023

**End of Document**



[***House OKs pro-union bill despite dim Senate odds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:6263-9D21-JBRC-V065-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 10, 2021 Wednesday

ML2 Edition

Copyright 2021 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** BUSINESS WIRE\_; Pg. 2

**Length:** 139 words

**Byline:** Associated Press

**Body**

WASHINGTON — The Democratic-led House on Tuesday approved legislation that would invigorate workers' unions, following decades of court defeats and legislative setbacks that have kneecapped the labor movement's once formidable ability to organize. The measure, which union leaders and labor allies have presented as a cure for decades of ***working-class*** wage stagnation, was approved on a mostly party-line 225-206 vote. But it faces an all-but-certain Republican blockade in a narrowly divided Senate. The Democratic push comes in the midst of a massive organizing drive in the historically labor-resistant South, which offers a crucial test for a labor movement that is showing new signs of life after decades of atrophy. President Joe Biden, who previously pledged to be "the most pro-union president you've ever seen," supports the bill.

**Load-Date:** March 11, 2021

**End of Document**



[***In memoir, Obama tells how he chose Biden***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:619J-HBR1-JBRC-V2KJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 14, 2020 Saturday

WEB EditionNC1 EditionNC2 EditionMF12 EditionNC3 EditionNM1 EditionNC EditionNC14 EditionMC1 EditionMC3 EditionMD1 EditionML2 EditionNL1 EditionNC14C EditionNC4 EditionCLFM EditioneBlast Edition

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**Section:** NATION\_; Pg. 5

**Length:** 193 words

**Byline:** The Washington Post

**Body**

Barack Obama laid out his concerns about picking Joe Biden as his running mate in the summer of 2008. The senator from Delaware loved to hear himself talk, he didn't have a filter, and "he wasn't always self-aware," Obama writes in his new memoir. While "we couldn't have been more different," Obama writes, he "found the contrast between us compelling," along with what he called Biden's good heart, foreign policy expertise and appeal to the ***working class***. So, with the choice finalized, Obama and Biden awaited Republican nominee John McCain's announcement of his vice-presidential pick. Biden learned of the decision in a meeting with Obama from a text message on an adviser's BlackBerry. "Who the hell is Sarah Palin?" Biden said. The story of the competing vice-presidential choices is one of many anecdotes in Obama's new book, "The Promised Land," in which he defends his legacy and explains what motivated him and at times left him alarmingly distraught. The book, the first of an expected two volumes on Obama's presidency, will be publicly available on Tuesday. An advance copy was provided to The Washington Post by publisher Penguin Random House.

**Load-Date:** November 16, 2020

**End of Document**



[***A SAD FAILURE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:60T6-X8F1-DYRS-T02X-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

September 10, 2020 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-10

**Length:** 197 words

**Byline:** LEILA RICHARDS, Point Breeze

**Body**

I was dismayed to read of plans to build a center for the homeless in Downtown Pittsburgh (Aug. 26, "Health Care Giants Fund Homeless Shelter"). Did anyone consider consulting with some of the homeless about their priorities and concerns? A Downtown location may be convenient for service providers but is far from the neighborhoods where most homeless people have roots and existing connections.

The public-private partnership behind this project promises to deliver many needed services. But wouldn't the homeless be better served if this partnership had focused instead on building affordable housing and supplementing it with these services when and where they're needed? How successful will we be in guiding our homeless population into decent housing and jobs when lack of decent housing continues to drive ***working-class*** families from the city ?

Other cities have succeeded in placing homeless individuals and families in independent living with supportive services nearby. Instead we're choosing to warehouse and institutionalize the homeless - a tacit admission that we expect homelessness to remain a chronic problem, and a sad failure to consider more challenging alternatives.

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2020

**End of Document**



[***A CLEAR PLAN FOR A CLEAN ENERGY FUTURE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:60VB-R821-JC8R-300N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

September 15, 2020 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-9

**Length:** 191 words

**Byline:** LINDA BISHOP, Adams

**Body**

A Sept. 1 Post-Gazette editorial claims that Joe Biden's stand on fracking is "confusing." Actually, his position is crystal clear. "I am not banning fracking, no matter how many times Donald Trump lies about me," Mr. Biden said on Aug. 31, right here in Pittsburgh.

The 2020 Democratic Party platform makes no mention of a fracking ban. Mr. Biden has taken heat from those who support banning fracking, but he believes we can achieve a carbon-free power sector by 2035 and net-zero greenhouse gas emissions by 2050 while transitioning gradually away from fossil fuels. And he does believe there should be no fracking on public lands.

Mr. Biden has roots in ***working-class*** Pennsylvania and recognizes that the natural gas industry is a source of jobs here. For decades, he has been consistently pro-worker and pro-union. His plan calls for millions of new good-paying union jobs through investment in infrastructure, renewable energy sources and technologies of carbon capture and storage.

Joe Biden has been very clear that his plan for a clean energy future is focused on job creation, not job elimination. And there is nothing confusing about that.

**Load-Date:** September 15, 2020

**End of Document**



[***In Chicago, Bernie Sanders jabs Biden, tells backers to ‘stop complaining and ge***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5YCT-PGN1-DY6F-J095-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 8, 2020 Sunday

WEB EditionNC1 EditionNC2 EditionMF12 EditionNC3 EditionNM1 EditionNC EditionNC14 EditionMC1 EditionMC3 EditionMD1 EditionML2 EditionNL1 EditionNC14C EditionNC4 EditionCLFM EditioneBlast Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 186 words

**Byline:** Chicago Sun Times

**Body**

In Chicago, Bernie Sanders jabs Biden, tells backers to ‘stop complaining and get involved' Bernie Sanders jabbed at Joe Biden and urged an adoring youthful crowd at Grant Park on Saturday to get out the vote for him in the March 17 Illinois primary, advising them to tell their friends to "stop complaining and get involved in the political process." Sanders said at the top of his remarks "we all understand we are going to get behind the winner," and then left the unity theme to hit Biden on votes on the Iraq war, Wall Street bailout, trade agreements including NAFTA and the abortion related Hyde amendment. "This campaign is for the ***working class*** of this country," Sanders said....We have the agenda that will speak to the needs of the ***working class***." Earlier in the day, under sunny skies, people arrived at the Petrillo Music Shell in Grant Park for an afternoon rally where Sanders spoke for about an hour. Sanders flew to Chicago from Dearborn, Michigan where he was headlining a get-out-the-vote rally this morning. Michigan votes on Tuesday. The Illinois primary is March 17. For the full story, click here.

**Graphic**

Associated press Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., waves to supporters after a campaign rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday. Sanders jabbed at Joe Biden and urged an adoring youthful crowd at Grant Park on Saturday to get out the vote for him in the March 17 Illinois primary, Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., waves to supporters after a campaign rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday, March 7, 2020. (AP Photo/Charles Rex Arbogast)Associated press Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., waves to supporters after a campaign rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday. Sanders jabbed at Joe Biden and urged an adoring youthful crowd at Grant Park on Saturday to get out the vote for him in the March 17 Illinois primary, Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., speaks at a campaign rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday, March 7, 2020. (AP Photo/Charles Rex Arbogast)Associated press Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., waves to supporters after a campaign rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday. Sanders jabbed at Joe Biden and urged an adoring youthful crowd at Grant Park on Saturday to get out the vote for him in the March 17 Illinois primary, Supporters of Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., gather for a rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday, March 7, 2020. (AP Photo/Charles Rex Arbogast)Associated Press Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, works the crowd after speaking at a campaign rally. Associated press Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, I-Vt., waves to supporters after a campaign rally in Chicago's Grant Park Saturday. Sanders jabbed at Joe Biden and urged an adoring youthful crowd at Grant Park on Saturday to get out the vote for him in the March 17 Illinois primary, Associated Press Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders, works the crowd after speaking at a campaign rally.

**Load-Date:** March 9, 2020

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The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 20, 2023 Saturday

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**Section:** MAIN NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 669 words

**Byline:** Anna Orso (Staff Writer)

**Body**

**ABSTRACT**

Cherelle Parker is still recovering from a dental emergency three days after she won the Democratic nomination for Philadelphia mayor and missed her own victory party, her campaign said Friday.

Parker is "feeling better every day," her campaign said in a statement. She made a surprise appearance Friday afternoon at an awards program hosted by the Philadelphia Association of Black Journalists, where she spoke briefly and said: "I can't wait to keep my foot on the gas, and it's on. That's why I got out the bed today when they told me not to, to get down here to see you."

The former City Council member was hospitalized Tuesday for a dental emergency when she found out that she won the nomination. She was released later that night. Parker has conducted two interviews by phone - one with The Inquirer on Wednesday and one on WURD 96.1 FM/900 AM Thursday morning.

During the radio interview, she apologized "to everyone" and explained that she had put off getting a fractured root canal fixed since February because she didn't want to be pulled off the campaign trail. She ended up requiring an emergency procedure Friday, and severe tooth pain as a result landed her in the hospital Tuesday.

She said her key goal now is to "unify."

"I don't care who you voted for in this election," she said. "We go through a Democratic primary because that is the democratic structure that we work within. That's democracy in action. We did, and now it's over, and we have to unify around solving the problems that were front and center during this election."

In November, she'll take on Republican David Oh in the general election. Given Philadelphia's heavily Democratic electorate, Parker is well-positioned to prevail and become the first female mayor in city history. The winner of the general election will take office in January.

While the race for the nomination was hotly contested and polls showed a neck-and-neck race among five top contenders in the final weeks, Parker ended up winning with 33% of the vote and a commanding 10-point lead over the second-place finisher, former City Controller Rebecca Rhynhart.

Parker also came out on top of progressive Helen Gym, who was supported by U.S. Sen. Bernie Sanders and a long list of left-leaning groups, as well as Allan Domb and Jeff Brown, two independently wealthy businessmen who each poured millions into their own campaigns.

Organized labor and a bevy of Democratic elected officials backed Parker, undoubtedly giving her a boost in election-day turnout efforts. And through a moderate ideology and a compelling personal story, Parker appealed to ***working-class*** voters across the city and was strongly favored by Black and Latino voters. Democrats in more affluent, whiter neighborhoods split their votes among Parker's opponents.

Only about 30% of registered Democrats voted in the primary, so Parker was nominated by fewer than 85,000 people in a city of 1.6 million residents. That's the lowest winning primary total dating to at least the 1970s, no surprise given the nature of the divided field.

Parker has acknowledged she has work to do to unify a deeply divided city that's in the throes of any number of crises, most notably persistent gun violence that's left a large swath of residents feeling unsafe.

If she wins and takes office in January, Parker said her first priority will be implementing her community policing plan, which calls for hiring 300 new cops and making sure more officers are walking the beat and interacting with community members in then neighborhoods they police.

"We've got to work on implementing our comprehensive neighborhood safety and community policing plan," she said in a Wednesday interview with The Inquirer. "We are going to get our community-based officers walking on our streets and riding bikes. We're gonna get smarter with technology and forensics [and] support for those anti-violence organizations."

Inquirer staff writer Sean Collins Walsh contributed to this article.

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**Load-Date:** May 22, 2023

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[***WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD, PITTSBURGH, 1958***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:56DR-2CV1-JC8R-34TB-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

August 25, 2012 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL; Pg. B-7

**Length:** 78 words

**Byline:** Drew Stevenson

**Body**

Houses do not cling

To mountainsides here.

They are rooted, wooden fish scales,

On steep low hills.

Who has seen a wishbone

In a triangle

Or handled snakes on faith alone?

None here.

Beer and blistered knees

Will always rise above the night.

Neon taverns and towering spires

Are enough to hold back the fire.

There is hope in this fury

And if hope should slip away

There is still the permanence of steel.

Three rivers will never end

And peaceful moons

Will shine long after

Work is done.

**Notes**

Drew Stevenson, who grew up in Washington, Pa., and earned his graduate degree at the University of Pittsburgh, is the author of seven published children's books (six of them mysteries set in Western Pennsylvania towns). He and his wife moved from New York City to Pittsburgh in June./

**Load-Date:** August 28, 2012

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The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 18, 2022 Wednesday

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 1550 words

**Byline:** Julia Terruso and Ximena Conde STAFF WRITERS

**Body**

PITTSBURGH - John Fetterman, the Pennsylvania lieutenant governor whose shorts- and scowl-wearing persona made him something of a political celebrity, has won the Democratic primary for U.S. Senate, according to the Associated Press.

Fetterman, who entered the race as the Democratic front-runner early last year and only grew his advantage over time, had about 52% of the expected total votes as of late Tuesday night.

He will face the winner of a Republican primary that was still too early to call late Tuesday, in one of the most critical Senate races in the country. In that GOP primary, celebrity surgeon Mehmet Oz held a narrow lead after trailing former hedge fund CEO David McCormick most of the night. Conservative commentator Kathy Barnette, after a late surge in the race that shocked Republican insiders, was trailing McCormick and Oz.

As returns rolled in, Fetterman was in a Lancaster hospital, where he was recovering from a stroke he suffered just four days before the primary. His campaign said Tuesday that he underwent a procedure to get a pacemaker to regulate his heart rate.

The campaign, which didn't respond to several requests to interview Fetterman's doctors, has said doctors reversed the stroke in time to prevent any cognitive damage, and that he's expected to make a full recovery. Fetterman voted via emergency absentee ballot Tuesday and is expected to remain in the hospital for several days.

Without him, a crowd of supporters and his wife, Gisele, celebrated at an election-night rally at an airport hotel here.

"This race we're running, it's a race for the future of every community across Pennsylvania," she said. "For every small town, for every person who calls those small towns home and for every person who's considered leaving because they didn't see enough opportunities. ... It's a race for a better Pennsylvania and for a better country."

The crowd erupted in cheers as MSNBC called the race for him shortly before 9 p.m. They waved yellow Fetterman towels in the air and jumped up and down.

"I have goose bumps right now," said Phil Heasley, 31, of Butler, a Fetterman campaign volunteer. "This is someone who always showed up for us, and now it's our time to show up for him. It'd be great if he were here, but we're gonna raise the roof as if he was."

Fetterman appeared on the big screen briefly, from the hospital, saying simply: "Thank you so much for everything. From my heart, thank you for everything."

"How cute is he?" Gisele Fetterman asked after the cameo.

She spoke about her husband's unconventional style, which attracted so many to his campaign.

"It's not just that John looks nothing like a politician," she said. "It's because John doesn't act like one. At heart, he's still that hardworking, scrappy, small-town mayor."

Gisele Fetterman later told reporters her husband's health should not be an issue.

"I think anyone who would imply that he would be unfit to serve because of this procedure is also ... offending millions of Americans who have pacemakers," she said.

"And it's almost ableist, you know? I think he's going to have a full, thriving life. He's going to be able to do the same work as anyone else," she said. "But the reality is, families come with health scares. That is a very American thing. What he's gonna want to fight for is to make sure that everyone would have access to the same care that he was able to receive."

Fetterman's unconventional style helped propel his victory and represents something of a departure from years of Democratic voters in Pennsylvania nominating more centrist candidates. U.S. Rep. Conor Lamb, who campaigned as a moderate Democrat in the mold of President Joe Biden, was in second-place late Tuesday. With about 87% of the total expected votes counted, Lamb had about 23% of the vote, while State Rep. Malcolm Kenyatta had 8%.

The victory makes Fetterman the Democratic standard-bearer in one of the most hotly contested races in the country, which could determine control of the chamber. The incumbent Republican, Sen. Pat Toomey, isn't seeking reelection.

Fetterman, 52, began drawing national notice as mayor of Braddock, a small Rust Belt town outside Pittsburgh. He ran an unsuccessful campaign for Senate in 2016, and then beat a Democratic incumbent in the 2018 race for lieutenant governor.

His path to the nomination zigzagged through Trump Country, where he's tried to attract disaffected rural Democrats with a hybrid populist-progressive appeal. He spent far less time campaigning in the populous Philadelphia region, home to a huge proportion of the state's Democratic voters - though he used a formidable fund-raising advantage to blanket the airwaves there.

Fetterman had strikingly little support among elected Democrats in the state for his primary campaign - including in the state Senate chamber he presides over - though he is sure to enjoy a largely united Democratic Party in a race that's critical to U.S. Senate control.

**Lamb concedes**

Lamb, who did not appear at his election-night party to deliver remarks, sent a statement late Tuesday night.

"I entered this campaign knowing it would be tough, but I believed Democratic voters in Pennsylvania deserved a primary campaign with a real debate focused on the issues so that we win in November," Lamb said.

"Today, voters made it clear that John Fetterman is their choice to carry that effort forward."

Lamb said he respects that decision, congratulated Fetterman on his victory, and wished him a speedy recovery from his stroke.

Lamb said he'd do "everything I can to help Democrats win" in the general election.

"Our entire democracy is on the line in November," he said. "Democrats need to be unequivocally united in our defense of this democracy, and we will be. John's vote in the Senate is essential to protect this democracy, and he will have my vote in November."

Lamb had the backing of many elected Democrats in the state and argued he had the left-of-center profile that would appeal to the widest range of voters in a general election. But Lamb's campaign struggled to raise money or excite a critical mass of voters, and national Democrats, who had anointed chosen candidates in previous Senate races, largely stayed on the sidelines this time. A super PAC organized to support Lamb had little impact after raising much less than its $8 million goal.

And Lamb's own campaign largely faded in its final weeks, not announcing many campaign events.

Kenyatta, who ran on his ***working-class*** background and the historic nature of his campaign - he would have been the first openly gay Black man in the Senate - garnered some passionate support despite meager resources. But with far less money than even Lamb, he never established himself as a top-tier candidate.

**Kenyatta support**

Kenyatta addressed his supporters Tuesday night in atriumphant tone, touting the milestones achieved, including the first time an openly gay person of color was on the ballot.

"Each time one of us stands up, it inspires another person to stand up as well," said Kenyatta, encouraging people to run for office. "Each one of us adds pressure to a status quo."

Kenyatta said he called Fetter-man committing his support and asked those in the room to do the same.

"We had a tough family conversation, but now this conversation is a choice," said Kenyatta, firing up Democrats, warning them of the Republican alternative.

Campaign staffers and members of the Working Families Party, including Councilmenber Kendra Brooks, filled the room.

Supporter Melvin Calhoun, 60, said he was happy with Kenyatta's campaign.

"I'm not mad," he said. "I'm going to keep following his career."

Alex Khalil, a Jenkintown Borough Council member and the only woman in the race, ran on a shoestring budget and never broke through.

**On to general election**

Fetterman had a cash advantage from the start, with high name-ID from two statewide campaigns and an impressive small-dollar fund-raising operation like the one that powered Bernie Sanders' presidential campaigns. Fetterman had 200,000 individual donors by the end of the primary and a loyal fan base as he traveled the state.

He'll run in the general election partly on his record as lieutenant governor, alargely ceremonial job but one that includes leading the Board of Pardons, where pardons and commutations of life sentences greatly increased during his tenure. He'll also likely tout his time as mayor of Braddock, where violence in the small town of 2,000 decreased on his watch.

But his main pitch will likely be the one he made to primary voters - that he has a populist, outsider appeal, is no friend to the political establishment, and will unapologetically fight for Democratic values.

Republicans have already signaled that they'll look to paint him as being too liberal on issues like abortion, health care, and criminal justice.

And a 2013 incident that has loomed over his campaign, in which he held at gunpoint a Black jogger whom he wrongly suspected of a shooting, is almost certain to resurface in the general election. His primary opponents frequently brought up the incident and questioned whether it would impact his ability to turn out Black and progressive voters in the fall.

It proved to be a nonissue for Democratic primary voters.

So did his eleventh-hour stroke. [*jterruso@inquirer.com*](mailto:jterruso@inquirer.com)

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The Philadelphia Inquirer

March 5, 2020 Thursday

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 1123 words

**Byline:** Jonathan Tamari STAFF WRITER

**Body**

LEESBURG, Va. - Bill Huss describes himself as Christian and conservative, but he doesn't like President Donald Trump.

"He's not a nice person," said Huss, 66. So on Tuesday here, he hoped to pick a Democrat who could defeat Trump. But Huss wasn't sure what he would do if Sen. Bernie Sanders won the Democratic nomination.

"If Bernie Sanders was the nominee, my God, I might have to vote for that idiot," Huss said, meaning Trump.

He voted for Joe Biden on Tuesday.

In this rapidly growing, wealthy suburb about 40 miles outside Washington, Huss represents the kind of voter who has become a critical piece of the Democratic coalition since Trump's election - including in Pennsylvania. Voters like him played a major role in Biden's remarkable surge in Virginia and other Super Tuesday states across the country.

Much like similar areas outside Philadelphia, affluent suburbs in Northern Virginia have increasingly become Democratic strongholds as they have grown more diverse, and as moderate voters recoiled from Trump's caustic persona.

And as in Pennsylvania, Democrats have come to rely on those suburbs to offset Republicans' growing strength in rural areas.

Biden, who had massive support among African Americans, dominated D.C.'s Virginia suburbs Tuesday as turnout in the state almost doubled compared with the 2016 primary.

His victory there raised questions about who can draw the broadest array of support, and whether Sanders' calls for a grassroots revolution can truly expand the Democratic electorate, as he has claimed, or would instead repel a newly reliable piece of the party's support.

Asim Shaikh, 55, said he considers himself an independent, and wants to see Trump defeated. But he won't support Sanders.

"I would never vote for him. His math doesn't add up," Shaikh said after voting for Mike Bloomberg on Tuesday in Ashburn, Va. Bloomberg dropped out of the race Wednesday and endorsed Biden, after more than $500 million in spending failed to translate into significant traction with voters.

"If it's a choice between Sanders and Trump, I will vote for Trump, because I don't want socialism," Shaikh said.

Sanders has built his electability argument around igniting a surge of liberal and ***working-class*** voters who would, in theory, reshape the political landscape. Yet while the enthusiasm of his supporters is unmistakable, so far, there's little evidence of a surge of new voters. Firsttime voters overwhelmingly favored Sanders on Tuesday, but made up only 13% of the electorate, according to NBC exit polls in nine of the 14 states that voted.

Meanwhile Democrats' actual political gains since 2016 have largely been fueled by moderate voters, especially suburban college-educated women, including in the Philadelphia suburbs. Both Leesburg and Ashburn lie in Virginia's 10th Congressional District, the wealthiest in the country. In 2018, voters here elected a Democrat for the first time in about 40 years.

Biden took 51% of the vote in the district Tuesday, while 24% backed Sanders.

And in Virginia, 40% of first-time Democratic voters supported Biden, CNN's exit poll found, more than any other candidate.

"The turnouts turned out for us," Biden said in his victory speech Tuesday night.

Though Sanders actually performed slightly better in the Virginia suburbs than he did in its rural or urban areas, many suburban voters were driven more by distaste for Trump's behavior than by an ideological pull to the left. About 58% of the state's Democratic electorate said their main motivation was to beat Trump, and 63% of those voters chose Biden, according to exit polls by CNN.

Many of the state's voters work in or around government in nearby Washington, making them part of the establishment class Trump and Sanders have vilified.

Caitlin Manson, a health and wellness consultant in Ashburn, said most of her clients are Republicans who "hate Trump, but they won't vote for Sanders."

So while Manson, 24, preferred a more progressive option, she voted for Biden. "Whoever can beat Trump is what I care about," she said.

In nearby Leesburg, Darwin Hanna, 55, said Biden's plan to strengthen the Affordable Care Act was more realistic than Sanders' Medicare for All plan, and less likely to harm other Democrats on the ballot.

"I'm not sure how much support nationwide in a general election Sanders could get," said Hanna, another Biden voter.

In interviews with about 30 voters, there was a consistent dividing line. Those whose top priority was just winning almost always picked Biden, and those who listed a specific issue as a top concern, such as health care or climate change, were usually with Sanders.

"Trump scares me to death and I don't see Bernie being much different," said Gary Shulz, 77. "I'm not looking for any kind of revolution. I'm looking for someone to unite the country again."

Yet while older and more affluent voters felt comfortable with Biden's promises to restore order, younger and workingclass voters often want more drastic action. Many feel left behind by the Great Recession and political and economic elites, and fear the dangers of climate change.

Scott Gauthier, 26, said he has been held back by the prospect of big medical bills as he gets tested for neurological problems that have caused a seizure and fainting. He has insurance but has to pay a large deductible.

"I want to move out and start my life independently and I feel like something so crucial is holding me back," said Gauthier, of Ashburn. "We should be focusing on helping society, not a certain bracket." He supported Sanders.

Declan T. Galvin, 24, said the gap between the upper class and ***working class*** "is becoming unsustainable." Fiona Galvin, 26, his sister, said Sanders is the only candidate with the vision to meet the challenges presented by climate change and economic inequality.

The two Leesburg voters were examples of the overwhelming support Sanders has with younger voters. Almost 60% of voters aged 18 to 29 across the country supported him Tuesday. Latino voters, a potentially powerful force in several key states, also strongly backed Sanders.

"You cannot beat Trump with the same old same old kind of politics," Sanders told supporters Tuesday night. "What we need is a new politics that brings workingclass people into our political movement. Which brings young people into our political movement."

Yet even some young voters worried about his path to victory. Devon Carter, 24, supported Sanders in 2016, but he backed Biden on Tuesday in Leesburg.

"Electability was my No. 1 [issue]. I just can't do another four years of Trump," Carter said. As for the more liberal options, Carter said: "They're good, but they're not going to pull anybody from the right or the middle." [*jtamari@inquirer.com*](mailto:jtamari@inquirer.com)

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**Load-Date:** March 5, 2020

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Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

July 5, 2020 Sunday

EAST EDITION

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**Section:** E; Pg. E-3

**Length:** 510 words

**Body**

SUNDAY

9 p.m. on HIST

America: Our Defining Hours

Dedicated to the proposition that overcoming adversity is a skill that's baked into the national DNA of the United States, this three-part miniseries, continuing on successive Sundays, recounts stories of how the USA as a nation manages to seize moments of crisis and turn them into an opportunity to make a better future. It's a story that starts with the arrival of the Mayflower and reaches forward through the American Civil War and the 9/11 terrorist attacks.

MONDAY

9 p.m. on HGTV

Masters of Home

Real estate and renovation experts Dave and Kortney Wilson are summoned to help Michael and Elizabeth, a couple who are living in the childhood home Michael grew up in years ago in the premiere of this new home series. Obviously, they need some professional help to update the property for modern living. As they tackle this major undertaking, Dave and Kortney have different ideas about what to do with some hidden heating vents, but they both find floral inspiration for the interior decoration.

TUESDAY

8 p.m. on TLC

Counting On

The COVID-19 pandemic has forced many families to self-quarantine in isolation for the safety of their health, but when you have more than 10 people under one roof, there obviously are special challenges involved. This hit reality series opens its 11th season with the family struggling to cope with this temporary new normal.

WEDNESDAY

8 p.m. on KDKA

Tough as Nails

Executive producer Phil Keoghan pitched this reality competition series in a pre-pandemic world, but it reaches the air at a time when viewers are especially aware of the "essential workers" who have kept the country running during a time of widespread quarantine. The contestants are made up of ***working-class*** Americans - a deputy sheriff, a welder, a farmer, a firefighter and so forth - who are put through a series of on-the-job challenges to test their strength, endurance, life skills and mental toughness.

THURSDAY

8 p.m. on WPCW

Burden of Truth

The season three finale "Shelter From the Storm" opens with Joanna and Billy (Kristin Kreuk, Peter Mooney) in a downbeat mood. They have less than 24 hours before the trial starts, yet despite their tireless efforts, they've come up empty-handed in their search for anything on Solomon Stone. They know that, unless they can find some powerful way to expose the bogus science used to wrongfully apprehend children, their case is doomed before it starts.

FRIDAY

10 p.m. on MAX

Trackers

Led by Quinn (Thapelo Mokoena), the PBI moves in on Osman's men, only to find themselves ultimately running in circles in "Episode 6," the season one finale.

SATURDAY

9 p.m. on ANIM

Crikey! It's the Irwins

Season three of "Crikey! It's the Irwins" premieres later this year, but for now, this special episode, "Life in Lockdown," follows newlyweds Bindi Irwin and Chandler Powell as they spend what was planned to be their honeymoon helping mom Terri and brother Robert Irwin care for the 1,200 animals at Australia Zoo when the popular tourist attraction goes into lockdown from the COVID-19 pandemic.

**Load-Date:** July 5, 2020

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Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

March 15, 2020 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; TV HIGHLIGHTS; Pg. E-4

**Length:** 579 words

**Body**

SUNDAY

7 p.m. on WPXI

THE WALL

Host Chris Hardwick returns for season three of this feel-good game show, this time with a new twist that makes it possible for players to win even more money. It's called the Superdrop, with all seven balls raining down in a waterfall drop that takes the total potential prize each night to $13 million. Sound too good to be true? Well, yeah, because with this possibility of greater reward comes increased risk - including the possibility that a player could lose everything. MONDAY

9 p.m. on HBO

THE PLOT AGAINST AMERICA

David Simon ("The Wire") is co-creator and executive producer of this new six-part limited-series adaptation of Philip Roth's acclaimed novel, set in a fictional alternate America where aviator-hero and xenophobic populist Charles Lindbergh (Ben Cole, "Happy!") rises to the American presidency and sets the United States on a path to fascism. These events are viewed primarily through the concerned eyes of a ***working-class*** Jewish family in New Jersey. TUESDAY

8 p.m. on WQED

NIALL FERGUSON'S NETWORLD

In this new three-part series inspired by his book "The Square and the Tower: Networks and Power, From the Freemasons to Facebook," historian and author Niall Ferguson explores the century-old phenomenon of social networking, explaining how understanding the past can enhance insight into current and future events. The opening hour, "Disruption," focuses on a major network revolution that occurred 500 years ago: the Protestant Reformation. Topics include why social media networks are polarizing and why some ideas go viral. WEDNESDAY

9:31 p.m. on WTAE

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

Over husband Greg's (Diedrich Bader) strenuous objections, Katie (Katy Mixon) decides to play matchmaker for his half brother, aka "British Greg" (guest star Ed Weeks), as this hit sitcom returns from hiatus on a new night with "A Very English Scandal." Meanwhile, Oliver (Daniel DiMaggio) declines to discourage a school rumor about his sexual orientation, hoping to help a closeted gay classmate feel better about himself. THURSDAY

8:30 p.m. on WPGH

OUTMATCHED

The kids' safe place is put in jeopardy when the basement seriously needs to be repaired and renovated, so they hatch a scheme to persuade Mike and Kay (Jason Biggs, Maggie Lawson) to depart for a night in the new episode "Black Mold." That leaves Nicole and Brian (Ashley Boettcher, Connor Kalopsis) entrusted with babysitting the younger kids, a responsibility they quickly learn is not nearly as easy as their parents make it look. FRIDAY

8 p.m. on WPXI

THE BLACKLIST

The hit drama returns from hiatus with a midseason premiere consisting of two new back-to-back episodes. First, in "Victoria Feinberg," the Task Force helps Red (James Spader) track a gifted art forger who has complicated Red's scheme to sell some stolen art pieces. Elsewhere, Liz and Ressler (Megan Boone, Diego Klattenhoff) share confidences, while Aram's (Amir Arison) love life becomes increasingly complicated. SATURDAY

8 p.m. on HBO

MOVIE: X-MEN: DARK PHOENIX

Ultimately something of a box-office disappointment, this 2019 superhero film - which concluded 20th Century Fox's "X-Men" movie series - still earned generally warm reviews for its large ensemble cast, much of which returned to familiar characters. The story follows the team of mutants as they struggle to deal with the Phoenix, a dark entity that is unleashed after Jean Grey (Sophie Turner) is struck by a massive blast of energy during a space rescue mission.

**Load-Date:** March 19, 2020

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[***Pain and joy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5TV7-G641-JBRC-V26S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 28, 2018 Wednesday

WEB EditionMF12 Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 65 words

**Body**

Pain and joy The morning headline on Nov. 27 was "GM layoff announcement sparks outrage-and stock increase." This action will cause a great deal of pain and suffering for many people, at the same time a great deal of joy for many others. The poor ***working class*** get the pain and the rich stock owners get the joy. Democracy and capitalism at its best. God Bless America. Alex Fomin Bloomingdale

**Load-Date:** November 28, 2018

**End of Document**



[***DEMS' DEMOGRAPHICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5KT9-HHT1-DYRS-T2BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

September 25, 2016 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2016 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. D-2

**Length:** 129 words

**Byline:** DAVID PARRISH, Oakland

**Body**

I am writing in reply to Alan Hart's Sept. 18 letter concerning Mayor Bill Peduto's support for Uber ("Driverless Uber Rides Will Eliminate Jobs"). He is surprised that a Democrat would support a major corporation, and a very bad one, over American workers.

I would refer Mr. Hart to Thomas Frank's new book, "Listen, Liberal." He is the author of "What's the Matter With Kansas?" answering the question of why lower-middle class and lower-class people vote Republican.

In his new book, Mr. Frank explains that the Democratic Party is no longer the party of the ***working class*** but of the professional class, especially highly educated people. Mr. Peduto is just reinforcing that opinion. This is why a lot of ***working-class*** people are abandoning the Democratic Party for the GOP.

**Load-Date:** September 27, 2016

**End of Document**



[***No Headline In Original***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5Y85-HVN1-DYJT-22BF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

February 21, 2020 Friday

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**Section:** OPINION; Pg. A15

**Length:** 614 words

**Byline:** John Fetterman

**Body**

Iwas proud to sign the "No Fossil Fuel Money Pledge" back in 2015, before most people even heard of it. As a matter of principle, I've never taken a single dime from the fossil fuel industry, and I never will.

I signed that pledge because we need to innovate past fossil fuels and embrace more sustainable energy sources. My motivation comes from an earnest desire to proclaim what I believe to be true; my decisions come from diligence and research, not from any kind of quid pro quo with industry or others.

I am drawing from honest belief when I say: Banning fracking in Pennsylvania right now is wholly unrealistic. The fracking debate exposes a dual truth in American politics: Republicans must get honest about climate. My party must get honest about energy and industry. The messy collision of these realities is most stark here in Pennsylvania.

We must move past a false binary that says: Either you're against fracking and you're pure, or you're in favor and you're evil. I support the Sunrise Movement of young people advocating to fight climate change. I also stand in solidarity with Steelworkers and Building Trades workers.

This is not an easy issue. There's an interdependence between industrial and environmental systems that have been in place for generations. Abruptly pulling out the piece we don't like will have unintended consequences we must consider.

You can't label me "pro-fracking" unless you have an answer for millions of ***working-class*** people, who are barely getting by, when a ban pushes their winter gas bills to unimaginable levels, or for seniors who will be deciding which prescription to dump just to stay warm.

Exploring Pennsylvania's energy realities with honest expectations doesn't make a person anti-environment. Nor does banning fracking in your own state and then buying natural gas from another state make you an ecowarrior. It makes you a hypocrite.

We need to consider the lost jobs and preserve the union way of life at all costs while moving to greener energy. We can't all work at Google. We need to make sure we're transitioning into something, not just up and dropping a major provider of employment and affordable energy.

Gov. Tom Wolf's Restore Pennsylvania creates green jobs while making fracking companies pay for contaminant remediation, brownfield cleanup, lead remediation in our schools, improving water quality, and helping rebuild communities from the flooding and severe weather we've seen as a result of climate change. Restore Pennsylvania's record investment hinges on the GOP-led legislature agreeing to a severance tax paid mostly by out-of-state residents, generating $4.5 billion over the next 20 years for these projects across the state.

If that sounds like a good idea, call your state representative and senator and tell them.

While we need to aggressively move away from fossil fuels, we also need plans to make sure we're being balanced. If we're not thinking of the consequences, we'll leave ourselves open for the kind of desperation that comes with unemployment and unbearable costs of living. That would be terrible for both vulnerable people and the environment.

Taking a position to immediately end fracking in Pennsylvania plays exactly into President Donald Trump's narrative that Democrats are anti-energy zealots who want to take your jobs - a narrative that will undoubtedly harm our work on the environment.

The voters will ultimately come for me, too, either to elevate me or eliminate me. I will be at peace with either outcome because an honest reconciliation of these truths is critical to our political, economic, and collective ecological survival.

John Fetterman is the lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania.

**Load-Date:** February 21, 2020

**End of Document**



[***WORKER SOLIDARITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52KW-NF91-JC8R-3383-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 10, 2011 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. F-2

**Length:** 147 words

**Byline:** ALEX WERT, Garfield

**Body**

I am writing in response to the April 3 Forum article "Why Do Politicians Blame Teachers and Students for Their Busted Budgets?" I found professor Lori Jakiela's perspective very refreshing. The subject matter is frustrating, of course, but I enjoy encountering such sincere, accurate opinions.

However, I winced when reading the distinction between "***working class***" and "middle class." I understand that "***working class***" is a politically correct way to say "poor people" or lower class, but creating a distinction between middle class and ***working class*** isn't the appropriate approach for an academic. Language like this gives "working" a pejorative meaning, and I would argue that anyone who works is a member of the ***working class***.

A sense of solidarity among all workers is the first thing we need to establish if anything is to be done about the condition of education in Pennsylvania.

**Load-Date:** April 12, 2011

**End of Document**



[***No Headline In Original***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:617V-4FS1-DYJT-21WK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

November 8, 2020 Sunday

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 1900 words

**Byline:** Jonathan Tamari and Julia Terruso STAFF WRITERS

**Body**

From the first days of his presidential campaign, Joe Biden made it clear that winning back Pennsylvania was central to his strategy for winning the White House.

He held his first big event at a Teamsters union hall in Pittsburgh and staged an early rally in Philadelphia. He campaigned in Pennsylvania more than any other state, visiting not just the deeply Democratic cities, but also postindustrial areas around Johnstown and his native Scranton, where white ***working-class*** voters had shunned Democrats for Donald Trump.

It was close, but it paid off. He narrowly won Pennsylvania, which sealed his national victory and made him president-elect. Biden led the state by about 37,000 votes Saturday, an edge of less than 1 percentage point. In a state decided by such small margins in 2016 and again this year, an array of factors combined to create the outcome.

Take any of them out, and Trump might have won again.

Biden rebounded, compared with Hillary Clinton, in coal and steel country, often keeping pace with Trump's rising support there. Trump modestly improved his performance in Philadelphia. But the city still cast more than 550,000 votes for Biden as a mix of voters from the full spectrum of racial identities and economic classes stood in lines to defeat a president who had stoked racial divisions and downplayed the coronavirus - each of which had scarred the city.

But the suburbs delivered Biden's biggest gains.

The four Philadelphia collar counties gave Biden a 283,000-vote advantage, a 50% increase from Clinton's four years ago, and more than double the margin President Barack Obama enjoyed in 2012. Allegheny County, home to Pittsburgh and its affluent suburbs, boosted Biden's margin by 30,000 votes compared with Clinton's, a 28% increase, with votes still being counted.

"People came out in droves to vote 'yes' for decency and to reject the indecency of this president," said U.S. Rep. Madeleine Dean, a Montgomery County Democrat who was part of a wave of women elected to Congress in 2018.

Immediately after Trump's election, suburbs became a hotbed of activism driven by women who ran for office, donated money, and volunteered for campaigns. Despite Trump's warning that Biden would "destroy" the suburbs, women there rejected what they saw as Trump's racism, misogyny, cruelty, and dishonesty.

Speaking shortly after Trump's defeat was sealed, Dean choked up.

"I am here at my granddaughter's soccer game," she said. "I feel so happy for her, so happy for her generation. We have rejected a corrupt, self-serving individual as the leader of our nation. I want her to see leaders they can model."

Drawn by Biden's promises of decency, competence, and empathy - and driven by Trump's frequently racist rhetoric and mishandling of the pandemic - a surge of Pennsylvanians cast more than 3.3 million votes for Biden, helping him narrowly win the state, and the presidency, over a president who drew similarly fervent support.

Lindsay Dixon just didn't get around to voting in 2016. But on Election Day this year, she finished her nursing shift at St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem at 7:30 p.m. and raced straight to the polls.

"I didn't care about waiting, I didn't care I was tired, I really just knew I had to vote," said Dixon, 31.

Bob Banion, a lifelong Republican, had voted for Trump in 2016, but now the 68-year-old sales manager from Montgomery County wanted a president with "more class, more dignity." He voted for Biden.

And while more than two million Pennsylvanians voted by mail, Janelle Purnell, 26, stood in a long line at her polling place in Philadelphia's Overbrook section because she wanted be sure her vote was counted. "I would like a president who doesn't rant on Twitter with dog whistles against minority groups," she said. "And I would like to feel less embarrassed to be an American."

Trump's support also grew, as more than three million voters wanted four more years of his leadership. But it wasn't quite enough in the face of a multiracial coalition that backed Biden, from the state's traditionally liberal cities, to its surging suburbs, to rural areas and small towns, where Biden ate into Trump's white ***working-class*** support.

There was historic turnout, inspired by Trump on both sides - those who flew his flags and cheered at his rallies, and those desperate to be rid of him.

Amid a still-raging pandemic and widespread economic pain, with social unrest over racial inequality roiling the country, many voters across the state embraced Biden's seemingly simple pitch: a steady presence that, they hoped, would restore a semblance of normalcy.

"He was far more empathetic. Just the way he presented the campaign. Trump was yelling and screaming and calling names," said Richard Brown, 66, a retired Teamster from Luzerne County, in the state's northeast. Brown described himself as socially conservative, including on abortion, but he voted for Biden.

"I'm not a liberal by no means, but I'm a Democrat," he said.

Dixon, the nurse from Bethlehem, recounted how talking with the Trump supporters in her family had become difficult, particularly when it came to the pandemic.

"Even if I tell them about the hospital, they're very attached to a certain mind-set around Trump," she said. "They just can't admit there's anything negative about him."

Race also became a huge factor for voters like her. "My son is half Black," she said. "It's not just my husband, I also have to think about what's right for him."

Turning out voters like Dixon who sat out 2016 was crucial, since Trump's support rose even higher than in the last election.

"There's no other president since the founding fathers who has upheld life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," Rochelle Porto, a teacher and Trump supporter, said outside a polling place at Bensalem High School, in Bucks County. Many Trump backers said Saturday that the turnout he achieved shows he will remain a political force and the leader of the party.

As the campaign reached its final weeks, Pennsylvania, like many states, saw huge spikes in coronavirus cases. Trump returned repeatedly for massive rallies where supporters crowded shoulder-to-shoulder, most, like him, without face masks. He falsely said for months that the country was "rounding the turn" on the pandemic, even as cases and deaths mounted.

Biden held smaller, socially distanced events, and made a point of wearing a mask in public.

In an older state where senior citizens vote reliably, many abandoned Trump.

"He played it smart with the virus," said Mike Mikus, a Democratic operative from Western Pennsylvania. "He took the virus seriously."

Biden, Democrats said, also fit the profile of a vast state that often favors moderates.

While many Democratic primary competitors were rushing left to embrace the Green New Deal or Medicare for All, Biden demurred. He refused to support calls to ban fracking or "defund" the police.

"Biden always had a strong case to be made that he was the Democrat likeliest to carry Pennsylvania, and his win vindicates that," said J.J. Balaban, a Democratic strategist based in Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania is, after all, a state that has elected moderate Democrats such as Gov. Tom Wolf and Sen. Bob Casey, and Republicans like former Gov. Tom Ridge and the late Sen. Arlen Specter.

Biden ran far ahead of many other Pennsylvania Democrats running down-ballot, illustrating his particular appeal.

"We were a lot more cognizant of the difficulty of beating Donald Trump in Pennsylvania because of what happened in 2016," said Casey, a fellow Scrantonian. "So you had to have a strategy that I think Joe Biden's campaign implemented remarkably well: that you'd run really strong in rural areas, cut the margin, and do well in your Democratic base."

Biden never failed to remind voters of his Scranton roots and played up his blue-collar image, as the son of a used-car salesman who, unlike many other national leaders, didn't attend an Ivy League college.

Jim Wertz, the Democratic chairman in Erie County, recalled how Biden spoke about the economic struggles at Wabtec, a major locomotive manufacturer, when he visited in October.

"He has a better ... read on the temperature of communities like ours, than a lot of other politicians might," Wertz said.

Erie, in the state's northwest corner, along with Luzerne and Lackawanna, in the state's northeast, were traditionally Democratic, blue-collar counties that saw the three largest vote swings to Trump in 2016, driving his victory. Biden improved in each.

He swung Erie back just enough, winning by 1,300 votes, less than a percentage point - much like the state overall.

In Lackawanna County, home to Scranton, Biden led by 9 percentage points Saturday. Clinton won the county by just 3. In neighboring Luzerne, Biden still lost, but was down by 15 points Saturday. Trump won it by 20 in 2016.

American Bridge, a Democratic Super PAC, spent $32 million advertising on television, radio, and digital platforms in Pennsylvania, featuring local Trump supporters who now planned to oppose the president. The goal was to create a "permission structure" for Trump supporters to break with the president, and trim Democratic losses with rural, white voters, said Bradley Beychok, the group's president.

"You want to know that your neighbor or your colleague or someone that you can see that goes to your church, if they have changed their mind, it makes you more likely to do so," Beychok said.

Balaban said there were likely uglier reasons, too, why Biden may have performed better.

"Pennsylvania has a type ... and Joe Biden is clearly our type," he said. "There are some troubling racial and gender implications of that."

A huge piece of Biden's support also came from older Black voters, the traditional backbone of the Democratic Party. Black women, in particular, said they were motivated by a pandemic disproportionately affecting Black and brown communities, and Trump fanning the flames of racism amid a national reckoning on civil rights.

"I've never seen or experienced anything like what we are going through right now - a country divided," Vivian McDuffie, who has lived in West Philadelphia for more than 40 years, said on Election Day. "I grew up in a time that was on the tail end of that, but to live long enough to see it happening again, there is something very wrong and voting should correct it."

Biden's running mate, Sen. Kamala Harris, will become the first woman, first Black person, and first American of South Asian descent to serve as vice president.

Overall, though, exit polls suggested Trump improved nationwide with Black and Latino voters. And while some mail and provisional ballots were still being counted, it appeared this would be the third consecutive presidential election in which the number of Democratic votes has declined in Philadelphia.

Given the slim margin that took Biden to victory, many Democrats were celebrating with the knowledge that Pennsylvania is still very divided.

"These are the types of towns we need to nurture," Scranton Mayor Paige Cognetti said as she looked out at revelers during a block party celebrating Biden's win in his hometown. "And with how close it was, I mean that doesn't go away. We've got our work cut out for us. But I think Joe Biden's the president for that." [*jtamari@inquirer.com*](mailto:jtamari@inquirer.com)

JonathanTamari

Staff writers William Bender, Allison

Steele, Sean Collins Walsh, and

Raishad Hardnett contributed to this article.

**Load-Date:** November 8, 2020

**End of Document**



[***The true impact of Democrats' agenda***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5WDK-7SD1-DY6F-J2KX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

June 22, 2019 Saturday

WEB EditionNC1 EditionNC2 EditionMF12 EditionNC3 EditionNM1 EditionNC EditionNC14 EditionMC1 EditionMC3 EditionMD1 EditionML2 EditionNL1 EditionNC14C EditionNC4 EditionCLFM EditioneBlast Edition

Copyright 2019 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 195 words

**Body**

The true impact of Democrats' agenda In response to Larry Williams' letter titled "Finally, Illinois is getting things done," the title should actually be "Illinois is done." I must live in a different Illinois than Mr. Williams. In my state, the Democrats having controlled the state for years, have underfunded pensions, presided over exploding real estate and sales taxes, weakened crime prevention and sentencing and driven thousands of citizens annually from living in what was once, a great place to live. Let's not forget the Pat Quinn and Mike Madigan gerrymandered election map that further weakened many voters' ability to elect their chosen representatives. In his first disastrous year, Mike Madigan's hand-picked governor has legalized marijuana, expanded gambling and loosened restrictions allowing abortion up to live birth. Great priorities to fix Illinois. He also sold his false fair tax rate narrative at the very same time he steps on the ***working class*** by greatly raising gas taxes, the cost of an Illinois driver's license and vehicle tag fees. Gov. Pritzker has shown he is not concerned with the working people in Illinois. Robert Winfrey Lake Zurich

**Load-Date:** June 24, 2019

**End of Document**



[***ALL WORKERS SHOULD BE BENEFITING FROM STOCK GAINS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5R61-C3K1-JC8R-34SC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

December 15, 2017 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2017 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-12

**Length:** 74 words

**Byline:** HOWARD BEASOCK, Ingram

**Body**

In regard to the narrow-minded belief that only rich people and corporations benefit from a healthy stock market, consider all the pension funds and IRAs that the ***working class*** and blue-collar workers need to supplement Social Security.

If you are working and are not saving for retirement, shame on you. A lot of companies even match a percentage of your savings. All workers should save what they can, because Social Security will not be enough.

**Load-Date:** December 15, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Rydell High's Pink Ladies and T-Birds hit the stage with Grease***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5WGX-C6H1-JBRC-V2H4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 4, 2019 Thursday

WEB EditioneBlast Edition

Copyright 2019 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** SUBMITTED CONTENT; Pg. 0

**Length:** 188 words

**Byline:** Schaumburg Park District

**Body**

Break out your pink and leather jackets for an electrifying evening as Schaumburg Park District's Putting on Productions presents Grease. Grease, presented by special arrangement with SAMUEL FRENCH, INC., will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road. Set in 1959 at fictional Rydell High School, the musical incorporates book, music and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. ***Working-class*** teenagers navigate the complexities of peer pressure, politics, personal core values and love. "Grease was introduced to Broadway audiences almost 50 years ago," said Beth Waller, cultural arts supervisor. "Grease transcends time and continues to be relevant to today's audience; we're excited to bring it to the local stage!" Upcoming performances include: \* 7 p.m., Thursday, July 18 \* 7 p.m., Friday, July 19 \* 6 p.m., Saturday, July 20 \* 2 p.m., Sunday, July 21 Tickets are $14 for adults (13 years and older) and $9 for youth younger than 13 years. The cost is free for ages 2 and younger if being held. For more information or to purchase tickets, call 847-490-7020 or visit parkfun.com.

**Graphic**

Grease will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road.

**Load-Date:** July 5, 2019

**End of Document**



[***CITY OF SURVIVORS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5WBM-43F1-DYRS-T3TK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

June 14, 2019 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2019 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-10

**Length:** 182 words

**Byline:** SHERI PILOLLI, Youngstown, Ohio

**Body**

Thank you so very much for the June 9 article by Bob Batz, "Take a Rust Belt Vacation." He did such a wonderful job of giving outsiders a glimpse into the many positive things Youngstown has to offer

Youngstown is my lifelong home, and I am proud to profess that I grew up in a ***working-class*** family. My childhood depended on the steel industry, as my father was a small business owner. He provided a good middle-class life for our family, even after the mills began to close. Those days depict what I love most about my town: the grit, drive and determination of the people. It got really bad here, but we are a city of survivors.

I live in one of the big ol' renovated mini-mansions directly on Wick Park, of which Mr. Batz wrote. When we purchased it, approximately 25 years ago, it was declared condemned by the city. Completely renovating this money pit was a labor of love (on my husband's part) and was replete with obstacles too numerous to mention. In fact, it's still not completely finished (one master bath to go).

Again, thank you to Mr. Batz for his positive shout-out to Youngstown!

**Load-Date:** June 15, 2019

**End of Document**



[***Two nature programs coming to Cache River State Natural Area***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5VCK-CCP1-DY6F-J1MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

February 8, 2019 Friday

Daily Register (Harrisburg) Edition

Copyright 2019 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** HBG; Pg. 4

**Length:** 168 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Cache River State Natural Area

**Body**

CYPRESS — Two programs coming soon to the Cache River State Natural Area's Barkhausen Center will appeal to those who enjoy the outdoors. \* From vast underground caverns, ***working class*** armies pour forth to defend their home and family. Join us at Cache River State Natural Area, Barkhausen-Cache River Wetlands Center at 2 p.m. and again at 6 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 14 for the NOVA program "Ants: Little Creatures Who Run the World" about ant colony structure and their function in how the natural world works. Contact the Wetlands Center for more information, (618) 657-2064. \* John Schwegman will be our travel guide to explore outstanding natural areas within vacation driving distance of southern Illinois. The slide tour "Birding the Prairie Potholes of South Dakota" is 10 a.m. Saturday, Feb. 16, at Cache River State Natural Area, Barkhausen-Cache River Wetlands Center. The slide tour covers water fowl, prairie song birds, ground nesting birds, and vegetation of the South Dakota eastern range prairie.

**Load-Date:** February 8, 2019

**End of Document**



[***Rydell High's Pink Ladies and T-Birds hit the stage with ‘Grease'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5WK2-MN61-JBRC-V0V7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 15, 2019 Monday

WEB EditioneBlast Edition

Copyright 2019 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 0

**Length:** 188 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Schaumburg Park District

**Body**

Break out your pink and leather jackets for an electrifying evening as Schaumburg Park District's Putting on Productions presents "Grease." "Grease," presented by special arrangement with Samuel French Inc., will be performed July 18-21, at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road. Set in 1959, at fictional Rydell High School, the musical incorporates book, music and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. ***Working-class*** teenagers navigate the complexities of peer pressure, politics, personal core values and love. "Grease was introduced to Broadway audiences almost 50 years ago," said Beth Waller, cultural arts supervisor. "Grease transcends time and continues to be relevant to today's audience; we're excited to bring it to the local stage!" Upcoming performances include: \* 7 p.m., Thursday, July 18 \* 7 p.m., Friday, July 19 \* 6 p.m., Saturday, July 20 \* 2 p.m., Sunday, July 21 Tickets are $14 for adults (13 years and older) and $9 for youth younger than 13 years. The cost is free for ages 2 and younger if being held. For information or to purchase tickets, call (847) 490-7020 or visit parkfun.com.

**Graphic**

Grease will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road. Courtesy of Schaumburg Park District "Grease" will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road, Schaumburg.

**Load-Date:** July 15, 2019

**End of Document**



[***WHY VOTES MATTER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52SC-2851-JC8R-31R3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 2, 2011 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 164 words

**Byline:** JOHN T. CURRAN

**Body**

Jesus said, "Forgive them for they know not what they do." This could apply to the ***working class*** and poor voters who went to the polls and voted the Republicans into office. The GOP mantra is "no" to tax hikes. By cutting spending for education, social programs, etc., they pass the burden on to the local school boards and local municipalities, which will have to raise taxes or drastically cut local programs. Thus, students and ***working class*** people will bear the brunt of this cost-cutting.

Did voters think that the GOP would not protect its rich company friends, who are the backbone of the Republican Party?

If the poor, ***working class*** and seniors want education, social programs and medical coverage restored, they must go to the polls and vote these people out of office. It is a matter of the "haves" vs. the "have nots."

The GOP has little empathy for the "have nots." For those who did not bother to vote, keep all this in mind in the next election.

JOHN T. CURRAN

Castle Shannon

**Load-Date:** May 3, 2011

**End of Document**



[***Warren makes presidential bid official with a call for change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5VD7-8XF1-JBRC-V0PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

February 10, 2019 Sunday

WEB EditionNC1 EditionNC2 EditionMF12 EditionNC3 EditionNM1 EditionNC EditionNC14 EditionMC1 EditionMC3 EditionMD1 EditionML2 EditionNL1 EditionNC14C EditionNC4 EditionCLFM EditioneBlast Edition

Copyright 2019 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NATION\_; Pg. 2

**Length:** 194 words

**Byline:** Associated Press

**Body**

LAWRENCE, Mass. — Democratic Sen. Elizabeth Warren made her bid for the presidency official on Saturday in this ***working-class*** city, grounding her 2020 campaign in a populist call to fight economic inequality and build "an America that works for everyone." Warren delivered a sharp call for change at her presidential kickoff, decrying a "middle-class squeeze" that has left Americans crunched with "too little accountability for the rich, too little opportunity for everyone else." Weaving specific policy prescriptions into her remarks, from Medicare for All to the elimination of Washington "lobbying as we know it," Warren avoided taking direct jabs at President Donald Trump. She aimed for a broader institutional shift instead, urging supporters to choose "a government that makes different choices, choices that reflect our values." Trump "is not the cause of what's broken," Warren told an elated crowd without using the president's name. "He's just the latest — and most extreme — symptom of what's gone wrong in America." In a tweet, Trump referenced the controversy over her Native American identity, once again using the insulting nickname he's given her.

**Notes**

Eds: Updates with Trump reaction. With AP Photos. AP Video.

**Graphic**

Associated Press Massachusetts Sen. Elizabeth Warren shakes hands with supporters as she takes the stage Saturday during an event to formally launch her Democratic presidential campaign.

**Load-Date:** February 11, 2019

**End of Document**



[***Schaumburg Park District hits the stage with ‘Grease'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5WKP-6HV1-DY6F-J0SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 18, 2019 Thursday

NC3 Edition

Copyright 2019 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 3

**Length:** 186 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Schaumburg Park District

**Body**

Break out your pink and leather jackets for an electrifying evening as Schaumburg Park District's Putting on Productions presents "Grease." "Grease," presented by special arrangement with Samuel French Inc., will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road. Set in 1959 at fictional Rydell High School, the musical incorporates book, music and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. ***Working-class*** teenagers navigate the complexities of peer pressure, politics, personal core values and love. "‘Grease' was introduced to Broadway audiences almost 50 years ago," said Beth Waller, cultural arts supervisor. "Grease transcends time and continues to be relevant to today's audience. We're excited to bring it to the local stage." Upcoming performances include: \* 7 p.m. Thursday, July 18 \* 7 p.m. Friday, July 19 \* 6 p.m. Saturday, July 20 \* 2 p.m. Sunday, July 21 Tickets are $14 for adults 13 years and older and $9 for youth younger than 13. The cost is free for ages 2 and younger if being held. For information or to purchase tickets, call (847) 490-7020 or visit parkfun.com.

**Graphic**

Grease will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road. Courtesy of Schaumburg Park District "Grease" will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road, Schaumburg. Courtesy of Schaumburg Park District "Grease" will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road, Schaumburg. Courtesy of Schaumburg Park District "Grease" will be performed July 18-21 at the Community Recreation Center, 505 N. Springinsguth Road, Schaumburg.

**Load-Date:** July 18, 2019

**End of Document**



[***THE AMAZON BID***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5R2K-61D1-JC8R-32BY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

November 26, 2017 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2017 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. D-2

**Length:** 144 words

**Byline:** ALAN HART

**Body**

Allegheny County Executive Rich Fitzgerald refuses to disclose how much of county and city taxpayers' money - our money - is being offered as corporate welfare to one of the richest men in the world, Amazon CEO Jeff Bezos (Nov. 22, "Pittsburgh Holds Its Cards Close to Vest on Amazon Bid"). This despite some larger cities publicly releasing their bids for Amazon's second headquarters.

If Amazon were to come here, bringing with it an army of executives and software engineers, it would likely hasten the day when no ***working-class*** person can afford to live in Pittsburgh, a goal toward which developers are already striving. But I think it's unlikely Pittsburgh will be picked. Some of the most polluted air among major U.S. cities, and fracking wells in our county parks, are probably not the quality-of-life amenities Amazon is looking for.

ALAN HART

Stanton Heights

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2017

**End of Document**



[***THE U.S. HAS BILLS TO PAY, SO HOW CAN IT CUT TAXES?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5R0N-F9X1-JC8R-30JV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

November 20, 2017 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2017 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-14

**Length:** 125 words

**Byline:** JOE MIELCAREK

**Body**

When you have bills to pay, do you try to work overtime to catch up or work less? So why is the government negotiating a tax cut? The United States of America has a bill to pay: $20.5 trillion and climbing.

It's an insult to the ***working class*** of America for elected officials to even consider a tax cut for anyone, let alone the rich who fund their election campaigns. The tax cut recipients will not give Americans jobs. They're not going to give us raises. Industry will never come back home, and we would want to earn a living wage, not a dollar a day.

Our money they're giving to their friends should be used to upgrade our infrastructure, which would definitely create jobs. Tax cuts only turn multimillionaires into billionaires.

JOE MIELCAREK

Ross

**Load-Date:** November 20, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Unbelievable damage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5PCT-PKG1-JC1N-W1TD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 2, 2017 Saturday

Copyright 2017 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. SB6

**Length:** 159 words

**Body**

Reuben Sazun's gallery space, shown Wednesday, sustained heavy damage from Hurricane Harvey in Rockport, Texas.

David Armenta outside the home of his uncle Antonio Armenta in Houston on Wednesday. While Tropical Storm Harvey attacked poor and rich homeowners with almost equal ferocity, ***working-class*** families like the Armentas lack the insurance and savings to recover quickly.

Hugh Stouffer (right) and Jon Gault, surveyors with Presidio Roofing, take pictures of a gift shop damaged by Hurricane Harvey in Port Aransas, Texas, on Wednesday.

Matthew Trent moves a flood-damaged refrigerator in front of his home after Hurricane Harvey in Port Aransas, Texas, on Wednesday.

Sheri Gagliano collects toys from a friend's house after Hurricane Harvey damaged the home on Tuesday in Bayside, Texas. Harvey struck Texas as a Category 4.

Greg Ingram looks around his water-damaged home after floodwaters from Tropical Storm Harvey drenched the city Thursday in Houston.

**Load-Date:** September 2, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Unbelievable damage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5PCT-N861-DYGR-K3R0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 2, 2017 Saturday

Copyright 2017 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. SB6

**Length:** 159 words

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Greg Ingram looks around his water-damaged home after floodwaters from Tropical Storm Harvey drenched the city Thursday in Houston.

**Load-Date:** September 2, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Unbelievable damage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5PCT-4JP1-DYGR-K334-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 2, 2017 Saturday

Copyright 2017 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. SB6

**Length:** 159 words

**Body**

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David Armenta outside the home of his uncle Antonio Armenta in Houston on Wednesday. While Tropical Storm Harvey attacked poor and rich homeowners with almost equal ferocity, ***working-class*** families like the Armentas lack the insurance and savings to recover quickly.

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Greg Ingram looks around his water-damaged home after floodwaters from Tropical Storm Harvey drenched the city Thursday in Houston.

**Load-Date:** September 2, 2017

**End of Document**



[***'Deaths of despair'; TODAY'S MODERATOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5N5W-XSJ1-JC1N-W3PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

March 27, 2017 Monday

Copyright 2017 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. A9

**Length:** 128 words

**Body**

Ron Rollins Ideas &amp; Voices Editor

The Associated Press reported last week that "Middle-age white Americans with limited education are increasingly dying younger, on average, than other middle-age U.S. adults, a trend driven by their dwindling economic opportunities, research by two Princeton University economists has found.

"The economists, Anne Case and Angus Deaton, argue that the loss of steady middle-income jobs for those with only high school diplomas or less has triggered broad problems for this group. They are more likely than their college-educated counterparts, for example, to be unemployed, unmarried or afflicted with poor health. 'This is a story of the collapse of the white ***working class***,' Deaton said."

What do you think? Email [*rrollins@coxohio.com*](mailto:rrollins@coxohio.com)

**Load-Date:** March 27, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Hollywood women launch effort to fight harassment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5RB0-S4R1-JC8N-K4Y3-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 2, 2018 Tuesday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 4D

**Length:** 177 words

**Byline:** Lorena Blas, USA TODAY

**Body**

Women in Hollywood are welcoming the new year with resolution.

In response to the sexual harassment allegations that have rocked the industry, Reese Witherspoon, Eva Longoria, Shonda Rhimes, Ashley Judd, Natalie Portman and hundreds of others have unveiled Time's Up, an initiative dedicated to confronting abuse of power and promoting workplace equality.

Monday's announcement was accompanied by a pledge of support to ***working-class*** women in a full-page ad in The New York Times and La Opinion.

The open letter noted that members realize their reach may help others, saying: "We also recognize our privilege and the fact that we have access to enormous platforms to amplify our voices. Both of which have driven widespread attention to the existence of this problem in our industry that farmworker women and countless individuals in other industries have not been afforded."

The letter acknowledges early support from the National Farmworker Women's Alliance after the floodgates opened on news about sexual harassment and abuse of power in Hollywood.

- Lorena Blas

**Load-Date:** January 2, 2018

**End of Document**



[***ABC cancels ‘Roseanne' after racist tweet***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5SFV-JG41-DY6F-J1CV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

May 30, 2018 Wednesday

ML2 Edition

Copyright 2018 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1

**Length:** 196 words

**Byline:** By David Bauder AP Media Writer

**Body**

NEW YORK — ABC canceled its hit reboot of "Roseanne" on Tuesday after star Roseanne Barr's racist tweet that referred to former Obama adviser Valerie Jarrett as a product of the Muslim Brotherhood and the "Planet of the Apes." ABC Entertainment President Channing Dungey said the comment "is abhorrent, repugnant and inconsistent with our values." Barr had apologized and deleted her Monday-night tweet, calling it a "bad joke," but the damage had already been done. Barr was also dumped by her talent agency, ICM Partners. The revival of the comedy was a surprise smash for ABC, owned by the Walt Disney Co., and was counted on to lead the network's fortunes next season. Its first new episode in March was seen by more than 25 million people, with delayed viewing counted in, numbers that are increasingly rare in network television. ABC expected advertisers to pay millions of dollars for the chance to be seen during commercial breaks on television's most popular comedy after "The Big Bang Theory." And it was all killed in a 53-character tweet. One of the few network shows about a ***working-class*** family, "Roseanne" attracted considerable attention upon its return when Barr's

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2018

**End of Document**



[***Election Day 2018: New York Dem Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez youngest woman ever elected to Congress***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5TNW-F2C1-DXVP-V1P5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

November 6, 2018 Tuesday

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**Section:** NEWS

**Length:** 190 words

**Byline:** Shelby Lin Erdman

**Body**

NEW YORK —

Progressive New York Democrat Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez easily defeated her Republican opponent college professor Anthony Pappas in the state's 14th district Tuesday to become the youngest woman ever elected to Congress, according to news reports.

Ocasio-Cortez, a 29-year-old political newcomer and millennial Latina, beat 10-term incumbent Rep. Joe Crowley in the Democratic primary earlier this year in an electoral stunner.

New York's 14th district, which includes parts of the Bronx and Queens, is one of the most diverse in the nation and Ocasio-Cortez had said political representation was lacking.

"Our district is overwhelmingly people of color, it's ***working class***, it's very immigrant ― and it hasn't had the representation we've needed," she told the HuffPost in an interview in June.

Ocasio-Cortez is a member of the Democrat Socialists of America and famously worked as a bartender just months before winning the primary, the HuffPost reported.

She turned 29 last month and edged out New York Republican Rep. Elise Stefanik, who was elected to Congress at age 30, for the title of youngest woman ever elected to Congress.

**Graphic**

New York U.S. House candidate Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez smiles at a progressive fundraiser on August 2, 2018 in Los Angeles, California. The rising political star is on her third trip away from New York in three weeks and is projected to become the youngest woman elected to Congress this November when she will be 29 years old. (Mario Tama/Getty Images)

**Load-Date:** November 19, 2018

**End of Document**



[***LISTEN TO THE WOMEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5P2F-HJ81-DYRS-T24V-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

July 20, 2017 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2017 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-10

**Length:** 160 words

**Byline:** RICHARD KREPSKI

**Body**

The Republicans' "Plan E" for health care reform - repeal Obamacare now and hope to come up with something later - failed after just one day, shot down by a trio of rational female senators.

This suggests to me a promising alternative approach. Why don't the women of the Senate form their own caucus and work on a new plan, one that would reflect a broad spectrum of political viewpoints? Women are generally more capable of embracing compromise and reaching consensus. They certainly can't do worse than Mitch McConnell, Paul Ryan and the dinosaurs of the Republican leadership.

And where was our "so-called" President Trump in all this? He claims credit at every opportunity and avoids all responsibility. His reaction immediately following failure of the Senate plan was to state that he would let the insurance marketplace collapse, which would cause great hardship to ***working-class*** people. That is not leadership; that is a disgrace.

RICHARD KREPSKI

Highland Park

**Load-Date:** July 20, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Fresh ideas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HJT-R7N1-JC1N-W150-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 9, 2015 Wednesday

Copyright 2015 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. A7

**Length:** 89 words

**Body**

From Aeon:"Americans are more likely to blame themselves for job insecurity, even when it results from structural changes in the economy. ...We talk about layoffs as new opportunities for growth; we even convince ourselves we are glad not to keep working there anyway. Most of all, we blame ourselves.And while that blame can be corrosive for both men and women, there is something unique in the scarring that results for men, who often see work as a primary measure of masculinity. ... For ***working-class*** men, it is something of a crisis"

**Load-Date:** December 9, 2015

**End of Document**



[***Mike Hastings issues statement about Gov. Rauner's State of the State address***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MR8-CKK1-DY6F-J46K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

January 26, 2017 Thursday

Copyright 2017 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** SUBMITTED CONTENT; Pg. 0

**Length:** 108 words

**Byline:** rtandon

**Body**

SPRINGFIELD – Senator Mike Hastings (D-Tinley Park) released the following statement in response to Governor Rauner's state of the state address:

"Governor Rauner's speech is full of empty promises. He continues to strip away the dignity of our most vulnerable populations – the disabled, elderly and those suffering from mental illnesses. Citizens across Illinois have lost hope due to his inaction. While serving our great nation overseas, I learned what it means to stand for something and now is the time, Governor, for you to define your moral character and stand up for ***working class*** families. Your failure to lead will cause our state to fail. "

**Graphic**

Senator Mike Hastings (D-Tinley Park) released a statement in response to Governor Rauner's state of the state address.

**Load-Date:** January 26, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Fresh ideas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H88-MMX1-DYGR-K53K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

October 30, 2015 Friday

Copyright 2015 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. A10

**Length:** 89 words

**Body**

From Aeon:"Most new 'trans'identities (apart from transgender) seem baffling or even ridiculous to most people. But it's not a new problem - in the late 1980s and early '90s in the UK, it was particularly fashionable for middle-class students to claim that they had ***working-class*** roots, join the Socialist Workers Party and assume dubious accents.A long line of people down the ages have profited from playing the imposter - defined in the Chambers English Dictionary as'someone who assumes a false character or impersonates another.'"

**Load-Date:** October 30, 2015

**End of Document**



[***DEDICATED VEON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MBJ-V4C0-TX33-C2ND-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 11, 2006 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2006 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 161 words

**Byline:** TONY FLORE Beaver Falls

**Body**

Isn't it ironic that the Democratic Party booted a dedicated champion of the labor party and ***working-class*** people for more than 20 years out of office? There certainly are not enough registered Republicans in Beaver County and especially in Mike Veon's district to do it ("Unexpected Loss by Veon Hurts Dems' Hopes to Win State House," Nov. 8).

Rep. Veon worked tirelessly to advocate the advancement of the ***working class***, to increase their wages to a decent level, and now these same people show their gratitude by voting him out of office just because he believed that politicians also deserved a decent wage.

These people threw out a devoted advocate of their welfare and all the financial benefits he could have secured for Beaver County, when all he was doing was advocating a decent wage for his peers, albeit in a questionable manner. It's a sad day for Beaver Countians and all the ***working-class*** citizens of Pennsylvania. By the way, I am a registered Republican.

**Load-Date:** November 14, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Unbelievable damage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:69S5-JW71-DXVP-T53F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 2, 2017 Saturday

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**Section:** HARVEY EXTRA; Pg. SB6

**Length:** 1 words

**Graphic**

CHRISTOPHER LEE / THE NEW YORK TIMES">Reuben Sazun’s gallery space, shown Wednesday, sustained heavy damage from Hurricane Harvey in Rockport, Texas.JULIE TURKEWITZ / THE NEW YORK TIMES">David Armenta outside the home of his uncle Antonio Armenta in Houston on Wednesday. While Tropical Storm Harvey attacked poor and rich homeowners with almost equal ferocity, ***working-class*** families like the Armentas lack the insurance and savings to recover quickly.CHRISTOPHER LEE / THE NEW YORK TIMES">Hugh Stouffer (right) and Jon Gault, surveyors with Presidio Roofing, take pictures of a gift shop damaged by Hurricane Harvey in Port Aransas, Texas, on Wednesday.CHRISTOPHER LEE / THE NEW YORK TIMES">Matthew Trent moves a flood-damaged refrigerator in front of his home after Hurricane Harvey in Port Aransas, Texas, on Wednesday.GABE HERNANDEZ / CORPUS CHRISTI CALLER-TIMES">Sheri Gagliano collects toys from a friend’s house after Hurricane Harvey damaged the home on Tuesday in Bayside, Texas. Harvey struck Texas as a Category 4.GREGORY BULL / ASSOCIATED PRESS">Greg Ingram looks around his water-damaged home after floodwaters from Tropical Storm Harvey drenched the city Thursday in Houston.

**Load-Date:** November 30, 2023

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Corner***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5R35-P931-JC8N-K326-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 1, 2017 Friday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 9D

**Length:** 194 words

**Byline:** Kelly Lawler, USA Today

**Body**

Dark Netflix, Friday

Netflix's new German-language series may give you some scares and some Stranger Things vibes if you decide to binge. The 10-episode season focuses on a small German town where two children disappear, causing shockwaves and revealing secrets about four families. The supernatural story also sends viewers back in time to 1986.

Curb Your Enthusiasm HBO, Sunday, 10 ET/PT

Larry David's sitcom is disappearing again. The comedy, which returned for a ninth season in October after a years-long hiatus, wraps up the season tonight in solid form. Larry (David) takes issue with his co-workers, has trouble scheduling himself and hosts ungrateful house guests. As usual.

Shameless Showtime, Sunday, 9 ET/PT

The long-running dramedy was just renewed for a ninth season, so the Gallaghers' antics will be around for at least another year on Showtime. In tonight's episode, Fiona (Emmy Rossum) tries to elevate the neighborhood's profile and Ian (Cameron Monaghan) helps Trevor (Elliot Fletcher) raise money for a new youth shelter. Frank (William H. Macy) does his bit by teaching the parents at Liam's (Brennan Kane Johnson) school about the ***working class***.

**Graphic**

photo HBO

**Load-Date:** December 1, 2017

**End of Document**



[***A NEW TAX ON GAS DRILLERS WOULD BE PASSED ON TO US***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5S4P-CKK1-DYRS-T4BD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

April 19, 2018 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2018 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-10

**Length:** 199 words

**Byline:** J.J. KOLESAR, Jefferson Hills

**Body**

When our elected officials raise or place a tax on a product or service, the price of that product or service increases and the result is always the same: We the consumers pay more.

Why then does Gov. Tom Wolf, who always claims to be looking out for the struggling Pennsylvania ***working class***, continue to push for a tax on natural gas drillers? Mr. Wolf's radio and TV ads, in kicking off his re-election campaign, present the same misleading claims that the greedy natural gas drillers in Pennsylvania "need to pay their fair share."

Perhaps they do, but as a businessman himself, Mr. Wolf knows full well that taxes are considered another of the many costs of doing business, whatever that business may be, and the cost of running that business is always incorporated into the final price of the product or service they provide. Always.

Don't allow yourself to be misled any longer about more taxes on this or any other product, and share the information with those who don't seem to understand this example of basic economics. A new "fair share tax" on natural gas drillers in Pennsylvania will only increase the price of the product, which will inevitably be paid for by consumers everywhere.

**Load-Date:** April 19, 2018

**End of Document**



[***Letter: Clean up, Kenney***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5JC0-S4Y1-DYJT-225S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

March 22, 2016 Tuesday

CITY-D Edition

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**Section:** EDITORIAL; P-com Opinion; Pg. A15

**Length:** 114 words

**Body**

ISSUE | LITTER

A dirty job but ...

I applaud Mayor Kenney's commitment to improving life in the city's ***working-class*** neighborhoods. But one persistent problem I haven't heard him address is trash.

Mayor John Street made the removal of abandoned cars a hallmark initiative. Kenney needs to launch a similarly aggressive program to clean up trash-filled lots, medians, and parks around the city and increase enforcement of regulations.

Litter lowers neighborhoods' quality of life and deters new residents and businesses. A massive, citywide cleanup is long overdue, and the mayor is the best person to rally residents behind such an effort.

|Sheth Jones, Philadelphia, [*syakov79@gmail.com*](mailto:syakov79@gmail.com)

**Load-Date:** March 22, 2016

**End of Document**



[***Cook County Democrats endorse Pritzker for governor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5P7S-KS11-DY6F-J0W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 12, 2017 Saturday

Copyright 2017 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 143 words

**Byline:** Chicago Sun-Times

**Body**

The Cook County Democratic Party on Friday endorsed billionaire and philanthropist J.B. Pritzker for governor in next year's hotly contested primary — bolstering his status as a front-runner. Pritzker vowed to fight for ***working-class*** families and strengthen the state's Democratic Party with a vast network of resources, while businessman Chris Kennedy pledged he'd transform the Democratic Party into the party of "reform," as the two best-known Democratic candidates appeared before party slatemakers Friday morning. Though sources had earlier told the Chicago Sun-Times Pritzker was expected to get the endorsement, there were numerous calls during the slating session for an open primary. In June, Kennedy had asked the party not to make an endorsement. That call was echoed by several candidates on Friday. For more of this story, visit chicago.suntimes.com.

**Graphic**

Max Herman/Chicago Sun-Times Democrat JB Pritzker has entered the contest to try to unseat Republican Gov. Bruce Rauner. J.B. Pritzker J.B. Pritzker speaks with the media after announcing his run for governor April 6 in Chicago. He received the endorsement of the Cook County Democratic Party on Friday

**Load-Date:** August 14, 2017

**End of Document**



[***UNIONS, TOO?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5M7G-1H91-DYRS-T19H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

November 22, 2016 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2016 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-10

**Length:** 166 words

**Byline:** ALAN GINTZLER

**Body**

If Donald Trump brings back American steel, will he also bring back American labor unions? Not likely.

Republicans have been taking down American labor since the Reagan era. Why? Because without unions, American workers have no voice and no bargaining power for decent wages or benefits. This is why the ***working class*** has always voted for Democrats, the party that supports organized labor.

That's all over now unless American workers wise up. By taking down unions, Republican politicians knew they can destroy the traditional Democratic base of support. And without unions, American workers will twist in the wind.

Mr. Trump has played a clever game of appealing to base instincts. But it isn't immigrants or people of color who've taken American jobs; it's corporations that have shipped manufacturing overseas.

If Mr. Trump were serious about bringing back American jobs, he'd talk about bringing back unions - because the jobs we lost and miss most were good-paying union jobs.

ALAN GINTZLER

Greenfield

**Load-Date:** November 23, 2016

**End of Document**



[***DESTRUCTIVE PLANS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52X0-JC11-JC8R-304V-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 19, 2011 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-4

**Length:** 172 words

**Byline:** MARY L. KIENTZ

**Body**

In my lifetime of 80 years, I have never seen such evil manipulation of the taxpaying public by our Congress.

If a plan such as changing Medicare does not pass with public approval, they rewrite it, rephrase it, and/or rename it but it's still the same scam.

This Congress is out of touch with the people and with the system of capitalism itself. One of the descriptions of capitalism I have read is people trade/barter among themselves, neither one being slave nor master. Another thing I learned is the middle/***working class*** is the root of the system by trading their time and talents for a fair wage. If we have no middle/***working class***, the system implodes as we're seeing today.

Instead of belittling, demeaning and attempting to take away hard-fought human rights, such as a living wage, health care, Medicare and Social Security, the people in command should be blessing us instead of trying to exploit us for the comfort and security of the most rich and powerful.

Destroying the root of the system is suicide.

MARY L. KIENTZ

Carnegie

**Load-Date:** May 20, 2011

**End of Document**



[***Paying more for plates; TODAY'S MODERATOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5N0B-M4N1-JC1N-W18K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 24, 2017 Friday

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**Section:** ; Pg. A12

**Length:** 164 words

**Byline:** Ron Rollins

**Body**

Plenty of you had thoughts on the possibility that the state may boost licence plate fees.

?"Totally against this. I can't keep paying more to play. Feed the poor, clothe the poor, who's gonna give the ***working class*** a break?"

?"Yet again, another increase in taxes. Poor timing for passage of this since we are in 'tax filing season' for local, state and federal taxes. Citizens filing these taxes are acutely aware of how much of their income is paid to these different entities (and) talking about a hike in auto license fees just adds to the frustration of taxation. ... To those on a fixed income, it is a big deal."

?"No surprise here. When politicians hand out tax exemptions, tax deductions and tax dollars for private businesses including sports teams, they have to make up money somewhere for the basics. Whenever I drive over the aging I-75 bridge to Kentucky and eyeball the two stadiums built in part with millions of tax dollars, I think about our poor priorities every time."

**Load-Date:** March 1, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Paying more for plates; TODAY’S MODERATOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:69S5-JW01-JBCN-34C1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 24, 2017 Friday

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. A12

**Length:** 164 words

**Byline:** Ron Rollins Ideas & Voices Editor

**Body**

Plenty of you had thoughts on the possibility that the state may boost licence plate fees.

■“Totally against this. I can’t keep paying more to play. Feed the poor, clothe the poor, who’s gonna give the ***working class*** a break?”

■“Yet again, another increase in taxes. Poor timing for passage of this since we are in ‘tax filing season’ for local, state and federal taxes. Citizens filing these taxes are acutely aware of how much of their income is paid to these different entities (and) talking about a hike in auto license fees just adds to the frustration of taxation. ... To those on a fixed income, it is a big deal.”

■“No surprise here. When politicians hand out tax exemptions, tax deductions and tax dollars for private businesses including sports teams, they have to make up money somewhere for the basics. Whenever I drive over the aging I-75 bridge to Kentucky and eyeball the two stadiums built in part with millions of tax dollars, I think about our poor priorities every time.”

**Load-Date:** November 30, 2023

**End of Document**



[***Letters: Yuengling's bitter taste***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5M2S-79K1-DYJT-23M7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

November 1, 2016 Tuesday

WEB Edition

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**Section:** EDITORIAL; P-com Opinion; Pg. 00

**Length:** 170 words

**Body**

Yuengling's bitter tasteIt should surprise no one that Yuengling Brewery owner Dick Yuengling is strongly supporting Donald Trump for president ("The great Yuengling spit-take and other unintended consequences of 2016," Philly.com, Thursday). Like his idol Trump, Yuengling is vehemently antiunion, believes American workers' wages are too high, and champions right-to-work legislation.

In 2005, the Teamsters Union unanimously voted to stage a nationwide boycott of Yuengling products because of its owner's aggressive, union-busting track record. That boycott remains in place today. Teamsters Local 830 was even successful in getting Gov. Wolf to remove Yuengling products from his inaugural ball two years ago. Multibillionaires Trump and Yuengling made their fortunes by stiffing workers out of fair wages and benefits. America's ***working class*** doesn't need Trump in the White House or Yuengling's beers in our refrigerators.

|Daniel H. Grace, secretary-treasurer, Teamsters Local 830, Philadelphia, [*dgrace@team830.org*](mailto:dgrace@team830.org)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 2016

**End of Document**



[***MCC student network to welcome peace activist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5M1M-X2M1-JBRC-V2PN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

October 26, 2016 Wednesday

Copyright 2016 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 2

**Length:** 144 words

**Byline:** Submitted by McHenry County College

**Body**

The Student Peace Action Network at McHenry County College will host a presentation by peace activist Kathy Kelly from noon to 1:30 p.m. Wednesday, Oct. 26, in the Luecht Conference Center at the college, 8900 Route 14, Crystal Lake.

Kelly's talk, "Where You Stand is What You See," will focus on human rights in Russia as well as stories about her travels to Afghanistan Gaza and Russia.

During each of her 20 trips to Afghanistan, as an invited guest of the Afghan Peace Volunteers, Kelly has lived alongside ordinary Afghan people in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Kabul. In addition to her foreign nation visits, she will talk about the domestic protests against U.S. drone policy and human rights.

The event is free and open to the public. Popcorn and refreshments will be provided.

For more information, contact the MCC Student Activities Office at (815) 455-8772.

**Notes**

Released from channel family

**Graphic**

Kathy Kelly Kathy Kelly Kathy Kelly

**Load-Date:** October 26, 2016

**End of Document**



[***TV CRITIC'S PICKS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5PYJ-09J1-JC8F-K4ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 14, 2017 Tuesday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 6E

**Length:** 200 words

**Byline:** NEAL JUSTIN; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Happily ever after

Anyone who has stuck with "The Mindy Project" through all six seasons knows the sitcom wouldn't dare wrap on a bum note. The ever-so-sweet finale makes sure all the characters find true bliss, which, in the case of Mindy Kaling's rom-com-loving doctor, means finding a soul mate to fall asleep with in front of the TV.

Now streaming on Hulu

The ultimate whodunit

Retired law-enforcement heavies unite to go on "The Hunt for the Zodiac Killer," a new docuseries about finding answers to one of America's most notorious unsolved crimes. The presence of cameras almost ensures that the heroes will act more like "CSI" stars than real cops, but watching them try to reheat the coldest of cold cases is still compelling.

9 p.m., History Channel

***Working-class*** hero

"Future Man," the latest offering from the wonderfully warped minds of Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg, acknowledges early on that its plot - a video-game ace (Josh Hutcherson) is called upon to save the world - is a direct rip-off of "The Last Starfighter." That doesn't take away from the whiz-bang fun of this sci-fi romp, with Eliza Coupe ("Happy Endings") mining laughs as a stone-cold Terminator.

Now streaming on Hulu

NEAL JUSTIN

**Load-Date:** November 14, 2017

**End of Document**



[***New on: MOVIES ON DEMAND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:597S-V921-JC8N-K01S-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 30, 2013 Friday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 6D

**Length:** 74 words

**Body**

The Great Gatsby (2013)Leonardo DiCaprio, Tobey Maguire and Carey Mulligan become F. Scott Fitzgerald's most famous characters.

Peeples (2013)***Working-class*** Wade (Craig Robinson) visits his lawyer girlfriend (Kerry Washington) and her perfect family.

Pain & Gain (2013)A trio of steroidal and coked-out gym rats (Mark Wahlberg, Dwayne Johnson and Anthony Mackie) kidnap and extort a wealthy businessman (Tony Shalhoub).

Compiled by Jayme Deerwester

**Graphic**

photo Warner Bros. Pictures

**Load-Date:** August 30, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Say no to $50 million tax hike request***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MHC-NB41-JBRC-V2D7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

December 27, 2016 Tuesday

Copyright 2016 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 198 words

**Body**

Say no to $50 million tax hike request

It's Christmas for our local taxing bodies. These local bodies like the townships, park districts, schools, villages, and the county all contribute to our property taxes.

Our local municipalities have more than enough tax revenue. Per capita tax revenues have grown exponentially faster than inflation over the last three decades. The Kane County Forest Preserve Board, which consists of county board members is pushing a $50 million tax hike referendum, to take more land off the tax rolls. When the county buys land from private parties, you and I pay more for the same services.

Our country just saw a very controversial election season. The primaries and general elections were dominated by people who were frustrated with status quo. Both Republicans and Democrats are being taxed out of their homes.

Kane County Board members, a yes vote for this referendum is a vote to raise property taxes on seniors and ***working class*** families. A vote to place this referendum on the ballot is a vote to make doing business in Kane County more expensive. Please vote no against any referendum to hike taxes.

State Representative-Elect Allen Skillicorn

East Dundee

**Load-Date:** December 30, 2016

**End of Document**



[***Best-selling author returns to Middletown roots; Writer of 'Hillbilly Elegy,' one of 2016's most acclaimed books, wants to help Ohio.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MGR-2MH1-DYGR-K446-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 27, 2016 Tuesday

Copyright 2016 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** ; Pg. B5

**Length:** 177 words

**Byline:** By Dan Sewell

**Body**

Author J.D. Vance is eager to resettle in Ohio.

CINCINNATI - After writing and talking repeatedly about the problems facing the kind of people he grew up with, best-selling author J.D. Vance is coming back to his home state to try to do something to make things better.

Vance's "Hillbilly Elegy," with colorful tales and observations from his life in the Ohio Rust Belt city of Middletown and his familial home in rural eastern Kentucky, was among 2016's most prominent nonfiction books. It drew extra attention because of Vance's insights into the support maverick New York businessman Donald Trump's presidential candidacy drew from the struggling white ***working class*** of his upbringing.

A popular TV discussion show guest during the campaign, the Yale-educated Silicon Valley investor now wants to do more than talk about the issues.

"I just think those of us who think we have something to offer have a responsibility to try to help," Vance said.

Vance has been working with public relations strategist Jai Chabria, who was a longtime adviser to Ohio Gov. John Kasich.

**Load-Date:** December 27, 2016

**End of Document**



[***Brady to receive award named in his honor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5773-XFW1-JC3R-B2KX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

December 8, 2012 Saturday

CITY-D Edition

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**Section:** PHILADELPHIA; PC News Pennsylvania; Pg. B02

**Length:** 59 words

**Body**

U.S. Rep. Bob Brady is to be awarded the inaugural Bob Brady ***Working Class*** Hero Award on Saturday night. The Philadelphia Democrat will be given the new award by United Steelworkers Local 10-1 for helping to save jobs connected with the Sunoco Philadelphia refinery. Brady will receive the award at the IATSE Ballroom in South Philadelphia. **- Robert Moran**

**Load-Date:** December 8, 2012

**End of Document**



[***Fresh ideas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5B6G-P331-DYGR-K2YG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

January 3, 2014 Friday

Copyright 2014 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** IDEAS & VOICES; Pg. A6

**Length:** 90 words

**Body**

From The Atlantic Cities: "Gritty is one those condescending terms in the urbanist lexicon that can often say more about the writer's preconceptions than the place they're describing. It implies an attitude posed between admiration and fastidiousness: inner city 'hoods are great and all, but a few extra little farmers' markets and independent boutiques for People Like Us wouldn't go amiss. Does the perceived grit come from a place's poor state of repair? Or is it just a shorthand to describe a place inhabited by the urban ***working class***?"

**Load-Date:** January 3, 2014

**End of Document**



[***‘Roseanne' returns***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5NJY-0CY1-DY6F-J3TV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

May 17, 2017 Wednesday

Copyright 2017 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. 12

**Length:** 188 words

**Byline:** By Lynn Elber AP Television Writer

**Body**

NEW YORK — "Roseanne," one of TV's rare ***working-class*** comedies, will return to ABC two decades after it wrapped its hit run with star Roseanne Barr and the rest of the cast intact, the network said Tuesday in announcing its 2017-18 season plans.

"The Conners' joys and struggles are as relevant — and hilarious — today as they were then, and there's really no one better to comment on our modern America than Roseanne," ABC Entertainment President Channing Dungey said in a statement. The original series wrapped its nine-season run in 1997.

Besides Barr as the Conner family matriarch, the eight-episode reboot airing in 2018 will feature John Goodman as her husband, Dan, along with former co-stars Sara Gilbert, Laurie Metcalf, Michael Fishman and Lecy Goranson. Sarah Chalke, who played Goranson's character, Becky, in later seasons, will appear in another role, ABC said. The five cast members appeared onstage Tuesday at Lincoln Center during ABC's presentation to advertisers.

"I'm happy to be back," Barr said. "We did this show for years and thought we were done talking. But we found out we have a whole lot more to say."

**Graphic**

Associated Press 29 years ago: The original cast of "Roseanne" will return later this year for a revival of the ABC sitcom starring Michael Fishman, seated from left, Roseanne Barr, John Goodman; second row from left, Sara Gilbert, Lecy Goranson and Laurie Metcalf.

**Load-Date:** May 17, 2017

**End of Document**



[***New on: hulu***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:58P7-0001-JC8N-K113-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 18, 2013 Tuesday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 5D

**Length:** 92 words

**Body**

Minds in the Water (2011)Nashville star and animal-rights activist Hayden Panettiere pops up in this documentary, which tracks pro surfer Dave Rastovich's campaign to end the commercial slaughter of dolphins and whales.

Come in Spinner: Season 1 (Australia)Four Sydney women work in the salon at an upscale hotel at the end of World War II. Based on the book by Dymphna Cusack and Florence James.

Coronation Street: Seasons 53-54 (ITV)The world's longest-running soap has spent decades depicting the lives of ***working-class*** characters in Manchester, England.

**Graphic**

photo 2010 AP photo Actress Hayden Panettiere stands up for animal rights.

**Load-Date:** June 18, 2013

**End of Document**



[***The Midwestern mentality***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:57YH-GBG1-DY6F-J2D8-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 12, 2013 Tuesday

Copyright 2013 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 5

**Length:** 92 words

**Body**

Working with old friends from the Northwest suburbs makes good sense, Conant High School graduate Emerson Swinford thinks.

"Midwesterners in general have a friendlier demeanor and are just regular good people," he said. "There's an honesty and a work ethic. Maybe there's something about our harsh winters that teaches us life isn't always easy. They're good ***working-class*** people, and I don't think that changes with success, you know?

"I'd say back in the Midwest, you are less judged by what you do for a living and more on the quality of your character."

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Can ‘Chuy' Garcia really be Chicago's next mayor?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5FGB-9MY1-JBRC-V2JV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 8, 2015 Sunday

Copyright 2015 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** REFLEJOS; Pg. 6

**Length:** 156 words

**Body**

Can ‘Chuy' Garcia really be Chicago's next mayor?

If Jesus "Chuy" Garcia is going to have a shot at upsetting Chicago Mayor Rahm Emanuel in an April runoff, he'll need to solidify a coalition of minorities, union members and progressives reminiscent of one that buoyed his mentor, Harold Washington, the city's first black mayor.

Emanuel enjoys big advantages in money and experience, having raised millions more than Garcia, a Cook County commissioner who jumped into the race just three months ago. But Garcia remains optimistic, saying the primary election was a message from working people who believe Emanuel puts the interests of business and the wealthy before them.

"It's very clear there's something going on in Chicago that says that we need to go in a different direction," said Garcia. "***Working class*** folk who stepped up in this campaign feel that Chicago needs to be responsive to the neighborhoods and toward ordinary people."

**Load-Date:** March 9, 2015

**End of Document**



[***UNFAIR TO JOB SEEKERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5F40-9Y71-DYRS-T01N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

January 20, 2015 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2015 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-4

**Length:** 154 words

**Byline:** JOHN LIPCHIK

**Body**

I would like to thank you for the Jan. 14 article "Allegheny County Charging Some Job Seekers." The practice is an example of historical inefficiency and corruption that Allegheny County has been known for.

It is clear to me that officials would like to reduce the number of applicants for these jobs so that they can be given out as patronage. What ***working-class*** man or woman would throw away $30 on the mere chance to get a job with so many other applicants?

Many people apply for these jobs. The money collected is way out of proportion with the cost of screening applications, something that can be done with a simple computer application.

If Allegheny County is so hard up for cash, why doesn't it re-assess the taxes on the homes of its politicians and their wealthy friends? The application fees are a form of regressive taxation that punishes the poorest citizens for trying to improve their careers.

JOHN LIPCHIK

Ridgemont

**Load-Date:** January 20, 2015

**End of Document**



[***CARING CANDIDATE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:58F1-CN51-JC8R-32XH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

May 15, 2013 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2013 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 101 words

**Byline:** REV. JEFF MOLNAR

**Body**

Personally, I find the attack ads against city Councilman Bill Peduto by Luke Ravenstahl/Jack Wagner to be untrue and distasteful. I have known Bill for 25 years. He has always been a man who genuinely cares about the poor and ***working-class*** people. He is honest, intelligent, compassionate and a man of faith. I am positive a top priority of the Peduto administration would be to revitalize and transform our underdeveloped neighborhoods.

As a Catholic priest, I am not permitted to endorse a candidate, but I am allowed to speak to quality of the man. Bill is a true friend of the poor.

REV. JEFF MOLNAR

Shaler

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Don't trust politicians to solve pension crisis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5G1P-6RG1-DY6F-J50K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

May 20, 2015 Wednesday

Copyright 2015 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 173 words

**Body**

Don't trust politicians to solve pension crisis

The blame for the state pension structure can be placed on either or both parties. Neither should be entrusted to fix it.

They don't have real "skin in the game."

Truly responsible negotiators are needed to manage the funding and dispersal of the involved funds.

Politicians are stating every day that it could take years to fix. That's because they are all beholden first to their financial supporters and power brokers before the pensioners and voters can even be considered.

That's just not right. Proper negotiators could probably solve the structural and monetary situations in days, if not less, were they to be protected from all the "ax-grinders" hovering over the cache of money they want to give to everyone but the ones that need it.

All of the politicians, from the governor on down, are not the proper ones to make those decisions because their methods involve figuring out how to make the ***working class*** pay more and not jeopardize their votes in the next election.

Tom Schoenke

Grayslake

**Load-Date:** May 20, 2015

**End of Document**



[***OUR NATION'S NEEDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:553V-XKM1-JC8R-350N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

March 5, 2012 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2012 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 75 words

**Byline:** FRANCES STEVE, Penn Hills

**Body**

In the Feb. 26 letters, someone wanted to know how a practicing Catholic could vote for President Barack Obama ("Core Beliefs"). I'm a practicing Catholic and I voted for Mr. Obama. I'm not a one-issue voter. President Obama works diligently to help the ***working class*** and the poor, to improve the economy, to keep our country safe, to improve education, etc. We need, as a country, to show concern and compassion for our citizens from birth to death.

**Load-Date:** March 5, 2012

**End of Document**



[***NOT EVERYONE CAN FLY LIKE A GIANT EAGLE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C5J-XM31-DYRS-T3BC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

May 10, 2014 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2014 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** BUSINESS; LETTERS TO THE BUSINESS EDITOR; Pg. A-8

**Length:** 129 words

**Byline:** G. Greenleaf-Knepp Emsworth

**Body**

"Giant Eagle Chief Laura Karet Gets in Front of the Camera," April 27, relates how Giant Eagle CEO/tsarina - and don't forget, Pittsburgher! - Laura Karet deigned to appear in TV ads with her smiling-for-the-camera-employees while touting how much Giant Eagle cares for the community by promoting contributions to food local banks, etc.

Why now?

Maybe because the once Hughesian-shy "Iggle" is losing its virtual "talonhold" on the area, what with Bottom Dollar Food and Aldi's that offer prices that ***working-class*** families - including Giant Eagle employees - can actually afford?

You want to give to your community?

Start with living wages for employees instead of hugs.

Not everyone can spread their wings and fly like an "Iggle" or roost in Fox Chapel like the scion Ms. Karet.

**Load-Date:** May 13, 2014

**End of Document**



[***MORE UNFAIR TRADE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5FKC-N041-DYRS-T2M7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

March 22, 2015 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2015 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. F-2

**Length:** 172 words

**Byline:** FRANK J. VALENTA, Valencia

**Body**

What I read in the March 16 Perspectives piece by Ed Rendell ("Trade Equals Jobs") made me sick to my stomach and highly infuriated at the former Democratic governor.

Once a highly thought-of manufacturing state, Pennsylvania had top-quality basic industry jobs that have been sold off in the world market by totally improper and unfair negotiated trade agreements.

The long-standing North American Free Trade Agreement has crippled industries and grossly affected our nation's economy.

This has caused terrible damage to our ***working class*** of people.

Now Mr. Rendell is supporting two new world trade deals, called the Trans-Pacific and Transatlantic partnerships. How small-minded and shortsighted can this be?

Let me conclude with the old saying "Those who forget the past are destined to relive it." Mr. Rendell seems to have forgotten all the jobs lost because of NAFTA.

Unfair trade is responsible for these job losses, drastically hurting our economy. Giving the president fast-track trade authority would be adding insult to injury.

**Notes**

The writer is a former steelworker and former District 28 director for the United Steelworkers. /

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2015

**End of Document**



[***A REVIEW OF IMAGES THAT MADE THE NEWS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:69S5-JW01-JBCN-33K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 20, 2017 Monday

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**Section:** PHOTO EXTRA; Pg. SA1

**Length:** 1 words

**Graphic**

JAY JANNER / AURTIN ALERICAN-RTATERLAN">BEST VALENTINE’S GIFT: Capt. Thomas DiMiero kisses his wife, Jennifer DiMiero, during a welcome-home ceremony Tuesday at Fort Hood, Texas. The couple were reunited after his nine-month deployment to Afghanistan, where he served with 199 soldiers from the Army’s 3rd Cavalry Regiment. The soldiers advised the Afghanistan army and local and national police and worked on village stabilization operations.RNBERT F. BUKATY / ARRNCIATED PRERR">COLD COMFORT: Cyclist David Cassidy of Bangor, Maine, enjoys the moment after crossing the finish line in an 18-mile bike race at the Fat Tire Festival at Sugarloaf ski resort on Feb. 11 in Carrabassett Valley, Maine. Riders had to endure heavy snowfall and temperatures near zero as parts of New England were hit with yet another winter storm.N’NRRERVATNRE RNLANN / ARRNCIATED PRERR">PAPAL AUDIENCE: Pope Francis meets bishops of the Costa Rica Episcopal Conference at the Vatican on Feb. 13. They discussed immigration and other issues.JUNIE JACNBRNN / ARRNCIATED PRERR">TOP DOG AT WESTMINSTER: Rumor, a German shepherd, leaps to lick her handler and co-owner Kent Boyles on the face after winning Best in Show at the 141st Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show early Wednesday in New York.BRIAN VAN DER BRUG / NNR ANGENER TILER">FRANTIC DAM WORK: Construction continues Wednesday in a race to fortify the emergency spillway at Oroville Dam in Oroville, Calif. More rain was likely, but officials were confident the dam and spillways would hold.RERGEI GRITR / ARRNCIATED PRERR">RECALLING SOVIET DEAD: Women with flowers stand next to Belarusian military cadets holding portraits of soldiers killed during the Soviet war in Afghanistan, during a ceremony Wednesday at a memorial on the Island of Tears in Minsk. The ceremony was held to mark the 28th anniversary of the Soviet pullout from Afghanistan.HYNRUB RHIN / ATNANTA JNURNANCNNRTITUTINN">GORE’S WARMING WARNING: Former Vice President Al Gore delivers the keynote speech during a Climate & Health Meeting at the Carter Center in Atlanta on Thursday. The conference was canceled by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in the aftermath of Donald Trump’s election victory but was later rescheduled and moved to the Carter Center.NANK WILSOL / GETTY INAGES">TRUMP’S NEW LABOR PICK: President Donald Trump speaks during a news conference announcing Alexander Acosta as the new labor secretary nominee in the East Room at the White House on Thursday in Washington. The announcement came a day after Andrew Puzder withdrew his nomination.ALEX WOLG / GETTY INAGES">WORKERS RALLY IN WASHINGTON: Fast-food worker Tino Akata of Silver Spring, Maryland, wraps a U.S. flag around himself Thursday during a rally “to fight back against the Republican war on the ***working class***” at Upper Senate Park on Capitol Hill in Washington. Activists held a rally to celebrate Andrew Puzder’s decision to withdraw from consideration to be secretary of labor and “to hold [President] Trump accountable to the ***working class***.”BRTCH CONEGYS / THE TINES & TNIBRLE">DOG’S WINTER TOGS: Lucy, a 2½-year-old Jack Russell terrier and Chihuahua mix, is bundled up in her winter coat while out for a cold walk with owner Toni Powell on Wednesday in downtown Scranton, Pa.JOE RAEDLE / GETTY IMAGES">VALENTINE’S WEDDING BUSS: Carmen Lombardo and Armando Merola kiss as they participate in a group Valentine’s Day wedding at the National Croquet Center on Tuesday in West Palm Beach, Florida. Approximately 40 couples were married in a ceremony put on by the Palm Beach County Clerk & Comptroller’s Office.MIKE STONE / ASSONIATED PRESS">COURTSIDE CONSULT: TCU head coach Raegan Pebley talks with referee Bob Trammell during the Feb. 12 game against No. 2 Baylor in Fort Worth, Texas. The Horned Frogs fell to the Bears 91-73.KEVORK DJANSEZIAN / GETTY IMAGES">TOPS IN POP: Recording artists Josh Dun (left) and Tyler Joseph of Twenty One Pilots accept the award for Best Pop Duo/Group Performance onstage in their underwear during the 59th Grammy Awards at Staples Center on Feb.12 in Los Angeles. The story behind their attire began years earlier when they were watching the Grammys with a group of friends and realized they were all in their underwear, Joseph said. “And seriously, Josh turned to me and we were no one at that time and he said to me: ‘If we ever go to the Grammys, if we ever win a Grammy, we should receive it just like this.’”

**Load-Date:** November 30, 2023

**End of Document**



[***RICK SANTORUM; SITUATIONAL RICK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5542-7FR1-JC8R-30DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

March 4, 2012 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2012 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; ISSUE ONE; Pg. B-3

**Length:** 93 words

**Byline:** DAVID WASSEL, White Oak

**Body**

Regarding former Sen. Rick Santorum's revelation that President Kennedy almost made him throw up: I find it interesting that then-Rep. Santorum did not have this particular reflex when first announcing his intention to run for the U.S. Senate in front of the Kennedy statue in Mc- Keesport in the shadow of the old U.S. Steel National Tube Works.

Perhaps we would do well to ask what other positions taken by Mr. Santorum in his quest for the Republican nomination are only situational. His newfound concern for the welfare of the ***working class*** comes to mind.

**Load-Date:** March 6, 2012

**End of Document**



[***Endorsements back obstructionist GOP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5DDG-CV91-JBRC-V1R3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

October 18, 2014 Saturday

Copyright 2014 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 180 words

**Body**

Endorsements back obstructionist GOP

The Daily Herald endorsements of GOP Hultgren and Dold for U.S. Congress make it pretty clear they are happy to continue the obstruction in Congress.

The GOP-dominated Congress has been the least productive and most partisan than any in history, and the Daily Herald just endorsed more of that.

There is no equal blame to pass around. The obstruction is fueled by the do-nothing GOP. Voters who study the issues will understand that a vote for more GOP in Congress is a vote against the Medicare guarantee, against equal pay for women, against immigration reform, against firearm background checks, against a minimum wage hike, against health care for all, against marriage equality, and against public education.

That's why they will go down in history as the Party of No.

And guess who brought on the Great Depression of 2008? Yep, wild GOP spending, corporate welfare, and gutting of the middle class.

Vote Dennis Anderson, Dist. 14, and Brad Schneider, Dist. 10, for U.S. Congress and give the ***working class*** a fighting chance.

Dennis McSherry

Fox Lake

**Load-Date:** October 20, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Union members urged to attend Philadelphia rally***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:568W-B961-DYJT-21HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

August 6, 2012 Monday

WEB Edition

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**Section:** WEB; Inq Breaking Business News; Pg. WEB

**Length:** 124 words

**Body**

Local labor leaders pledged to turn out 20,000 union members for the Workers Stand for America national rally to be held Saturday on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway.

Local organizers expect the national gathering to attract 30,000 union leaders, politicians and members from across the nation, with the intention of drawing attention to issues of middle-class and ***working-class*** people in advance of the national presidential conventions.

The organizers will ask politicians to sign a second "bill of rights" calling for the rights to full employment, full participation in the electoral process, to organize into unions at work, and to obtain quality education, health care, a secure retirement and unemployment insurance.

– Jane M. Von Bergen

**Load-Date:** August 7, 2012

**End of Document**



[***The rich just keep getting richer***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5F2P-MKF1-JBRC-V3G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

January 9, 2015 Friday

Copyright 2015 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 0

**Length:** 185 words

**Body**

The rich just keep getting richer

The whole of 2014 was one long happy New Year for the 1 percent, but don't take my word for it.

A little more than a year ago President Obama appeared before U.S. business elites at The Wall Street Journal CEO Council and gave the following reassurance: "When you go to other countries the political divisions are so much more stark and wider. Here in America, the difference between Democrats and Republicans ... we're fighting inside the 40-yard lines. ... People call me a socialist sometimes. But no, you've got to meet real socialists. (General laughter) ... I'm talking about lowering the corporate tax rate. My health care reform is based on the private marketplace. The stock market is looking pretty good last time I checked."

The president could have added that during his tenure in office 95 percent of all income gains has gone to the wealthiest 1 percent of Americans while everybody else's income is either stagnant or declining. But, of course, in deference to his ***working-class*** base in the Democratic Party, some things are best left unsaid.

Roger Fraser

Rolling Meadows

**Load-Date:** January 14, 2015

**End of Document**



[***Speak Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5824-N7C1-JC1N-W3F5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

March 26, 2013 Tuesday

Copyright 2013 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** IDEAS & VOICES; Pg. A7

**Length:** 116 words

**Body**

I realized how the non-workers in our society feel as I drank half of my fancy coffee-shop latte yesterday. My first thought was, "I should finish this, because it was expensive." Then, I realized I had purchased it with a gift card and it was free for me. I threw it away. Multiply that one action by billions and you know what happens to all the "free" stuff given to the non-workers by the working people who pay taxes to fund the free gas and electric, free food, free medical care, free cellphones, etc. We work to fund it all, and they take and waste, then expect more from us. The ruling class is buying votes from the non-workers with money taken from the ***working class***. Welcome to America.

**Load-Date:** March 26, 2013

**End of Document**



[***'MR. PLEASANT' SCREENING TONIGHT AT CMU***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:542D-49M1-DYRS-T19N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 19, 2011 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. B-3

**Length:** 92 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri, Post-Gazette movie editor

**Body**

"Mr. Pleasant," which premiered at the 2010 Three Rivers Film Festival, will be shown at 6:30 tonight in the Adamson Wing of Baker Hall at Carnegie Mellon University. It is free and open to the public.

From writer-producer James Daniels and director John Rice, "Mr. Pleasant" is set in the early 1980s and tells the story of a college student from Detroit who mistakenly thinks that leaving his hometown and the ***working class*** behind will ultimately lead to a more fulfilling life. The movie has been making the festival rounds since its Pittsburgh debut.

**Load-Date:** October 19, 2011

**End of Document**



[***WISCONSIN RECALL; OH, THE LUXURIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55VY-6VK1-DYRS-T0HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

June 10, 2012 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2012 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; ISSUE ONE; Pg. B-3

**Length:** 99 words

**Byline:** TOM HUTCHISON, Braddock Hills

**Body**

The verdict is in. With the help of a $39 million ad campaign, the Wisconsin voters affirmed that the overpaid ***working class*** is the cause of the current economic crisis. Why, just the other day I witnessed a vacationing teacher playing golf. How dare he! Doesn't he realize that he is literally taking the fuel from the tanks of corporate jets?

I am appalled at the number of people I see eating at restaurants. Can't they grow a garden? What's wrong with chickens and pigs in the backyard? On top of all this, this group of middle-class trash expect to have affordable health care and pensions. Ha.

**Load-Date:** June 12, 2012

**End of Document**



[***'BILLY ELLIOT'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:56S8-4HR1-JC8F-K4FY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 7, 2012 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 6E

**Length:** 106 words

**Byline:** ROHAN PRESTON; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Opening Tuesday: In 2009, this musical by composer Elton John and book writer and lyricist Lee Hall wowed Broadway, winning 10 Tonys. The show, about a ***working-class*** British boy who dreams of dancing instead of fighting, has been running in New York ever since. It had a sold-out run at the Orpheum Theatre in Minneapolis in December 2010. Now the show returns for a twirl across the river, with Woodbury 13-year-old Zach Manske alternating with Kyland Hetherington (pictured) in the lead role. (7:30 p.m. Tue.-Fri., 2 & 7:30 p.m. Sat. & next Sun. $36-$106. Ordway Center, 5th and Washington Sts., St. Paul. 651-224-4222 or [*www.ordway.org*](http://www.ordway.org).)

**Load-Date:** October 8, 2012

**End of Document**



[***cameo critic nick lowe***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55DY-78S1-JC8F-K1GB-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 15, 2012 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 2E

**Length:** 103 words

**Byline:** JON BREAM; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Whether producing Elvis Costello in the '70s or crooning his own worldly ballads in the '00s, veteran British musicmaker Nick Lowe has proven to be a man of good taste. Lowe, who performs Wednesday at First Avenue, lately has found himself engrossed in Hans Fallada's "Alone in Berlin," a 1947 book about World War II that was recently republished in English.

JON BREAM

"It's an amazing story about regular ***working-class*** people during the war in Berlin. It's based on a true story. It's un-putdownable. It's incredibly well written. Although the drama is small, there's something incredibly tense and exciting about it."

**Load-Date:** April 16, 2012

**End of Document**



[***MY AG VOTE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55F6-TS81-DYRS-T35R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

April 17, 2012 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2012 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 122 words

**Byline:** MARY ARTUSO

**Body**

As a resident of Allegheny County, I've seen the Pennsylvania attorney's general office do nothing for the hard workers in the middle class. Instead, it's protected politicians and corporate executives and allowed them to get rich at the expense of the ***working class***.

I want an attorney general like Patrick Murphy, who will fight for the voice of the middle class. Pennsylvania desperately needs someone who is willing to stand up to Gov. Tom Corbett; that someone is Patrick Murphy.

In the past Mr. Murphy has helped protect Americans from financial crime and even fought for the number of prosecutors checking the Wall Street violators. A man like this obviously cares about the people and he can count on my vote.

MARY ARTUSO

McKeesport

**Load-Date:** April 18, 2012

**End of Document**



[***THE ICEBOX YEARS/HOWARD M. CHRISTOPHERSON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:591C-GX41-JC8F-K03M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 15, 2013 Friday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 16E

**Length:** 155 words

**Byline:** MARY ABBE; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Opening Saturday: Now a sprawling home to much of the Twin Cities art community, northeast Minneapolis was once just a shabby, ***working-class*** neighborhood. That was about 25 years ago when photographer Howard Christopherson moved his Icebox Studio there from downtown Minneapolis. He soon added a gallery and framing business, and set about promoting the area by helping to launch Art-A-Whirl, an annual arts festival and pub crawl. In a fit of nostalgia, Christopherson is throwing up a sample of his own art spanning the past 25 years, mostly classic black-and-white photos from the Midwest (such as "Enterprises," taken in northern Wisconsin circa 1998) and his exotic travels, with maybe a bit of sculpture and some frisky nudes. Whatever shows up, count on a good time. (Opening party 8-11 p.m. Sat., free. Icebox Gallery, 1500 NE. Jackson St., Mpls. Show ends April 20, free. 612-788-1790 or [*www.iceboxminnesota.com*](http://www.iceboxminnesota.com))

MARY ABBE

**Load-Date:** July 31, 2013

**End of Document**



[***DISLOYAL TO GRANDMA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S91-HS60-TX33-C1NN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 12, 2008 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2008 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTER TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 63 words

**Byline:** MARIE JONES, Forest Hills

**Body**

Trying to appeal to the average working person in Pennsylvania, Barack Obama is running ads showing him with his white grandparents. But Sen. Obama had no qualms in dishonoring this same white grandmother to the entire nation to justify his association with the black racist Rev. Jeremiah Wright.

Sen. Obama doesn't get it: Loyalty to your family is part of the ***working-class*** ethic.

**Load-Date:** April 15, 2008

**End of Document**



[***cameo critic***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52FJ-JGG1-DYRH-90R1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 20, 2011 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 2E

**Length:** 103 words

**Byline:** NEAL JUSTIN; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Highlight:** melissa peterman

**Body**

Minnesota native Melissa Peterman plays an overwrought single mother on CMT's "***Working Class***," but in real life she finds time to enjoy the finer things in culture. Here's what's recently made her entertainment must-list.

NEAL JUSTIN

"I just finished 'A Reliable Wife' [by Robert Goolrick]. It takes place in the early 1900s in Wisconsin. A man basically puts out a Craigslist ad for a wife. I also liked 'Half-Broke Horses' [by Jeannette Walls]. On TV, I'm watching 'Modern Family' and '30 Rock.' For music, I'm loving Sugarland, Lady Antebellum and the new stuff from Black-Eyed Peas. I'm still a hardcore Prince fan."

**Load-Date:** March 23, 2011

**End of Document**



[***SPEAK UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RBJ-XJ40-TWV2-515J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 10, 2007 Monday

Copyright 2007 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINIONS; Pg. A13

**Length:** 73 words

**Body**

How can RTA think about raising its prices again after the significant drop in customer satisfaction because of route changes?

RTA's proposed service cuts and increased fares are preposterous. If it reversed its January 2007 service cuts and became more reliable, they'd generate more business. The ministers alliance needs to look at RTA, a company that is robbing poor and ***working-class*** folk who ride buses for their transportation needs.

**Load-Date:** December 13, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Explore folk music history***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5454-1DS1-DY6F-J0N0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

October 31, 2011 Monday

NM1 Edition

Copyright 2011 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 4

**Length:** 115 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Elgin Area Historical Society

**Body**

The Elgin History Museum, 360 Park St., will hold a benefit, "Woody Guthrie: American Folk Singer" at 4 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 5. Admission is $45 $35 for society members.

This year's museum benefit will feature Bucky Halker, who is well known for his music-history programs on Woody Guthrie and the Great Depression and on ***working-class*** protest music from 1865-1950. Bucky examines the folk music history of Illinois to discover that the Land of Lincoln may well have the most diverse and vibrant musical traditions of any state in the nation.

There will be appetizer refreshments, silent auction and a cash bar. Reservations are required; call (847) 742-4248 or email [*elginhistory@foxvalley.net*](mailto:elginhistory@foxvalley.net)

**Graphic**

Bucky Halker will explore folk music history with "Woody Guthrie: American Folk Singer" Saturday, Nov. 5.

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2011

**End of Document**



[***REALLY, PG?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54P3-WC21-DYRS-T3WG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

January 8, 2012 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2012 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-2

**Length:** 122 words

**Byline:** GEORGE BOCKOSH, Upper St. Clair

**Body**

Your picks for the region's top 10 stories of 2011 hold some really amazing items. Thinking about the year brings to my mind things like the big cut in the Port Authority (No. 8 on the PG's list), which leaves many ***working-class*** people without a way to get to work.

Police officers were shot and killed. The unemployment rate was high with many local people out of work. I could go on.

What do you pick as No. 4? Sidney Crosby's concussions! Now, I feel sorry for his ills and for the fans who idolize him -- and I mean no offense to the Penguins Nation -- but come on! He is one man on one team. What were you thinking when you put that item in the list?

It really shows a total disconnect with reality. Really, what were you thinking?

**Load-Date:** January 10, 2012

**End of Document**



[***HOMETOWN TRIVIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48F9-B8W0-0027-X0X9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

April 23, 2003 Wednesday CITY EDITION

Copyright 2003 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A2

**Length:** 29 words

**Body**

Dayton's many bars were important social centers for the city's ***working class***, and, until the 1890's, were one of the few places a man could go for a meal served outside the home.

**Load-Date:** April 24, 2003

**End of Document**



[***What about the people working who have insurance? Everyone I talk to in the work***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:59DW-TSC1-JBRC-V1RD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 23, 2013 Monday

Copyright 2013 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 14

**Length:** 197 words

**Body**

What about the people working who have insurance? Everyone I talk to in the ***working class*** are seeing drastic changes in their policies. Cost are rising for us. No one wants to hear from us. — Kenneth Heneghan

The business to start right now is the middleman that works to help a standing relationship between hospitals and insurance companies. It is an opportunity that will fill pockets overnight. — Robert H. Carter

Thank God for Obamacare! It is GREAT! — Phil Parratore

The Affordable Care Act Provides: Free Prevention Benefits, Coverage for Young Adults, Coverage for Americans with Pre-Existing Conditions, End to Limits on Care, End to Coverage Cancellations...etc. The ACA retains the private, for-profit insurance model, versus going to a governmental model such as Medicare for all. It is not socialism; just the opposite. It preserves capitalism in health care insurance and was originally proposed by a conservative think tank. — Cindy Bender

So Cindy, instead this massive plan that nobody totally understands, why not just legislate separately the: keeping children on parents' policy till 26, eliminate pre-existing insurance clauses, end of limits care, et al. — Guy Crucil

**Load-Date:** September 23, 2013

**End of Document**



[***'ANYTOWN'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55Y1-9GJ1-JC8F-K3M3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 17, 2012 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 4E

**Length:** 152 words

**Byline:** CAROLINE PALMER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

'ANYTOWN'

Thursday-next Sunday: There are few voices in American rock music as recognizable as Bruce Springsteen's. For four decades "The Boss" has written songs about ***working-class*** heroes, and it was inevitable that someone would find a way to set dance to his words. This weekend the Guthrie Theater presents the return of Shapiro Smith Dance's "Anytown," a hard-hitting and ultimately uplifting work about family ties -- by blood or by choice -- set to tunes by Springsteen as well as E Street Band members Patti Scialfa and Soozie Tyrell (choreographer Joanie Smith's half-sister). Many original cast members from this 2004 work (including Carl Flink and Laura Selle-Virtucio) will return for the performances in the Guthrie's Dowling Studio. (7:30 p.m. Thu.-Fri., 1 p.m. Sat.-Sun., 4 p.m. Sat., 7 p.m. Sun., $18-$30, Guthrie Theater, 818 S. 2nd St., Mpls., 612-377-2224 or [*www.guthrietheater.org*](http://www.guthrietheater.org).)

CAROLINE PALMER

**Load-Date:** June 21, 2012

**End of Document**



[***INTO THE TRASH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-CM80-0094-233F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 30, 1993, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1993 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 159 words

**Byline:** BILL FIDEL GREENFIELD

**Body**

In his haste to pass NAFTA, President Clinton has created a new generation of ''throwaway'' people: 100,000 garment workers in Los Angeles, 80,000 in New York City, 40,000 in Miami; thousands of autoworkers and those in what remains of the steel and glass industry.

Organized labor and the ***working class*** are the foundation of the Democratic Party.

President Clinton has chosen to abandon them in favor of the well- educated, the elite and the rich. So, what is NAFTA? Welfare for the rich.

President Clinton has promised to pass legislation providing $ 90 million for retraining workers displaced by NAFTA.

Today's ***working class***, those who work two and three part-time jobs to try and make ends meet, will find that their lot has not improved under NAFTA. They need well-paying jobs that provide pride and self-esteem now, not 35 years from now.

We can thank President Clinton, along with his friends in Big Business, for creating all these ''throwaway'' people.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, Arcadio/La Nacion, Costa Rica

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***"THE ANGELS' SHARE"***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:58RX-HHD1-JC8F-K17S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 7, 2013 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 16E

**Length:** 191 words

**Byline:** COLIN COVERT; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Highlight:** Amateur thieves steal the show

**Body**

High-stakes crime goes low-tech and broadly funny in "The Angels' Share," the opening-night movie of the 2013 Minneapolis-St. Paul International Film Festival.

Veteran director Ken Loach, usually a purveyor of politicized ***working-class*** gloom, lightens up in this bittersweet Scottish comedy. Four jobless Glasgow hooligans doing community service learn of an ultra-rare cask of whiskey going to auction and decide to steal the priceless malt. Their cheeky amateurism is endearing (how many master thieves hitchhike to the crime scene?) and the nonprofessional cast is so authentic that "English" subtitles translate their formidable accents. If you want to look for it, you'll find a layer of social-realist commentary amid the gentle, life-affirming laughs.

The film won the Jury Prize at Cannes 2012. Screenwriter Paul Laverty is scheduled to attend. (7:30 p.m. Thu., St. Anthony Main, 115 SE. Main St., Mpls., followed by a party at the Aster Cafe. Tickets for the evening are $50 general admission, $40 for Film Society members. Advance ticket purchases at [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org) are recommended, as the screening is expected to sell out.)

COLIN COVERT

**Load-Date:** June 26, 2013

**End of Document**



[***‘The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks' author Rebecca Skloot comes to Oakton***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C2H-K5J1-DY6F-J3XP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 4, 2014 Tuesday

Copyright 2014 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 3

**Length:** 198 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Oakton Community College

**Body**

Rebecca Skloot, author of the No. 1 New York Times best-seller "The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks," will highlight Oakton's celebration of Women's History Month with a lecture, question and answer session, and book signing on Wednesday, March 5, at the college's Des Plaines campus, 1600 E. Golf Road.

The free program starts at 7 p.m.

Skloot's book, winner of the Chicago Public Library and the Chicago Public Library Foundation's 21st Century Award, traces the story of a ***working class*** black woman's cells — taken from a cancerous tumor without her knowledge in 1951 — and how they became the HeLa cell line, one of the most important tools in modern medicine.

The Immortal Life was selected as the best book of 2010 by more than 60 media outlets, including Entertainment Weekly; USA Today; O, The Oprah Magazine; Los Angeles Times; National Public Radio; People; The New York Times; and U.S. News and World Report. The Chicago Sun-Times describes Skloot's first book as "riveting ... a tour-de-force debut."

For information, call (847) 376-7061. A full schedule of activities marking Women's History Month is available at [*www.okaton.edu/whm*](http://www.okaton.edu/whm).

\* Submit Your news at daily herald.com/share.

**Load-Date:** April 25, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Hugh Jackman's role goes beyond standard thrillers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:59DR-WH41-DYGR-K4BV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 23, 2013 Monday

Copyright 2013 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** TELEVISION; Pg. D23

**Length:** 194 words

**Byline:** By Colin Covert

**Body**

Hugh Jackman

TORONTO - In "Prisoners," a kidnapping thriller with bruising emotional resonance, Hugh Jackman plays a ***working-class*** father who first loses his daughter and then loses himself.

The film, which opened Friday, not only probes the riddle of the girl's disappearance, but also the mystery of our self-destructive tendencies and how they control us. The story is rife with conflict, but the greatest battle is Jackman's struggle between remaining human and becoming a monster.

His edge-of-madness performance as the tormented hunter-turned-vigilante is the deepest, darkest work of his career. During his visit to the Toronto International Film Festival, Jackman said Quebec director Denis Villeneuve pressed him to extremes he'd never reached before.

"This had a kind of depth and rawness that's rarely asked of me. But when you're in the hands of a director who can push you to places you didn't think you could go to, it's the ultimate challenge for an actor.You just jump on board and whatever the collateral damage is, is worth it."

The film is a propulsive whodunit that also resonates with potent political and religious themes, as violence begets violence.

**Load-Date:** September 23, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Hugh Jackman’s role goes beyond standard thrillers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:69S5-JWG1-JBCN-33XX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 23, 2013 Monday

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**Section:** TELEVISION; Pg. D23

**Length:** 192 words

**Byline:** Colin Covert Star Tribune (Minneapolis)

**Body**

TORONTO In “Prisoners,” a kidnapping thriller with bruising emotional resonance, Hugh Jackman plays a ***working-class*** father who first loses his daughter and then loses himself.

The film, which opened Friday, not only probes the riddle of the girl’s disappearance, but also the mystery of our self-destructive tendencies and how they control us. The story is rife with conflict, but the greatest battle is Jackman’s struggle between remaining human and becoming a monster.

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The film is a propulsive whodunit that also resonates with potent political and religious themes, as violence begets violence.

**Graphic**

Hugh Jackman

**Load-Date:** November 30, 2023

**End of Document**



[***music + clubs; wednesday 4.01***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VBV-MC10-Y9KS-51MP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 26, 2009 Thursday

Metro Edition

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**Section:** VITA.MN; Pg. 15

**Length:** 101 words

**Byline:** Jahna Peloquin

**Body**

Al's Rockabilly Quartet

9 p.m. - Lee's Liquor Lounge - free

Trade in your usual hipster dive bar for something a little more ***working-class*** at Lee's, the roadhouse-styled bar where you'd best leave your pretensions at the door. Fronted by guitarist Alan Subola, semi-legendary for his roles in the Vibro Champs and Reverse Cowgirl, Lee's regular Al's Rockabilly Quartet plays a mix of surf, Americana and, of course, rockabilly. If nothing else, it provides the opportunity to settle in with a glass of Maker's Mark and soak up the nostalgia among the pin-up-styled ladies and slick-haired fellas. JAHNA PELOQUIN

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 31, 2009

**End of Document**



[***'FINANCIER' NO CREDIT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:804G-7TT0-Y9M1-N52F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 7, 2010 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2010 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 135 words

**Byline:** C. COLPO

**Body**

In his Aug. 4 letter about right-wing hypocrisy, Thomas Butera praises Chelsea Clinton's new husband as being "a successful, young Wall Street financier." I find this description amusing. For the past 18 months we've been told by the president and the liberal media (the PG included) that Wall Street "fat cats" wrecked the economy, ripped off the ***working class*** and taxpayers and gave themselves huge bonuses as a reward.

Marc Mezvinsky (Chelsea's husband) worked at Goldman Sachs -- the same Goldman that was recently fined by the Securities and Exchange Commission for allegedly orchestrating a multibillion-dollar fraud involving mortgage bonds.

Finally, what's with the Clintons spending so much on a wedding when they could have donated the money to food banks in "underserved" communities?

C. COLPO

Burgettstown

**Load-Date:** August 9, 2010

**End of Document**



[***CORVALLIS, Ore. — Drawing on memories of her childhood and early career, Michell***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55XC-9131-JBRC-V3KP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

June 18, 2012 Monday

Copyright 2012 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS\_; Pg. 2

**Length:** 151 words

**Body**

CORVALLIS, Ore. — Drawing on memories of her childhood and early career, Michelle Obama told Oregon State University graduates Sunday to live life for themselves, not for anyone else. The first lady spoke at the invitation of her older brother, Craig Robinson, the head men's basketball coach at Oregon State. The siblings grew up in a ***working class*** family with high expectations, and both chased successful and lucrative careers — Robinson in finance, Obama in a prominent law firm. "We still had all the traditional markers of success with a fat paycheck, the fancy office, the impressive lines on our resumes," the first lady told a crowd of about 30,000, including 5,000 graduates. "But the truth is, neither of us was all that fulfilled." Eventually, both left their lucrative jobs for other passions. "Success is only meaningful and enjoyable if it feels like your own," Obama said. — Associated Press

**Graphic**

First lady Michelle Obama holds her diploma after receiving an honorary degree at the Oregon State University graduation ceremony. ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Load-Date:** June 18, 2012

**End of Document**



[***TBS ORDERS PILOT OF SHOW SET IN PITTSBURGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53XJ-N0S1-JC8R-3093-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 1, 2011 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. B-3

**Length:** 148 words

**Byline:** Rob Owen, Post-Gazette TV writer

**Body**

TBS has ordered a half-hour comedy pilot, "Sullivan and Son," which is set at a bar in a "***working-class***" Pittsburgh neighborhood, according to the network. The pilot was written by and stars comedian Steve Byrne, who grew up in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Byrne plays Steve Sullivan, son of the current owner of the bar and grandson of its founder. Steve has an Irish-American father and a Korean-American mother who did not expect him to leave his job as a corporate attorney in New York to return to Pittsburgh to run the bar.

Vince Vaughn ("The Break-Up") and Peter Billingsley ("A Christmas Story") will executive produce "Sullivan and Son" along with showrunner Rob Long, a former "Cheers" writer/co-executive producer.

No word from TBS on where "Sullivan" will be produced but most comedies are made in Los Angeles.

Once the pilot is filmed later this year, TBS will decide whether to order a series.

**Load-Date:** October 6, 2011

**End of Document**



[***TO THE MANOR BORN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PYR-8ST0-TX33-C1K1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 23, 2007 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** BUSINESS; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-10

**Length:** 84 words

**Byline:** GENE WISNIEWSKI Ormond Beach, Fla.

**Body**

James Mellon II's recent prudish remarks ("Mellon Family Member: Patriarch Would Have Lamented Bank Deal," Oct. 18), are typical of people of great wealth. They could care less about the ***working class*** and the city of Pittsburgh. Their money comes first. The Mellons have left the city for greener pastures. They return for rewards offered only to the very rich, such as the Carnegie Medal of Philanthropy.

P.S.: I know this won't be published because of the powerful influence the rich have over the media.

**Load-Date:** October 23, 2007

**End of Document**



[***SPEAK UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M06-64N0-TWV2-52G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 24, 2006 Sunday

Copyright 2006 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINIONS; Pg. A14

**Length:** 87 words

**Body**

So both our gubernatorial candidates are members of the National Rifle Association, which lobbies hard for the most ideologically extremist interpretation of the Second Amendment. That scares me.

Do Ohio candidates really think we voters are so selfish and shallow that we feel taxes are the only, or even one of the most important, issues in this election?

Ted Strickland says he's for the ***working class***, but his policies will not create jobs or bring businesses back to Ohio. Ken Blackwell has a plan that will do exactly that.

**Load-Date:** September 26, 2006

**End of Document**



[***MODERN BUS STOPS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5B03-NBT1-DYRS-T132-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

December 1, 2013 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2013 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-2

**Length:** 195 words

**Byline:** DAVID HUMMEL, Peters

**Body**

Have you noticed people standing in the intense heat, wind, rain and snow waiting for a Port Authority bus? I have. I drive 1,000 miles a month in Allegheny County and notice men, women and children standing along the road next to little blue-and-white bus stop signs. And when I say standing along the road, I mean on the edge of the road (on that little berm, just feet from traffic) on roads like Lebanon Church Road, Route 51 and Brownsville Road.

They endure the blazing heat of the sun, the howling wind, the down pouring rain and the blistering cold snow. Now I did the same in the late 1970s and then again in the mid-1980s, but it is almost 2014 and enough is enough. It is time for some positive service changes.

As a region, let's put our time, talent and treasures together to improve the remaining bus stops. Let's make it inviting, welcoming and protected from the elements to wait for mass transit. This may increase ridership and it will definitely improve the quality of life for bus riders.

With changes and improvements, no longer will parents with baby strollers, the ***working class*** and the elderly stand on narrow paths of dusty roadways to wait for a bus.

**Load-Date:** December 4, 2013

**End of Document**



[***Lotto winners***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52XJ-RPX1-JBRC-V471-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

May 22, 2011 Sunday

N2 Edition

Copyright 2011 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** REFLEJOS; Pg. 24

**Length:** 163 words

**Body**

Lotto winners

create scholarships

The big news for KNBC worker Jacki Wells Cisneros broke right inside her own newsroom about a year ago — she and her husband won the $266 million Mega Millions jackpot in California. .

The Cisneros now live in a brand new house in Newport Beach, but they have not forgotten the ***working-class*** Latino neighborhood where they used to live. The couple, now billionaires, wants to give back to the Pico Rivera town for what they have received. They recently announced in the Today show for NBC that they will provide a substantial scholarship fund through the Hispanic Scholarship Fund to benefit Latino students from El Rancho High School, the only high school in Pico Rivera.

"Gilbert and I both really value education," Wells Cisneros said. "Latino students have a lower graduation rate in college, and we feel it's often because of financial reasons. We want to allow them to take finances out of the equation so they can get the education they desire."

**Load-Date:** May 22, 2011

**End of Document**



[***CORPORATE TAKEOVER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52VH-DD01-JC8R-326G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 13, 2011 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-4

**Length:** 159 words

**Byline:** DELBERT LINVILLE

**Body**

In reference to the possible privatization of our public wine and spirits stores, I want to note that it's obvious to me and many others that corporations are trying to take over Pennsylvania.

I urge our elected officials to vote against corporations' attempt to take over our public wine and spirits stores. Their intentions are to cut the employees' salaries and benefits, or replace those employees with their own. I have spoken with two employees of public wine and spirits stores, and they know their jobs are at stake.

We must balance the state budget with corporations paying their fair share of taxes and being responsible to the people they employ. It's time to take our country back for "we the people." No more destroying our schools, vital programs for the poor and ***working class***, and unions that provide a living wage and benefits. And no more tax loopholes for corporations. Start with gas and oil first, and go from there.

DELBERT LINVILLE

Ambridge

**Load-Date:** May 13, 2011

**End of Document**



[***TAXED TO THE MAX***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7W3C-WGS0-Y9M1-N01Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 4, 2009 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2009 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-14

**Length:** 117 words

**Byline:** WILLIAM G. MERVIS, Munhall

**Body**

I sure would like to know where the recent New York Times/CBS news poll on government-run health care was conducted ("Revamping of Health Care Backed," June 21). Who in the world could truly believe that the federal government would control costs better than the private sector? The federal government couldn't control costs or effectively operate a corner lemonade stand.

I also would question how many working Americans are willing to pay more in taxes so that everyone could have health insurance. We are already taxed to the limit; the well is running dry for the ***working class***.

The president and Congress should be looking for ways to cut spending and quit giving away the taxpayers' hard-earned money.

**Load-Date:** July 6, 2009

**End of Document**



[***‘The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks' author Skloot to speak at Oakton***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C2H-K5J1-DY6F-J3Y6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 4, 2014 Tuesday

Copyright 2014 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 3

**Length:** 197 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Oakton Community College

**Body**

Rebecca Skloot, author of the No. 1 New York Times best-seller "The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks," will highlight Oakton's celebration of Women's History Month with a lecture, question and answer session, and book signing Wednesday, March 5, at the college's Des Plaines campus, 1600 E. Golf Road.

The free program starts at 7 p.m.

Skloot's book, winner of the Chicago Public Library and the Chicago Public Library Foundation's 21st Century Award, traces the story of a ***working class*** black woman's cells — taken from a cancerous tumor without her knowledge in 1951 — and how they became the HeLa cell line, one of the most important tools in modern medicine.

"The Immortal Life" was selected as the best book of 2010 by more than 60 media outlets, including Entertainment Weekly; USA Today; O, The Oprah Magazine; Los Angeles Times; National Public Radio; People; The New York Times; and U.S. News and World Report. The Chicago Sun-Times describes Skloot's first book as "riveting ... a tour-de-force debut."

For information, call (847) 376-7061. A full schedule of activities marking Women's History Month is available at [*www.okaton.edu/whm*](http://www.okaton.edu/whm).

\* Submit Your news at dailyherald.com/share.

**Graphic**

Courtesy of Oakton Community College Author Rebecca Skloot will be at Oakton on Wednesday, March 5, at the college's Des Plaines campus, 1600 E. Golf Road.

**Load-Date:** April 25, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Auditions set for ‘Beautiful Thing' in Batavia***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:57VJ-26S1-JBRC-V0HV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

February 27, 2013 Wednesday

Copyright 2013 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 3

**Length:** 185 words

**Byline:** Submitted by Albright Theatre Company

**Body**

The Albright Theatre Company in Batavia will hold auditions for "Beautiful Thing" by Jonathan Harvey at 7:30 p.m. Sunday, March 3, and Monday, March 4, on the third floor of the Batavia Government Center, 100 N. Island Ave. in Batavia.

Auditions will consist of cold readings from the script.

Callbacks are optional and may be held on Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30 p.m. (by invitation only).

The casting will feature three males (ages 17-40) and two women (ages 17-50).

Teenage boys Jamie and Ste (short for Steve) are neighbors in a ***working-class*** housing project in London. Neither has an ideal home life — Jamie's mother, Sandra, covers her pain with scathing humor and Ste's father and brother abuse him emotionally and physically. When Jamie's feelings for Ste become romantic the two begin a tentative relationship — leaving each young boy a little less alone in the world.

Performance dates for "Beautiful Thing" will be April 26-28, May 3-5, 10 and 11. Rated MA (L,D,V). Contact The Albright Theatre Company at (630) 406-8838, visit , find them on Facebook or follow them on Twitter for more updates and information.

**Load-Date:** February 27, 2013

**End of Document**



[***TARGET EMPLOYERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7YDF-0FV1-2R4Y-Y01W-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 7, 2010 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2010 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 146 words

**Byline:** LINDA HALLER, Mt. Lebanon

**Body**

Columnist George F. Will is concerned about the backlash following Arizona's new law allowing police to randomly check for proof of citizenship ("When Indignation Trumps Information," May 3). I have yet to see proponents of the new Arizona statute call for similar scrutiny of the persons who may be employers of the undocumented workers.

It seems blindingly obvious that if employment opportunities for illegal workers dry up, so will the flood of undocumented workers. What if the authorities randomly wandered the neighborhoods of the gated communities and asked the homeowners to prove their domestic workers are legal, and if they aren't, subject them to stiff fines, not slaps on the wrists?

If the new statute is not too draconian and intrusive for the ***working class***, then it should be just fine for their prospective employers. Or would that be profiling of the well-heeled?

**Load-Date:** May 7, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Corner***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5650-PK01-DYRR-915N-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 19, 2012 Thursday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 5D

**Length:** 185 words

**Byline:** Robert Bianco, USA TODAY

**Body**

Give TBS' original sitcoms some credit for addressing underserved viewers: African-Americans with Tyler Perry's series, and now Korean Americans with Sullivan & Son (10 ET/PT). Then take that credit away for serving those viewers such terrible slop.

Built around and co-created by comedian Steve Byrne, Sullivan & Son focuses on a New York banker (Byrne) who returns to Pittsburgh and takes over the ***working-class*** neighborhood bar owned by his Irish-American father (Dan Lauria) and Korean mother (Jodi Long, who, like Lauria, deserves better).

Think of it as a cheerless Cheers, with a gang of regulars -- including Broadway great Christine Ebersole as a good-time girl -- who sit around spouting things that are supposed to be funny but aren't.

Were Son merely terrible, one might forgive TBS its transgressions. But the real sin is that it's yet another TV show wasting the talents of Ebersole, whose Tony-winning performance in Grey Gardens is the stuff of legend.

Turning an actor like that over to writers like these is like giving the keys to a Ferrari to a 5-year-old. Foolish, criminal, and probably fatal.

**Load-Date:** July 19, 2012

**End of Document**



[***UNION BUSTER; WISCONSIN PROTESTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:528Y-2791-JC8R-317B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 27, 2011 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; ISSUE ONE; Pg. F-3

**Length:** 145 words

**Byline:** JOHN M. VALDISERRI, Baldwin Borough

**Body**

You don't have to be enthralled with unions ... but please, don't hate them. They are one of the last pillars of hope for the American middle class.

In an era when the rich get richer and everyone else struggles, Wisconsin Gov. Scott Walker wants to break a public sector union by taking away collective bargaining rights under the guise of a budget crunch.

Unions represent individual people and, indirectly, their ***working-class*** families. These people cannot possibly stand up alone to the might of the affluent, power-grabbing members of society who generally, politically, align with the right.

If unions are beaten down by the likes of Gov. Walker, we all will become members of a caste society -- a society ruled by a minority of dominant wealthy types with only their selfish desires in mind. The rest of us, although a majority, will be mere serfs as in medieval times.

**Load-Date:** March 1, 2011

**End of Document**



[***NEW 'HATFIELDS' TO BE SET IN PITTSBURGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:57MD-MTH1-DYRS-T0SS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

January 30, 2013 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2013 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. D-5

**Length:** 198 words

**Byline:** Rob Owen, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

History's "Hatfields & McCoys" miniseries was a hit last year, so it's no surprise that a network is trying a modern-day version. What's more interesting is that the pilot for NBC's contemporary "Hatfields & McCoys" is set in Pittsburgh.

Executive produced by Charlize Theron and written by John Glenn ("Eagle Eye," "The Lazarus Project"), the pilot comes from ABC Studios. In this iteration of the classic tale, the wealthy Hatfields square off against the ***working-class*** McCoys.

An ABC Studios publicist could not confirm where this pilot will be filmed.

And just because a network films a pilot doesn't mean it will ever see the light of day. Two years ago Fox filmed the pilot for "Locke & Key" in Pittsburgh, but the network opted not to pick up the show to series.

Pittsburgh has a better-than-average track record of pilots filmed locally getting picked up, just look at "The Guardian," "Smith" and "Three Rivers." But in all three of those cases, the pilots filmed in Pittsburgh and the series shot in Los Angeles.

In December, A&E filmed a pilot locally for a potential new crime drama, "Those Who Kill." A&E executives have not yet decided whether that project will advance to series.

**Notes**

A version of this story first appeared in Tuned In Journal blog at post-gazette.com/tv. /

**Load-Date:** January 31, 2013

**End of Document**



[***WASTING OUR MONEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BK2-FF70-0094-5009-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 28, 2004 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2004 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 70 words

**Body**

I could not agree more with Chuck Geiger's letter ("Cut Politicians' Jobs," Jan. 17).

A partnership of ***working-class*** people and senior citizens could work.

"Downsizing," or the more politically correct "right-sizing," is needed, not only for state representatives and senators but also for many other government jobs that waste taxpayer money. Our nation needs a "No worker and no senior left behind" act.

JANICE WHITE

DuBois

**Load-Date:** January 29, 2004

**End of Document**



[***A CEO CHRISTMAS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R7M-6F60-TX33-C0BK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 25, 2007 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. G-2

**Length:** 107 words

**Byline:** MERRY LOU FAETT Mt. Lebanon

**Body**

This writer would like to know where CEOs, corporate giants of global interests and those of wealth are purchasing Christmas gifts for their children. China? Come, now, they will buy English woolens, wooden trinkets from Denmark, Swiss timepieces and leather goods from Italy, etc.

Imported Chinese bibs with unsafe lead levels, tied 'round the neck of our babies, are unforgivable, as are poorly constructed infant carriers and defective cribs and strollers.

Also, toy manufacturers should be ashamed!

Our U.S. government and those at the zenith of power care not one whit for ***working-class*** Americans. We are embracing a vile two-class society.

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2007

**End of Document**



[***No Headline In Original***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:614V-BVW1-DYJT-252X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

October 25, 2020 Sunday

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 3626 words

**Byline:** Jonathan Lai, Samantha Melamed, and Michaelle Bond STAFF WRITERS

**Body**

*This article is co-published with ProPublica, a nonprofit newsroom that investigates abuses of power.*

Rem Em emigrated from Cambodia in 2002 to help take care of a grandchild with leukemia. Twelve years later, she became a U.S. citizen. It was one of the proudest moments of her life.

Ever since, she's made sure to vote, even though the native Khmer speaker isn't fluent in English. She talks to her family, other Cambodian immigrants in her South Philadelphia neighborhood, and community groups about the candidates and the races. Before she votes, she studies what her preferred candidate's name looks like in English, noting as well the shapes that form the word "VOTE."

Then she goes to the polls, where she hands her ID to a poll worker she can't understand, signs a poll book she can't read, and scrutinizes the shapes on the voting machine in front of her, carefully identifying the lines and curves she's memorized.

"I want my voice to be heard," Em, 70, said this month through an interpreter. "The reason why I became a U.S. citizen is because I want to vote."

Em, who is retired from a factory job and lives on Social Security, could benefit from the state's 2019 law that expanded voting by mail. It's easier to do the highstakes matching of patterns in the privacy of your own home than in a cramped space with people waiting on the other side of the curtain. This year, for the first time, any registered voter in Pennsylvania can apply for and receive a mail ballot without having to give a reason for being unavailable on Election Day.

But in the poorest big city in America, a law that passed with bipartisan support and was touted as providing historic access to the ballot box is doing little to boost turnout among low-income Philadelphians, according to a data analysis by The Inquirer and ProPublica. Instead, they are casting ballots in person when they do vote - even during a deadly pandemic that has disproportionately affected low-income people and people of color.

The law has enhanced access for middle-class and affluent voters who would likely have voted anyway, attracting much higher use in Philadelphia's wealthier neighborhoods, The Inquirer/ProPublica review found. More than 392,000 Philadelphians had requested general election mail ballots by Oct. 20. In the 10 highest-income zip codes, 47% of voters have requested mail ballots. In the city's 10 lowest-income areas, only 27% of voters have done so.

In the June 2 primary election, when Philadelphia was in a strict coronavirus lockdown, just more than half the votes were cast by mail, with the usage much higher in wealthier neighborhoods. In the 10 zip codes with the highest median household income, 73% of votes were cast by mail; in the 10 poorest, only 38% were. Low-income voters were more likely to vote in person, despite the potential risk of contracting COVID-19. (These figures exclude a small number of ballots where the method of voting isn't included in the state voter roll.)

Overall, turnout in the 10 lowest-income zip codes fell from 35.2% in the 2016 primary to 26.8% this June. By contrast, the 10 wealthiest zip codes decreased from 43.6% in 2016 to 38.8% this year.

The disparities center on economic status and not race, our analysis found. Nearly one in four residents lives below the poverty line in Philadelphia, making it the only one of the 20 largest cities by population with a poverty rate of 20% or higher, according to the 2019 American Community Survey. While race and income are deeply intertwined, more affluent areas with high usage of mail ballots include the predominantly Black neighborhoods in Northwest Philadelphia, where turnout is consistently among the highest in the city.

Among the obstacles for poor Philadelphians: Lack of stable housing makes it difficult to depend on the mail and know which address to provide when applying for a ballot to be mailed weeks or months later. Those with limited English proficiency have difficulty navigating the vote-by-mail process, and governmental voter outreach can miss them. Lack of internet service or home computers can complicate requesting ballots or finding key information about them.

The law skipped over key elements that could have helped poor voters in the city - including easier voter registration through automatic or Election Day sign-ups and the kind of inperson early voting that is drawing long lines and record turnout in other states. It also doesn't require drop boxes where voters can hand-deliver ballots, though Philadelphia is installing some.

Em is familiar with these barriers. She doesn't have a computer to make it easier for her to request a ballot. The application isn't available in Khmer. And voting by mail doesn't work for a voter who can't actually read her mail: Em collects hers in a plastic bag that she takes to an Asian American social services group every few weeks. A volunteer there helps her sort through it.

Plus she's wary of voting by mail - and neither the government nor many community groups have prioritized educating low-income residents like her about the law.

"I'm just scared," she said. "I'm not sure how that would work."

**'Just another law on the books'**

Act 77 was one of the most significant changes to Pennsylvania election law since the state's election code was written in 1937. Its passage late last year was accompanied by much fanfare about expanded voting access.

"For too long Pennsylvania has made it too hard for the citizens to actually fully participate in our democracy," Gov. Tom Wolf, a Democrat, said at the bill-signing ceremony. "These changes will make it easier for people to vote, participate in our democracy, actually to take care of the most fundamental responsibility of citizenship: voting."

But implementing the law has been particularly challenging in a pandemic where voters are seeking mail ballots in far greater numbers than were expected last year. Act 77 has spurred ongoing lawsuits and legislative fighting about voting procedures and access, igniting fears of a dayslong delay in counting votes that could make Pennsylvania the 2020 equivalent of Florida in 2000, where a disputed outcome left the courts to decide the winner. President Donald Trump's months of baselessly attacking mail voting as abetting fraud have sowed distrust of the method, especially among his supporters.

Overlooked in the partisan bickering has been the law's ineffectiveness with low-income voters. Interviews with dozens of voters, elected officials, voting advocates, and experts in the months leading up to Election Day painted a consistent picture: Poor and low-income Philadelphians generally aren't benefiting from vote-by-mail.

"The intention was that it would be helpful," said City Councilmember Kendra Brooks, who has advocated for poor and ***working-class*** Philadelphians. "I understand the intention. I celebrated it. ... But without the work to make sure that everyone knows about this, it's just another law on the books."

It's not that the law is suppressing minority and low-income Philadelphians' votes; it's that the barriers they face weren't taken into account when the law was enacted. In addition, the pandemic has hampered voter education and awareness efforts that could have widened use of mail voting.

State Sen. Sharif Street of Philadelphia, the vice chair of the state Democratic Party, said that, "on balance, we're better off" with the new law. But key provisions were left out, he said.

"The help to the poorest people in this legislation is primarily incidental," he said. "And you could call it accidental."

**Systemic problems run deep**

Pennsylvania began allowing online voter registration in 2015. Last year, it began allowing voters to request mail ballots online.

But tens of thousands of Philadelphia households lack broadband internet access or don't have a computer.

A 2019 school district survey found that only half of students said they access the internet at home, with responses tracing the city's socioeconomic lines. In some of the lowest-income neighborhoods, it was as few as one in four students.

The digital divide makes it difficult to vote by mail because the easiest way to request a ballot is by computer. It can also undermine voter turnout by reducing access to quality information about elections and candidates, as well as exposure to get-outthe-vote messages.

For example, voters have the option of providing an email address when they register to vote or request a mail ballot. Officials can use emails to provide election information and reminders, as the Pennsylvania Department of State did multiple times before the June primary election. But the percentage of voters whose email addresses are on file with the state is far higher in Philadelphia's wealthier neighborhoods than in poorer areas.

Voting is also not top of mind for people facing eviction, temporarily staying with friends or family, or homeless.

"I've been out of the loop, on the issues and all that," said William Johnson, 59, as he stood in line recently for a box of vegetables and milk outside the Healing Center at Broad and Venango Streets in North Philadelphia. He has a history of drug addiction, he said, and hasn't voted in years.

"I move a lot, too, so that sort of knocks it out," Johnson said. "I just forget all about it."

But when volunteers set up a voter registration table by the food distribution site last month, he signed up. He said he plans to vote - in person, because he doesn't trust the mail.

Even for those determined to vote, housing instability complicates the process. Although Philadelphia currently has a moratorium on evictions, more than 57% of renters ages 25 and up in the Philadelphia metropolitan area said in September that they were very or somewhat likely to lose their home to eviction in the next two months, according to a Census Bureau survey. Voting by mail is an unhelpful option for such voters: It doesn't make much sense to request a ballot if you don't know where you'll be living when it's sent to you, and if you do move, the U.S. Postal Service may not forward ballots to new addresses.

Since the 2016 presidential election, Lateefah Knight, 33, has lived at a Philadelphia shelter, in transitional housing, in an apartment, in a rooming house, and with family and friends.

Knight, a caregiver for the elderly and people with disabilities, made sure to vote in 2016. But she was with a friend that day and went to her friend's polling place, so she had to cast a provisional ballot.

In 2018, she was relieved to find what she thought could be a more permanent home for herself and her now 4-year-old daughter. Initially, it seemed affordable. Not long after she moved into the three-bedroom apartment, the owner boosted the monthly rent to more than double her income, she said. She was evicted soon after.

So now Knight doesn't have a stable home. She stays at a West Philadelphia rooming house with her daughter's father, or with family members or friends. She's spent at least a month's rent in application fees for housing, she said, but no one will rent to her because of her prior eviction.

"I'm floating right now," she said. "I'm just everywhere."

Her daughter is autistic and needs extra care. "I'm trying to move, trying to work," she said. "It's exhausting."

Knight hasn't tried to vote by mail out of fear something would go wrong with her ballot. "Something is going to happen," she said. "I want to make sure my vote gets in and it's definite."

Knight said she's committed to carving out time to make it to the polls. She's not sure where her polling place is, but she plans to go with a client who lives nearby so they can vote together.

"Election Day, I don't care how I have to get there, I'm going to get there. By any means necessary," Knight said.

**'Not consciously forgotten'**

It *was* a lack of money that drew both sides together to reform voting in Pennsylvania. But the issue wasn't poverty in Philadelphia - it was new voting machines that strained county budgets.

In 2018, Wolf ordered that every voting machine in the state be replaced with more secure systems with paper trails that could be manually audited or recounted - a massive financial burden that counties struggled to bear.

After earlier negotiations for state funding collapsed, Wolf and GOP leaders who control the state legislature moved the talks behind closed doors in the summer of 2019.

Wolf needed money for counties to buy and implement voting machines. Republicans wanted to end straight-party voting, which allowed voters to choose every candidate on a party's ticket at once. Wolf also wanted to ease what were then some of the country's tightest restrictions on absentee ballots. At a time before Trump's baseless allegations of fraud politicized mail voting, that was also acceptable to Republicans.

Lawmakers moved quickly once a deal was struck. Almost exactly a year ago, on Oct. 22, 2019, they added the mail voting expansion to an existing piece of legislation, which passed with bipartisan support. Wolf signed it into law nine days later.

The impact on low-income voters apparently played little role in the discussions.

"They're not consciously forgotten," said State Rep. Frank Dermody, who, as the state House Democratic leader, was aware of but not directly involved in legislative negotiations over the new law.

"We made it [voting] easier, we made it more accessible, but it wasn't perfect, and it probably isn't getting down to those folks," he said. "Nobody consciously decided we wanted to continue to pile onto those unfortunate folks, but we may not have addressed all their needs. That's for sure when it comes to the voting."

"It's not because of ill will or anything," Dermody said. "It's just we're all busy, and maybe we're not focusing on that issue at the time."

State Rep. Bryan Cutler, a Republican from Lancaster who was majority leader at the time and is now House speaker, disagreed with the notion that lowincome voters were forgotten.

"The bill was crafted in a way that the opportunity was there for everyone in terms of the ability to vote by mail," said Cutler, who participated in the negotiations. "I would offer they are being considered, because we tried to draft the bill in a way that would be open to everyone."

Wolf's office declined to make him available for an interview. State Senate Majority Leader Jake Corman, a Republican from Centre County in central Pennsylvania, and Republican Senate President Pro Tempore Joe Scarnati, from Jefferson County south of Pittsburgh, also declined interview requests.

**What actually helps people vote**

Unlike 26 other states and Washington, D.C., Pennsylvania doesn't have traditional early voting. (It does have early mail voting: People can go to the county office, request a mail ballot, and fill it out there.)

Besides an early voting system using voting machines, several other policies would be helpful in boosting turnout for low-income voters, said Chris Warshaw, a political science professor at George Washington University who studies political representation.

One is same-day voter registration, which allows people to register on Election Day, and another is automatic voter registration, in which people are registered by default when they interact with government services such as getting a driver's license. Twenty states have same-day voter registration, and 19 have automatic voter registration - plus Washington, D.C., in both cases. Automatically mailing ballots to voters and giving people paid time off to vote on Election Day could also make turnout more economically equitable, Warshaw said.

Lower-income voters tend to become more engaged as elections draw near, meaning voting before Election Day - and the accompanying deadlines - doesn't work well for them. It's one reason why poorer people tend to vote on Election Day, and why mail voting tends to be used by people who would have voted anyway, rather than helping bring out new voters, Warshaw said.

Al Schmidt, a Philadelphia city commissioner and the lone Republican on the elections board, noted that vote-by-mail patterns have generally tracked historical differences in voter turnout between rich and poor neighborhoods.

"Areas with the lowest turnout, which were largely poor and frequently not always English proficient ... also have extremely low rates of mail-in ballot applications," Schmidt said. Based on these early indications, State Rep. Donna Bullock, a Democrat from Philadelphia, expressed concern that Pennsylvania's mail voting system could exacerbate inequalities in ballot access because any increased turnout would come primarily from wealthier voters.

"While it doesn't suppress the vote of any particular group, and that's not the intent of it, does the access to it widen the disparities in the vote?" she asked.

Over the last three decades, low-income eligible voters have consistently been more than 20% less likely to vote than those making at least twice the federal poverty line, according to a recent analysis of Census Bureau voter surveys by Robert Paul Hartley, an assistant professor of social work at Columbia University.

This disengagement is perpetuated because policymakers generally ignore or forget nonvoters, giving them little reason to vote in the future, he said.

"There's this trick question," Hartley said. "Are campaigns not talking to their issues because they don't vote? Or are they not voting because people are just not speaking to their issues?"

"This is a population that could and might vote," Hartley said, pointing to some past elections, including the 2018 midterms, when they did turn out in greater numbers. "When motivated, they can show up."

**Building on the current system**

Some community groups are trying to boost the impact of the new law. Broad Street Ministry, a church in the heart of the city known for its social service work, serves as the mailing address for about 3,000 people who are homeless or housing insecure. So the ministry's pilot civic engagement project is handling an unprecedented challenge this year with its bustling mail room: helping all of those potential voters register and giving them the option to vote by mail for the first time.

"Most of them really want a mail-in ballot," said Zhane DeShields, who was registering voters there last month. "That's the first thing they ask."

At the same time, some elections officials are going beyond the law's requirements to help voters who might not otherwise benefit from Act 77.

From Pennsylvania's smallest counties of about 3,000 voters, to its largest in Philadelphia with more than 1.1 million, the law requires only one "early voting" location - the main elections office - and zero drop boxes. So local officials who want to provide more options are left largely on their own, with whatever funding they can scrounge up.

In Philadelphia, the city commissioners are opening more than a dozen satellite locations, thanks in large part to $2.3 million from a Chicago-based nonprofit. The commissioners deliberately included locations in lowturnout areas where few voters are requesting mail ballots, though they acknowledged those sites have much lighter traffic than others.

"They're tough decisions to make," said Lisa Deeley, chair of the commissioners. "I mean, honestly, you're in a position where you want to make sure that everyone who can vote is voting, and everybody has equal access."

The Pennsylvania Department of State, which oversees elections, has encouraged counties to go beyond the legal minimum and temporarily open satellite offices where they can provide and accept ballots on demand, creating a type of one-stop early-voting site.

In deciding where to locate those offices, the department encourages counties to consider factors such as transportation accessibility and past turnout and to open them on weekends and outside of business hours. In a statement, the department listed several other steps it has taken beyond the minimum required by law to increase access, including providing prepaid postage for returning mail ballots.

Because they aren't required by law, such efforts can be fragile, depending on the goodwill and priorities of whoever's in charge at a given moment. Will Philadelphia keep opening satellite offices if it doesn't receive nonprofit funding in the future? Will the state pay for postage in lower-profile elections?

Cutler, the House speaker, said he's open to further reform but wants data to guide future changes.

"We have to keep continuing to watch it, but ultimately, whether or not people choose to vote or not vote, driven by any number of things - their own life situations, or their desire to be involved or not involved - is ultimately a choice that they make," Cutler said. "And this is just about making sure there are some options that are safe and secure."

**Looking ahead**

In the meantime, Rem Em is getting ready to vote in South Philadelphia. Not by mail, but in person. She's scared of the coronavirus, but her mask is ready and her face shield sits on a table by the door.

Soon, she'll once again memorize the shapes that spell her candidate's name - though she politely demurs when asked whom she's voting for. And on Nov. 3, she'll take the five-minute walk to the recreation center around the corner.

She'll show her ID to the poll worker. She'll be directed to a machine.

And there, painstakingly matching the shapes in front of her, she'll exercise her cherished right to vote. [*jlai@inquirer.com*](mailto:jlai@inquirer.com)

215-854-4541

Elaijuh

Joshua Eaton, Lauren Rosenthal, and Thy Anh Vo with ProPublica contributed to this article.

This article is part of the Electionland project. Learn more by visiting election.land.

**INQUIRER.COM**

To see a special presentation of this story, including an interactive map and a photo gallery, go to **inquirer.com/voteaccess**

**Load-Date:** October 25, 2020

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[***NJ Transit's nonunion workers and retirees will lose their free rides Jan. 1***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:56TT-9621-JC3R-B2YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

October 16, 2012 Tuesday

CITY-D Edition

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**Section:** PHILADELPHIA; P-com News Local; Pg. B05

**Length:** 186 words

**Byline:** By Paul Nussbaum

Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

NJ Transit's nonunion workers and retirees won't get free rides after Jan. 1, following a vote by the agency's board on Monday to eliminate the benefit.

The unanimous vote followed similar moves at other transportation agencies in New Jersey, which were pushed by Gov. Christie to do away with perks unavailable to the general public.

Making 1,800 nonunion workers and 700 nonunion retirees pay for their commutes and other trips on NJ Transit buses and trains could generate $1.6 million a year, a spokeswoman said.

The move does not affect the agency's 9,200 union workers, though a union leader said the agency might try to make the free rides an issue during contract negotiations now under way.

Contracts for all 28 of the agency's bargaining units have expired, and Christie has made it clear he wants free rides eliminated.

Taking away free passage "is another attack on the ***working class***, especially public workers," said Ray Greaves, chairman of the Amalgamated Transit Union state joint council, which represents 7,000 NJ Transit bus drivers.

Contact Paul Nussbaum at 215-854-4587 or [*pnussbaum@phillynews.com*](mailto:pnussbaum@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** October 16, 2012

**End of Document**



[***Seen & Overheard; STOMP TO RATTLE VICTORIA AGAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T5K-2DD0-TWV2-51DP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

August 4, 2008 Monday

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. D5

**Length:** 122 words

**Body**

Once the essence of experiment, shows like "Stomp" and "Blue Man Group" have long since become popular and mainstream. "Stomp," which has been touring for almost 15 years, is coming this way for the fourth time with its ensemble of ***working-class*** types who now pretend, but do a convincing job, that they are just figuring how to lay down an impeccable beat or counterpoint with stuff like matchboxes, poles, brooms, garbage cans, lighters and crumpled paper. The Victoria Theatre Association will present the two-act crowd pleaser as a Star Attraction Oct. 18 and 19 at the Victoria Theatre. Tickets go on sale Aug. 22 for $29-$47, with discounts for students, groups and senior citizens. Call (937) 228-3630.

- Terry Morris, Staff Writer

**Load-Date:** August 8, 2008

**End of Document**



[***critic's picks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54N0-99R1-JC8F-K3M6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 4, 2012 Wednesday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 8E

**Length:** 179 words

**Byline:** NEAL JUSTIN; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Movies, she starred

Those who think of Angela Lansbury only as that nice retired woman on "Murder, She Wrote" or the voice of the singing kettle in "Beauty and the Beast" should pay special attention to TCM this month. The movie channel is paying tribute to her every Wednesday, starting with classics from her MGM years. The first marathon kicks off with a psychological thriller, 1944's "Gaslight" (7 p.m., TCM), directed by George Cukor.

The ***working class***

Pamela Anderson has learned enough about underwear over the years to actually sell it. She's one of the celebrities going "undercover" as ordinary people -- like you and me -- in a new season of "I Get a Lot of That" (7 p.m., WCCO, Ch. 4). Others attempting the simple life include Jerry Springer as a deli worker and Drew Pinsky as an eyeglasses salesman.

Thar she blows

"Nova" (8 p.m., KTCA, Ch. 2) kicks off a new season with a look at the world's active volcanoes and how many have the potential to cause series damage. If there's time, scientists will explain what caused the extinction of the Lava Lamp.

NEAL JUSTIN

**Load-Date:** January 4, 2012

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[***Opening Thursday: 'Jersey Boys'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52N9-RV11-JC8F-K1J9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 17, 2011 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 6E

**Length:** 164 words

**Byline:** ROHAN PRESTON; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

'JERSEY BOYS'

Opening Thursday: Making successful jukebox musicals should be a cinch, since they're built around hit songs. But the fact that so many have flopped -- including the Elvis Presley show "All Shook Up" and the Beach Boys-based "Good Vibrations" -- proves how difficult they are to craft. "Jersey Boys," which returns for a three-week run, is one of the exceptions. This Tony- and Grammy-winning musical about Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons -- ***working-class*** young men who rocketed to fame on sweet harmonies and smooth lyrics -- follows the standard behind-the-music script. But it soars via gifted young performers who bring to life pop classics to which many Americans were conceived, including "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You," "Sherry" and "December, 1963 (Oh, What a Night)." (2 & 7:30 p.m. Thu., 8 p.m. Fri., 2 & 8 p.m. Sat., 1 & 6:30 p.m. next Sun. $29-$85. Ends May 8. Orpheum Theatre, 910 Hennepin Av. S., Mpls. 1-800-982-2787 or [*www.JerseyBoysInfo.com*](http://www.JerseyBoysInfo.com).)

ROHAN PRESTON

**Load-Date:** April 18, 2011

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[***No Headline In Original***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:60BF-DF71-DYRS-T0PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

July 12, 2020 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C-1

**Length:** 2854 words

**Body**

He began making a list of the people and places that had a profound impact on his life, helping him reach the pinnacle of his profession. So this is how, in the heart of Bruins country, the coach of an Eastern Conference rival walked back through the doors of Boston College High School.

Sullivan greeted his former teachers as Mr. Peloquin and Mr. Argento, out of respect, even after they kept insisting he use their first names. OK, Mr. Peloquin. He posed for photos. Shook hands with students.

Finally, he shared a message with the hockey players. BC High, he told them, is the kind of place that the longer you're away, the more you appreciate it.

"That just shows you that he hasn't forgotten his roots and where he's come from," said Jon Bartlett, who was a year behind Sullivan in school and now serves as the BC High athletic director.

Well, it's been four years since that homecoming. Four more years for that appreciation to grow.

During this strange, injury-plagued, pandemic-paused NHL season, the lessons Sullivan learned at BC High are especially relevant. To understand how the Penguins weathered injuries to their biggest names and best players, go back to those years at BC High.

It's a place where a lanky kid with a mouth full of braces became a budding hockey star with a booming voice. It's where classmates became lifelong friends - and friends became brothers. It's where "Men for Others" is more than a motto.

More than anything, it's where a strict, regimented, Jesuit education shaped Sullivan into the no-nonsense coach who would add more banners to the Penguins' championship tradition and, this season, enforce a disciplined brand of hockey that would make him a leading candidate for the NHL's Jack Adams Award.

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Maybe it's fitting, considering the way the Penguins regular season unfolded, that this story starts with an injury.

As an officer in the Spanish army, Ignatius of Loyola's leg was mangled by a cannonball. During the rehabilitation process, he discovered books about the saints that would inspire him to found the Society of Jesus in 1534. Soon, the members - commonly called Jesuits - opened a sprawling network of schools around the world, reaching Boston's growing population of Irish-Catholic immigrants in 1863.

The strict nature of the Jesuit education is befitting a soldier turned saint.

"It's a no-nonsense school," Sullivan said. "They aren't warm and fuzzy by any stretch. They're trying to teach boys who come in as freshmen how to become young men when they graduate."

Any infraction - whether it be insubordination in class, tardiness or even something as minor as an untucked shirt that violated the dress code - earned offenders a detention-like punishment called JUG. Some say it's an acronym for "Justice Under God," which might not be 100% accurate, but it does channel the right amount of Catholic guilt.

In the early days of BC High, offenders would be forced to march around in circles with their hands behind their backs. The punishments have become somewhat milder and more modern as the years have passed. In Sullivan's day, an aging, frail priest named Father Joe Bennett would enlist JUG offenders to help with landscaping, or he would hand them a trash bag and tell them not to come back until it was full.

"One of the funniest things, in the summer these kids would be up to their neck in a hole with a shovel," said Bob Peloquin, who taught Sullivan Latin during his sophomore and junior years at BC High. "If we ever did this [stuff] now, boy, we'd be on the front page of the newspaper."

It seemed there was no escaping the watchful eye of the JUG masters. As a new teacher fresh out of college, Nick Argento was walking through the hallway without his necktie when Father Joe Quinn, a priest with a great passion for physical sports, pulled him aside.

Why aren't you in class?

"I started to say, 'Father, no, I'm a history teacher here,' " Argento remembers.

"Don't 'father' me son," Father Quinn quipped back. "You've got to go to JUG."

Some of that attitude must have rubbed off on Sullivan. Penguins players have almost universally pointed out their coach's regimented approach since he took over an under-performing, star-laden team in 2015-16 and led them to back-to-back Stanley Cup titles.

This year, when the stars fell out of the lineup - reaching an almost comical point when defenseman Juuso Riikola was forced to play forward - Sullivan leaned on simplicity and structure, cutting down odd-man rushes as the Penguins became one of the league's least-penalized teams. Sullivan summed up the approach concisely when he said, "Discipline in all of its forms is what makes a team hard to play against."

When this style produced a number of tough-luck results early, including an especially rough 2-1 loss Nov. 15 in New Jersey, Sullivan was asked how he could persuade the Penguins to keep playing this way when they weren't getting the results to reinforce it.

"Because they have no other choice," he said, sharply.

?

The strict nature of the school, coupled with the fact that it was all boys, created a sort of brotherhood at BC High. Within days of enrolling in 1982, Sullivan met two classmates who would become some of his closest lifelong friends.

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A few weeks ago, Sullivan was once again back in Boston for a round of golf with his old buddies. Malone and another friend on one team. Meagher and Sullivan on the other.

The same people Sullivan met in his freshman homeroom remain some of his tightest friends - a testament to his loyalty. And if you remember that girl Kate from the school dance, well, they shared a few more dances over time and now have three kids of their own, including a son, Matthew, whom Mike encouraged to attend BC High.

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PHOTO: Boston College High School: As a Boston College High School student and as a captain on the hockey team, fourth from left above, learning leadership was part of the daily curriculum. As for the brutal honesty that is part of his coaching DNA, credit (or blame) his mother.

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PHOTO: Nick Argento: Mike Sullivan shared his day with the Stanley Cup with Boston College HIgh School teachers Bob Peloquin and Nick Argento - or Mr. Peloquin and Mr. Argento, as Sullivan still refers to them.

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Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

July 12, 2020 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C-1

**Length:** 2854 words

**Body**

He began making a list of the people and places that had a profound impact on his life, helping him reach the pinnacle of his profession. So this is how, in the heart of Bruins country, the coach of an Eastern Conference rival walked back through the doors of Boston College High School.

Sullivan greeted his former teachers as Mr. Peloquin and Mr. Argento, out of respect, even after they kept insisting he use their first names. OK, Mr. Peloquin. He posed for photos. Shook hands with students.

Finally, he shared a message with the hockey players. BC High, he told them, is the kind of place that the longer you're away, the more you appreciate it.

"That just shows you that he hasn't forgotten his roots and where he's come from," said Jon Bartlett, who was a year behind Sullivan in school and now serves as the BC High athletic director.

Well, it's been four years since that homecoming. Four more years for that appreciation to grow.

During this strange, injury-plagued, pandemic-paused NHL season, the lessons Sullivan learned at BC High are especially relevant. To understand how the Penguins weathered injuries to their biggest names and best players, go back to those years at BC High.

It's a place where a lanky kid with a mouth full of braces became a budding hockey star with a booming voice. It's where classmates became lifelong friends - and friends became brothers. It's where "Men for Others" is more than a motto.

More than anything, it's where a strict, regimented, Jesuit education shaped Sullivan into the no-nonsense coach who would add more banners to the Penguins' championship tradition and, this season, enforce a disciplined brand of hockey that would make him a leading candidate for the NHL's Jack Adams Award.

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Maybe it's fitting, considering the way the Penguins regular season unfolded, that this story starts with an injury.

As an officer in the Spanish army, Ignatius of Loyola's leg was mangled by a cannonball. During the rehabilitation process, he discovered books about the saints that would inspire him to found the Society of Jesus in 1534. Soon, the members - commonly called Jesuits - opened a sprawling network of schools around the world, reaching Boston's growing population of Irish-Catholic immigrants in 1863.

The strict nature of the Jesuit education is befitting a soldier turned saint.

"It's a no-nonsense school," Sullivan said. "They aren't warm and fuzzy by any stretch. They're trying to teach boys who come in as freshmen how to become young men when they graduate."

Any infraction - whether it be insubordination in class, tardiness or even something as minor as an untucked shirt that violated the dress code - earned offenders a detention-like punishment called JUG. Some say it's an acronym for "Justice Under God," which might not be 100% accurate, but it does channel the right amount of Catholic guilt.

In the early days of BC High, offenders would be forced to march around in circles with their hands behind their backs. The punishments have become somewhat milder and more modern as the years have passed. In Sullivan's day, an aging, frail priest named Father Joe Bennett would enlist JUG offenders to help with landscaping, or he would hand them a trash bag and tell them not to come back until it was full.

"One of the funniest things, in the summer these kids would be up to their neck in a hole with a shovel," said Bob Peloquin, who taught Sullivan Latin during his sophomore and junior years at BC High. "If we ever did this [stuff] now, boy, we'd be on the front page of the newspaper."

It seemed there was no escaping the watchful eye of the JUG masters. As a new teacher fresh out of college, Nick Argento was walking through the hallway without his necktie when Father Joe Quinn, a priest with a great passion for physical sports, pulled him aside.

Why aren't you in class?

"I started to say, 'Father, no, I'm a history teacher here,' " Argento remembers.

"Don't 'father' me son," Father Quinn quipped back. "You've got to go to JUG."

Some of that attitude must have rubbed off on Sullivan. Penguins players have almost universally pointed out their coach's regimented approach since he took over an under-performing, star-laden team in 2015-16 and led them to back-to-back Stanley Cup titles.

This year, when the stars fell out of the lineup - reaching an almost comical point when defenseman Juuso Riikola was forced to play forward - Sullivan leaned on simplicity and structure, cutting down odd-man rushes as the Penguins became one of the league's least-penalized teams. Sullivan summed up the approach concisely when he said, "Discipline in all of its forms is what makes a team hard to play against."

When this style produced a number of tough-luck results early, including an especially rough 2-1 loss Nov. 15 in New Jersey, Sullivan was asked how he could persuade the Penguins to keep playing this way when they weren't getting the results to reinforce it.

"Because they have no other choice," he said, sharply.

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Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 30, 2010 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 176 words

**Byline:** ED CLOONAN, Information Director, Independent State Store Union, Harrisburg

**Body**

In the 35-year series of Post-Gazette rants about the state stores, the Christmas Eve entry is worthy of Top 10 consideration ("Cheers to the Poll: Most People Want to See the End of the State Stores," Dec. 24).

In one sentence, the Post-Gazette manages to disparage members of unions, religious people and socialists as the three red-button components of state store alliance -- "the unholy alliance of unionized state-store clerks and religious opponents of alcohol have kept lawmakers in line, allowing the Liquor Control Board to continue to practice its strange sort of socialism."

The editorial indicates that for legislators "change" means "a few coins jangling in their pockets," and simultaneously the editorial board threatens them with unemployment if legislators support the state store system.

Never once in the PG's diatribe against ***working-class*** wages and the system of common-good revenues does the editorial board mention that the Post-Gazette private, for-profit revenues have been underdeveloped because of the state store system for 77 years.

**Notes**

The writer is a resident of Munhall.

**Load-Date:** December 31, 2010

**End of Document**



[***BestBANGFOR YOUR BUCK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:69S5-JWH1-JBCN-32J6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

June 2, 2013 Sunday

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Copyright 2013 Cox Ohio Publishing.

**Section:** PARADE; Pg. P12

**Length:** 185 words

**Body**

Twenty bucks doesn’t go too far these days, but this summer it’ll buy you a chance to see Kid Rock on his 34-date “Best Night Ever” tour. In addition to the $20 ticket prices (with no service charges), the tour will also feature reduced rates on parking and arena eatseven $4 beers. Plus, in some cities, Kid will be joined by opening acts such as Kool & the Gang and ZZ Top. We spoke with the “All Summer Long” singer about what inspired him to launch the low-cost concert series.

When did you come up with this idea?

Around 2011. That year, I lowered my T-shirt prices to $20 and $25 from $35 and $40, and we sold twice as many at the lower price. You can’t sing songs about and for ***working-class*** folks and expect them to be able to afford sky-high concert tickets.

Are you going to jam onstage with ZZ Top or Kool & the Gang?

I am always open to jam, especially with friends like ZZ. And Kool & the Gang’s “Celebration” is a song I wish I wrote. I mean, really, if it comes on and you don’t join in on the “WOO HOO,” you need your head examined.

What was the last thing you bought with $20?

A Zebco fishing pole.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SSPL/GETTY IMAGES; FREDERICK BREEDON IV/STRINGER/GETTY IMAGES; GILLES MARTIN-RAGET/COURTESY OF AMERICA’S CUP. ILLUSTRATION: ELWOOD SMITH

**Load-Date:** November 30, 2023

**End of Document**



[***TAXPAYERS FED UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V8J-BGW1-2R4Y-Y440-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 15, 2007 Thursday

SOUTH EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** METRO; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. S-3

**Length:** 106 words

**Byline:** RAY NOWICKI, Brentwood

**Body**

As a senior homeowner, we can no longer afford Brentwood's teaching staff and benefits and the [school board's] wasteful spending. Please file chapter 11 and start all over. This is what we homeowners should do.

Stop the overtaxing. Look around at homes for sale in the district. The ***working class*** is fed up and moving out of the district -- and Pennsylvania. It should be a felony to lose your home because of the wasteful spending by school districts of the hard-working taxpayer's money.

How can you honestly have a two-hour delay and get paid a full day? This can only happen on taxpayers' time. Abuse. Abuse. Abuse. Taxpayers are fed up.

**Load-Date:** March 21, 2009

**End of Document**



[***LENIN'S BODY WANTED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D110-0094-2394-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 30, 1993, Saturday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1993 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** WORLD,; NEWS BRIEFS

**Length:** 27 words

**Byline:** FROM WIRE DISPATCHES

**Body**

Lenin may be unwelcome in Moscow these days, but residents of a ***working***- ***class*** Madrid suburb say they'd be glad to have his embalmed cadaver as a tourist attraction.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***UNSAFE LAW***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54J9-24D1-JC8R-343X-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

December 23, 2011 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 198 words

**Byline:** JEN RUSSO, M.D.

**Body**

As a physician, I would like to thank the Post-Gazette for its Dec. 19 editorial "Women at Risk: Abortion Clinic Legislation Passes on a Pretext."

Today, only 22 percent of Pennsylvania's counties have an abortion provider. The vast majority of facilities provide excellent abortion care that complies with all health regulations. State inspections have demonstrated our safety over the course of 2011. This legislation is intended to close our doors, not to improve safety.

When I think of who this law will affect, I think of my patient Jane, who had three other children to care for and no help at home. I think of Mary, who carried an abnormal fetus and had barely enough money to cover the cost of her abortion. Or I remember Andrea, who was raped and did not have a car. Traveling for an abortion was not an option.

The majority of abortion care is currently provided in clinics. If clinics are shut down, women will have to travel across the country. This will not be feasible for many middle- or ***working-class*** families. Abortion care will be expensive and inaccessible. Women will still seek abortions, forced into the hands of rogue doctors like Kermit Gosnell.

JEN RUSSO, M.D.

Oakland

**Load-Date:** December 23, 2011

**End of Document**



[***Sounds of summer***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X0T-8K70-007M-44YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 21, 1999, Wednesday, D2

Copyright 1999 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** Neighbor;

**Length:** 60 words

**Body**

David Dunne, above, of the Irish rock band Blackwater plays at Carol Stream's Thursday night outdoor concert series at Town Center.  At left, Michael Burke and his daughter, Kelly, 2,

enjoy the show.  The next concert, set for 7 p.m. Thursday, will

feature ***Working Class***, a seven-piece band that plays country music with a rock edge.  Daily Herald Photo/Paul Michna

**Graphic**

Stand alone photos

**Load-Date:** July 22, 1999

**End of Document**



[***VOTE OUT THE INSIDER TRADERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54HV-FFH1-DYRS-T456-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

December 17, 2011 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2011 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** BUSINESS; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-9

**Length:** 197 words

**Byline:** DAN WOODS, Monroeville

**Body**

I read the Dec. 11 Heard on the Street column "Insider Trading by Congress May Go Out Kicking and Screaming" with total outrage. After the "60 Minutes" report on insider trading going on with both House and Senate members, two House Democrats submitted a bill (The STOCK act) to prohibit members of Congress and federal employees from making investment decision based on nonpublic information obtained during their job.

But House Majority Leader Eric Cantor, R-Va., again thumbed his nose at the common everyday American citizen by not allowing it to come up for a vote, even though it had overwhelming support. So it will be business as usual for him and his cronies. According to the head of the SEC it is already a crime without the new legislation but not one sitting Congress member has ever been brought up on charges. Why?

I think the only people with a lower approval rating than Congress are Jerry Sandusky and Charles Manson. We, the voters, need to remember these things at election time along with who stood up for the ***working class*** and who cast their votes in Congress for the privileged few. Hopefully a lot of congressmen will be in the unemployment line come next November.

**Load-Date:** December 21, 2011

**End of Document**



[***CHINA'S STEELERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R8N-K8B0-TX33-C1MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 3, 2007 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 119 words

**Byline:** FRANCIS VITH, McKees Rocks

**Body**

I was looking forward to collecting the 34 medallions, promoted in the Post-Gazette, as one of the Steelers Nation fans for over 50 years. We fans have backed the Steelers through the good and bad years.

Most Steelers fans are ***working-class*** people who love their country. I cannot believe that the Post-Gazette and the Steelers organization would have let these medallions for the 75th anniversary to be made in China. What is wrong with American companies and workers?

Try to picture one of your children or grandchildren in a sweatshop in China making them for the PG and the Steelers organization for pennies. Shame on you. I will not be collecting them. You should be making these medallions in the good old U.S.A.

**Load-Date:** December 4, 2007

**End of Document**



[***critic's picks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:528W-B4K1-JC8F-K4M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 28, 2011 Monday

METRO EDITION

Copyright 2011 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 8E

**Length:** 177 words

**Byline:** NEAL JUSTIN; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Into the fire "Triangle Fire" (8 p.m., KTCA, Ch. 2) examines one of America's deadliest disasters pre-Sept. 11, a shirtwaist factory blaze that killed 146 people a century ago and shined a light on the abuse of the ***working-class*** poor in New York City. This latest edition of "American Experience" opens your eyes to an event that deserves your attention. Michael Murphy narrates.

What a relief Renowned chef/partier Anthony Bourdain continues his world tour with a seventh season of "No Reservations" (8 p.m., Travel). The new itinerary puts a focus on places that have recently gone through political unrest or natural disasters, starting with Haiti, where he's joined by Sean Penn. Future stops include Nicaragua and Cambodia.

After the wedding I have little idea why millions of viewers cared last year whether Bethenny Frankel would get married. Apparently, the nuptials weren't enough. "Bethenny Ever After" (9 p.m., Bravo) looks at how the reality "star" juggles motherhood and marriage. Unless she can also juggle five chainsaws, I won't be tuning in.

NEAL JUSTIN

**Load-Date:** March 8, 2011

**End of Document**



[***DANCE; MODERN DANCE FROM RUSSIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RNX-KKV0-TX2T-W0R2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 20, 2008 Sunday

Metro Edition

Copyright 2008 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. 4F

**Length:** 150 words

**Byline:** Camille LeFevre

**Body**

Thursday-Saturday: A performer in black-rimmed glasses on a set in Design Within Reach-style. The score is minimal, the lighting shadowy, the costumes black, the movements angular, incisive, gestural. It's the Iguan Dance Theatre of St. Petersburg, Russia, performing "Displaced Persons," choreographed by Michael Ivanov. The work seeks to incorporate dance and experimental theater, and has helped put Iguan on the map as the new generator of dance creativity in Russia. Also on the program is Oleg Soulimenko's "***Working Class*** Hero." Reportedly a trailblazing choreographer from the days of the Soviet-era underground contemporary dance scene, Soulimenko is tapping local dance patrons Bob and Kathie Goodale, and Dan Spock, to perform in this work. (8 p.m. Thu.-Sat. $18. Southern Theater, 1420 Washington Av. S., Mpls. 612-340-1725. [*www.southerntheater.org*](http://www.southerntheater.org).)

- Camille LeFevre, Twin Cities dance critic

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** January 25, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Dennehy returns***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XJX-0880-Y92P-D4S6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

January 15, 2010 Friday

C1 Edition

Copyright 2010 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** TIMEOUT; Pg. 24

**Length:** 195 words

**Body**

Dennehy returns

Goodman Theatre artistic associate Brian Dennehy returns to Chicago for the Broadway-bound, double-bill of Eugene O'Neill's "Hughie," about a down-on-his-luck gambler seeking solace from the night clerk at a SRO hotel, and Samuel Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape," about a man reviewing his life on audiotape. Robert Falls directs "Hughie;" Jennifer Tarver helms "Krapp's Last Tape."

Epistolary comedy

Four decades of correspondence reflect the love story of playwright George Bernard Shaw and 19th-century actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell (the original Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's "Pygmalion") revealed in Jerome Kilty's "Dear Liar." Richard Westphal and Denise Blank star in the Cap-a-pe production.

Timely revival

Mount Prospect's Demetrios Troy makes his Northlight Theatre debut in "Awake and Sing!," Clifford Odets' 1935 drama about a ***working-class*** family from the Bronx struggling to survive the Depression. Steppenwolf Theatre ensemble member Amy Morton directs.

Previews begin Thursday, Jan. 21, at the North Shore Center for the Performing Arts, 9501 Skokie Blvd., Skokie. The production opens Sunday, Jan. 31. (847) 673-6300 or northlight.org.

— Barbara Vitello

**Notes**

Sent to local agencyShared from DH'

**Load-Date:** January 16, 2010

**End of Document**



[***'CHINA INSIGHTS: UNSETTLING CONSEQUENCES'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53GJ-K281-JC8F-K4R5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 5, 2011 Friday

METRO EDITION

Copyright 2011 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 18E

**Length:** 198 words

**Byline:** MARY ABBE; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Continuing: Seven contemporary Chinese photographers document telling aspects of contemporary life in their homeland in "China Insights," a wide-ranging show of 150 fascinating photos on view through August at the University of Minnesota. Six of the participants -- Chen Yuan Zhong, Hua Er, Jai Yu Chuan, Yang Yan Kang, Yu Haibo and Zhang Xinmin -- are based in Shenzhen near Hong Kong in southern China. In the past 30 years, the city's population has exploded from 20,000 to more than 13 million as it changed from a rustic fishing and farming town into an international printing and technology metropolis. The consequent social disruptions are profound, as shown in photos documenting religious practices, the marginalization of men in matrilineal villages, ***working-class*** adjustments, prostitution, workers' lives, entertainment, pop styles and more. The seventh photographer, Li Nan, who photographed the two women pictured here, is an award-winning staff photographer for the Dazhong Daily. (11 a.m.-6 p.m. Tue.-Sat. through Aug. 25. Reception Aug. 11 at 5-7:30 p.m. Free. Katherine E. Nash Gallery, Regis Center for Art, 405 21st Av. S., Mpls. 612-624-7530 or [*www.nash.umn.edu*](http://www.nash.umn.edu))

MARY ABBE

**Load-Date:** August 5, 2011

**End of Document**



[***'CHINA INSIGHTS: UNSETTLING CONSEQUENCES'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53GJ-K4R1-JC8F-K04R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 5, 2011 Friday

METRO EDITION

Copyright 2011 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 18E

**Length:** 198 words

**Byline:** MARY ABBE; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Continuing: Seven contemporary Chinese photographers document telling aspects of contemporary life in their homeland in "China Insights," a wide-ranging show of 150 fascinating photos on view through August at the University of Minnesota. Six of the participants -- Chen Yuan Zhong, Hua Er, Jai Yu Chuan, Yang Yan Kang, Yu Haibo and Zhang Xinmin -- are based in Shenzhen near Hong Kong in southern China. In the past 30 years, the city's population has exploded from 20,000 to more than 13 million as it changed from a rustic fishing and farming town into an international printing and technology metropolis. The consequent social disruptions are profound, as shown in photos documenting religious practices, the marginalization of men in matrilineal villages, ***working-class*** adjustments, prostitution, workers' lives, entertainment, pop styles and more. The seventh photographer, Li Nan, who photographed the two women pictured here, is an award-winning staff photographer for the Dazhong Daily. (11 a.m.-6 p.m. Tue.-Sat. through Aug. 25. Reception Aug. 11 at 5-7:30 p.m. Free. Katherine E. Nash Gallery, Regis Center for Art, 405 21st Av. S., Mpls. 612-624-7530 or [*www.nash.umn.edu*](http://www.nash.umn.edu))

MARY ABBE

**Load-Date:** August 5, 2011

**End of Document**



[***REVERSAL ON TEXTBOOK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KT00-0094-51H5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 9, 1996, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1996 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,; NATIONAL BRIEFS

**Length:** 55 words

**Dateline:** HUDSON, Ohio

**Body**

A school board that rejected a U.S. history textbook last month because it included too much material on the plight of minorities, women and the ***working class*** voted 4-1 yesterday to approve the book. Last month, the five-member board fell one vote short of the three needed to approve the best-selling text, ''The American People.''

**Load-Date:** July 10, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Speak Up: Brief comments***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GD8-2PR0-TWV2-52MN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

June 12, 2005 Sunday

Copyright 2005 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINION; Pg. B9

**Length:** 117 words

**Body**

\* There are lessons to be learned from the recent debacle at Newsweek.

The media need to make sure that their sources are verified, because every word is subject to worldwide scrutiny.

\* Ohio food banks are going hungry because those in the ***working class*** have been squeezed until they no longer have anything extra to donate.

\* Amnesty International is a subversive organization that should be outlawed in the United States.

\* It's pathetic to watch conservatives in the Statehouse try to spin and cover up the coin scandal.

\* The only thing keeping a massive and possibly violent antiwar movement from happening is the absence of a draft. Most Americans don't pay attention unless they have someone over there.

**Load-Date:** June 14, 2005

**End of Document**



[***99-cent solution***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NRR-VS40-TX2T-W332-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 13, 2007 Sunday

Metro Edition

Copyright 2007 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. 2F

**Length:** 140 words

**Byline:** Jon Bream, Staff Writer

**Body**

Download this: We need another tribute album like the Minnesota Wild needs another goalie. But "Instant Karma/The Campaign to Save Darfur," out June 12, is raising money for a noble cause by having a lofty lineup - including R.E.M., Christina Aguilera, Postal Service and Corinne Bailey Rae - interpret John Lennon songs. Green Day takes on "***Working Class*** Hero," with Billie Joe Armstrong giving it raw, artful intensity, accompanied by his acoustic guitar. He spits out the word "function" ("You can't really function you're so full of fear") as though he's Joe Strummer in the Clash, circa 1978. When the Green Day rhythm section and electric guitar kick in, the intensity increases. And then things quiet down for the acoustic coda, delivered by Lennon himself: "If you want to be a hero, well, then just follow me." Available now on iTunes.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2007

**End of Document**



[***NASA launches twin craft to study insides of moon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53SW-DRS1-DY6F-J2GD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 11, 2011 Sunday

MF12 Edition

Copyright 2011 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 14

**Length:** 199 words

**Byline:** Associated Press

**Body**

CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla. — A pair of spacecraft rocketed toward the moon Saturday on the first mission dedicated to measuring lunar gravity and determining what's inside Earth's orbiting companion — all the way down to the core.

"I could hardly be happier," said the lead scientist, Maria Zuber. After two days of delays and almost another, "I was trying to be as calm as I could be."

NASA launched the near identical probes — named Grail-A and Grail-B — aboard a relatively small Delta II rocket to save money. It will take close to four months for the spacecraft to reach the moon, a long, roundabout journey compared with the zippy three-day trip of the Apollo astronauts four decades ago.

Grail-A popped off the upper stage of the rocket exactly as planned 1 1/2 hours after liftoff, followed eight minutes later by Grail-B. Both releases were seen live on NASA TV thanks to an onboard rocket camera, and generated loud applause in Launch Control.

The spacecraft are traveling independently to the moon, with A arriving on New Year's Eve and B on New Year's Day.

Once they were safely on their way, Zuber announced a contest for schoolchildren to replace the "***working-class*** names" of Grail-A and Grail-B.

**Load-Date:** September 13, 2011

**End of Document**



[***LETTER: VOTERS SHOULD RETURN STRICKLAND TO OFFICE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-BPD0-0027-X03T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

October 23, 1996, WEDNESDAY,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 1996 The Dayton Daily News

**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 59 words

**Body**

The people of the 6th Congressional District should do whatever they can to support and return Ted Strickland to the U.S. House of Representatives.

He cares a lot about people of all different cultures. He supports education, and he favors the Earned Income Tax Credit for the ***working class***. He is also for a woman's right to choose.

CHRIS HOLM

West Carrollton

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1996

**End of Document**



[***in the spotlight; `SLAG HEAP'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JJM-6HW0-TX2T-W212-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 24, 2006 Friday

Metro Edition

Copyright 2006 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** SCENE; Pg. 15F

**Length:** 132 words

**Byline:** Graydon Royce, Staff Writer

**Body**

Opens Saturday: Theatre Pro Rata has quietly become one of the better small-theater groups in the Twin Cities. Artistic director Carin Bratlie always manages to put together an articulate and ambitious production. This particular show is by New York playwright anton dudley and is set in Manchester and London. It is about three ***working-class*** Raver Generation prostitutes searching for the good life. It has a whiff of Pro Rata's first noteworthy production, "Trainspotting," in the 2002 Fringe Festival. Bratlie directs Joseph Papke - a very fine and sensitive actor - Zoe Benston and Amber Bjork. Playwright dudley is expected to attend opening night. (7:30 p.m. Sat. and Thu.; 2 p.m. Sun.; Loading Dock Theatre, 10th and Sibley Sts., St. Paul. $14-$28. 612-824-9321 or [*www.theatreprorata.com*](http://www.theatreprorata.com).)

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2006

**End of Document**



[***WHERE'S MY PLANE?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V2K-B5V0-Y9M1-N3VJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 20, 2009 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2009 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 149 words

**Byline:** DANIEL MATHEWS, Vandergrift

**Body**

I'm commenting on the story of James Rohr, CEO of PNC Financial Group, taking the company's private jet to the Super Bowl in Tampa ("CEO Flew to Tampa on PNC Jet," Feb. 13).

A company spokesman used the excuse of security reasons. That is nonsense! He asked for our tax dollars for PNC Financial to take over National City Corp. Where is my private jet to take me to a Super Bowl with all expenses paid? I, in essence, own PNC Financial with my tax dollars!

This is just another example of corporate financial greed that has to be stopped. No wonder this country is in the state that it is in -- every man and woman for itself! I'm tired of listening to the excuses from these highly paid company executives on why they are so entitled! They all live in the Fox Chapel and Sewickley areas enjoying their multi-million-dollar mansions while I live in ***working-class*** Vandergrift owning PNC Financial.

**Load-Date:** February 21, 2009

**End of Document**



[***From this Day forward***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V06-7FW1-2R4X-F027-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 9, 2009 Monday

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2009 Gannett Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 169 words

**Byline:** Edna Gundersen

**Body**

Green Day is on the verge of a 21st Century Breakdown. The band's eighth album, due in May, doesn't retreat from the seething invective of 2004's Bush-whacking American Idiot, which sold 5.8 million copies and transformed the Bay Area trio from punk brats to serious rockers.

After Idiot's success, "we asked how much more ambitious can we be?" says singer/guitarist Billie Joe Armstrong. "We could take a sideways step or go back to our roots. We chose to move forward."

Expected to be one of 2009's blockbusters (bolstered by a summer tour), Breakdown addresses ***working-class*** struggles, internal demons, apathy and the fading American dream. "It's about reflecting what's been happening the past three years and putting it to melody with some bold statements."

The boldest may be March of the Dogs, which rails against religious hypocrisy. "I have nothing against religion," Armstrong says. "It's about preying on people's blind faith. I'm all for spirituality. There's nothing more spiritual than rock 'n' roll."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Phil Mucci

**Load-Date:** February 9, 2009

**End of Document**



[***TENSE RACIAL MARCH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JFH0-0094-529D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 15, 1997, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,; NATIONAL BRIEFS

**Length:** 69 words

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

White residents came out onto their front steps yesterday and turned their backs on about 500 blacks who marched through the ***working-class*** neighborhood in a protest against racial violence. Hundreds of police kept watch on the mostly white Grays Ferry section, where racial tensions have been running high since the beating of a black family by a mob of whites and the killing of a white teen-ager during a robbery.

**Load-Date:** April 16, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THESE GOP POLS ARE DESTROYING DECENT JOBS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4V4M-M2T0-TX33-C0KK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 14, 2008 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2008 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. G-2

**Length:** 175 words

**Byline:** JIM GALBRAITH, South Fayette

**Body**

Make no mistake about it, the Senate Republicans' defeat of the auto industry bailout had nothing to do with accountability ("Auto Bailout Collapses," Dec. 12). These very same people (Richard Shelby of Alabama, David Vitter of Louisiana, et al.) have helped to bring us our current economic crisis. They represent states that have provided healthy taxpayer-funded subsidies to foreign automakers, and they support "right-to-work" policies (otherwise known as "our workers have no rights").

Their efforts were to break the United Auto Workers union and indirectly support the foreign auto plants in their states. While I have little respect for the Big Three's management skills, I don't remember a single criticism of the financial industry's salaries as being excessive when Congress approved $700 billion for that industry while lies were circulated touting auto workers as supposedly making $70 an hour.

I will never understand why any middle-class American would support a Republican Party that consistently undercuts average ***working-class*** citizens.

**Load-Date:** December 16, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Arcada lines up '50s, '80s icons***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RKJ-HHG0-TWHS-413H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

October 25, 2007 Thursday

All Editions

Copyright 2007 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 18

**Length:** 150 words

**Byline:** Josh Stockinger

**Body**

[*jstockinger@dailyherald.com*](mailto:jstockinger@dailyherald.com)

Two Grammy Award-winning recording artists are on next month's concert bill at the Arcada Theater in downtown St. Charles.

Veteran chart-toppers Patti Page and Rick Springfield are scheduled to perform Nov. 11 and Nov. 17, respectively.

Page, a best-selling vocalist in the 1950s, is credited with 111 hits, including "(How Much is That) Doggie in the Window" and "Tennessee Waltz."

Her show at the Arcada, 105 E. Main St., will be a Veterans Day tribute, as well as a celebration of her 80th birthday and 60th anniversary in the music business.

Springfield, known best for his 1980s hit "Jessie's Girl" and his time as an actor on "General Hospital," will showcase a mix of old and new material as part of his "***Working Class*** Tour '07."

Tickets are $29 to $65 for the 3 p.m. Page concert and $59 to $75 for the 8 p.m. Springfield show.

Call (630) 587-8400 or go to [*www.thearcada.com*](http://www.thearcada.com).

**Load-Date:** January 14, 2008

**End of Document**



[***PHOOEY TO PHEAA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GY1-6CX0-027V-K2G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 22, 2005 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 135 words

**Body**

Regarding "PHEAA Execs Get Big Payout" (Aug. 16): Do the math! Just how many associate degrees at local community colleges for needy Pennsylvania students could be paid for with $1 million -- the amount on bonuses for executives spent by the state's student loan agency this July?

And since when should any executive for such a state agency earn more than twice the salary of the state's governor?

This is intolerable. Who is responsible for making such decisions? It's getting harder and harder for ***working-class*** families to qualify for state aid and student loans.

If they have extra money left over in the budget, rather than award large bonuses to administrative "fat cats," hold a lottery (among applicants for financial aid) and award the money in $5,000 grants for needy students.

KATHLEEN SABOL

Cranberry

**Load-Date:** August 23, 2005

**End of Document**



[***PHOOEY TO PHEAA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GYM-29H0-027V-K4BW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 22, 2005 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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If they have extra money left over in the budget, rather than award large bonuses to administrative "fat cats," hold a lottery (among applicants for financial aid) and award the money in $5,000 grants for needy students.

KATHLEEN SABOL

Cranberry

**Load-Date:** August 26, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Former Wheaton couple at trial for fun***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7YNR-FJ51-2PKM-P030-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

June 10, 2010 Thursday

L2 Edition

Copyright 2010 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 5

**Length:** 191 words

**Byline:** By Ted Cox , [*tcox@dailyherald.com*](mailto:tcox@dailyherald.com)

**Body**

Dan and Judy Leary are retired former Wheaton residents who winter in Florida and are now back in Chicago staying in a downtown condo owned by a son. Yet they're also spending much of the summer, at least so far, attending the Blagojevich corruption trial.

"We're just really interested," Judy Leary said Wednesday.

Dan Leary said he read Rod Blagojevich's book, "The Governor," at home in Florida. "I used to like the guy because he came from a ***working-class*** neighborhood," he said.

He added that he's gotten a chance to talk with Blagojevich and was impressed with his command of political history, including the 1968 Democratic Convention, which Leary attended. Leary hasn't entirely abandoned the governor.

"I think a lot of what he says is true on the tapes" and that's just the way political business gets done, he said.

Dan Leary also hasn't abandoned Blagojevich for another reason: He has worked in the prison ministry of former NFL player Bill Glass. He evened managed to slip Blagojevich a copy of a book in a break during Wednesday's trial: "Why Did This Happen to Me?"

Patti Blagojevich was carrying it when they left at the end of the day.

**Load-Date:** June 10, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Rich Cronborg, author of "Chicago Stories … and Other Thoughts from A Working Cl***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XKF-6R91-2PKM-P1BG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 26, 2009 Wednesday

D1 Edition

Copyright 2009 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 1

**Length:** 170 words

**Body**

Rich Cronborg, author of "Chicago Stories … and Other Thoughts from A ***Working Class*** Guy," visits from 7 to 8 p.m. Thursday at the Glen Ellyn Public Library, 400 Duane St., Glen Ellyn. Free. Register: gepl.org or (630) 790-6630.

A Band Called Catch performs acoustic rock as part of Naperville Park District's Rollin' on the River series from 7 to 9 p.m. Friday at the Riverwalk Pavilion, Jackson Avenue at Webster Street, Naperville. Info: napervilleparks.org or (630) 848-5000.

The St. Irene School Fun Fair is from 5 to 9 p.m. Friday on the church grounds, 3S601 Warren Ave., Warrenville. Includes carnival games, laser tag, rock climbing, cake walk. Games and food cost from 25 cents to $4. Info: (630) 393-9303, ext. 17, or st-ireneschool.org.

The Friends of the Helen M. Plum Memorial Library hold a used book sale from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday and 1 to 4 p.m. Sunday at the library, 110 W. Maple St., Lombard. The event includes a silent auction of historical books. Proceeds benefit the library. Info: plum.lib.il.us.

**Load-Date:** January 19, 2010

**End of Document**



[***IT'S TIME FOR HARRISBURG TO SHOW SIMILAR COURAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NWF-2KX0-TX33-C2X6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 3, 2007 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. H-2

**Length:** 150 words

**Byline:** PATRICK WARD Whitehall

**Body**

Eat'n Park should be applauded for its courageous decision to go smoke-free ("Eat'n Park Chain Snuffs Smoking," June 1). This decision shows a tremendous amount of integrity given the fact that a substantial portion of the restaurant's customer base is composed of blue-collar, ***working-class*** folks who are more likely to be smokers.

In a rare instance, a major local icon has chosen to move into the 21st century to put public health and welfare above the desires of a minority who insist on infringing on others with their toxic addiction. The decision also underscores what a disgrace the state Legislature continues to be.

Not only has it continually thwarted and ignored the desires of municipalities throughout the commonwealth to enact anti-smoking laws, but it has turned Pennsylvania into the "ashtray of the Northeast" as virtually every other bordering state has enacted a statewide smoking ban.

**Load-Date:** June 6, 2007

**End of Document**



[***DOORWAY BETWEEN CARNEGIE'S LIBRARY AND MUSEUM LOCKED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SSX-7K80-TX33-C0H4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 19, 2008 Thursday

WEB ONLY EDITION

Copyright 2008 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. WEB

**Length:** 181 words

**Body**

Visitors to the Carnegie complex in Oakland can no longer use the main connection between its library and museum buildings, which the philanthropist purposefully linked 113 years ago.

Citing security concerns, Carnegie Museums officials on June 9 locked a doorway connecting the facilities, near the art museum's Hall of Architecture and the library's large print room. For years, visitors have been able to walk freely between the buildings, and many library users were dropped off at the museum's Carriage Drive entry, off Forbes Avenue.

Andrew Carnegie had the 1895 buildings interconnected -- with a library, music hall, art gallery and natural history museum -- as a "Noble Quartet," giving a well-rounded education to the ***working class***.

Museums officials "acknowledge it's an inconvenience to some people," said Julie Hannon, Carnegie Museums corporate communications manager, but said the closing was necessary to aid security.

Ms. Hannon said the change was unrelated to the vandalism of a $1.2 million painting, apparently by a security guard, at Carnegie Museum of Art last month.

**Load-Date:** June 19, 2008

**End of Document**



[***THE FAITH FACTOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BPF-9720-0094-50FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 13, 2004 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2004 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 131 words

**Body**

With John Kerry's stunning, come-from-behind Democratic pri-mary victories in Iowa and New Hampshire and his victories in the South and elsewhere, people are concentrating on how his war record and his personality will impact the fall campaign against President Bush. But what people fail to pay attention to is Sen. Kerry's faith.

Unlike Howard Dean, whose commitment to the Episcopal Church was so weak that he abandoned it over a dispute concerning a bike path, the Roman Catholic John Kerry has deeply held beliefs that will help him communicate to "swing" voters in the Southwest, where predominantly Catholic Latino voters are becoming vital to any presidential campaign, and to ***working-class*** Catholics like right here in Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

MICHAEL BERQUIST

Uptown

**Load-Date:** February 14, 2004

**End of Document**



[***MAN KILLS GIRLFRIEND, SELF***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KG50-0094-511D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 17, 1996, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1996 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,; NATIONAL BRIEFS

**Length:** 85 words

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

A small-time drug dealer fatally shot his pregnant girlfriend yesterday after taking her family hostage in an apartment police had tried to safeguard.

He shot three others before killing himself. James Parker, 27, ended the two-hour standoff with police by killing himself as heavily armed officers stormed the barricaded apartment in a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood. The girlfriend, Danielle Dimedici, 17, was dead on arrival at the hospital with a gunshot wound to the head. Her fetus couldn't be saved.

**Load-Date:** September 19, 1996

**End of Document**



[***GORE'S ENDORSEMENT OF DEAN IS THE KISS OF DEATH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BDC-2PW0-0094-51D4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 23, 2003 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2003 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTER TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 127 words

**Body**

The recent endorsement of Howard Dean by the loser of the 2000 presidential election should provide relief to all concerned Americans.

We can now anticipate a second term for President Bush.

Al Gore's endorsement of Dean is meaningless in the big political picture. The Democratic Party still remains the repository of small ideas and fringe issues. The accepted belief that the Democrats represent the ***working class*** is outdated and insulting.

Abortion rights, radical environmentalism and anti-war propaganda embody the Democrats of the present day. Combine that with the constant harangue of anti-Bush sentiment and the Democrats have a recipe for failure.

Clearly, the Democratic Party is beholden to their left-wing agenda at the expense of middle-class Americans.

**Load-Date:** January 7, 2004

**End of Document**



[***BEHIND THE BUZZ; LADY SOVEREIGN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M8C-P1S0-TX2T-W2GS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 3, 2006 Friday

Metro Edition

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**Section:** SCENE; Pg. 7F

**Length:** 151 words

**Byline:** Chris Riemenschneider, Staff Writer

**Body**

Who is she? Bratty, bawdy, burpy 20-year-old rapper from ***working-class*** London who just released her stateside debut, "Public Warning," on Def Jam.

Why the buzz? Cheeky, grimy British hip-hop is hot in indie circles thanks to M.I.A. and the Streets. Thus, she earned high-profile gigs at the South by Southwest and Coachella festivals this spring and a Mercury Music Prize nomination this summer. Her single, "Love Me or Hate Me," recently landed in a Verizon commercial and even topped MTV's "TRL," thanks to its Missy Elliott-copying video.

What do we think? Her South by Southwest performance was cartoonish and contrived. An early listen to her album suggests M.I.A. mixed with Eminem, minus the occasional smartness of Em's shock value. Like the Streets, her "cute" cockney accent might be too big a part of the appeal for novelty-loving U.S. listeners.

When's the gig? 8 p.m. Sun., Varsity Theater. $13-$15.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** November 3, 2006

**End of Document**



[***restaurants***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RCX-N9J0-TX2T-W1JY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 22, 2007 Thursday

Metro Edition

Copyright 2007 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** VITA.MN; Pg. 25

**Length:** 157 words

**Body**

USER PICKS

Mancini's Char House

531 W. 7th St., St. Paul - 651-224-7345

If Esquire magazine had made it to the east side of the Twin Cities and really wanted to tag a bar with a little classic-era class as the best in the nation, they could have done no better than Mancini's. Sure, there's no singalong piano bar, but who needs it when you have the Mancini Flyers? And those booths ... you'll never feel so close to a mobster than when you're sitting in one of those rounded, high-backed, red-leather booths. This charming joint is a St. Paul staple, kept alive by ***working class*** neighborhoodies, hockey-ticket holders and local hipsters alike.

SHISH

Jasmine 26

8 E. 26th St., Mpls. - 612-870-3800

The food is delicious, especially the sea salt and pepper tofu. My craving for that dish in particular is what keeps me coming back. Everything I've tried on their menu has been great. Their drinks are half the price of Azia's and just as good.

ZARPREY

**Load-Date:** December 19, 2007

**End of Document**



[***S P E A K U P***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R7N-CB90-TWV2-51GP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

November 25, 2007 Sunday

Copyright 2007 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINIONS; Pg. A34

**Length:** 166 words

**Body**

Re "West Dayton group seeks Kroger boycott," Nov. 20: If this group would have addressed all the crime in their neighborhood first, maybe this boycott, which most likely will do no good, would not have been necessary.

I agree with the community leaders who suggest we boycott all area Kroger stores. If Kroger doesn't want the poor to ***working-class*** people's business on Gettysburg Avenue, then they shouldn't get it elsewhere either.

I just hope the Kroger on Gettysburg doesn't become yet another empty building in the 'hood.

If Jesus is the reason for the season, do you think he really cares if people call a tree a Christmas tree or a holiday tree, or if a sales clerk says "Happy Holidays" rather than "Merry Christmas"? It sounds like more people are becoming the moneychangers at the temple.

Anyone who participates in animal fighting is a coward. They prove it by not getting

into the ring themselves.

If you like inflation, high gas prices, recession and war, then make sure you vote Republican.

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2007

**End of Document**



[***5 KILLED IN COLOMBIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JKM0-0094-54XT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 14, 1997, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** WORLD,; WORLD BRIEFS

**Length:** 84 words

**Dateline:** BOGOTA, Colombia

**Body**

Hooded gunmen killed three men and two women early yesterday in a raid on a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the outskirts of Cartagena, Colombia's prime tourist resort.

The gunmen were believed to belong to a vigilante group or death squad that has killed at least 30 people in poor neighborhoods in and around the historic port city since late 1995. Most of the victims had had police records for common crimes. Authorities have been suspected of tacitly supporting or giving go-aheads for selective killings.

**Load-Date:** March 17, 1997

**End of Document**



[***getting your drink on; a visitor's guide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TFT-M3B0-TX2T-W01B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 3, 2008 Wednesday

Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 8E

**Length:** 172 words

**Byline:** Tom Horgen, Staff Writer

**Body**

Before leaving town, take time to enjoy one of our best assets: summer weather. Here are the best bars where you can sip outside, picked by Star Tribune's nightlife reporter

1. STELLA'S FISH CAFE

Located in trendy Uptown, this busy three-story rooftop has a stellar view of downtown Minneapolis. (1400 W. Lake St., Mpls, stellasfishcafe.com)

2. SWEENEY'S

It's like your back yard -- if your back yard was an awesome outdoor bar (96 N. Dale St., St. Paul, 651-221-9157, sweeneyssaloon.com)

3. JOE'S GARAGE

Enjoy a beer and a gourmet burger on the secluded rooftop, which includes views of Loring Park and the gorgeous Basilica of St. Mary. (1610 Harmon Place, Mpls., 612-904-1163, joes-garage.com)

4. PSYCHO SUZI'S

You haven't had a tiki drink until you've downed one on this bar's large tiki patio in ***working-class*** northeast Minneapolis. (2519 NE. Marshall St., Mpls., 612-788-9069, psychosuzis.com)

5. W.A. FROST & CO

The patio at this classic St. Paul restaurant is a tree-covered sanctuary. (374 Selby Av., St. Paul, 651-224-5715, wafrost.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** September 15, 2008

**End of Document**



[***PHIL VASSAR DUE HERE IN APRIL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:481K-N3T0-0094-550T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 27, 2003 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2003 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; CONCERT NOTES

**Length:** 115 words

**Body**

Country singer Phil Vassar's latest single, "This Is God," briefly sparkled as an unlikely radio hit.

He'll bring the song, and a six-pack of ***working-class*** hits, to Burgettstown April 11 for a dinner concert at the Pepsi-Cola Roadhouse. Tickets are $45 to $65 at Ticketmaster outlets, online at pepsiroadhouse.com or by phone at 412-323-1919 or 724-947-1900. (John Hayes)

Queers in Millvale

Still the most obnoxious Brian Wilson fans in punk, the Queers bring their tour in support of last year's instantly engaging exercise in being 12 forever, "Pleasant Screams," to Millvale for a 7:30 show tonight at Mr. Small's Theater (412-821-4447), with Submachine, Armstrong and Teen Idols. (Ed Masley)

**Load-Date:** February 28, 2003

**End of Document**



[***LENNON ON ITUNES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PF6-NFP0-TX33-C448-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 16, 2007 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. W-27

**Length:** 181 words

**Body**

Apple Inc. has begun selling downloads of tracks from 16 of John Lennon's post-Beatles albums, including "***Working Class*** Hero" and "John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band," on iTunes.

The albums represent Lennon's recording output while he was with Capitol Records, a unit of Britain's EMI Group PLC.

While many of the late singer-songwriter's solo recordings have been available for download commercially elsewhere, this marks the first time they have been available on Apple's market-leading online music service.

Songs on two albums -- "Lennon Legend" and "Acoustic" -- were being made available for download exclusively on iTunes, the company said. Video content was also being included with the purchase of some of the albums for a limited time.

The Lennon tracks will also be available without copy-protection restrictions and in higher-quality audio for $1.29 each. Regular versions are priced at 99 cents each.

"John would have loved the fact that his music will now be available in a format suited to a new generation of listeners," Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, said in a statement released by Apple.

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG

**Load-Date:** August 17, 2007

**End of Document**



[***WORKERS NEED A PARTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-CDR0-0094-24J5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 21, 1993, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1993 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 57 words

**Byline:** BILL LICKERT PRESIDENT TEAMSTERS LOCAL 205 WHITE OAK

**Body**

I am writing in response to the Dec. 9 letter ''A Third Party is Coming.''

The letter says what every working person in America is thinking today. The Republican Party and the Democratic Party are the same automobile, only with a different coat of paint.

We are in dire need of a third party for ***working-class*** America. Slick Willie has got to go.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***New Voices: Bill Loefelm***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T8G-B660-TX31-W15M-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 21, 2008 Thursday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 13B

**Length:** 177 words

**Byline:** Bob Minzesheimer

**Body**

The book

Fresh Kills

By Bill Loehfelm

(Putnam, $24.95)

What it's about: A post-9/11 mystery set on Staten Island, N.Y., narrated by a bartender who hated his father but now seeks to solve -- and perhaps avenge -- his murder.

Why it's notable: Winner of the first Amazon Breakthrough Novel Award, selected from 5,000 submitted manuscripts. Putnam editors chose the 10 finalists. Readers chose the winner based on online excerpts.

The author

Quick bio: Loehfelm, 38, is a former teacher and bartender who grew up on Staten Island and now lives in New Orleans; he received a master of fine arts in creative writing at the University of New Orleans.

On his novel's title: "Fresh Kills is the world's largest garbage dump and a major symbol in the novel. It's where most of the debris from the World Trade Center was taken."

On being from New York's "forgotten borough": "You always have to defend it, like you're not a legitimate New Yorker."

Up next: Another crime novel set in Staten Island, "not a sequel but the same milieu: ***working-class*** Irish Catholics."

By Bob Minzesheimer

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W

PHOTO, B/W

**Load-Date:** August 21, 2008

**End of Document**



[***ILLOGICAL COLUMN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T6D-2MF0-TX33-C0FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 10, 2008 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2008 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. G-2

**Length:** 195 words

**Byline:** MATTHEW STELMACK, McMurray

**Body**

Jack Kelly's July 27 ripping of Al Gore ("Al Gore's Hypocrisy") represents the laziest intellectual thought and is sadly consistent with the "attack the messenger" playbook of those who realize they are on the wrong side of an important issue, in this case global warming.

Apparently, we shouldn't trust Mr. Gore's well-researched positions because his driver left a car idling for 20 minutes. We shouldn't trust a cross-disciplinary panel and decades of peer-reviewed research over the objections of Lord Moncton of Brenchley, a scientist with clearly conservative political connections.

Accepting Mr. Kelly's logic, Franklin Roosevelt never could have accomplished anything for the ***working class*** because he was a natural-born member of the rich, Ivy League-educated, yachting elite.

I further must conclude that Mr. Kelly strongly believes that George W. Bush, Dick Cheney and every other architect of pre-emptive war cannot possibly address the welfare of our soldiers since they each found a way out of serving themselves.

The illogical nature of Mr. Kelly's piece is matched only by its petty aggressiveness. Why must the least informed among us always shout the loudest?

**Load-Date:** August 12, 2008

**End of Document**



[***'Idol' sells records***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NVV-D1M0-TX31-W2J6-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 31, 2007 Thursday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 163 words

**Byline:** Steve Jones

**Body**

Formers and guests alike got a sales boost out of last week's American Idol finale. Chris Daughtry's self-titled Daughtry album made a 45% leap, moving 74,218 copies, according to Nielsen SoundScan. His single Home increased 17% with 85,925 in digital sales.

Other big winners: Kelly Clarkson's Never Again (80,451, up 26%), Green Day's ***Working Class*** Hero (24,472, up 440%) and Gwen Stefani's 4 in the Morning (16,088, up 247%). Idol winner Jordin Sparks placed four new songs in the digital top 200, including trophy tune This Is My Now (No. 12 with 74,303 downloads).

Maroon 5 led four newcomers in the top five of the Billboard album chart, selling 429,484 copies of It Won't Be Soon Before Long. Also arriving: Ozzy Osbourne's Black Rain (No. 3 with 151,991), followed by Young Jeezy Presents USDA: Cold Summer (95,125) and The Used's Lies for the Liars (92,123). Linkin Park's Minutes to Midnight, No. 1 last week, dropped 68% to 197,640, still good enough for second place.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Fred Prouser, Reuters

**Load-Date:** May 31, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Speak Up: Brief comments***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J3V-M810-TWV2-5232-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

January 22, 2006 Sunday

Copyright 2006 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINION; Pg. B7

**Length:** 156 words

**Body**

\* The article "Miami Valley communities urged to start working together," Jan. 20, should have been on the front page of the Dayton Daily News. It's one of the most important items in the paper.

\* While an article about massage therapy is on the front page of the Jan. 20 edition of the DDN, an important story, "Deadline for hostage draws close," is on the back page of the A section.

\* Dayton would attract, and probably keep, better workers if it got rid of the residency rule.

\* Nothing would shake up the government more than voters' electing someone from the ***working class*** to represent them.

\* Re "Democrats need a tough guy, or girl," Jan. 19: If the Democrats need a "tough guy," they need look no further than Maureen Dowd (Big Moe). She would never be mistaken for a "girlie girl."

\* The political spin of having such a great economy while we have a record deficit is an epic fantasy that dwarfs anything ever done by Steven Spielberg.

**Load-Date:** January 24, 2006

**End of Document**



[***TIME TO SAY 'BYE'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HVD-F010-TX33-C265-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 17, 2005 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 147 words

**Byline:** LEO CASINO, Miami, Fla.

**Body**

On a recent visit to Pittsburgh to film "Return to the Hill" ("Hill District Native Hopes Film Will Stop the Violence," Aug. 27), I saw so much suffering by good Pittsburghers, black and white, with few activities for the youth, school cutbacks, many abandoned houses and a lack of good-paying jobs.

As I stood on Centre Avenue wondering why I left the city and people I love so much, it became perfectly clear. I looked at Mellon Arena, the damn, ugly dome that robbed so many of us of our community, our history.

Now there is talk that the Penguins are threatening to move unless they get a new stadium. The citizens should say, "Bye, bye." What have the Penguins done for the poor or ***working class*** of Pittsburgh?

Foolish programs like slot machines and sports stadiums will not relieve economic hardships that many Pittsburghers face. My fellow Pittsburghers, don't be fooled again.

**Notes**

Editor's note: The writer, a native of the Hill District, is a film producer and musician.

**Load-Date:** December 20, 2005

**End of Document**



[***ARTISTS PAY TRIBUTE TO LENNON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-CRD0-0027-X45B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 8, 1995, FRIDAY,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 1995 The Dayton Daily News

**Section:** GO!,

**Length:** 86 words

**Byline:** DAVE LARSEN

**Body**

John Lennon is the latest rock legend to be honored with a tribute album featuring contemporary acts covering his material. Peace , due Oct. 10 on Hollywood Records, includes tracks by Red Hot Chili Peppers ( I Found Out ), Mary Chapin Carpenter ( Grow Old With Me ), George Clinton ( Mind Games ), Cheap Trick ( Cold Turkey ), Blues Traveler ( Imagine ) and Screaming Trees ( ***Working Class*** Hero ), among others. The album is being released to coincide with what would have been the late singer's 55th birthday, Oct. 9.

**Load-Date:** September 9, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Tyler Perry skips critics for audience***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N2K-YGK0-TWX3-K3BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

February 16, 2007 Friday

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**Section:** FEATURES WEEKEND; Pg. W15

**Length:** 158 words

**Byline:** Phil Kloer, COX NEWS SERVICE

**Body**

Tyler Perry's new movie, *Daddy's Little Girls,* opened nationwide Wednesday with plenty of advertising but no reviews. Perry decided not to screen the movie for critics.

"Nine times out of 10 they've never been kind to me on any of my films," says the Atlanta writer-director. He says he's aware that not screening a movie in advance has become a tip-off to many moviegoers that the studio thinks the movie is terrible. (See our review, Page 6.)

"My audience doesn't pay too much attention to that," he says.

Indeed, Perry's last two movies, *Diary of a Mad Black Woman* and *Madea's Family Reunion,* were shot cheaply and independently in Atlanta, as was *Daddy's Little Girls.* Both opened at No. 1.

*Girls* marks the first Perry movie without his signature character, Madea, the tough-talking matriarch. It star Idris Elba as a ***working-class*** father of three daughters who faces losing them in a custody fight, and Gabrielle Union as an attorney who helps him.

**Load-Date:** February 16, 2007

**End of Document**



[***ALSO IN THE WORLD . . .***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TV6-X3C0-0094-51K1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 7, 1998, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** WORLD,; WORLD BRIEFS

**Length:** 113 words

**Body**

China and Britain declared a comprehensive partnership yesterday, pledging to increase cooperation on everything from environmental protection to closer military ties . . . Australian Prime Minister John Howard said yesterday that he will slap a 10 percent sales tax on food despite arguments from the opposition that it unfairly hurts poor and ***working-class*** families. Howard and his governing conservative coalition barely won re-election Saturday, the new goods and services tax being the main issue used against them . . . Vandals lopped off the head of a 13th-century statue on the Notre Dame Cathedral and smashed five other statue heads with a hammer, officials said yesterday.

**Load-Date:** October 11, 1998

**End of Document**



[***PHOTO ONLY: PRESIDENT BUSH MEETS WITH 'TAX FAMILIES'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:429V-RWG0-0027-X2R6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 8, 2001, Thursday,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 2001 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 124 words

**Body**

President Bush is introduced by Debra Meskauskas of Arlington Heights, Ill., outside the White House on Wednesday.

Bush hosted 21 "tax families" who served during his campaign as symbols of those who would benefit from his 10-year, $ 1.6 trillion tax-reduction proposal. Many of those gathered at the White House were ***working-class*** families, including several single mothers. Bush, trying to counter Democratic charges that his tax cuts would be a boon for the rich, cast the reductions and simplifications as boosts to the middle class. Later Wednesday, Bush met with 22 business leaders, several of them political supporters. He also met with 21 members of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee.

PHOTO CREDIT: DOUG MILLS/ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Load-Date:** February 9, 2001

**End of Document**



[***HELP FOR GAS BILLS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H6G-4J20-027V-K0HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 24, 2005 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 161 words

**Body**

I am writing regarding the Pennsylvania law permitting natural gas providers to require a security deposit if payment is received late. The energy crisis our country is experiencing will make it very difficult for many residents to pay the astronomical gas bills that they will be receiving this winter.

How can our government justify legislation that compounds this heavy burden on families which are already financially strained? What about the single mother, making just over minimum wage, who waits an extra pay period and then gets a bill that has doubled? Even my credit cards apply only a $35 late fee.

But this is not a credit card. This is heat, a necessity vital to all our citizens as winter approaches. This law is turning warmth into a luxury. The ***working-class*** poor don't meet criteria for energy assistance programs, and the middle class will also suffer.

Pennsylvania legislators have an obligation to help families get through this winter's energy crisis.

**Load-Date:** September 27, 2005

**End of Document**



[***THE PEOPLE SUFFER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BJV-0H00-0094-541F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 27, 2004 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2004 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 128 words

**Body**

Will it ever get any better? The people are at the mercy of state and local levels of government. Every time money is needed they hit the ***working class***.

Look at it now: The city is raising the tax on parking. Then the federal government wants money for its wild ideas and they hit you again.

When they say the government bails you out, it really is the people's tax dollars doing it. And the shocker is the money we are paying our leaders to handle our money. They surely know how to spend it.

Did Pittsburgh really need new stadiums? It's already done and over with, but that was all political. The Steelers and Pirates are not playing any better.

Pittsburgh at one time was a very industrial city. Now it is for a select few for having fun.

HAROLD WERTHEIMER

Blairsville

**Load-Date:** January 28, 2004

**End of Document**



[***CASH-COW CUSTOMERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RGM-RPD0-TX33-C0VR-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 29, 2007 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 170 words

**Byline:** LAVONE ELWARNER, Carnegie

**Body**

I don't have a problem with the Post-Gazette, but I do with UPMC. I've read numerous articles about its donation of $100 million to fund college education for city children. I'm not saying this is a bad plan -- in fact, I think it's great that others want to help further education for children.

I do have a few problems with this particular plan, the main one being UPMC. It says it is donating money for this, but did it also tell you that it has increased its insurance premiums to ***working-class*** people tremendously? Also did it tell you that the premiums of the elderly also are going up? This all happened right before it announced its contribution.

So who is really contributing: UPMC or its customers? Also this is intended for city children, yet kids who are in need of assistance and grants like this don't all live in the city. There are children all over who need programs like this, and I feel all eligible children should be able to apply for the grants.

After all, we are paying for this contribution -- not UPMC.

**Load-Date:** January 1, 2008

**End of Document**



[***COMMUNITY RACISM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S99-9040-0094-51H4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 20, 1998, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 100 words

**Byline:** REV. DONALD W. MCILVANE; CONVENER; PITTSBURGH AREA RELIGION AND RACE COUNCIL; LAWRENCEVILLE

**Body**

The fine article by Post-Gazette staff writer Milan Simonich on the Midland school system (''Midland Students to Continue Ohio Classes,'' Feb. 24) states that some Midland citizens feel that Beaver ''was uncomfortable accepting black children from a ***working-class*** community.''

Uncomfortable? Understatement of the year! It was an act of community racism at its worst. Only 20 percent of the Midland students were black. Even that was too much for the racists of Beaver.

The minority of Beaver citizens (including some high school students) who rejected the racism restored some honor to their community.

**Load-Date:** March 24, 1998

**End of Document**



[***NIGERIAN POLITICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-6GC0-008G-52YW-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 23, 1994, Thursday, FIRST EDITION

Copyright 1994 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 8A; Elsewhere in the World

**Length:** 94 words

**Body**

Military authorities arrested a fugitive tycoon who apparently won last year's voided presidential election and came out of hiding Wednesday to declare himself the only legitimate authority in Nigeria.

In defiance of the military authorities, Moshood K.O. Abiola spoke for 40 minutes, making lofty promises to a crowd of thousands in a ***working-class*** district of Lagos. Hours later, Abiola was arrested. Last week, Abiola marked the June 12 anniversary of the election by declaring himself president. Military ruler Gen. Sani Abacha ordered his arrest.

**Notes**

WASHINGTON AND THE WORLD

**Load-Date:** June 25, 1994

**End of Document**



[***ART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-06J0-00J2-34J5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ROBERT HENRI AND HIS INFLUENCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-06J0-00J2-34J5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 27, 2002, Sunday, Metro Edition

Copyright 2002 Star Tribune

**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. 10F

**Length:** 125 words

**Byline:** Mary Abbe; Staff Writer

**Body**

ONGOING: Painted in 1889 when the artist was just 24, Robert Henri's "Girl on Beach, Concarneau" suggests his debt to Impressionism, the then-radical European painting style. As an American artist, Henri was always advocating new ideas and social causes.

By the early 1900s he was a leader of an exhibition group known as "The Eight" and committed to portraying the often harsh and shabby daily life of ***working-class*** urbanites, an interest that got him and his followers labeled "The Ashcan School." More than 40 paintings and drawings by Henri and 11 of his proto-modernist associates are featured in a loan show that opened Saturday. (Minnesota Museum of American Art, Landmark Center, 75 W. 5th St., St. Paul. Thru Dec. 31. $5 adults. 651-292-4355.)

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***FRIEND OF THE RICH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40Y3-9GG0-0094-54C2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 11, 2000, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2000 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 106 words

**Byline:** KEITH C. FORD; BEAVER

**Body**

I think it was quite disingenuous of state Sen. Melissa Hart, R-Bradford Woods, to invoke the memory of her grandfather (who worked as a coal miner) during the Republican National Convention.

Her record and reputation as a senator in Harrisburg has shown a clear contempt for the concerns of ***working-class*** people or anything that benefits them, such as public education or the collective bargaining rights of workers. She is a friend of the rich and powerful and the religious right.

It would be more accurate to view her as another Newt Gingrich or Dick Armey as she makes her run for the U.S. House of Representatives.

KEITH C. FORD

Beaver

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Speak Up: Brief comments***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FJG-VGB0-TWV2-52RC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 22, 2005 Tuesday

Copyright 2005 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINION; Pg. A9

**Length:** 145 words

**Body**

\* Re "Cops quizzed in wife's death," Feb. 21: Why wasn't Dayton police Officer Michael Blake arrested?

\* There goes the "blue badge of protection."

Officer Michael Blake should be in jail.

\* Re "Park it, Dayton, it's a theme," Feb. 17: After many moons, I read Leigh Allan's column and realized why I stopped reading him before. The problems going on downtown aren't funny and neither is Allan.

\* Did the NAACP and SCLC leaders in Dayton take a vacation? It seems strange that we haven't heard from them. Can't these organizations lend a hand to clean up the mess at the bus stops?

\* The City of Dayton has known for a long time that the corner of Third and Main streets is a war zone. It probably would've downplayed the riot on Feb. 15 if the melee hadn't been recorded.

\* It's not just middle-class people who fear going downtown. It's ***working-class*** people and retirees, too.

**Load-Date:** February 23, 2005

**End of Document**



[***SUPPORT MCCAIN?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TC4-1RC0-TX33-C05D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 3, 2008 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2008 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-4

**Length:** 185 words

**Byline:** MARIAN TOMICHEK Swisshelm Park

**Body**

Please, please, will somebody please explain to me how in the world anyone can support John McCain, a man who supported the country's most inept president 95 percent of the time?

The ***working-class*** has been pummeled for the last eight years by an administration that has sent our debt skyrocketing, killed thousands of soldiers in the name of oil, pillaged our health-care programs and stripped away the rights of the middle-class workers while the big corporate honchos make so much money that they can't even count it all.

It's about time that people in this country get off their behinds, listen to other news outlets besides Fox and KDKA and quit being led around by politicians whose sole interest is in making big money for big corporations while shafting the rest of us.

And, by the way, John McCain, if you think that you can condescend to us female voters by placing Sarah Palin's name on the ballot, you are sadly mistaken. She is nowhere near qualified to be vice president and is nowhere near as qualified as Hillary Clinton to help run this country.

Shame on the American voters for letting it come to this.

**Load-Date:** September 3, 2008

**End of Document**



[***FOCUSING ON THE BASICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VBP-6B50-0094-50JH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 16, 1998, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 99 words

**Byline:** JANET LOUISE MARTIN; EAST LIBERTY

**Body**

We don't need new stadiums. I can count on one hand the number of times I have gone to Three Rivers Stadium to attend a game.

And I'd venture to say there are thousands just like me.

The ***working class*** has more pressing issues to concentrate on, like making ends meet; paying for light, gas, water and telephone; buying food; hoping we keep our jobs; and being able to pay soaring property taxes. If the Pirates and Steelers organizations want new stadiums, let the wealthy families in Pittsburgh and these million-dollar-salaried baseball and football players put up the money to have them built.

**Load-Date:** December 18, 1998

**End of Document**



[***MIDDLE CLASS GAP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T54-7080-TX33-C05G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 5, 2008 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2008 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 199 words

**Byline:** RUSSELL W. GIBBONS, O'Hara

**Body**

Thanks to Kevin Caruso and Jerry Morton, the two United Steelworker local presidents whose op-ed "Save Our Middle Class" (July 30) so well demonstrated the huge gap that has grown in income at the top and the rest of us -- especially in the eight years of the Bush control of the White House.

Their lockout experiences, both with employers who excel at profits and whose top management need only concern themselves with wealth management, tells much about the "leadership" of many of our corporate giants today.

Much has been said about the middle class and the ***working class*** during the recent primary season. Some Republican strategists have suggested that their party and its candidate-to-be become the "party of Sam's Club rather than the country club."

In this they betray their ignorance of just how Sam's Club and its parent, Wal-Mart, treat their own employees.

Wal-Mart/Sam's Club have had corporate lawyers and workplace hit men dispatched from Bentonville, Ark., within 48 hours to locations that have dared to indicate that they would like to organize a union, literally shutting down retail and warehouse sites so they would not have to fight a representation election. Great choice, GOP!

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2008

**End of Document**



[***KLA PLANE SCORED;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XDP-9GW0-0094-530K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CHILEAN VIOLENCE KILLS 2***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XDP-9GW0-0094-530K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 13, 1999, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1999 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** WORLD,; WORLD BRIEFS

**Length:** 114 words

**Dateline:** PRISTINA, Yugoslavia

**Body**

Violence surrounding the 26th anniversary of Gen. Augusto Pinochet's military coup spread to ***working class*** suburbs Saturday night.

Two people were killed, police said yesterday.

Three police officers were wounded, while four demonstrators were shot and one was hit by a tear gas canister, police said.

A 22-year-old man in a group erecting barricades to block traffic in western Santiago was shot twice in the chest from a speeding automobile, police said. He was rushed to a hospital, but was dead on arrival, Dr. Cristian Munoz said.

Yesterday, 23 demonstrators remained under arrest.

Police found the body of another man, also 22, who appeared to have been beaten to death, police said.

**Load-Date:** September 16, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Suit dogs underdog 'Monty'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S54-DJ50-00C6-D2GW-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 4, 1998, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1998 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; PEOPLE

**Length:** 113 words

**Body**

With Oscar ballots mailed Tuesday, a plagiarism lawsuit is the

last thing underdog best-picture hopeful *The Full Monty* needs.

Lawyer Bert Fields says the timing of the suit -- two New Zealanders

filed Monday in Los Angeles claiming the movie about ***working-class***

male strippers is based on their 1987 play *Ladies Night* --

was unfortunate. "Where have these people been the last six or

seven months?" Fields says.

Donald Engel, the playwrights' lawyer, denied that the lawsuit

was timed to coincide with Oscar voting. "We prepared the case

about as quickly as we could."

*The Full Monty* producer Uberto Pasolini says, "I haven't

seen the play. No one connected with the film has seen the play."

**Load-Date:** March 4, 1998

**End of Document**



[***VOTE FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N85-5C00-TX33-C1S3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 13, 2007 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** BUSINESS; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. A-8

**Length:** 188 words

**Byline:** JACK SHEA, PRESIDENT, ALLEGHENY COUNTY LABOR COUNCIL

**Body**

On behalf of the working men and women of Allegheny County and southwestern Pennsylvania, I want to extend a "thank you" to Congressmen Jason Altmire, Mike Doyle, Tim Murphy and John Murtha for their votes in support of the Employee Free Choice Act.

Area working families are struggling to make ends meet and our middle class is disappearing. The best opportunity for these working men and women to get ahead economically is by uniting with co-workers to bargain with their employers for better wages and benefits.

Corporations give CEOs contracts that protect their pay and benefits but deny employees the same opportunity. They routinely intimidate, harass, coerce and even fire employees who try to organize to bargain for a better life for their families.

The Employee Free Choice Act would safeguard workers' ability to make their own decisions without these company abuses, provide for contract mediation and arbitration, and establish meaningful penalties when employers violate workers' rights.

It's time to level the playing field for working families and help rebuild America's ***working class*** with the Employee Free Choice Act.

**Load-Date:** July 2, 2009

**End of Document**



[***Rodman dishes style advice***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-H5M0-00C6-D3MG-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 7, 1996, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; PEOPLE

**Length:** 87 words

**Byline:** Greg Boeck

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

CHICAGO -- Dennis Rodman thinks Diana could use an image overhaul.

"She needs a little bit of roughing up," said His Hairness,

who unveiled a new 'do at Wednesday's NBA finals opener.

"She's

a little too prissy. This is a ***working-class*** town."

As for the Chicago Bulls star, his latest hairstyle is a statement.

"You've got the peace and love sign over here, the AIDS symbol

here. You got Pearl Jam on this side and you got the gay and lesbian

symbol on the back. It represents all the people that people won't

have anything to do with."

**Load-Date:** June 7, 1996

**End of Document**



[***SPEAK UP: BRIEF COMMENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C6P-RC30-0027-X3B2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

April 20, 2004 Tuesday CITY EDITION

Copyright 2004 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPED; Pg. A7

**Length:** 145 words

**Body**

\* Re the editorial "Region must work as one for homeless," April 18: The homeless are simply a symptom of the battered middle class and disappearing ***working class***, thanks to President George W. Bush, Gov. Bob Taft and other Republicans.

I hope the Speak Up caller who wants to close all the homeless shelters never has a need for those services.

\* Homeless people do have real needs: Some have a history of drug and alcohol abuse, some suffer from mental illness, and some are Vietnam veterans. They are people in need and we should be serving them.

The war on terror can't be lost on the battlefield; but it can be lost if the will of the American people falters. The liberal news agencies are naive accomplices of our enemies.

There's no comparison between the Vietnam War and the war in Iraq. We lost more than 50,000 soldiers in Vietnam and the war went on for years.

**Load-Date:** April 21, 2004

**End of Document**



[***An exhibit of . . .***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-JM60-0003-F114-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 20, 1995, Monday, INTERNATIONAL EDITION

Copyright 1995 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 9A; Tip-Off

**Length:** 113 words

**Body**

An exhibit of . . . 500 photographs by Robert Doisneau are on display at the Carnavelet Museum in Paris, celebrating the history, pastimes and preoccupations of France's ***working class***.

The exhibition - featuring vintage prints, previously unpublished pictures and Doisneau's cameras and sketch books - is divided into five main sections that follow the chronology of his work, mostly black and white. The exhibition, which runs until Feb. 11, coincides with the publication of a biography of the photographer by British photographer Peter Hamilton, published by Editions Hoebeke. Doisneau's home in Gentilly is scheduled to open to the public in January for tours.

**Load-Date:** November 21, 1995

**End of Document**



[***GREED ABOUNDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GY7-P460-027V-K3K9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 24, 2005 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 165 words

**Body**

Ali Baba was a piker. He only had 40 thieves. Harrisburg's "Gang of 253" has over six times that number.

It will be interesting to see who wins the "Thieves of the Year" award for this country.

Running for this honor, in addition to the politicians in Harrisburg, would be our fine group of chief executive officers, who can keep straight faces while fattening their wallets, and ruining their companies and their employees' lives.

Hot in the race are also the oil interests, with all of their phony excuses for price-gouging the public at the pump.

The pharmaceutical industry must also be reckoned with. It is a master at producing obscene profits from often unsafe products.

Probably top honors should go to the president and his allies in Congress, whose every efforts are to line the pockets of the rich and powerful, at the expense of the ***working class***.

Why look for an axis of evil in other countries? We have a big enough supply of crooks right here in America.

DAVID A. TOMKO

Butler

**Load-Date:** August 24, 2005

**End of Document**



[***GREED ABOUNDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GYM-CCK0-027V-K07M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 24, 2005 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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DAVID A. TOMKO

Butler

**Load-Date:** August 26, 2005

**End of Document**



[***St. Paul man's slaying outside bar in Frogtown not random, police say***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RBV-TCT0-TX2T-W0VJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 12, 2007 Wednesday

Metro Edition

Copyright 2007 Star Tribune All Rights Reserved

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 8B

**Length:** 187 words

**Byline:** Pat Pheifer, Staff Writer

**Body**

Bright pink spray paint marked the spots at the corner of Thomas Avenue and Grotto Street in St. Paul where police found bullet casings early Tuesday.

The victim, Albert Lee Hill, 29, ran, collapsed a short distance away and died. The shooting was not random, police spokesman Tom Walsh said. It was St. Paul's 14th homicide of the year. Several arrests were made Tuesday and more may follow, police said. Walsh would not say anything more about the suspects.

Hill, of St. Paul, was shot outside Willard's Liquors, a ***working-class*** neighborhood bar in the Frogtown area, about 12:30 a.m. Bar owner Frank Schwietz said he'd been told that the victim came into the bar but was told to leave because he'd been banned - probably because of fighting - a few weeks ago.

A minute later, gunshots were heard.

Motion-activated digital surveillance cameras record what happens inside and outside the bar at all times, Schwietz said. The footage was turned over to police, he said.

Schwietz demonstrated how the cameras work Tuesday afternoon. The images on a monitor in the back room, recorded in real time, were in color and strikingly clear.

**Load-Date:** December 14, 2007

**End of Document**



[***REPRESENTATION SUFFERING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJT-SD90-0094-5265-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 23, 1998, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 124 words

**Byline:** ELIZA CRITCHLOW; BROOKLINE

**Body**

The failure of Congress to pass campaign finance reform has resulted in the election of those candidates who receive large financial contributions from individuals and corporations.

Therefore, rich contributors are able to influence elections.

Taxation without representation is not right, to paraphrase the Revolutionary War cry. The problem with the current system of taxation is that ***working-class*** families pay more than their share of taxes; wealthy families pay too little of the tax burden; and corporations pay much too little.

The bulk of the population do not have representatives who speak for them. They need congressional campaign finance reform to help elect representatives who will speak for this population in matters of taxation.

**Load-Date:** April 28, 1998

**End of Document**



[***WORKINGMAN'S HERITAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41BK-VXB0-0094-502Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 4, 2000, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2000 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 125 words

**Byline:** BILL SPINELLA; SHALER

**Body**

It's time to do a little homework: Look in the encyclopedia and see what the Democratic Party has done to mold the ***working class*** of America. Start with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

He had a term called "the New Deal." His top issue was Social Security.

In an undelivered speech written by Roosevelt the night before he died, he said, "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

The talk show hosts bad-mouth organized labor daily. But I say: strengthen your job positions with good work well done. Be a strong union member. Bring back the "American Dream." Vote Democratic -- the only workingman party out there! Be sure all your family members vote on Nov. 7.

BILL SPINELLA

Shaler

**Load-Date:** October 4, 2000

**End of Document**



[***SNOW'S FINANCES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PKP-NTV0-TX33-C19P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 6, 2007 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 198 words

**Byline:** DAVID W. SOUTHERN North Strabane

**Body**

Poor Tony Snow. President Bush's press secretary didn't have the good sense to say he was retiring because of cancer or because of his desire to spend more time with his family. Instead, Mr. Snow bluntly stated that his paltry $168,000 government salary was not adequate to support his family. He thus has to get out in the private sector to make ends meet.

How tone-deaf can a Republican be? Most people in America, even ones here legally, don't make a fraction of Mr. Snow's salary. They struggle daily to survive with more and more of them losing their health insurance (as the latest economic report shows) and with little chance of having a guaranteed pension when they become seniors. Despite the gains of the upper 5 percent under the leave-no-millionaire-behind policies of the Bush administration, middle- and ***working-class*** Americans are still not doing as well as they were in 2000.

I surely hope Tony Snow and other similarly strapped Republican public officials will be able to make more than $168,000 when they depart Washington in droves between now and January 2009. May they realize the American Dream that they have helped render beyond the grasp of most hard-working stiffs.

**Load-Date:** September 6, 2007

**End of Document**



[***BITTEN BY A BYTE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-H340-0094-52W5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 23, 1997, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 105 words

**Byline:** CHUCK BETZLER; OVERBROOK

**Body**

I resent the comment in the Nov. 9 Biz Bytes Column by Steve Massey saying that we Pittsburghers are less educated, more insular and older than other metros (''In Search of Plan B'').

I think it is just sour grapes on his part that this tax didn't pass because the better-educated people of Pittsburgh are leading the way for other metros in forming a smoke screen to get more money out of an overtaxed people. I didn't see Massey's name on the thousand-dollar-a-year contribution list. If money is needed for fictitious jobs and overpaid jocks, try getting it from newspapers and TV stations, not overburdened ***working-class*** people.

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1997

**End of Document**



[***SCRAP THE TAX***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FJ6-DRD0-027V-K1CW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 20, 2005 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; ISSUE ONE: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 177 words

**Body**

Bravo, Mr. Onorato! In announcing your plan, you struck a blow for the ***working class*** and retirees ("Onorato Vows to Cap Assessment Increases," Feb. 16).

I was beginning to wonder whether the traditional constituency of the Democrats had been forgotten in our culture of "ownership" and greed.

Yet the Post-Gazette rallies to the cause by using the term "populist" -- twice -- as a pejorative description of your plan ("Scrap the Caps," Feb. 16 editorial). There is no reason that a working stiff, or a retired widow, should pay the same amount in taxes as a power couple, simply by virtue of geographic proximity or superficial similarities in housing.

The property tax is intrinsically and inextricably subjective, and consequently unfixable.

I submit that those critics who profess concern for fairness and equity, such as Allegheny County Councilman Ron Francis and the Post-Gazette, would better serve the public by leading the charge in favor of a revenue-neutral abolition of the property tax replaced in toto by a tax based on one's means, like the income tax.

**Notes**

PROPERTY REASSESSMENTS

**Load-Date:** February 22, 2005

**End of Document**



[***HISTORIAN SPEAKS AT PUMP HOUSE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BRH-5CK0-0094-52FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 17, 2003 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2003 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; BOOK NOTES

**Length:** 147 words

**Byline:** BOB HOOVER, POST-GAZETTE BOOK EDITOR

**Body**

The Pump House at the site of the former Homestead steel works is the setting today for British historian Paul Laxton's 1:30 p.m. lecture on industrial cites.

A professor at the University of Liverpool, Laxton will discuss "The Rise and Fall of ***Working Class*** Cities," focusing on the attempts of Liverpool to develop a "cultural industry" to replace manufacturing.

Dave Demarest of the Battle of Homestead Foundation, which is sponsoring the talk, said Laxton will also discuss similarities between Pittsburgh and Liverpool.

The program is free. The Pump House is near the Pemicky rail bridge on Waterfront Drive in the Waterfront complex. Details: 412-782-0171.

Poetry reading

Ten student poets will read their work at 8:30 p.m. May 27 at Hemingway's Cafe, 3911 Forbes Ave., Oakland.

They are students of Michael Wurster, a founder of the Pittsburgh Poetry Exchange. The event is free.

**Load-Date:** February 19, 2004

**End of Document**



[***BROTHERS' WORK DEPICTS 'EVERYMAN';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:438H-4XH0-0027-X1XD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***UD visiting artists' exhibit at area gallery***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:438H-4XH0-0027-X1XD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

April 19, 2001 Thursday DAYTON EDITION

Copyright 2001 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBORS; Pg. 1

**Length:** 125 words

**Byline:** Pamela Ferris-Olson For the Dayton Daily News

**Body**

DAYTON - Kelly and Kyle Phelps, 28, aren't unique but they are different.

The Phelps brothers, identical twins who are both visiting artists and instructors in the Department of Fine Arts at the University of Dayton, strive in their art to depict the plight of the common man.

Struggles of the ***Working Class***, an exhibition of their work, is on display through May 1 at the Franklin Street Gallery, 16 W. Franklin St., Centerville.

'Our work is universal. It speaks of factories and the common man,' Kyle Phelps said.

Kyle and Kelly are the youngest of eight children of Vernon 'Spike' and Maria Phelps of New Castle, Ind. Their father worked in a factory until he retired recently and their mother owned an upholstery shop.

Even though all but one of Kyle's

**Load-Date:** June 14, 2001

**End of Document**



[***PRAY LIKE THE CHIEF DID***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J37-GY90-TX33-C1TX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 20, 2006 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2006 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** SPORTS; SPORTS MAILBAG: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. D-2

**Length:** 154 words

**Byline:** FREDERICK WOODARD, North Side

**Body**

The Steelers obviously have a reputation for being a tough, hard hitting, punch in the mouth football club. It's no secret that the origin of this style of play was a mirror that reflected a tough ***working class*** town. Specifically, by it's founder, a kid from the streets of the North Side named Art Rooney. Mr. Rooney was a humble man who knew he'd be able to knock your block off at any minute, but chose to be a better person. This humility, I believe also came from his deep faith. He attended St. Peters Church on the North Side just about every day of his life. I'm sure many of those mornings were spent praying for his team. I don't think it would be a bad idea for Steelers faithful to spend Sunday morning sitting in the same pews as the Chief once did, asking for more divine intervention which was granted to him on more than one occasion. Hope to see you there at the Unofficial Church of the Pittsburgh Steelers.

**Notes**

Letters should be addressed to Sports Mailbag, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, 34 Blvd. of the Allies, Pittsburgh PA 15222. They may also be sent by fax at 412-263-1926 or by e-mail to [*sports@post-gazette.com*](mailto:sports@post-gazette.com). All letters must include signature, address and phone number for confirmation and are subject to editing. The Post-Gazette cannot acknowledge all letters received. Preference will be given to letters 250 words or less.

**Load-Date:** January 21, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Music: Cast***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9VV0-009B-P2BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 30, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** Entertainment; Pg. 7F

**Length:** 97 words

**Byline:** Jon Bream; Staff Writer

**Body**

Music: Cast

Self and the Hollowbodies open. 6 p.m. Tues. at First Avenue, 701 1st Av. N., Mpls., $ 5 in advance, $ 7 at the door (all ages), 338-8388.

You've heard it before. Let's see . . . Oasis, Blur and Pulp each was going to be the next big thing from across the Atlantic. Oasis is the only British band to click in the States of late. Is Cast going to be next? The group's brand of ***working-class*** Liverpudlian pop has potential, and leader John Power, formerly of the band La's, has experience in the pop wars as well as in U.S. rock clubs. Cast makes its Twin Cities debut Tuesday.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** July 2, 1996

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S CORNER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-6FB0-008G-515W-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 8, 1994, Friday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1994 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 8D

**Length:** 106 words

**Byline:** Matt Roush

**Body**

-- Larry King Weekend (CNN, Saturday, 9 p.m. ET/6 PT): First of an eight-week series saluting great songwriters.

First up: Irving Berlin, with guests including singers Karen Akers, Barbara Cook and pianist-singer Michael Feinstein.

-- In a Child's Name (CBS, Sunday, 9 p.m. ET/PT): One of the better true-crime miniseries of recent years and a precursor to last season's many tedious custody-case docudramas, this 1991 miniseries (concluding Tuesday) stars Valerie Bertinelli as a ***working-class*** gal fighting for custody of her murdered sister's child. Part 1 ends with a truly shocking image of the residue of violence.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Rob Brown, USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** July 10, 1994

**End of Document**



[***SPEAK UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:407D-TTN0-0027-X4CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

April 20, 2000, Thursday,

NORTHWEST EDITION

Copyright 2000 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** NEIGHBORS,

**Length:** 136 words

**Body**

\* HERE'S A SUGGESTION for Union officials: Why not sell water to those people across the river and to Clayton? That way, the people of Union can earn a profit and still not destroy the beautiful country and scenery we now enjoy driving through. Greed is the only reason we would want to actually annex.

Let's just sell them water.

\* I SEE IN CLAYTON where they've opened an assisted living facility called Marriott Mapleridge of Clayton with a cost of $ 25,000 a year. Most ***working-class*** people don't even earn $ 25,000 a year. I wonder where they're going to spend the rest of their years when they are older - certainly not there.

\* I JUST DROVE through the little town of Frederick and they have signs all over the poles and that say "No Union Annexation" with a line crossed through it. They don't want to be annexed.

**Notes**

Have a brief compliment, criticism or comment on a community issue? Call the Northwest Neighbors Speak Up at 463-4636 and enter code 7591. You will have a 30-second limit. The newspaper will publish selected comments.

**Load-Date:** May 11, 2000

**End of Document**



[***OTHER MOVIES OPENING THIS WEEK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XGN-88X0-0027-X060-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 24, 1999, Friday,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 1999 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** GO!,

**Length:** 118 words

**Byline:** - Dave Larsen, Dayton Daily News

**Body**

The Harmonists and The Castle open today at the Little Art Theater for one week.

The Harmonists is the fact-based story of a 1920s German singing group that became an international success before falling victim to Nazi racial politics. The film is in German with English subtitles.

The Castle is an Australian comedy about a ***working-class*** tow-truck driver who fights a large corporation that is trying to acquire his home. It was Australia's highest-grossing native film of 1997.

The Harmonists shows today through Thursday at 7 p.m., with a 3 p.m. Sunday matinee. The Castle also plays through Thursday, at 9:15 p.m., with a 1 p.m. Sunday matinee. Call the Yellow Springs theater at 767-7671 for more information.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Little Art shows 'The Harmonists' (above) and 'The Castle' (upper right). PHOTO CREDIT: None

**Load-Date:** September 25, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Speak Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KCR-Y4J0-TWV2-5372-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

July 11, 2006 Tuesday

Copyright 2006 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OPINIONS; Pg. A17

**Length:** 200 words

**Body**

Re "Fewer shows, higher prices at Schuster," July 9: The Schuster needs to lower its prices so that ***working-class*** people can attend events there.

There are two major differences between Iraq and North Korea: One actually has WMDs; the other has oil. Guess which one is more important to America's "security"?

John Tierney's column "What if the North and South were separate countries?," July 8, reminds us that there are many "ifs" in history, such as "What if the Republican Party were still the party of Lincoln?"

The mindset of neo-conservatives is such that the war on terrorism will go on indefinitely and our constitutional rights will continue to be abused.

The biggest threat to traditional marriage is not gay marriage; it's pro football. If Ohio elections hinge on gay marriage, Ohio deserves to go ondown the drain.

Ohio Secretary of State Ken Blackwell's tax-cut "remedy" is the same old Republican technique. Under the Republicans, Ohio has lost jobs, revenue and population. It's time for a change in strategy and in leadership.

Re "Mandela's buried pistol shows us that terrorism is a tool," July 7: Hurray for Gwynne Dyer on terrorism. He knows history and logic and isn't afraid to use them.

**Load-Date:** July 11, 2006

**End of Document**



[***South Siders relish spotlight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4932-WPT0-010F-K0DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 16, 2003, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2003 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** SPORTS;

**Length:** 161 words

**Byline:** Malcolm Moran

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

CHICAGO -- The loyal South Siders in Bridgeport, the neighborhood that has been home to the Chicago White Sox for nearly a century, have reminded an All-Star audience that the baseball team on 35th Street is Chicago's most recent World Series champion.

That would be the 1917 White Sox, who defeated the New York Giants two years before the Black Sox scandal.

The neighborhood hosted the last World Series played in the city when the Go-Go Sox of 1959 lost to the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Part of the 11th Ward, the ***working-class*** area hosted its fourth All-Star Game on Tuesday night.

The inaugural game in 1933 was played at old Comiskey Park on the northeast side of 35th and Shields, followed by others in 1950 and 1983.

The original Comiskey, which opened in 1910, grew in an area that had become a port of entry for immigrants. Five of the last eight mayors of Chicago -- including the Daley family -- have lived in Bridgeport or had family connections to the neighborhood.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, B/W, John Zich, USA TODAY (5)

**Load-Date:** July 16, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Critic's choice***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9NX0-009B-P093-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 29, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** Variety; Pg. 8E

**Length:** 107 words

**Byline:** Noel Holston; Staff Writer

**Body**

- Entertainment Weekly recently put forth the proposition that "The Odd Couple" (7 p.m., NIK) has aged better than any other sitcom from the 1970s, the genre's second "golden age."

You can see six good reasons the magazine may be right on Nick at Nite, starting a 7:30 p.m. with an episode that showcases semi-regular Penny Marshall.

- Two more Fox shows, "Living Single" (7 p.m., WFTC-Ch. 29) and "New York Undercover" (8 p.m., Ch. 29), start their new seasons early.

- The "We Do the Work Labor Day Special" (10 p.m., KTCI-Ch. 17) focuses on ***working-class*** heroes. Chances are, it's the only Labor Day-oriented program that will be on this year.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** August 29, 1996

**End of Document**



[***POVERTY: STUDY CHALLENGES POOR KIDS' IMAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-C300-0027-X0SC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

June 3, 1996, MONDAY,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 1996 The Dayton Daily News

**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 120 words

**Body**

\* More ***working-class*** children are in poverty because of the decrease in the value of low-skill work.

WASHINGTON (AP) - More than one-third of all America's poor children, or about 5.6 million kids, live in working-poor families, according to a survey using federal data.

They are a rapidly growing segment of American society that challenges the image of childhood poverty as caused mainly by unemployed teen-age mothers, says a new study by the Annie E. Casey Foundation.

Only 14 percent of children in working-poor families were born to a teen-age mother, the report states. Most were born to women older than 25 and half lived in married, two-parent households where at least one parent, usually the father, worked all year.

**Load-Date:** June 4, 1996

**End of Document**



[***MANY HAVE A FRIEND IN HER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48F4-N4V0-0094-52R6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 23, 2003 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2003 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 169 words

**Body**

What gives with the "Brewed on Grant" cartoon about Pittsburgh Board of Education President Darlene Harris (April 16)? PG editorial cartoonist Rob Rogers has reached an all-time low with this one.

Over the years I have thought this particular cartoon feature was an attempt at satire, but now I realize it is just mean and nasty.

Darlene Harris has been very good to all the schools, all the students and all residents of our district and the city. She is loved by a vast majority of people who value her traditional beliefs. The majority of the student body of the Pittsburgh Public Schools is poor or ***working class***, and they can find a friend in Darlene Harris.

It's shameful for Rob Rogers to use the print media to slander her character and not talk about the real problems within our schools. Given the chance and the support she deserves, Darlene Harris will be re-elected in District 2. Then she can lead the way to fix what so many others have broken within our school district.

DOLLY GRGURICH

Lawrenceville

**Load-Date:** April 23, 2003

**End of Document**



[***NOT MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:486X-TJP0-0094-51RP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 23, 2003 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2003 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; ISSUE ONE

**Length:** 169 words

**Body**

I'm always astonished when people employ the perverted logic that equates opposing war with disrespecting troops. Many of us on the left oppose the war in large part because we value the safety and lives of our troops too much to be risked on a war of arrogance and aggression.

I find it telling that the rally held March 8 expelled a Vietnam-era veteran who wanted to speak -- someone who could recount exactly how little regard the government had for the health, safety and livelihood of our troops once they were no longer needed to risk their lives on the battlefield. Such a person should hold our rapt attention, not be silenced.

Supporting our troops should mean more than mocking France and cussing at Saddam Hussein; it should mean carefully examining how the military exploits the ***working class***. As Russ Knepp said ("Supporters of War With Iraq Rally Downtown," March 9): "I think you have a lot of blue collars [at the rally]. They fight the wars. It'll be the blue-collar kids that have to do that again."

**Notes**

OUR TROOPS

**Load-Date:** March 25, 2003

**End of Document**



[***REDEVELOP THE HILL DISTRICT AND KEEP THE PENGUINS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HW2-99B0-TX33-C2RN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 23, 2005 Friday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. B-6

**Length:** 175 words

**Byline:** JEFF SMITH, Cranberry

**Body**

I read the Dec. 17 letter from a Miami resident who grew up in the Hill District, referring to letting the Penguins leave town ("Time to Say 'Bye' "), and just shook my head. Before we let the Penguins leave town, maybe we should ask the bar and restaurant owners around Downtown if they would like to see them go. How about all the folks who work at the arena or make extra money in the Downtown parking lots on game nights?

Well, I think that covers the question "what do the Penguins do for the poor and ***working class***?" My father grew up in the Hill District and has fond memories of his time there, but those days are over. The Hill District is an eyesore and a complete waste of prime real estate.

The younger work force likes to walk or take the bus to work, instead of polluting the air in SUVs. The Hill would attract many young workers if the Penguins and their partners are able to build a new arena and develop the area around it ("Penguins Name Casino Partner," Dec. 22). I guess it's hard to see what's really going on in Pittsburgh from Miami.

**Load-Date:** December 24, 2005

**End of Document**



[***WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-CM80-0094-233C-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 30, 1993, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1993 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 111 words

**Byline:** STEPHEN R. HLOZNIK PRESIDENT LOCAL 12 ALUMINUM, BRICK & GLASS WORKERS INTERNATIONAL UNION CREIGHTON

**Body**

Some of the basic things we take for granted are the direct result of the union movement: the minimum wage, eight-hour days, child-labor laws, safe working conditions, overtime pay, pensions, health care, paid vacation, worker's compensation and numerous other benefits and laws that help not just union workers but all workers.

Unions have tried to contribute to a better society for everyone. Without unions in this country, would ***working-class*** people be able to afford automobiles, televisions, homes, college education for their children or many other ''basic things'' to which we have become accustomed?

Instead of bashing the unions, people should be thanking them.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***THE GLOOMY GOP YEARS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4105-X840-0094-5251-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 16, 2000, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2000 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 149 words

**Byline:** BRIAN T. LEWIS; BELLE VERNON

**Body**

I am a local union steel worker with several years of dedicated service. With the presidential election just around the corner, I would like to remind all the ***working-class*** people not to forget the ' 80s.

These were the Republican years, the Reagan-Bush years.

The steel mills and other industries were closing, with massive layoffs and displaced workers everywhere. How could any working middle-class person forget these gloomy years when the Reagan-Bush Republican Party put the economy in the toilet?

The Republican Party is for the wealthy and always will be. The economy now is at an all-time high because of the Clinton-Gore years. Let's keep the country and the economy on the right track and vote to keep the only choice for the middle class in the Oval Office.

Please vote for Al Gore because your future, your children's future and the future of America depend on it.

BRIAN T. LEWIS

Belle Vernon

**Load-Date:** August 16, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Ovation;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40WM-NY10-00J2-32VH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HEAR THEM ROAR!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40WM-NY10-00J2-32VH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 4, 2000, Friday, Metro Edition

Copyright 2000 Star Tribune

**Section:** FREETIME; Pg. 15

**Length:** 159 words

**Byline:** Graydon Royce; Staff Writer

**Body**

Estrogen! Get your estrogen here! Spiked with comedy, music, pathos, many flavors, many styles. It's women's month at the Bryant-Lake Bowl, with a lineup that features some of the best-known stage personalities in the Twin Cites.

At a preview Tuesday night, several of the artists gave a glimpse of what's in store. Leslye Orr stumbled through toys, trinkets and breast pumps with her new "Motherhood Show;" Colleen Kruse mined her ***working-class*** St. Paul roots for a hilarious, loving monologue on a day with her dad; Lorna Landvik showed off her improv skills, spinning a tale off suggestions from the audience; Rhoda Reighard \_ a skilled pianist and singer \_ knocked off some delightfully humorous chanteuse numbers. And songwriter/spoken word artist Desdamona represented the arty side. Each of these women, and a couple more, will take the stage throughout the month. (Bryant-Lake Bowl, 810 W. Lake St., Mpls. Times and prices vary. Call 612-825-8949.)

**Load-Date:** August 4, 2000

**End of Document**



[***PRIME-TIME HIGHLIGHTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RYJ-PJ50-00C6-D22V-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 6, 1998, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1998 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 149 words

**Byline:** Ed Martin

**Body**

-- Harry Connick Jr.: Romance in Paris (PBS, tonight,

9 ET/PT, times may vary): Connick performs at Paris' newly renovated

Olympia Theater in this edition of *In the Spotlight.*

-- One Day (Disney Channel, Saturday, 7 p.m. ET/PT): Debbie

Allen directed this half-hour original musical drama celebrating

the accomplishments and beliefs of Martin Luther King Jr.

-- Donald Duck: 60th Anniversary Celebration (ABC, Sunday,

7 p.m. ET/PT, time approximate): ABC will air this short film,

commemorating Donald's historic career, during *The Wonderful*

*World of Disney's* presentation of *Aladdin and the King*

*of Thieves*.

-- The Wingless Bird (PBS, Sunday, 9 p.m. ET/PT, times

may vary): The opener of a three-part *Masterpiece Theatre*

miniseries based on Catherine Cookson's novel about the trials

and tribulations of Agnes Conway (Claire Skinner), a ***working-class***

woman in World War I London. *Bird* continues Feb. 15 and

22.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color

**Load-Date:** February 6, 1998

**End of Document**



[***WAITING FOR GOD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RM9-WHS0-0094-54TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 24, 1997, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,; NATIONAL BRIEFS

**Length:** 128 words

**Dateline:** GARLAND, Texas

**Body**

A Taiwanese spiritual sect has moved into a ***working-class*** neighborhood in this north Dallas suburb to await God's arrival here in March 1998, the group's leader said yesterday. Hoh-Ming Chen, who led about 150 followers, including more than 30 children here from Taiwan, said yesterday that God would be reincarnated as man on March 31 at precisely 10 a.m. at his house.

Contrary to news reports in Taiwan, the group does not plan to stage a mass suicide if God fails to show, said Yu-Cheng Lo, deputy director general of the Taipei Economic and Cultural Office in Houston, who visited the group last week. The group's arrival intrigued local residents in Garland, where the group bought up 20 homes and hoped to attract a million people to be touched by the hands of God.

**Load-Date:** December 25, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THE PRESIDENT'S SOUNDS OF SILENCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BMJ-7BY0-0094-527H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 3, 2004 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2004 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 187 words

**Body**

It is hard to keep the facts from getting lost in the rhetoric. Silence speaks louder than words. So let's break it down.

In the State of the Union address on Jan. 20, the number of times the president mentioned terror: 5; terrorist: 14; danger: 11; attack: 5; threat: 7; regime: 8; war: 12; Iraq: 24; Iraqi: 5; Saddam Hussein: 4; Afghanistan: 5; Sept. 11: 3; Taliban: 2; and Osama bin Laden: 0.

The number of times the president said the words unemployed, unemployment, taxes, poor, ***working class***, family, crisis and soldier: 0. Retirement, corporate scandals, deficit and liberty: 1. Education, energy, Social Security, weapons of mass destruction and tax relief: 2. Steroids were also mentioned twice. Marriage got 9 mentions. Civil liberties: 0. I wasn't aware that marriage was under assault and needed to be defended. I know that the Bill of Rights and my civil liberties are.      What our president is not

telling us about are the things that most Americans care greatly about. Except for that Mars thing -- that was not mentioned at all -- and nobody seems to care.

We need to listen closely to the deafening silence.

**Load-Date:** February 5, 2004

**End of Document**



[***NIX MARXIST IDEOLOGY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-CFS0-0094-20G0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 15, 1993, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1993 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 137 words

**Byline:** MICHAEL WHITE ROBINSON

**Body**

Dennis Roddy's article ''What Marx the Spot?'' (Forum, Nov. 28), stated that Marxism could still be used for critical analysis of capitalism and as an ethical guide.

Marxist ideology has proved of little practical use for analysis of economic systems.

Where this ideology was put into practice it was universally disastrous, especially for the people it was supposedly designed to help (the ***working class***).

Critical analysis of our society is necessary but one man's ideology should not be dominant in any composite alternative philosophy. Civil-rights activists, feminists, labor unions and environmentalists should speak directly from their unique vantage points. They should not have their thoughts twisted to fit some preconceived idea.

Plurality and democracy, not authoritarian political dogma, should be the unifying themes.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Critic's choice***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-84K0-002B-H4M0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 1, 1994, Metro Edition

Copyright 1994 Star Tribune

**Section:** Variety; Critic's choice; Pg. 6E

**Length:** 118 words

**Byline:** Noel Holston; Staff Writer

**Body**

Michael Caine clowned about with four of his costars (from left, Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Julia Foster, Shelley Winters) during the filming of "Alfie," one of the mid-'60s movies that made him an international star. "Breaking the Mold," an edition of "Biography" (7 p.m. and 11 p.m., AEN), examines how Caine succeeded despite unconventional looks and a ***working-class*** cockney accent. . . . TNT is rerunning the original "Lonesome Dove" (7 p.m.) in two four-hour installments. It concludes Wednesday night at the same time.. . . "Entertainment Tonight" (6:30 p.m., KARE-Ch. 11) profiles Jim Carrey, the rubber-faced "In Living Color" regular, who is starring in his first movie, "Ace Ventura, Pet Detective."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** February 2, 1994

**End of Document**



[***THE BOUNCE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FSX-07R0-00J2-32S9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WHO'S UP;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FSX-07R0-00J2-32S9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WHO'S DOWN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FSX-07R0-00J2-32S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 25, 2005, Friday, Metro Edition

Copyright 2005 Star Tribune

**Section:** VARIETY / FREETIME; Pg. 13E

**Length:** 184 words

**Byline:** Colin Covert; Staff Writer

**Body**

WHO'S UP

Ben Affleck will make his directing debut on a movie about a pair of private detectives in a ***working-class*** Boston neighborhood searching for a kidnapped 4-year-old girl. Affleck, who won a screenplay Oscar for "Good Will Hunting," also is writing the adaptation of "Gone, Baby, Gone," a novel by Dennis Lehane ("Mystic River").

Affleck will not star in the film, so, whew!

WHO'S DOWN

We're agnostic on the animal-cruelty issue, but if it gives us an opportunity to mock a celebrity, we'll be happy to sign that petition. The star: Jennifer Lopez. The setting: An Australian radio talk show. The subject: The use of fur in Lopez's Sweetface clothing line. Lopez pleaded ignorance, calmly adding, "If someone would like to educate me and bring something to light that I don't know, that'd be great." The host then explained in grisly detail the fine points of how foxes are skinned alive and chinchillas are electrocuted. Lopez's response was a stunned, lengthy silence. She'll get a refresher course April 28 when PETA holds a massive protest outside the L.A. premiere of her new movie, "Monster in Law."

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 25, 2005

**End of Document**



[***PENGUINS TOO PRICEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JND0-0094-538R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 1, 1997, Saturday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** SPORTS,; SPORTS MAILBAG

**Length:** 130 words

**Byline:** ADRIENNE M. ROTH; WHEELING, W.VA.

**Body**

I can remember attending a Penguins game at the cost of $ 45. This included two tickets, concessions and parking. Today, an evening out to see a game will cost roughly $ 100.

The cost is outrageous.

In the past, it was a pleasure to drive to Pittsburgh to watch a game. Now, it is only a burden on my wallet. I used to attend games frequently, but I have only attended one this season.

To my surprise, it did not seem like a hockey game at all. The sounds of fans cheering for Mario Lemieux and yelling at bad calls are almost nonexistent. They have been replaced by businessmen in suits, discussing their latest stock options.

I seems as if the increase in price has shut out the fans of the ***working class*** and has transformed a hockey game into a suitable place for a business meeting.

**Load-Date:** March 3, 1997

**End of Document**



[***And now, Roseanneisms***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F520-0094-50JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 10, 1995, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1995 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 122 words

**Byline:** The Associated Press

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

Memo to Ben Thomas, Roseanne's husband No. 3: Hide the steak knives.

''I think women should be more violent, kill more of their husbands,'' Roseanne says in the July 17 New Yorker.

''I like the fight. If people are comin' at you, you don't just sit there and lay down and go, 'Oh, bless you.' That's not in the human arsenal. To say that women shouldn't do that is to say women aren't human.''

Roseanne also attacks some of Hollywood's most prominent liberal women, saying they have little connection to the ***working-class*** woman. Jodie Foster, Susan Sarandon and Meryl Streep ''don't have any subtext to anything they say. They are, in effect, castrated females -- excuse me, but that's what they are. They're just too middle-class white.''

**Load-Date:** July 11, 1995

**End of Document**



[***RECORDINGS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48R6-8020-0027-X4TM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

May 23, 2003 Friday CITY EDITION

Copyright 2003 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** GO!; Pg. 6; REVIEW

**Length:** 185 words

**Byline:** Lisa Knodel Dayton Daily News

**Body**

Rock      B

Franky Perez

POOR MAN'S SON

Lava

Franky Perez has finally done it. After spending 12 years working on his music, this 27-year-old Las Vegas native has finally released a debut album.

Poor Man's Son - an eclectic mix of old-fashioned rock 'n' roll, Latin soul and country - reflects the strong male musicians of Perez's generation. Some cuts are reminiscent of John Mellencamp; others have a hint of Tom Petty or Eric Clapton. Fast tempo songs are balanced by slow, lazy ones - all done quite well.

Most of the 17-track album was written over three years, and Perez wrote and produced, or co-produced, each song. He draws on his Cuban roots for Southwest Side and Bella Maria and remembers his ***working-class*** roots on Cry Freedom and Class Act.

Two cuts include additional music which was contributed by band member Brian Bissel on Something Crazy, the project's first single, and Black Crowes guitarist Rich Robinson on Love Soul Rock N' Roll. Perez also enlisted the help of the Vincent Sisters and the Sweet Inspirations for back-up singers.

Poor Man's Son is well-rounded, polished and complete.

- LISA KNODEL

**Load-Date:** May 31, 2003

**End of Document**



[***4 MORE KILLED IN TURKISH RIOTS /***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C020-01K4-92J3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 16, 1995 Thursday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A15

**Length:** 134 words

**Byline:** REUTERS

**Dateline:** ISTANBUL, Turkey

**Body**

At least four more people were killed yesterday in clashes with police, raising the unofficial toll to 30 in four days of riots sparked by an attack on Turkey's minority Alawite Muslim community.

An official in the governor's office and the Anatolian news agency said the latest casualties had occurred in Istanbul's ***working-class*** Umraniye district.

Police there said about 1,500 demonstrators had clashed with security forces during a protest against police handling of riots earlier this week in Istanbul and Ankara.

Unrest earlier had appeared to be under control, after funerals were held for the last of those killed in clashes Sunday and Monday.

In the capital of Ankara, Prime Minister Tansu Ciller held an emergency meeting with cabinet ministers and security officials to seek a solution to the violence.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***TRAGIC SUMMIT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42WN-VSC0-0094-541F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 24, 2001 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2001 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 179 words

**Body**

I am appalled and outraged over the Summit of the Americas meeting that took place over the weekend ("Summit Affirms Free-Trade Agreement," April 23). George W. Bush should be impeached for the role he plays in the further destruction of the ***working class***, the poor and our fragile environment.

I admire the efforts and courage of the protesters to disrupt this criminal meeting. I am saddened that they were unable to shut down the meetings.

The agreement will only further destroy workers' rights not only in this country but also in other countries. Once again, the greedy, rich and fat-cat corporate capitalists win. What else is new? The fact is, corporate capitalists put profits before people and our environment. Surprise! Surprise!

It is time to wake up, America. Take your blinders off and come to the realization that we, the workers and the poor, are doomed in this society if we do not let our voices be heard and fight for our rights. Before you make your judgments against the protesters, understand that they were there to fight for all of us.

LAURIE AULD

Natrona

**Load-Date:** April 24, 2001

**End of Document**



[***ARROGANT ATTACK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M400-0094-520S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 3, 1996, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1996 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 126 words

**Byline:** MARY-HELEN HUTCHINS; UPPER ST. CLAIR

**Body**

I no longer ride public transit, but I did daily for several years to and from my job, many times two buses each way. I witnessed my share of grumpy and outright rude drivers, as well as chatty, kind and friendly ones.

I'm sure Ms. Boggio was justified in trying to alert the driver that she was missing an elderly man at the bus stop (March 23 article). That's common courtesy. However, her ''compelling, well-documented'' complaint shows that she herself is condescending and confrontational.

I certainly hope that in law school, there is a course to teach her not to look down on ***working-class*** people doing a difficult job with public service. They just might end up on a jury, you know!

''Do you have a name?'' she asked the driver. What an arrogant attack!

**Load-Date:** April 7, 1996

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S CORNER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-JFP0-0003-F4DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 19, 1996, Friday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 10D

**Length:** 141 words

**Byline:** Matt Roush

**Body**

-- The X-Files (Fox, tonight, 9 ET/PT): A classically horrific episode from 1994, in which the grotesque mutant "flukeman" haunts New Jersey sewers. Playing the monster: Darin Morgan, who has gone on to write some of the greatest episodes in this cult series' history - including the unforgettable recent thriller about killer cockroaches.

-- The Adventures of Brisco County Jr. (TNT, Saturday, 11 a.m. ET/8 PT): TNT has revived the perfect companion series to its Wild Wild West reruns on Saturday mornings with Fox's short-lived Western-comedy-adventure starring mock-rugged Bruce Campbell as the stalwart hero.

-- 60 Minutes (CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m. ET/PT): Bruce Springsteen gives Ed Bradley a rare TV interview, in which the pensive rock superstar reflects on his ***working-class*** roots and what it means to achieve the "American dream."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, TNT

**Load-Date:** January 20, 1996

**End of Document**



[***SAN FRANCISCO MAYOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-9RF0-003S-X2BB-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 11, 1991, Wednesday, FINAL CHASE EDITION

Copyright 1991 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 3A; Nationline

**Length:** 122 words

**Byline:** Steve Marshall

**Body**

Retired police chief Frank Jordan declared victory over San Francisco's mayoral election against incumbent Art Agnos.

With most absentee ballots counted and more than half of precincts reporting, Jordan led 54.5% to 45.4%. Absentee ballots were expected to represent a third of all votes. Agnos' camp had shrugged off the incomplete returns. Agnos spokesman Art Silverman said,''It's such a wild-card situation.'' The race has been contentious, with Agnos, 53, depicted as a tough, career politician and Jordan, 56, viewed as a softspoken, ***working-class*** non-politician. The runoff was set when no one won a majority in the Nov. 5 primary.

Contributing: Janice Bullard, Carol J. Castaneda, Sandra Sanchez, Sally Ann Stewart

**Notes**

THE NATION

**Graphic**

PHOTO; b/w, AP

CUTLINE: JORDAN: Claimed victory over ex-boss

**End of Document**



[***Princess Stephanie's humble vows***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-K160-0003-F2JV-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 3, 1995, Monday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1995 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 2D; People

**Length:** 136 words

**Body**

Monaco's Princess Stephanie wed her ex-bodyguard and the father of her two children Saturday in a simple civil ceremony.

As paparazzi helicopters buzzed overhead, the two - Daniel Ducruet in a dark suit and Stephanie in a white gown with lace sleeves - said their vows before 40 friends and family members.

Media were kept away.

There had been widespread speculation that Stephanie's family wasn't overjoyed at her pairing with a divorced man from the ***working class***. But Prince Rainier, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert were on hand (though Rainier wasn't spotted at the wedding dinner).

After the ceremony, the bells of Monaco's cathedral pealed and gawkers outside the town hall cheered. The Associated Press reported that one female in the crowd shouted: "Bravo, D.D., you finally got her!"

**Graphic**

PHOTO, b/w, Michel Euler, AP

**Load-Date:** July 4, 1995

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S CORNER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-K0S0-0003-F1XP-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 10, 1995, Monday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1995 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 6D

**Length:** 135 words

**Byline:** Matt Roush

**Body**

-- The Great Defender (Fox, 9 p.m. ET/PT): The return of last season's most instant flop, yanked after just one episode. It deserved better, although it probably never would have worked on Fox.

(Not sexy enough.) But as maverick lawyer series go, this is more palatable than Tom Conti's unlamented The Wright Verdicts on CBS. Michael Rispoli is the blustery star, a ***working-class*** Boston lawyer who invariably clashes with the stuffed shirts. Kelly Rutherford (Homefront, The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.) is swell as always playing his sardonic sidekick.

-- Chicago Hope (CBS, 10 p.m. ET/PT): The unpleasant Dr. Kronk (Peter Berg) is shocked to learn his girlfriend (Mia Sara) hasn't always been straight with him. Gonzo plot twists distinguish this show from ER - not always in a good way.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Byron J. Cohen, CBS

**Load-Date:** July 12, 1995

**End of Document**



[***THE BAD NEWS ON LOYALTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SYG-KRC0-0094-50RY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 22, 1998, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; FEEDBACK

**Length:** 150 words

**Byline:** JANET LOUISE MARTIN; EAST LIBERTY

**Body**

Regarding last week's letter ("Della's departure a disgrace"), I'd like to take the subject to another level.

With all the injustices toward black people, past and present, cries of racism relative to the Della Crews departure are justified.

But let's talk about employment and employers.

First, there are no loyalties, and employers have become dehumanized, cold and unfeeling. A person can work for years for a company, be a top-notch employee, but when companies decide to close down, eliminate jobs and downsize, there is no more consideration for people's lives than a clump of dirt.

What happened to Della Crews was a low blow, as was what KDKA did to Patti Burns.

The writer states, "All black Americans should be outraged by this kind of treatment." All ***working-class*** people should be outraged, because if it can happen to Patti Burns and Della Crews, it can be any one of us in the future.

WEEKEND MAG

**Load-Date:** June 17, 1998

**End of Document**



[***17 blacks slain on eve of South Africa funeral***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V3F0-0021-S00Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 19, 1993, Monday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1993 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 4A

**Length:** 123 words

**Body**

Black gunmen shot dead 17 blacks and wounded 12 Sunday in the township of Sebokeng, South Africa, police said.

The attack came as tensions were high in South Africa on the eve of the funeral of black leader Chris Hani, slain April 10 by a suspected white rightist, now under arrest.

Police on Saturday also detained Clive Derby-Lewis, a top leader of the pro-apartheid Conservative Party. Hani was one of the African National Congress' most popular leaders.

Today's funeral in the mainly white, ***working-class*** town of Boksburg is expected to be the biggest in the country's history. There were fears it could spark clashes between local whites and black mourners. State TV showed scenes of armed white rightists in the area.

**Notes**

WASHINGTON AND THE WORLD

**Graphic**

PHOTO, b/w, Patrick de Noirmont, Reuters

**End of Document**



[***THANKS TO MCCLATCHY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45SR-TSS0-0094-50DT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 4, 2002 Saturday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2002 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** SPORTS,; SPORTS MAILBAG

**Length:** 180 words

**Body**

Kevin McClatchy has given me a taste of the magic I could only dream of from my parents' radio broadcasts of Pirates games as I can remember from Bob Prince and Nellie King. My brother gave me the memory of my parents' name on a brick by the statue of my hero -- Willie Stargell -- on Federal Street.

We were the true, ***working-class*** Pirates fans with the happy memories that McClatchy preserved for us.

I once was one of those angry fans who was mad at McClatchy -- until I realized he was an outsider who came to our city and nudged us, though maybe not gently, to the gifts we have to offer in our beautiful city.

However, I felt betrayed by my hometown brothers, the Rooneys, who sold out the fans for the purpose of their own pockets. Not only did they sell out to the almighty dollar, they turned their backs on those fans who stood behind them only to be given seats with poor views in favor of corporate luxury boxes.

Why is it that McClatchy is held accountable when the Rooneys are placed on a pedestal? How has McClatchy shafted the fans of Pittsburgh more than the Rooneys?

**Load-Date:** May 9, 2002

**End of Document**



[***WORKERS, UNITE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B65-97V0-0094-50B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 8, 2003 Monday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2003 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 195 words

**Body**

While the major premise of Michael Cudahy and Jock Gill is correct ("Stop the Plutocracy," Nov. 28 Forum) in that the disparity of income is out of kilter in the income brackets, the major basis is not by definition correct. The so-called "middle class," by definition, is not the group in the "middle income bracket."

The "real "middle class referred to by Aristotle, as well as Hobbes and Locke, as well as Marx, are the merchants and entrepreneurs.

The high-paid CEOs of today are nothing but overpaid "workers" who, according to Marx, were supposed to unite and overthrow the "ruling class" (i.e. middle class). These people can be fired as well as the lower-income workers, although I doubt that they would suffer as much.

Perhaps it is time to redefine the class structure of America, and maybe add a new one: "The ***Working Class*** Elite." If this group can be validated and recognized as a new class, it would suggest that not only is the "middle class" in America strong and healthy, but they have been pretty damned smart in overpaying some of their workers. By doing so, they have diverted attention from themselves as the focus of income disparity.

DAVE JAECKS

Hampton

**Load-Date:** December 9, 2003

**End of Document**



[***SPANIARDS UNITE FOR KIDNAPPING VICTIM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B4R0-01K4-9324-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 12, 1997 Saturday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A11

**Length:** 161 words

**Byline:** Leon Lazaroff, ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Dateline:** MADRID

**Body**

From revelers in Pamplona to businessmen in Madrid, Spaniards observed five minutes of silence yesterday for the victim of a kidnapping drama that has riveted the nation. The deadline for his threatened execution: today.

Pope John Paul II joined Spanish leaders in appealing for the release of Miguel Angel Blanco, while police sought to find the captive before the kidnappers' deadline of 4 p.m. (10 a.m. in Philadelphia) today. Television and radio stations interrupted programming to flash phone numbers for those with a tip on Blanco's whereabouts.

Members of the Basque separatist group ETA abducted Blanco, 29, a councilman in the ***working-class*** town of Ermua in Spain's northern Basque region, as he returned to work Thursday after lunch with his parents.

The kidnappers are demanding that the government transfer about 450 jailed comrades to prisons in the Basque region. Spain's leaders have rejected their demand, adding urgency to the hunt for the kidnapped man.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***STRIVING UNDER THE INFLUENCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JFH0-0094-52B0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 15, 1997, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LIFESTYLE,; THE BUZZ

**Length:** 157 words

**Byline:** FROM WIRE REPORTS

**Body**

Time magazine's annual list of America's 25 most-influential people is a motley crew of those holding sway. The influence peddlers include: golfer Tiger Woods (''He is 'The Man,' '' the magazine says), ''The X-Files'' creator Chris Carter, music man Kenneth ''Babyface'' Edmonds, ***working-class*** cartoon hero Dilbert, ''cheerleader'' Rosie O'Donnell, retired general Colin Powell, industrial rocker and Mercer native Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails (''the anti-Bon Jovi,'' Time says), Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin, radio guy Don Imus, Harvard African-American studies professor Henry Louis Gates Jr. and National Enquirer Editor Steve Coz.

''Being influential is the ability to change the way people think about themselves and others,'' said Time Managing Editor Walter Isaacson. ''The Time 25 is not about the trendiest people of the hour, nor is it a power list. It's about energy, vision, and talent.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Trent Reznor: Time calls hime ''the anti-Bon Jovi.''

**Load-Date:** April 16, 1997

**End of Document**



[***WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLE GUY?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-D2J0-0094-24P9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 23, 1993, Saturday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1993 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 125 words

**Byline:** LEO KOPPEL CRAFTON HEIGHTS

**Body**

The article ''Parish Closings Prompt Lawyer's Quixotic Crusade'' (Sept. 26) was slanted in favor of Bishop Donald Wuerl. In particular, your reporting on the attorney representing the Catholic laity, David K. McMullin, was certainly biased.

I am not surprised. When this man fought for us veterans at Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall, the reporting was slanted against him. When he stood up to a pro-Iraqi group during the Persian Gulf War, the Post-Gazette disparaged him. Now that he is helping ***working-class*** Catholics to save their churches, you portrayed him once again in a bad light.

The PG always seems to take the side of the rich and powerful. I hope that some day we will have a newspaper in Pittsburgh that will take the side of the little guy.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***A TOWN LIKE MANY OTHERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JX30-0094-5091-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 15, 1997, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 142 words

**Byline:** VELOUISE BELL; SWISSVALE

**Body**

I am writing in response to Mike Bucsko's commentary on Swissvale. The tragedy is that Mr. Bucsko took a good community and made it seem like the worst place in the world to reside.

The Swissvale that I have grown to know and love is no different from other small towns in the United States. What happened in our community is, unfortunately, a sign of the times. Tragedies like that happen to the best of people as well as the worst.

With friends like Mr. Bucsko, who needs enemies? For him to go to the funeral home to ''pay his last respects,'' and then talk about how screwed-up the various people he encountered were, does not say much about him as a person.

Yes, we have seen our share of tragedies, but no more than any other ***working-class*** community. We are proud and hard-working and we do not take kindly to being put down by people like Mike Bucsko.

**Load-Date:** January 15, 1997

**End of Document**



[***PROUD OF LAWRENCEVILLE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43RY-X3R0-0094-5314-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 15, 2001 Wednesday

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2001 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 195 words

**Body**

It is irresponsible of you in your Aug. 3 editorial to denounce the success of the Lawrenceville residents in standing up for the future of their neighborhood by challenging the placement of a work-release program in their neighborhood ("Goodwill Hurting").

A community is only as strong as its members are active, and I am proud to see my neighbors concerned rather than apathetic to what is going on around them.

I am also glad, as I'm sure most people would be, to see a government entity, the Planning Commission, listening to the people who would be directly affected by their decision.

Lawrenceville is a richly diverse neighborhood with many architectural, artistic and commercial assets. Because the real estate is cheap and it is often perceived as ***working-class***, that does not mean that agencies and businesses do not have to be held accountable to the residents.

I encourage people to develop the inexpensive property, but they should expect to be the same good neighbors that they would be if moving to Shadyside or Squirrel Hill. If they think Lawrenceville residents deserve anything less, then they are the ones who are prejudiced.

JOHN RIEGERT

Lawrenceville

**Load-Date:** August 16, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Alabama crash kills 18***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-B4Y0-003S-X175-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 11, 1991, Thursday, FIRST EDITION

Copyright 1991 Gannett Company Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 124 words

**Byline:** Sandra Sanchez; Grace Simmons

**Body**

At least 18 people were killed Wednesday when a commuter plane carrying 15 people crashed into two homes and burst into flames in a small ***working***- ***class*** community outside Birmingham, Ala.

L'Express Air Flight 508 was within five miles of Birmingham Municipal Airport when it bounced off the roof of one house and smashed into a second at 6: 12 p.m. CDT, said the FAA's Kathleen Bergen.

The twin engine turboprop Beechcraft was en route from Mobile, Ala.

One of the two pilots, identified as Desert Storm veteran Francis Fernandez, 54, was reported in critical condition. The dead included 13 passengers, one crewmember and four from one of the homes.

No cause has been determined, but a strong thunderstorm hit minutes earlier.

**Graphic**

PHOTO; color, Bob Farley, AP

CUTLINE: FIREFIGHTERS HOSE DOWN CRASH SCENE

**End of Document**



[***Guarded secret leaks out***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W78-6TB0-00C6-D0BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 12, 1999, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** SPORTS;

**Length:** 123 words

**Byline:** Larry Weisman

**Body**

Brandon Burlsworth, G, Arkansas. Ht: 6-3 3/8. Wt.: 308: NFL

scouts, do you want fluid? Order a tall glass of milk.

That's

where the criticism of Burlsworth seems to begin and end: Not

fluid. Please. Does that matter? Apparently to some teams. And

that's why he's the third-rated offensive lineman on one team's

list and 10th on another. Now consider intensity. "He's like

a Tasmanian devil on game film," Vikings offensive line coach

Mike Tice says. "If you bottle that and teach him pro techniques,

you might have yourself something." Burlsworth, a walk-on, started

for three seasons and earned his master's degree last fall. He's

a guy who gets the most out of every opportunity. And how many

potential first-round picks look exactly like Drew Carey?

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W; PHOTO, B/W, Bob D'Amico, ABC; Not an eye-catcher: Arkansas lineman Brandon Burlsworth has the physical tools and the get-after-it mentality, but he hasn't won over all the NFL scouts by demonstrating smooth techniques. Drew Carey: Comedian for ***working-class*** kind of guys.

**Load-Date:** April 12, 1999

**End of Document**



[***NORTH BRADDOCK SEEKS HISTORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KYG0-0094-54BG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 23, 1996, Thursday,

EAST EDITION

Copyright 1996 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** METRO,; GOOD MORNING

**Length:** 166 words

**Body**

Remember Scott High School's championship football teams in the 1930s? How about picnics for Edgar Thomson Works employees on Matta's Hill, where the Grand View Golf Club tees off Saturday?

If you do, the North Braddock Centennial Committee is looking for you.

Members of the committee are assembling a history of the borough and collecting memorabilia such as old photos to be used in community displays when the borough celebrates its 100th anniversary next year.

Dan Barbusio, who's working on the borough's history, said the committee has a lot of information about steel executives who used to live in the borough and pictures of their mansions. But what the committee is missing are stories and photos of the ***working class*** who helped develop the town.

Anyone who has memories or items to share should contact Barbusio at 824-9557 or Bill Schockling at 351-5557.

The centennial committee expects to have a variety of activities throughout the year, but the major celebration is scheduled for June.

**Load-Date:** June 11, 1996

**End of Document**



[***UNION MEMBERS WHO VOTED FOR BUSH MADE A SORRY DECISION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42G5-DXR0-0094-509S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 1, 2001, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 2001 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 171 words

**Byline:** ANTHONY TOMEI; BOYERS, PA.

**Body**

Union members who voted Republican will soon come to regret it. One month into his term, President Bush, who was enthroned by the supreme right wing of the not-so-Supreme Court, has started his union-busting tactics.

If border-crossing restrictions are eased between the United States and Mexico, Bush would provide a whole new group of slave workers for the Southwest, mainly in Texas ("U.S., Mexico to Address Immigration," Feb. 16).

Second, by rescinding Clinton's executive order on unionized construction companies receiving priority on federal jobs, he ensured that there will be many union workers out of work or making a smaller wage ("Bush's Orders Takes Aim at Unions," Feb. 18). This is the beginning of a push for a Republican-led caste system of rich and elite and a slave ***working class***.

Bush will soon surpass Ronald Reagan in union busting. Remember, one of Reagan's first acts was to fire almost 12,000 air traffic controllers. Bush will make this look like small peanuts. Union members beware!

ANTHONY TOMEI

Boyers, Pa.

**Load-Date:** March 1, 2001

**End of Document**



[***SPEAK UP: BRIEF COMMENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47GF-13X0-0027-X3DK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 18, 2002 Wednesday CITY EDITION

Copyright 2002 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 11A

**Length:** 197 words

**Body**

\* What's the matter with this picture? Fourteen Dayton students are kicked out of school because of racist activity, but U.S. Sen. Trent Lott is excused for racist activity.

I have always seen cross-burning as a symbol of the Ku Klux Klan and in conjunction with hate crimes against black Americans.

Most Americans would associate it this way. Not America at its best! Never have I heard anyone describe cross-burning as a Dec. 15 'Speak Up' caller did.

\* In response to a Dec. 15 'Speak Up' comment: There is nothing conservative about cross-burning.

Burning a cross in public or or on private property without the owner's consent should be outlawed. The traditional cross-lighting ceremonies of ancient Scotland adopted by the KKK are performed on private property, out of view from the public. That should be of no concern, as it intimidates no one.

Re a Dec. 15 'Speak Up' comment about President Bush including ***working-class*** Americans among his economic advisers: Next time you're out, ask your Wal-Mart/Target/Meijer cashier what he/she thinks U.S. economic policy should be and how that's different from how it is now. After the blank looks, the answers should be entertaining.

**Load-Date:** December 19, 2002

**End of Document**



[***SPEAK UP: BRIEF COMMENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:476J-3V10-0027-X527-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

November 9, 2002 Saturday CITY EDITION

Copyright 2002 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** OP ED; Pg. A11

**Length:** 184 words

**Body**

\* After the Republican domination in the election, I have three words to say: Watch out, Iraq.

After seeing the results of the election, I can't believe the ***working-class*** people of America can be so stupid.

Don't they realize that because of the Republicans, most of them are not working or are known as working poor?

\* If more Democrats in this town would look and act like John Griffin, maybe they would have a better chance of winning. Griffin is a superstar. I'm very glad he won. He is the greatest politician ever seen in this part of Ohio.

Re 'Democrats underestimated Bush,' Nov. 7: Columnist E.J. Dionne said it right: Republicans stand for things and have passion. They have built a powerful network of fund raisers. They serve the rich and the system of military capitalism. Democrats do none of the above.

The Nov. 7 editorial 'Even slight GOP gains enhance Bush's stature' and E.J. Dionne's column were full of 'what if's,' trying to explain the Democrat debacle on Election Day. But there is an old saying about 'if': 'If the dog hadn't stopped to relieve himself, he would have caught the rabbit.'

**Load-Date:** November 12, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Briefly***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2KJ0-003S-W2YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 14, 1990, Thursday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1990 Gannett Company Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 2A; Newsmakers

**Length:** 136 words

**Body**

Kidnapped gold miner Scott Heimdal, 27, of Peoria, Ill., may not be released by communist guerrillas in Ecuador after all. They say they want $ 612,000 - 10 times the $ 60,000 ransom delivered Monday.

Kidnappers now say the money Heimdal's ***working-class*** family raised from community donations was just to guarantee his life. Family members say they can't raise the larger figure. … New York state prosecutors said Wednesday they will appeal the dismissal of 180 counts of a 188-count tax fraud indictment against Leona Helmsley. A judge last month dismissed the charges because they were the same as those on which Helmsley, 70, was convicted of last year. … Susan Sturc Lederman, professor of political science at Kean College of New Jersey, was elected president of the League of Women Voters Wednesday.

**Graphic**

PHOTO; b/w, AP (Leona Helmsley)

CUTLINE: HELMSLEY

**End of Document**



[***City urged to study contracting***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MJT0-0094-51YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 30, 1995, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1995 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 151 words

**Body**

John Louis Ford carried into City Council chambers yesterday a 1937 resolution drafted by two black workers' organizations that urged the New Granada Theatre to hire a ''negro cashier.''

Back in those days, the theater had black porters, window washers and doormen, but there were no black cashiers.

The workers' resolution viewed that as an insult to ''the whole negro people and the whole white ***working class***.'' But the insult to Ford and the point of his show and tell was that job opportunities haven't changed that much for black people in the intervening 58 years.

Ford was one of more than a dozen speakers to appear before council yesterday to urge it to conduct a study on the city's goal of awarding 25 percent of contracts to minorities and 10 percent to women.

Council members seemed generally supportive of the study, but Deputy Mayor Tom Cox said the Murphy administration had no plans to conduct one.

**Load-Date:** November 30, 1995

**End of Document**



[***SPANISH LOTTERY PAYS $ 285 MILLION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-CGG0-0027-X231-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 23, 1995, SATURDAY,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 1995 The Dayton Daily News

**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 160 words

**Body**

MADRID, Spain (AP) - Sparkling wine flowed and townspeople danced in the streets of Palma de Mallorca on Friday after their neighbors won the $ 285 million jackpot in a lottery that bills itself the world's richest.

Each of the 117 tickets with the winning number in Spain's Christmas lottery - dubbed ''El Gordo'' (The Fat One) - paid out the equivalent of $ 2.4 million.

El Gordo has the world's biggest payout for a number chosen by ticket buyers, although other lotteries award larger jackpots, according to the lottery commission. This year it handed out a total of $ 1.3 billion in prizes.

In the lottery, 117 tickets are printed with each number. This year's jackpot-winning tickets all were purchased in the ***working-class*** Coll d'Enravassa neighborhood of Palma de Mallorca on Mallorca.

It wasn't known how many people were splitting the jackpot: The tickets, which cost $ 245 each, usually are purchased by groups of friends, families and work or club mates.

**Load-Date:** December 24, 1995

**End of Document**



[***BOOK AWARD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-JF90-0003-F3VD-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 25, 1996, Thursday, INTERNATIONAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 8A; Lifeline

**Length:** 168 words

**Body**

Kate Atkinson, 44, of Edinburgh, was presented with the Whitbread Book of the Year award in London. Atkinson's Behind The Scenes at the Museum was described as a ***working class*** chronicle of life in Yorkshire through three decades.

The Whitbread prize carries an award of $ 31,500.

BANNED: A banned book that reveals Francois Mitterrand lied about his health during his entire presidency can't be found in any French bookstore. But you can read all about it on the Internet. Pascal Barbraud, manager of Le Web, a cafe for computer enthusiasts in the eastern town of Besancon, transcribed all 190 pages of Le Grand Secret into his Internet site late Tuesday. The book, written by Dr. Claude Gubler, Mitterrand's physician during most of his 14 years as president, came out last week and sold all 40,000 copies the same day. A Paris court put a stop to further sales, agreeing with Mitterrand's family that his right to medical privacy had been breached.

Compiled by Doreen Wright and Arlene Vigoda

**Notes**

A QUICK READ ON WHAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

**Load-Date:** January 27, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Critic's corner***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46JG-G360-010F-K4B7-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 19, 2002, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2002 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 189 words

**Byline:** Robert Bianco

**Body**

\* And the winner is *Thoth* (Cinemax, tonight, 7 ET/PT), which picked up the Oscar this year for documentary short subject. Directed by Sarah Kernochan, the movie profiles a New York City street performer whose act mixes dance, song, percussion, a fiddle, a gold loincloth and a headdress.

*\** PBS' *Mystery!* launches a new series and a new detective with *The Inspector Lynley Mysteries: A Great Deliverance* (PBS, 9 p.m. ET/PT, times may vary). Based on the book by Elizabeth George, *Deliverance* stars Nathaniel Parker as Inspector Thomas Lynley, a British aristocrat who clashes with his ***working-class*** assistant, Sgt. Barbara Havers (Sharon Small). For their first case, they investigate the death of a Yorkshire farmer.

\* Julia Whelan, talented young star of *Once and Again*, returns in *The Secret Life of Zoey* (Lifetime, 9 p.m. ET/PT). She plays a troubled teen trying to hide her drug addiction from her mother (Mia Farrow).

\* Starting in September, one of the fall's most promising series, *CSI: Miami*, will air on Mondays on CBS. As if to get the time slot ready, CBS is offering a special edition of the original *CSI* (CBS, 10 p.m. ET/PT).

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Lifetime Television; Farrow: An addict's mother in Zoey.

**Load-Date:** August 19, 2002

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S CORNER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TC7-8570-00C6-D1MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 11, 1998, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1998 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 155 words

**Byline:** Robert Bianco

**Body**

\* The BBC-produced Inside Story: The "Real" Full

Monty (A&E, tonight, 9 ET/10 PT) offers a behind-the-scenes

look at an English group of ***working-class*** male strippers. It's

a fascinating hour, but the title is a bit misleading: These men

have more in common with the pros who work at peep shows than

with *Monty's* appealingly motley crew of shy steelworkers.

\* TNT continues its American Film Institutedocumentary

series *100 Years* *.* *.* *.* *100 Movies*

(10 ET/PT) with a look at The Anti-Heroes. Among

the films included are *Citizen Kane, Taxi Driver* and *Unforgiven.*

\* AMC's *Hollywood Real to Reel* series explores The

DeMille Dynasty (10 ET/7 PT). In case you're not aware

of the connections, Cecil B. DeMille was Hollywood's most successful

director of spectaculars; his brother William was the founder

of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; and his niece

Agnes was probably America's greatest choreographer. Not too shabby

a family tree.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, AMC; His close-up: Cecil B. DeMille, the legend, on 'Hollywood Real to Reel'

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